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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

DISESTABLISHMENT was the subject chosen by the Bishop of Norwich for his Presidential address to the members of the Church Congress on Tuesday last. The visible changes involved in such a step would not, he said, be so striking as many people imagined. The Bishops would no longer have seats in the House of Lords, the State chaplaincies would cease, possibly the boards of management throughout the country would be less willing to appoint chaplains to public institutions, and it would no longer be an established rule that the Sovereign should be consecrated by the Chief Bishop of the Church. On the other hand, the Church, as a religious community, would gain much greater freedom. She would have power, without any interference from the State, to enact bye-laws enabling her to shape her system so as to meet the changing conditions of the time. All this would, he thought, be welcomed by "many of our best and most earnest spirits, who chafe under our inability to effect the reforms we desire and work independently on our own lines." He feared, however, that disestablishment would "be accompanied by a measure of more or less sweeping spoliation," and although admitting that the loss would certainly not fall upon the parochial clergy, he was of opinion that the parochial system would break down in a disestablished church. Sir Edward Russell read a striking paper on the same subject. Following the Bishop of Carlisle's recent address, he declared that, owing to the Catholic revival, the Church of England was becoming more and more a sect. Popular self-government of that Church would draw forth money and develop financial skill, it would freshen the vitality of episcopal control, curb pernicious eccentricity and superstitious retrogression, and generally make the Church a more intellectual as well as a more spiritual Communion.

* * *

A CERTAIN gladiatorial interest always attaches to the Congress from the annual opportunity it gives for the discussion of questions of ritual and ceremonial. The subject of the Prayer-Book and Modern Needs was

dealt with by the Dean of Canterbury, the Dean of Lichfield, Mr. Athelstan Riley, Dr. Griffith Thomas, and other speakers. The principal fact made clear in the debate was that the Evangelicals, as represented by the Dean of Canterbury, would hold themselves compelled to leave the Church if a new rubric appointing a special vestment for use in the Communion Service were officially adopted. The Dean of Lichfield's attitude in pleading for the optional use of such a vestment instead of insisting upon its universal obligation seems to indicate a willingness on the part of High Churchmen to come to terms. Other subjects discussed were Church Finance, Religious Education—when the Bishop of Manchester insisted upon preserving the denominational character of the voluntary schools—Old Testament Teaching, and Christianity and Economic Problems. The debate on Socialism was introduced by Archdeacon Cunningham, who stated that Socialism as an ideal and an inspiration appealed to an immense and a rapidly growing number of people in the present day, but that from a Christian point of view it was a very meagre ideal, because it could not be universal, and because it involved a materialistic assumption. Both of these latter arguments were controverted by succeeding speakers, Mr. F. Rogers, in particular, contributing an impressive speech in support of the Socialist ideal.

* * *

In a recent issue of the "British Weekly" the Editor took Mr. Lloyd-George somewhat severely to task for what he considered his lukewarmness in regard to Disestablishment. In the current issue of the "British Weekly" Mr. Lloyd-George replies with characteristic vigour to the charge. "I know," he says, "that if the cause of Welsh Disestablishment miscarries inside the Cabinet, Welshmen will blame me, and rightly so. I am willing they should censure me if I fail them. But if I see them through, I shall ask their leave to speak my mind freely of those who have hinted that I was capable of selling my country." For the rest Mr. Lloyd-George states that a Welsh Disestablishment Bill is likely to be an item in the Sessional programme of 1909, though this forecast is dependent upon the unlikely event of the House of Lords bowing to the resolution of last Session, and accepting the Education and Land measures which will be put up to them a second time next Session.

* * *

No change has taken place this week in the deadlock between the Railway Companies and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. But an important Conference is to be held this week-end at Manchester, between the representatives of the various railway workers' unions, to consider a proposal for federation. Should the result of this Conference be to secure the formal co-operation of the locomotive men, the situation will at once become more grave, for the real weakness of the Amalgamated Society consists in the fact that it does not command the adhesion of the main body of the drivers, and contains too large a proportion of porters, and other men, whose places can be filled without great difficulty or excessive risk. The locomotive men, however, under the skilled guidance of Mr. Fox, are pursuing a policy of reasonable caution, and are not likely to commit themselves unless they calculate that a co-operation with the Amalgamated Society will force the Companies to conference, so yielding the possibility or probability of a peaceful settlement. Meantime, the

policy of the Companies, as illustrated by the recent concessions of the Scotch Railways to their employés, and the rise in wages by which the Great Northern has just pacified their striking foundrymen, is directed towards dividing the forces of discontent, and lightening the hostile vote in the forthcoming ballot of the union men.

* * *

UNLIKE most "conferences," that held last Monday on the "Living-in" System at Toynbee Hall, under the presidency of Lord Hugh Cecil, afforded a genuine discussion of a live issue. The dangerous and degrading element of "truck" is gradually disappearing from our industrial system: as regards the wages of men it has almost gone. The system of "Living-in" practised by large grocery and drapery establishments and a few "general stores," by which board and food are given as part-wage, is the largest survival in any occupation where men are employed, though for women domestic service furnishes the largest remaining example. There is, of course, something to be said for the system, on the score of morals, as of economy: under the benevolent employer retaining some relics of the old personal nexus, a humanising social influence may be exercised. But in the large modern store this personal nexus inevitably gives place to a mechanical rule, which interferes with individual liberty, and absorbs in the firm the entire control of the personal life of the employé. That living-in can be made cheaper for the employer and for the shop assistant than the usual outside lodging, admits no doubt, and some interesting estimates were submitted by employers to the Conference. But why should there not be enough spirit and business capacity in the employés of a large firm to enable them to organise on their own behalf and run upon co-operative principles a cheap hotel or large lodging-house? The real solution surely lies in this direction.

* * *

In presenting a portrait of Mr. Thomas Burt to the Newcastle Liberal Club, last Monday, Sir Edward Grey touched with great felicity the note of personal character as a factor in politics. There is no more respected, no more dignified figure in our political life, than Mr. Burt, who in a few days' time completes his seventieth year. At ten years old a worker in the mines, long years of manual toil gave him that thorough knowledge of Northern industrial life which was his first, though by no means his sole, qualification as Labour leader and Parliamentarian. In him the tough, practical Northumbrian character is softened and illumined by greatness of heart and intellect, which have won for him friendship and admiration in every circle of his countrymen. Presenting an example of the successful union between Liberalism and Labour, he never compromised a principle in doing so. Though the Northumbrian miners have not always seen eye to eye with the main body of trade unionism, and Mr. Burt has sometimes taken a strong stand against the policy of the new trade unions, no man in the modern working-class movement is listened to with more respect by the younger and more ardent spirits in the various Congresses in which he has taken part, or is valued more as a private counsellor. Sir Edward Grey spoke no light words of compliment when he said: "There is no cause, no question, no controversy, with which Mr. Burt dealt, which he did not elevate and ennoble with the fineness of his own spirit; and there was no man, friend or opponent, who got into contact with him without coming away the better for it."

* * *

THE dignified and powerful articles appearing in the "Times" of Monday and Tuesday last, in which Father Tyrrell dealt with the recent Papal Encyclical, will be welcomed by all who care for the cause of liberalism in religion. They show that the modernists have no intention of lowering their flag at the bidding of those obscurantists who speak through the mouth of

Pius X. Father Tyrrell's closely reasoned examination of the basis on which the scholastic theology rests, his learned appeal to history, and his scathing denunciation of the morality of the priesthood in those countries—Spain, Southern Italy, Sicily, South America—where obscurantism has entire possession of the field, form an unanswerable indictment of the system for which the Pope demands universal adherence. And there is little doubt that Father Tyrrell's rousing manifesto will find support from many who consider themselves as good Catholics as Monsignor Montagnini or Cardinal Merry del Val. As Father Tyrrell implies, the modernists number not only some "priests and laymen," but "Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops" in their ranks. They may be hopelessly outnumbered both in the hierarchy and in the rank and file of the clergy, but their numerical deficiency is more than counterbalanced by the learning, breadth of view, and sincere zeal for spiritual Christianity, which they possess.

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In May last Lord Curzon, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, issued a public appeal for funds to enable the University "to continue its great and beneficent work in the cause of national education." A committee was formed and much spade-work has been done, the results of which are recorded in a circular letter just issued by Lord Curzon. The public was invited last May to subscribe £250,000. Towards this sum £55,000 has now been promised, the two largest subscribers being Mr. W. W. Astor and the Hon. T. A. Brassey, who give £10,000 each. As yet there is no such response as the leading American Universities are wont to expect from their alumni. We observe that Lord Curzon claims that "the education of the Empire is vitally involved" in his appeal. The list of donations does not indicate that the Imperialist examples set by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit have proved very efficacious. As regards Oxford men, the far stronger feeling of affection for their College undoubtedly impairs the force of an appeal issued on behalf of the University. Moreover, the belief that, though the University is poor, the Colleges are rich and can be made to contribute more largely to a central fund, is very prevalent.

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In the absence of full reports of what Mr. Keir Hardie has said in Bengal in interviews and public speeches, it is prudent to refrain from any commentary. It is impossible to believe that he can really have compared our measures of repression (open as they are to some criticism) to the Armenian atrocities. His argument that since Canada is fit for self-government, India must also be fit, evidently needs a context to make sense. We notice that in his telegram Mr. Hardie states that the papers which condemn his "extreme" utterances have been misled by Reuter. Meanwhile the prosecutions for Press offences and "seditious" speeches are growing unpleasantly frequent. One of them incidentally reveals the fact that flogging is used as a means of punishing political offences. A Bengal student named Susil Chunder Sen was, as the "Times" reported on Wednesday, "birched by order of the Presidency Magistrate for participation in the Bow Bazaar riot." Public flogging, carried out at the triangle placed outside every magistrate's court, is still the rule in most Indian provinces. But the flogging of an educated man for a political offence is surely a novel infamy. The flogging of "politicals" is rare even in Russia. Its frequency under Austrian rule in Italy was one of the circumstances most potent in alienating the sympathy even of English Conservatives in 1848. Mr. Morley's attention will, we hope, be directed to this disgraceful incident.

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It was a fortunate coincidence that Mr. Taft, the United States Minister of War, should have been pre-

sent at Tokio, as guest of the Japanese Government, to stamp out the sparks of the incendiary policy which a section of the New York Press has just been emitting. The "Sun" and the "Times" are the principal offenders. The former dares to assert that "The Navy is going to the Pacific for war, and Japan recognises the fact, and is energetically preparing for it"; the latter taunts Japan with "the sudden cessation of pin-pricks when Tokio learned that the Armada was to be moved to the Pacific." The Sunday supplement of the "Tribune," the staid and more reputable paper, of which Mr. Whitelaw Reid is proprietor and was editor, begins the publication of a serial story describing a war between Japan and the United States. Mr. Taft stigmatised this wild outburst of yellow journalism as "infamous," and, speaking at a banquet on Tuesday, said, "There is only a little cloud over our friendship of fifty years, and the greatest earthquake of the country could not shake our amity."

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In his speech at St. Louis last Wednesday, Mr. Roosevelt gave a most comprehensive and outspoken statement of his industrial policy and of the constitutional situation it involves. By a series of enactments, such as the Sherman and the Elkins' Acts, the vague general powers over inter-State commerce conceded by the Constitution have been crystallised into a tolerably rigorous federal control over railroads and other transport companies. But can these powers be stretched so as to enable him to achieve his other great object, of fastening federal restraints upon manufacturing trusts and other industrial corporations doing business outside the State in which they are incorporated? The plain way out of the difficulty would be an amendment to the Constitution; but the conditions of such amendment are so rigorous as to make this course impracticable. Therefore, Mr. Roosevelt resorts to an elastic view of constitutional interpretation. The Constitution is to be interpreted "as a living organism, designed to meet the conditions of life," and "The meaning of the Constitution is to be sought as much in the national life as in the dictionary"—an *obiter dictum* of a former judge of the Supreme Court, which, when uttered, greatly scandalised the legal purists, who regarded it as a licence to convert a written into an unwritten constitution. This doctrine of Mr. Roosevelt is in some respects the most revolutionary of his utterances.

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THE concluding sittings of The Hague Conference possess scarcely a vestige of interest. The project for obligatory arbitration and a permanent court is still being dressed up in formal phraseology as "a recommendation to Governments," though the failure of the Conference to agree on any definite plan for the composition of a Court has robbed it of any practical value. The Austrian delegation, with the support of the other members of the Triplice, has made the unwelcome suggestion that the Tsar should be recognised as the permanent convener of the Conference. The British and American delegations happily refrained from expressing their assent. The Russian drafting of the programme and the uninspiring presidency of M. Nelidoff have had much to do with the relative sterility of this Conference.

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THE Moroccan crisis is passing through a phase of stagnation. The Sultan is still awaiting the visit of M. Regnault at Rabat, and the result will show whether in the impending struggle for the throne he will be definitely recognised as the *protégé* of France. The only new diplomatic feature is a French proposal that French warships should enjoy the right of searching European vessels in Moroccan waters for smuggled arms. Germany has signified her assent. Spain stands aloof from the proposal, and her continued "disloyalty"

to the partnership in Morocco is beginning to excite sharp comments in Paris.

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AN Austro-Russian Note, addressed, as the result of a meeting at Vienna between Baron Aehrenthal and M. Isvolsky, to the Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian Governments, may serve a useful purpose. Article III. of the Mürzsteg Programme foreshadowed a delimitation of administrative areas in Macedonia, in accordance with the distribution of races. This incautious phrase, hinting at something like partition, may have played a part in encouraging the Greeks to undertake their campaign of conquest against the southern and central Bulgarian villages. With the partial connivance for nearly two years of the Turks, they have been converting whole districts by force to the Greek Church. The Note explains that conquests so acquired will not in any case be considered as valid by the Powers, and adds that no delimitation can take place until tranquillity is restored. Meanwhile the Turks seem at last to have realised that the Greeks, so useful in combating the more numerous and more rebellious Bulgarians, are at length becoming dangerous, and three of the more guilty Bishops and some of Consuls are likely to be expelled. The Bishop of Drama, indeed, has already been removed to a monastery on Mount Athos. The attitude of the Bulgarian Church is in sharp contrast to that of the Patriarchate. The Exarch has just warned his Bishops against assisting the Committees, and dismissed some forty teachers who had relations with the Bulgarian bands.

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THE difference in culpability between Greeks and Bulgars is indeed so striking, that this Note has been sharply criticised by the Russian Press, which argues that the Russian policy, fortified by the Anglo-Russian agreement, ought no longer to follow an Austrian lead. It is argued with some reason that there really was no ground for addressing a remonstrance to Sofia. This renewal of interest in Balkan affairs, which is evident even in the Cadet and the Radical papers, is the first direct consequence of the Anglo-Russian *entente*. Following, as it does, on the visit of the Grand Duke Vladimir to Sofia, it seems to give promise of a forward policy, though not, we hope, an adventurous policy, on Russia's part in the Balkans. It is generally assumed in these articles that the Agreement gives Russia, albeit tacitly, a free hand in the Balkans, and the "Novoe Vremia" writes in a violently anti-German strain. The danger of all this is obvious. The good, if Sir Edward Grey will now venture to press for more drastic reforms in Macedonia, is no less clear. Russia, at least, would not now oppose an executive control, and France follows Russia.

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AN interesting scheme of historical teaching is to be inaugurated under the auspices of the London County Council. In the days of the old School Board lectures on the local history of various parts of London were delivered to the teachers in the London schools, but this new scheme takes the history of London as a whole, and the syllabus has been drawn up with a view of describing the development of civic institutions and life, and showing the place that the City holds in the general history of the country. The lectures are open to all teachers in London schools, both elementary and secondary, and are to be given in five different centres, so as to meet the convenience of teachers from all parts of London. They are being organised and delivered by Mr. K. H. Vickers, lecturer in Modern History at University College, Bristol. It is hoped that a new interest in the teaching of history will arise when the general movements of the country at large can be illustrated by the history of a locality with which both teacher and taught are familiar.

Politics and Affairs.

THE FUTURE OF UNIONISM.

WHAT precisely is to be the line of cleavage within the Unionist Party? The question, raised as it is, by a fairly continuous discussion in the Unionist journals, is one which Liberals will do well to weigh as dispassionately as they can. It is doubtless human or pardonable to indulge in some inward satisfaction at the thought that the divergencies which so long harassed ourselves have now beset our opponents. We may legitimately, in this instance, thank Providence that the mad dog has passed to the other village. But, perhaps, we shall be better employed in studying the character and causes of the cleavage that reveals itself. This examination is pretty sure to throw light not merely on the future of parties, but on the nature of the powers at work in our political life.

The fissure in the party takes the shape for the moment of discontent with the leadership of Mr. Balfour—a discontent voiced in particular by Mr. Jesse Collings. In part, this discontent is merely the old protest of the Tariff Reformers, of which we have heard intermittently ever since 1903. Mr. Balfour's gyrations on the Fiscal question lost him the confidence of the country, but did not gain him the Chamberlainites. The disaster of the General Election appeared to bring him closer to them, and the "Valentine Letter" of February, 1906, was very naturally interpreted as a final surrender. But this judgment failed to do justice to Mr. Balfour's dialectical dexterity, and the close of the second Session of Parliament seems to have left the Tariff Reformers as discontented as ever. A minority in the country, they contend that they control the numerical majority of the party and inspire the whole of its enthusiasm. They hold the party in short, but not the party machine, nor the party leader. So far, this is a situation with which we have long been familiar. What is more interesting is the insistence on social reform as bound up with Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda. It is true that the connection was suggested at the very outset of the Chamberlain campaign. Old Age Pensions were to be among the good things which a Colonial Preference was to bring. But as the controversy developed, it was not so much actual legislation as the inherent economic advantages of Protection—such as high wages and continuity of employment—which were urged by Tariff Reformers. Indeed, when Mr. Chamberlain was explaining that he would use the new taxes to remit old ones, in order to lay no increased cost upon the poorer consumers, he would certainly have found it hard to say where he was going to get the money for extensive schemes of social reform. We do not know whether by this time Tariff Reformers are prepared with some new method of explaining how we can at the same time have our cake, in the shape of a handsome revenue available for social reforms, and also eat it in the form of reduced taxes on tea and sugar. But however this may be, they are now insisting to us that the cause of Preference is also that of social reform. By Protection we are to combat Socialism.

How is this to be? The line of thought is tolerably clear, and rests on ideas which are worth setting out

because they are likely to become the basis of political controversy for some years to come. The political or imperialistic side of the Tariff Reform propaganda will probably in future take a second place. It will be tacitly recognised that taxes on food and raw material are not within the reach of practical politics. Stress will be laid on the position of our manufactures, on the necessity of keeping our markets and enlarging them by retaliation, on the power of Protection to give continuous employment and high wages, on the desirability of stopping the competition alike of the sweated foreign workman and of his products. In a word, the cry will be for a heavy tariff on manufactured goods, and this will be recommended in particular by a promise to expend the revenue so to be raised on Old Age Pensions, or other popular social proposals. The result is to be that Free Traders and Socialists will be dished, so to say, in one cooking. Of the two, however, the Free Trader alone will be fully conscious of what is happening to him. The Socialist, it is expected, will be killed, flayed, spitted, roasted and eaten without being aware of the process. He is to get everything he wants in the way of relief for the poor—only without knowing it he is to pay for it all in the shape of increased taxation. True Socialism, we are told by Tariff Reformers, is compatible with Free Trade alone, because Free Trade involves direct taxation and direct taxation tends to fall more and more upon wealth. Hence given Free Trade, every new Social reform that costs money benefits the poor at the expense of the rich. Establish Protection, on the other hand, and the sting of Socialism is drawn. The poor may have all the reforms they desire, but the cost will fall on them as consumers. They will in effect be paying out of one pocket into another.

Which of these considerations are the least unsound we must leave for the moment to the reader to determine. What we have to point out at present is that Protectionist social reform as an alternative to Socialism is likely to become the cry of one section, and that the larger and more enthusiastic section of the Opposition. Socialism, it will be said, is the enemy; but Socialism in these democratic days is not to be met by a frontal attack. A policy of masterly concession, of concession in appearance, which always preserves the real strongholds in their present hands, will best serve our turn. We must feed the children, support the aged, find work for the unemployed. All this and much else we will do for the poorer classes, but all the time we will make them pay for it without knowing. Such, it would seem, is to be the Tory democracy of the future. Opposed to it, within the same party, is the Toryism of the Cecils, which seems destined to revert more and more to the high and dry Conservatism of the "True-blue" Church and State variety. Its fate, we may take it, is bound up with that of the House of Lords. It has no strength in the people, and can avail only so far as the popular will is frustrated by the peculiarities of our Constitution. The country desires movement, progress, and a drastic remedy for the evils incident to the modern industrial system. The vital controversies of the future will turn, we may take it, on the measures by which these evils are to be remedied, and if the Protectionist cure is spurious it will be for us Free Traders to propound one that is genuine.

THE RUSSIAN ELECTIONS.

FOR the third time in two years Russia is passing through a General Election. There is something a little startling in the mere use of such a word to describe the singular process by which the Duma is chosen. To the European mind it conjures up the picture of a public campaign, in which leaders address mass meetings, candidates talk politics to great crowds at street corners, and the Press pours forth polemics, addresses, and appeals. In Russia they conduct their elections under martial law. We doubt if any of the popular leaders has ever in his life addressed a free public meeting held with open doors, unless it were during the brief period of licence which followed the general strike in 1905. Only the reactionary parties may meet in public at all, and even to the Constitutional Democrats the use of the Press is denied. Such organisation as there is, resembles a conspiracy; such election literature as there is, is either lithographed by amateur enthusiasm, or printed "underground." For the third time, the electoral period finds the real leaders of the people either, like Professor Miliukoff, disqualified by some technical trick, or sheltering in some foreign asylum, like the more prominent men of the Labour and Socialist Parties. Candidates seldom venture to wear their colours in public, and the majority of those so far elected at the primary stage, are described officially as "neutral," "non-party," or "independent." A Western democracy, forced to choose a Parliament under such conditions, would either rebel, or else abstain altogether from the miserable farce. It is a proof of the oddly developed instinct of the Russian people for corporate action, in the face of obstacles that would drive any other race to despair, that it can by some secret alchemy of combination, extort victory even from these conditions.

It is quite certain that the ordinary methods of terrorism and repression would have failed at a third trial, as they failed on the first two occasions. The manipulation of the register always left a substantial progressive majority; the exclusion of "dangerous" candidates only opened the path to younger and equally "dangerous," though less conspicuous, leaders. In a few constituencies it is probable that during the second elections reactionaries were chosen by the votes of "dead souls," but in the absence of secret balloting, the methods of arbitrary arithmetic, so common in Spain, are not open to the bureaucracy. But at this election it really seems as though M. Stolypin had assured to himself a majority in advance. For the new electoral "law," proclaimed in defiance of the Constitution, has given to the larger landowners of Russia a voice which actually predominates over that of all the rest of the population. The system of indirect election, with its elaborate arrangement of class curiæ, and its grouping of constituencies by race, is full of pitfalls and tricks, but its main effect is to place at the disposal of the landlords in the second stage of the elections, some 2,594 electors, as against the 2,567 who represent all the rest of the population. Each elector of the landlord class, as Professor Miliukoff has shown in an interesting article in the "Contemporary Review," will represent only 28 persons on the average, and the result is, of course, to place the fate of the next Duma at the mercy of a series of constituencies which are comparable only to the "rotten boroughs" of our own pre-Reform period. The amazing thing is that despite these elaborate precautions, it is by no means

certain that M. Stolypin will obtain the majority for which he has intrigued. The landlord vote will not be unanimous. There are still many Liberals left in the class which created the Zemstvo movement, and the Conservative vote is split between the Octobrists and the various monarchist groups. The popular constituencies on their side betray no symptoms of a reaction. The plain fact is that there is in Russia no real reactionary party. Even in the Church and the bureaucratic services it is only on the higher ranks that the Government can absolutely depend. The Bishops have some difficulty in dragooning the rank and file of the priesthood, which sent four ardent progressives to the second Duma. The reactionary newspapers depend on official subsidies, and, even so, are often obliged to distribute their copies *gratis*. The League of True Russian Men exists only by hiring hooligans, and its funds come largely from a single person—probably a Grand Duke—whom its organs describe reverently as "the mysterious unknown." Without some basis of spontaneous reactionary sentiment among the masses of the people, the effort to create a Conservative Party at the polls must ultimately fail. If M. Stolypin does obtain a majority, it is fairly certain that it will be neither considerable nor homogeneous. On the other hand, a politician so competent as M. Pergament, formerly the Deputy for Odessa, has actually ventured to publish a forecast giving to the progressive parties a fairly substantial majority. The more mature and organised parties, who have borne the brunt of the Governmental repression, will doubtless enter the third Duma in greatly reduced numbers, but with the aid of the vague and undogmatic progressive groups, it is quite conceivable that they may succeed in forming an Opposition majority.

The real obstacle which the progressive parties have had to face is not reaction but apathy. It is certain that if, by a miracle of combination and enthusiasm, a Liberal Duma could be elected, it would be immediately dissolved. The plain man has asked himself why, if this is so, he should trouble himself to elect a Duma at all. The Social Revolutionary party has deliberately boycotted the elections, and the register, which sometimes contained the names of only one-tenth of the qualified electors, proves that its attitude was shared by vast numbers of Russians who agree with it in little else. There were even moderate Liberals who affected to think that an Opposition Duma would be a disaster, since its dissolution would be the signal for the cancelling of the October Constitution and a frank return to the old *régime*. It was only the more enlightened of the Cadets and Social Democrats who had the wisdom to see the moral importance of an impressive demonstration. Let us at least show, they argued, that the people still demand a Constitution, that neither terrorism nor trickery can weary or discourage us, and if the Tsar does, after all, break his oath and restore unchecked autocracy, that will be for his people a moral victory, and for the foreign financiers, on whom he depends, a clear advertisement of the instability of the present *régime*. Whatever the result, it is certain that the Cadets will not enter the third Duma with their former constitutional illusions. Even if they can obtain a majority, they will not repeat their cautious and loyal attempts to save Russia by using their legislative initiative. With or without a majority the only value of the Duma to the progres-

sive parties is now the fact that it will serve as an effective platform, for it will still be the one assembly in Russia in which free speech is possible. The Cadets used to denounce this heresy when the Social Democrats uttered it during the brief life of the second Duma. They tried, with a sincere and self-sacrificing energy, to work out legislation on a moderate basis which a reasonable Government might accept. They made no attempt to claim responsible government, played the thankless part of a moderate and compromising centre, and refrained from any demonstration which could have been construed as a definite challenge to M. Stolypin. Their reward was a demand for the arrest of some fifty members of the Duma, and its suppression even before that demand had been refused. They were wise to make the attempt, which failed, but it is an attempt which no self-respecting party could repeat. They realise now, as clearly as the Socialists, that only some movement or crisis outside the Duma can save the Duma from impotence. Years may pass before approaching bankruptcy or a general strike, or a series of risings and mutinies compels the bureaucracy to surrender once more, as it did in the momentary panic of 1905. In the meantime, while Russia is in reality as far as ever from possessing a Constitutional government, something has certainly been gained. The people has passed through an intense and trying period of education which has left it tired, but stripped of mischievous illusions. It demands now as its chartered rights what formerly it claimed only as its aspirations. It is fighting an enemy who has once been beaten, an enemy whose broken oaths have placed him even legally in the wrong. There is a Liberal Press, which cannot be entirely silenced, and the parties which used to have their headquarters abroad are now domiciled in the country. Above all, the Duma, by bringing together Poles, Georgians, Jews, and Mohammedans, with Russians, has created a sense of unity which never existed before. These are gains which will survive, whether the third Duma be suppressed like its predecessors, or survives to register by an unrepresentative vote the momentary triumph of the bureaucracy.

A NOTE ON KIRKDALE.

THE bye-election at Kirkdale, which resulted in the return of a Conservative by almost precisely the majority at the last General Election, excited an interest far in excess of the immediate practical results. The Socialists, fresh from their triumphs at Jarrow and Colne Valley, adopted their wonted tactics. They descended in multitudes from all the neighbouring towns, they spoke in marquees, street corners, from waggons, and lorries, everywhere, indeed, where an audience could assemble. They entered into the fight with the swing and earnestness and fire which deserve to command success. The Conservatives were at first bewildered by the vehemence of the onslaught. Later, the Liverpool traditions, and the working-men's caucus, together with the turning of the whole contest into a religious and Protestant rally, enabled them to maintain their old position. The episode in many respects, has been almost comical. It is a bye-election in the slack season. Just as in the newspapers all consideration of immediate politics is then

swept away, and replaced by vivacious correspondence upon "What is Socialism?" or "Is Religion a Failure?" so at Kirkdale in a September contest, nothing seems to have been heard of the questions of pressing interest. It may be, perhaps, that the interest of these pressing questions is exaggerated, or it may be that the absence of an official Government candidate rendered their discussion something like a performance of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. But, for once, the curious idealism which lurks in the popular English crowds was allowed full play. And the election, instead of being fought upon Tariff Reform, Old Age Pensions, the House of Lords, or any specific Liberal, Labour, or Conservative programme, resolved itself into a violent discussion as to the nature, meaning, and scope of Socialism. Into such a discussion, of necessity, there entered those religious interests which have for so long dominated the politics of Liverpool, and unedifying recriminations, on the one hand, denounced Mr. Hill as an Atheist, on the other, inquired pointedly whether Mr. Balfour was a Christian, and why Mr. F. E. Smith never attended prayers in the House of Commons. The Conservatives cannot be exonerated from the charge of originating such deplorable invective. Assailed by the sudden and almost bewildering activity of the new Labour propagandism, they seem to have sought to turn the flank of their attack by branding them all as Atheists. It is the old charge, which once served so well as a cry against Radicalism when some of its advocates appeared to be blasphemous assailants of the Established Church. "It will be said," wrote Dr. Jelf to Maurice, in a famous controversy, "Mr. Maurice is identified with Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Kingsley is identified with Mr. Holyoake, and Mr. Holyoake is identified with Tom Paine. There are only three links between King's College and the author of the 'Rights of Man.'" A similar frantic logic appears to have been exercised at Kirkdale. Socialism, of course, has no more to do with religion or its absence, than Liberalism or Conservatism. There are thousands of Christian Socialists, there are thousands of Socialists non-Christian. An economic organisation of society can never replace or interfere with any conceptions of the ultimate meaning of the Universe. But "Socialism is Atheism," according to Mr. Macdonald's testimony, was on every wall, and the burden of Mr. McArthur's speeches was, "Socialists are Atheists: they will destroy our family life." "They will substitute for marriage something even worse," as one of their friends expressed it. A specially reprehensible item in a rather squalid campaign was the issuing of extracts from one of Mr. Blatchford's philosophical books as a political leaflet. "I do not believe in God. I do not believe in the efficacy of prayer," they ran in raw, cold sentences. The split in the Protestant vote was averted. "I have voted against you: I—I—am rather ashamed, but I could not stand that leaflet," said a workman to me on the day of the poll." Mr. Blatchford has no more claim to speak for the religion of Socialists than (say) the Bishop of Birmingham or the Rev. R. J. Campbell. The Liverpool Tories have just saved the seat by such tactics: it is doubtful if they have any large cause of congratulation at such a result.

If a considerable section of Continental Socialism, especially in Germany, appears as Atheistic, that is because a considerable section of the Continental proletariat, especially in Germany, has ceased to believe in the Christian religion. Socialism may be impracticable:

it may be undesirable: it may be the vision of a better time which can never extend to the solid earth out of the region of dreams. But a complete Socialistic organisation is as entirely compatible with any form of faith amongst its members as is a complete individualistic organisation, or as that rather tangled mingling of individualism and collectivism which makes up the chaotic organisation of to-day. Meantime, we cannot but rejoice at this new spirit of eager hope and purpose, which has entered politics in this twentieth century. The danger has always been a kind of lassitude, in which the common people would sink into indifference: believing the party struggle to consist merely of interested controversy between those who have the power and those who wish to supplant them. This new violent thing, with its ardour, its blind faith, its voluntary service, its power of sacrifice, will act as a general stimulus, bringing men back to the challenge of bedrocks, fundamental questions, and compelling them to face real things. A Liberal Party and Government perpetually going forward on the path of social amelioration, never content to acquiesce in the present undesirable conditions of urban and rural poverty, has nothing to fear from the impulses of this novel activity. Rather should it rejoice that the harvest of reaction which always must come when any party has occupied the dominant position for a number of years, seems likely to turn towards those who accept, even in an intensified form, all the main Liberal principles of home and foreign policy. There was danger at one time that an "inevitable" swing of the pendulum would establish in five years or ten a Protectionist Government in power. That danger would seem to be averted. We shall not see in that time a Socialist administration. But we shall see a sufficient number of Labour and Socialist representatives to ensure that in any future combinations or coalitions for the next generation, the Protectionist remnant will never be in a position to realise its disastrous programme.

OUR "NATIONAL" CHURCH.

THE annual meeting of the Church Congress began on Tuesday last at Yarmouth, and a variety of questions affecting the interests and institutions of the Church came up for discussion in the course of the week. This Congress, coming as it does at the end of a long list of predecessors, cannot be said to present any particularly novel or interesting features, and, although several of the papers are sane, sober, and sensible, none of them are likely to make any perceptible mark on the fortunes of the Church. As we look down the list of names of the selected readers and speakers we observe a considerable proportion of the same people who have figured in the same capacity before; the old actors are playing the same old parts, and, although as a rule they continue to play them very creditably, the public would be pleased to see a larger collection of new faces on the stage. The great defect of every Church Congress is that it is too much dominated by the ecclesiastical mind, and that all the topics discussed at these gatherings are treated too exclusively from the clerical point of view. The result is that the proceedings of a Church Congress, interesting as they sometimes are, possess comparatively little value as an index of the ideas and feelings of the lay members of the Church. In hardly any religious community is there such a wide gulf between the lay and

ecclesiastical mind as exists in the Church of England. In many cases the parson mixes freely with the members of his congregation; he is on terms of friendship and familiarity with them; on most political and social subjects he holds opinions very similar to theirs; but in matters of fundamental religious import he seldom knows what his parishioners are thinking, and if he did know he would generally discover that the dogmatic elements in Christianity, which he valued so highly, had little or no meaning for the vast mass of the people who from time to time attend his church. While the great body of the clergy have been steadily becoming more clerical and sacerdotalist, the bulk of the laity have become more latitudinarian, and liberalism in religion was never more widely spread among the lay members of the Church of England than it is to-day. It is the existence of facts of this kind which destroys the value of a Church Congress as an indication of the collective mind of the contemporary Church.

This anomalous and paradoxical situation is almost entirely the result of the existing system of ecclesiastical patronage. All the highest ecclesiastical patronage in this country is in the gift of the Prime Minister of the day, and for the last quarter of a century, to go no further back, the whole of this patronage has, without one brief interval, been exercised in favour of the sacerdotal party in the Church. The nominees of the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor, that is to say, the bishops, deans, canons, and other important dignitaries, have in their turn a vast amount of ecclesiastical patronage at their disposal, as well as considerable influence with private patrons. The result is, that the whole of the machinery of the Church has fallen into the hands of men of one ecclesiastical type. It is a type representative of the clerical, not the lay mind, and its opinions, however loudly it may speak in the name of the Church, must not be regarded as synonymous with the ideas of the average unobtrusive church-goer. It is a very remarkable circumstance that the State, which was supposed to represent the lay element in the Church, has been the principal means of making the sacerdotal element almost omnipotent at the present moment within the Church. This condition of things has been produced by the well-known ecclesiastical leanings of the late Mr. Gladstone, and the prolonged predominance of the Tory Party. Mr. Gladstone believed, from conviction, in extreme High Church principles, and the Tory Party believed from policy that those principles were one of the best props of its power.

As the Bishop of Carlisle has recently said, the effect of this policy, which has been pursued with great astuteness and persistency, has been to de-nationalise the Church. Sir Edward Russell, in a paper which he read at the Congress, confirmed the opinion of the Bishop, and said that "the Church of England was becoming more and more a sect. Moreover, there was a growing willingness not only to tolerate the trend towards turning the Church into a sect, but so to behave in the interim that when the Church did become a sect it would, in the absence of strong popular correction, become a very narrow sect indeed." The Bishop of Norwich, who delivered the presidential address, chose Disestablishment as his subject, and seemed prepared to meet that event with a considerable degree of equanimity. But would it be possible for the people of England to allow a very narrow sect, such as an

experienced observer like Sir Edward Russell forecasts, to become possessed of all the property of the Church of England which was not claimed by the State? A great responsibility rests upon the Liberal Party in this matter, and it is well that we should look ahead. Liberal statesmanship must not confine itself to contemplating disestablishment as an end in itself. It must take a wider outlook. It must carefully consider what sort of institution it is entrusting with vast amounts of ecclesiastical property when the separation between Church and State has become the law of the land. An institution such as Sir Edward Russell foresees would have no moral claim to be called the Church of England. The whole machinery of that Church might be in its hands; it might be in possession of almost all the bishoprics, deaneries, canonries, and benefices in England, but it would not represent the lay mind of the Church. It would have no right to be entrusted with the funds of the Church or to speak authoritatively in its name.

Difficulties of this kind might have very serious consequences to the religious peace of the nation unless Liberal statesmanship quietly deals with them when it has the power. To all appearance, several years of power are still in front of the present Government. It is time that it attempted to develop something which could be called an ecclesiastical policy. Religion has deep roots in the minds of the English people, and a party which ignores the religious side of English life is ignoring a force which may one day suddenly rise up and destroy it. It is perfectly certain that the people are prepared to see the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor attempt to do something which will bring the ecclesiastical dignitaries in the Church into closer harmony with the great body of lay opinion. It cannot be said that they have done much in this direction up to the present time. Of the three Bishops whom the Prime Minister has appointed, two are notorious Tories, and one of the first acts of the third, who was supposed to have Liberal sympathies, was to attack the Government which appointed him in the columns of the "Times." Mistakes of this kind should be avoided in the future. They lead to charges of insincerity—charges which have no foundation in fact—but which are difficult to answer from a public platform. The prestige of a great party is always seriously imperilled when it can be successfully attacked on small issues which every man can understand. Chinese labour was not a colossal issue, but it appealed to the man in the street, and did much to shatter the Tory majority. The Liberal Party cannot afford to have it said that the Liberal Government has no faith in its own friends.

TWO PRESIDENTS.

THE unveiling last Monday by President Roosevelt of a memorial to his predecessor was an occasion that had all the appositeness of a supreme contrast. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine two men wider apart in policy, in political methods, and, above all, in personality, than the late and the present ruler of the United States. The American Presidency is an intensely human office, dependent for its influence at least as much on the man who occupies it as on its Constitutional prerogatives. His character and disposition, his instinctive

ways of handling men, count in the long run for more than his opinions. Every President is largely the prisoner of the Constitution, and the degree of freedom he is able to wrest depends rather on personality than prescription. The delicate adjustments, the nice equipoises, the triple system of balances involved in the American form of Government; the potential friction which it generates; the limitations which for the positive work of legislation make the President far less effective than the British Premier; the temptation which he can hardly resist to subordinate everything to the attainment of "harmony" by a judicious humouring of the Bosses, or by allowing the Senate to distribute his patronage for him—form together a situation in which the Presidential *ego* is and must be the determining factor. Mr. McKinley's conception of his office and its duties were such as spring inevitably from his temperament. A solidly serious, sincere, and scrupulous man, happiest probably when getting up the case for Protection, poring over statistics and trade reports, and painfully collating "the facts," with few ideas, interests or convictions, either political or intellectual, outside of the fiscal question, and with an experience of the world limited to Canton, Ohio, and the lobbies of Congress, he was evidently meant to rule in times of peace, with plenty of leisure to think things out, and look up the authorities. The Spanish War, and its rapid, complex issues took him out of his depth, and he quietly surrendered himself to the current. Great things happened during his Presidency, but he can hardly be said to have presided over them. At best they flowed through him as through a funnel. His mind and disposition were altogether of the kind that asks for guidance, and, when the oracles differ, tries hard to "solder close impossibilities, and make them kiss," and is willing to wait in patience for the unmistakable cue.

To one of his persuasive, mobile, accordant disposition, it came natural to regard the Presidency as a sort of conduit-pipe between Congress and the electorate, and to dissociate it from any idea of leadership. Mr. McKinley accepted fully and heartily the doctrine that the President should follow, and not attempt to guide, public opinion. The old tag *Vox populi, vox Dei*, was more than an old tag to him; it was the guiding principle of his whole political conduct and policy. He had, perhaps, no views, except on Protection, that he would not have felt it both a duty and an inspiration to sacrifice at the bidding of the people. His ear, as the Americans used to say, was always to the ground, because that was where he conceived it ought to be. His ways of dealing with Congress were those of adroit persuasion. He consulted everybody, humoured everybody, put himself frankly in the hands of his friends and, making the utmost use of his patronage as a gentle weapon of conciliation, usually contrived to reach his goal. He oiled the machinery of Government with loving and imperturbable patience, and the wheels ran with an ease unknown since Washington's first term of office. But it was a smoothness purchased at the cost of many dubious bargains, much flabbiness of aim and method, and not without an appreciable disturbance of the balance of power arranged by the Constitution. There were times when the Presidency, as a controlling and directing authority, seemed almost in abeyance, when one had to look in the Senate and among a favoured group of Bosses to find the real head of the United

States. But as against this there were at least two compensations. Washington was at peace, and the wishes of the people got themselves translated into law with unexampled despatch.

It was certain from the first that Mr. Roosevelt, whatever else he might be, would never be a President of this stamp. With him leadership is an instinct, self-suppression unthinkable, and struggle a great gladness. He is a man of insistent, dictatorial, almost hectoring temperament, with a passion for scoring hits, and for scoring them off his own bat. As a devotee of the political short cut, it frets him to have to dance attendance on cumbrous Constitutional processes. He prefers to go straight ahead, and wait for the Senate to be prodded after him by public opinion. His inclination is all on the side of pushing the prerogatives of his office to their uttermost, and though we regard the cry that he is a "usurper" as in any serious sense absurd, it is no doubt true enough that Mr. Roosevelt would rather have his own way by overriding the Constitution than keep to its strict letter and lose some point he was bent on carrying. In his hands the balance of power has inclined even more decisively towards the White House than in his predecessor's hands it inclined towards the Senate. Mr. Roosevelt has not only revived the Presidency, but has distinctly expanded it. He not only suggests policies, but has all the appearance of dictating them. The appearance is possibly a defect of manner merely. Mr. Roosevelt is not a conciliatory man, there is a Wellingtonian vigour in his way of stating a case, and the suppleness of Mr. McKinley, and his extreme skill in the smaller arts of managing men, are qualities that his successor rather despises than otherwise. They are qualities, at any rate, that he makes little effort to practise, and that scarcely, indeed, consort with his headlong mind, his categorical temperament, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow." He has provided the American people with a new spectacle, that of a President sitting with conspicuous looseness in the party saddle, making his own appointments, annexing a goodly half of his opponent's programme, and imposing measures upon a refractory legislature by the force of public opinion. Mr. Roosevelt has, it is true, very thoroughly assimilated the perilous doctrine that the end justifies the means; cases have occurred in which his policy can only be defended on grounds other than ethical; and the Rooseveltian swing, if at one point it seems to fall little below Lincoln, seems at another not to rise much above Mr. Richard Croker. His head may occasionally strike the stars, but his feet are always on the solid earth. He knows what makes life worth while, but he also knows what makes politics possible. His is a nature always seeking, struggling, reaching, sometimes rushing forward, yet always in touch with the expediences, always as vehemently practical as it is vehemently aspiring. The result is at times a compromise that disconcerts his best admirers, and that introduces a strain of complexity into a nature that at bottom is both elemental and elementary. When it comes, however, to a question of writing measures on the Statute Book, it is an interesting point whether the conditions of the American system do not prescribe as the most successful if not the most inspiring President, a McKinley rather than a Roosevelt.

Life and Letters.

MISS TORMENTILLA'S BRACELET.

MISS TORMENTILLA JONES stopped and looked in at a window. James was expecting she would bring the present home with her, and it was obvious James must not be disappointed. Rapidly she ran her eye over the goods the shop front displayed, dismissing the bulk of them as impossible, but hovering here and there in an uncertainty of thought.

She was startled by a voice at her elbow; it was a voice she had not heard for twenty years, and she hesitated an instant before she turned to the speaker. Her agitation was apparent and, observing it, the owner of the voice hastened to press his advantage. "Miss Tormentilla," he repeated, "Miss Tormentilla, I have come home."

This time the lady he addressed turned towards him; she had completely recovered her dignity and her tone was restrained. "You are rather late in arriving, Thompson," she said.

The christian name struck on his ear, and he paused for a moment to weigh its meaning. After years of companionship with persons of pettier resources, he underestimated Tormentilla's habitual directness, and jumped to an unwarrantable conclusion.

"You will spare me an hour," he said. He wore a carnation in his grey frock-coat, and a certain sprightliness Tormentilla had noted in his appearance seemed to have communicated itself to his speech.

She looked him in the eyes, her silence being just long enough to make it perfectly clear that his words had been heard. Then she spoke:

"Is not this change delightful, after the fog?" she said, lifting her eyes from his face to a patch of delicate blue that was appearing behind the chimney-pots over the way.

The newcomer bowed, smiled, and adroitly followed her lead. He had, he said, travelled overland from Marseilles and throughout the journey the weather had been detestable. He had, he supposed, felt it the more in contrast with the charming climatic conditions he had experienced in the Mediterranean. At this point his eyes twinkled, for long ago Tormentilla Jones and Thompson Holder had had lessons together, and when they had quarrelled Tormentilla's craving for details of travel again and again had humbled and brought her to his feet. At that time his parents had been living in Egypt, and he had been out to them for a couple of months. In reality his knowledge was small, but, boylike, he had made the most of his advantage, and Tormentilla, in her thirst for information, had been willing to acknowledge his superiority. Now it flashed through his mind that, if her attitude in this matter was at all what it had been of old, he was better equipped as an authority. But he realised already that the task he had undertaken would not be easy. During the years of his absence it had not been his habit to think much of the friends and relations left behind him in England. Most of the time he had been too busy fighting his way to the position he now occupied, but, vaguely, he had always intended some day to return and reclaim the playmate of his youth. This morning he had been lying in wait for her. Before she arrived he had felt no misgiving; but now he was uncomfortably conscious that certain things lay between them which Tormentilla would find it difficult to forgive; one of them being the fact that his mother had passed out of life in ignorance of the whereabouts even of the son she adored.

Already Tormentilla's rebuff had come dangerously near to a dismissal, and, after all, was there any object in prolonging the interview unless he saw some chance of getting the lead into his own hands? They had drifted along the pavement as they talked, and he had become conscious that Tormentilla was bestowing on the shop windows a scrutiny that he could not believe was characteristic. A look of anxiety that was growing in her face did much to restore his self-confidence. He addressed her, and this time she turned with a start—

"Before I went away you detested shopping. If you are not in the mind for it to-day, may I be of service? It is so long since I spent a Christmas in England that I shall enjoy it."

Her aspect had changed. There was an uncertainty that was almost appealing in her manner,—"I am so stupid at getting things for myself, and now James has commissioned me to buy him a present."

Holder hastily collected his memories of Tormentilla's brother. But, in spite of his efforts, they remained scattered and hazy. James was rather a colourless person. After a pause he ventured to suggest a walking stick or an umbrella.

Tormentilla interrupted him—"The present is not for himself," she said. "It is for him to give to," she hesitated, "a friend whom he intends to marry."

"Ah—something suitable to open negotiations." Holder's statement was a question.

"No; not exactly that," Tormentilla replied. She was in no way embarrassed now; she was merely thinking of Holder as an unexpected ally in an enterprise that was difficult, and obviously if he was to prove serviceable he must be thoroughly informed.

"They have known each other for years and James has determined upon marrying her. What he desires is something, not ostentatious, but of sufficient value to make his meaning unmistakeable."

"How much is James proposing to spend?" Holder's voice, for the first time in the interview, betrayed a slight nervousness. Money, he knew, had always been scarce at the Vicarage, and he seemed to himself suddenly to be vulgarly rich. But he need not have feared. For the moment their positions were reversed. An undisguised pride swelled in Tormentilla's reply.

"Twenty pounds," she said, "is his limit."

"Ah." By the gravity of his tone and a slight inclination of the head, Holder conveyed his appreciation. Miss Tormentilla immediately fell in with his suggestion, and as they made their way to a jeweller's it was clear that he led and she followed.

Brooches and bangles were brought forth for Tormentilla's inspection and Holder stood slightly in the background watching her. The things were attractive enough in their way, and Tormentilla was in a biddable mood and showing no desire to be critical. But he knew that, as yet, nothing had appealed to her or stirred her imagination.

The shopman was looking past Tormentilla to the more promising customer behind. He thought the pair ill-assorted, and in truth was not quite certain if they were shopping in company. Tormentilla bent over the tray. Catching the man's eye, Holder's lips moved—

"Antiques—garnets, old paste," he murmured.

A moment later opals and pearls, emeralds and topaz were swept to one side, and Tormentilla was confronted with relics of a day that is gone. Her eyes kindled, and she lifted a band of dull red stones embedded in silver. Their attraction, she supposed, was probably a matter of association based on memories of her childhood, but the garnets seemed to her to be dignified and distinguished in contrast with the modern and more glittering stones. She would have liked them as they were, but James, she knew, would feel differently: she could imagine his horror of "second-hand" articles. She was unaware that her thought had been expressed till she found that the shopman was replying to it.

"Certainly, Madam, certainly, a modern setting of course. Something of this kind?" And he began sketching a design on the lid of a box that lay near him. He began at the outer edge, marking first the smallest stones that were to lie furthest along the band. Finally, he placed the central stone, saying as he did so, "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to draw the other side, Madam?"

Hitherto Tormentilla had been marvelling at his ingenuity; now she interrupted, laying her hand upon the drawing and speaking almost sharply: "That—the big one," she indicated the large central garnet, "must be put straight, and not endways."

"Straight, Madam?" For a moment the salesman's suavity had forsaken him; the suggestion was unexpected, and he prided himself on matters of taste. Tormentilla's manner on entering the shop had been apologetic, and he had thought her old-fashioned dress shabby. The astonishment conveyed in his tone bordered on insolence, and somewhere in the background Holder emitted a chuckle.

Tormentilla drew on her glove. "I misunderstood," she said; "you had determined on a design. I had presumed the bracelet could be made up to order."

When the instructions were finally taken and the two were leaving the shop, Holder turned to his companion. She looked twenty years younger and her cheeks were aglow.

"I was glad," he said, "that you settled that brute, but why in the world did it matter?"

In speech as in looks she was for the moment the old Tormentilla. "It mattered, mattered tremendously," she said, "for it wasn't just a present."

Holder was obstinate; he forgot to be politic, for the past stirred in him strangely and the dispute seemed of moment.

"No," he said, "I cannot agree. The stones were rectangularly set in the band, and you fancied they had carried a message before. Very well, but in other respects you had altered their arrangement."

* * * * *

Tormentilla lifted the lid, and a bracelet the exact counterpart of the one she had bought three days earlier for James was disclosed to her view. Stamped in gilt letters on the case was the name of the Bond Street jeweller from whom the first had been obtained. Clearly some mistake had been made; either the shopman supposed that a pair of bracelets had been required, or he was unaware that the order had been executed.

About to replace the bracelet in the box, preparatory to packing and re-addressing it, her eye was caught by a slight difference in design between the new arrival and its forerunner. Here the central stone was set diamondwise where earlier it had been horizontal. Tormentilla experienced the same sense of disapproval to which she had given expression in the jeweller's shop. Then, suddenly, she understood, and in setting down the box her hand trembled. Something prompted her to look up.

Thompson Holder stood in the doorway.

Boldly, nonchalantly, he strolled into the room and seated himself on the arm of the sofa. His heart was in his mouth, but he showed no sign of trepidation.

"At the lower end of the Mediterranean," he began.

For a second Miss Tormentilla seemed about to leave the room, and his fate hung in the balance. Then she turned,

"How many days this side of the Canal?" she demanded, and sat down on the sofa.

M. STURGE HENDERSON.

THE CANT OF MILITARISM.

THE quarrel on militarism between the two sections represented by M. Hervé and Herr Bebel at the recent Socialist Congress at Stuttgart drags out and dramatises an issue which lurks in every party of political and social progress. In every country the aristocracy, the oligarchy of wealth, and a large contingent of the solid middle class favour the maintenance of a strong professional army, partly to furnish a decorative career to their sons, but mainly to serve as a police reserve at home and as an instrument for the forcible extension and maintenance of foreign markets and preferential areas of investment. Everywhere the workers who pay this blood tax are restive, and the more suspicious members of the bourgeois and professional classes, though not hostile to the policy, resent the growing burden of its cost, while a small but growing number of thinking citizens see in militarism the gravest concrete peril to the advance of civilisation. Among the anti-militarists very few are prepared to dispense entirely with an army, trusting to Providence without powder or to naval defence: the issue upon which they are divided is the alternative of a reduced professional army, or a national militia, based either upon voluntary or even upon compulsory service. For it is fair to recognise that certain genuine haters of war and militarism are to be found among those who hold that the obligation to defend one's country in extremity is binding on all citizens, and involves some process of general military training. Most Liberals, however, regard any proposal of compulsory or general training with an aversion even deeper than that with which they regard the perils of military professionalism. But when confronted with the choice of a national volunteer service and a small professional army they falter, fumble and refuse a decision. It is difficult to blame this indecision. They dread the known tendency of a great professional instrument of force to crave employment, and, if England alone were at stake, they would become whole-hearted members of the "blue-water

school," contented with a small, well-paid militia, or even an unpaid force of patriotic volunteers. But the Empire precludes this choice. Here the Empire means pre-eminently India. Aware that we hold India by bonds of force and not of love, they are yet not prepared to risk its loss, and this position ties them to a professional army. Were it not for this Imperialist burden, which they cannot shuffle off, they would thankfully rely upon a volunteer service for home defence, accepting Mr. Balfour's assurance that "serious invasion of these islands is not a possibility which we need consider."

The actual drift is towards a compromise, making for the smallest professional army consistent with the safeguarding of India, backed by a moderate and mainly non-professional force for home defence. The absence of any important issues in foreign policy, the strong positive bonds of friendship with powerful States, and the new security upon our Indian frontiers, are strong supports for this anti-militarist movement.

We rehearse here these obvious facts in order to utter some plain necessary words upon the tactics to which the militarists are now resorting to defeat the pacific movement and to strengthen this hold upon the bodies and the souls of our people. Finding their opponents in this country thus hesitating between a small professional army suitable for foreign service and a larger, looser voluntary force for home defence, they see their opportunity, and, while resisting any real reduction of the former, fling their full energy into developing the idea of a national force to be in appearance voluntary, in reality compulsory, nominally enlisted for home defence, actually available for foreign exploits.

It is difficult to describe the modes by which this conspiracy against the peace and progress of our country is advanced, without seeming to impute a too conscious cunning to machinations which are largely instinctive. For a variety of causes, into which we cannot enter here, some ill-feeling has arisen of late years between certain interests in Germany and Great Britain: for other causes sentiments of national unity accompanied by a desire for fuller native participation in government have been astir in India. Yet it is our deliberate conviction that the fierce inflammation of the public mind directed by every art of misrepresentation and exaggeration against German hostility and Indian sedition has been mainly designed to meet the anti-militarist movement in Parliament and in the nation. But tactics even worse than this are employed in the campaign which Lord Roberts has been stimulating in the country. A notion used to prevail that a soldier was a blunt outspoken man who did not mince his words, went straight to the heart of his matter, and left sophistry to lawyers and politicians. If such a soldier, full of professional zeal, and, perhaps, genuinely alarmed at what he deemed the defenceless position of his country in the face of an armed world of potential foes, had come forward urging the plain duty of Conscription as necessary for the safety of the Commonwealth, we might not have accepted his pleading, but we should, at least, have respected his honesty and courage. But Lord Roberts and his National Service League have become aware that "Conscription" is a most unpopular word, and that the idea it denotes is hateful to the people: they also understand that the German scare has not succeeded well enough to enable them to float Conscription upon a dread of invasion. What have they done? Two honest courses were open; to abandon the campaign for Conscription, or to begin the slow spade-work needed to implant an unpopular idea in the national mind. Lord Roberts and his friends have taken neither course. They have preferred a disingenuous shuffle of terminology and an appeal to motives which are not honest. For a full justification of these serious charges we must refer our readers to a most incisive pamphlet by Mr. J. A. Farrer,* dealing with the campaign of the National Service League. When Lord Roberts began his movement in the afterglow of the Boer war, he dared to utter the word Conscription. Now in the new preface to his volume of Speeches, entitled "A Nation in Arms," "it is not Conscription that the League advocates but National Service." So Conscription becomes "compulsory service," and in the latest edition "compulsory service" becomes "compulsory training," in order to convey

the suggestion that education rather than actual fighting is the object. Mr. Haldane's quibbling upon the vital issue as to the obligation of a Territorial Army to serve abroad will be fresh in the minds of all: the general desire of our Conscriptionists is to keep carefully in the background this dreaded aspect. Note even the careful ambiguity of Lord Roberts' words at Liverpool: "I do not advocate compulsory service abroad under any circumstances." Yet the hollowness of such prevarication is made manifest when he unburdens his soul in the freer atmosphere of the House of Lords: "The public restrict their ideas to the defence of this country. They are much troubled with the smaller details of home defence, forgetful of the larger issues which mean so much to them, and which may, and probably will, require our being prepared, as a Continental nation, not only to defend our possessions in the East, but to take an important part in affairs nearer home." Here is full-blown Continental militarism, conscription, foreign service and all. But will our people have it? Lord Roberts and his League suspect a deficiency of fighting spirit in the nation. What do they do? Looking round, they see several popular alarms raised by hygienists, economists, educationalists, and moralists, relating to physical degeneration, industrial inefficiency, and moral decadence. "Here is our chance," they say: "universal military service is the panacea:" it will serve, as their official organ avers, "to improve the moral and physical condition of the nation, and thereby to increase its industrial efficiency." Mr. Farrer gives some amazing instances of the successful inroads of this new moral gospel in the Church, the Bar, and the Medical professions; but with a quite accurate instinct the League has sought its gladdest audience among the colleges and schools where sport and social flunkeydom temper, if they do not diminish, our education. When we see grave schoolmasters and college dons bubbling with enthusiasm for Conscription on the ground that "the training of the whole manhood of the nation in discipline, duty, obedience to authority, manliness and self-mastery, would prove a moral factor of untold value in the life of the people," we doubt whether any other people has ever rivalled us in the power of cant. The recent brutalities disclosed in French and German military life, the open animalism of our own garrison towns, the annals of crime and of suicide in armies, the crowding of ex-army men in our workhouses and tramp population, the life of fatuous frivolity and vice led openly by most officers, are a strange commentary upon the "manliness" and "self-mastery" impudently claimed as virtues of militarism, and apparently accepted as such by not a few of our spiritual pastors and masters.

The supreme cost of militarism is not the vast amount of money spent on war and armies, not the waste of industrial energy or the destruction of life and property involved. It is the degradation of our moral currency by false motives and spurious ideals. Lord Roberts and his friends appear to have reached the really terrible conviction that the only method by which full-blown Continental militarism can be imposed upon our people is to "become a lying spirit in the mouth of the Lord's prophets," using every instrument of moral education which the school, the Church, the Press provide, for the poisoning of the soul of the nation.

VANISHED CHILDREN.

THEY stand there in the past—all those vanished children. We know so little about them. Their own parents and teachers who wrote of them and sometimes loved them, knew so little about them. They occupied that dream-world of childhood, which scarcely changes with the hurrying centuries. Above their heads beat the great movements of history; wars, religious transformations, discoveries of science and invention; movements which sometimes made that dream-world all golden, sometimes covered the sunshine with grey cloud. You may see them in the Elizabethan garden, in that "Golden Age" between two periods of upheaval; playing amongst the "roses and tiger-lilies, pinks, gilliflowers and forget-me-nots, all the sweets that run riot" there. They endure, brave if uncomprehending, through the troublous time of the great Civil war; like little Mary and Catherine Stanley when their mother is defending Lathom House against the Governor of Man-

* "Moral Cant About Conscription." International Arbitration Peace Association.

chester; "never startled by any appearance of danger." "On one occasion when they were sitting at breakfast with their mother, a shell burst in the very room where they were, and these little creatures hardly winced; they neither fled nor cried, but kept their seats, only turning a little pale." "They had stomachs to digest cannon" is the verdict of the admiring chronicler. Puritanism lays its cold iron hand upon them; compelling them to childish bewilderments, childish repentances of childish sins; through such stern teachers as the Reverend James Janeway, informing them that no child is too little to be forbidden entrance into hell. The Restoration spoil and pampered them; the eighteenth century in its stagnant decline alternately neglected and bullied them. They pass through it all, the caprice and changing fashions of men, enduring it as best they may; filling still all the dead years with something of the fragrance of children's laughter and tears.

Something of that fragrance also has passed into Mrs. Godfrey's delightful researches gathered together in this good volume. "English Children in the Olden Time" (Methuen & Co.) is a miscellany of gleanings from the memoirs of various ages. A door is opened if but for a minute; we are allowed a limited peep upon that children's world of long ago. Now we are watching the little pages surrounding the little Edward IV., with the sage advice given in "The Babe's Boke" to these "six enfautes": how to eat at table, how to behave in presence of their lord; "not to scratch themselves, nor lean against a post: to keep hands, head, and feet still, and not to handle things while being spoken to." There are indications even in that much misunderstood medieval time of the serious laughter of children. Behind the pestilences and the great wars and the delirium of human violence, we see these bands of happy boys and girls, with their old folk songs which have survived, pathetic anachronisms, even in the slums of the modern city. There are children singing in the Rogation processions for the blessing of the fields, children dancing round the May-pole, children performing in Mysteries and Moralities, children watching the medieval "Wild Beast Show," and acting at Christmas the pageant of St. George and the Turkish enemy. And, indeed, the whole age retained something of the quality of childhood: a childhood that never grew up. "Dancing was a passion with everybody," is the testimony (not quoted by Mrs. Godfrey). "From the Queen to the milkmaid, all the women danced; from the king to the craftsman, all the young men danced. They danced in the streets whenever it was possible, which was one of the reasons why May Day was so joyous and festival. The more courtly people had dances dignified and stately. . . . They danced together singing minstrels' songs. They danced in the garden, they danced in the meadow, they went out at night to dance with tapers in their hands; they danced to beautiful music, played by an orchestra." Dancing children in an age long dead; left in such calamities as the Black Death, to "the mothering of the East wind;" that is "Merrie England."

How their presence sweetens and softens the stern, violent pages of history. Mrs. Godfrey makes no mention of that old French Court of children, so charmingly described in Miss Sichel's "Catharine," where the little Guises played together with the little royal Princes who were to come to such unimaginable ends; and little Mary of Scotland, before she was in her teens, could justly claim the title of "Queen of Hearts"; surely (in the knowledge of coming shadows) the most pathetic company of children which ever assembled under the sun. But she can show us much that subsequent events have invested with a fine air of kindness and pity. Here is Mary of England, then twenty-one years old, holding the little Edward at the font for his christening, and in the procession leading by the hand her little four-year-old sister Elizabeth. Or the great Lord Strafford, the best hated man in England, then on his way—all unknowing—to the scaffold, commending to the kindness of Lady Clare his two motherless little girls; parting with them because they can learn better with their grandmother than they can "with their poor father, ignorant of what belongs to children." "Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily," he writes in pride, "which I wish (if with convenience it might be) were not lost, more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body, than that I wish they should much delight or practise it when they are

women. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also, and they are both very apt to learn that or anything they are taught. Nan, I think, speaks French prettily."

Or here is Charles Stuart himself, "the Man of Sin," romping in the great nurseries with his children; or refreshing himself with the company of the children at Hampton Court, a prisoner; or parting, amid lamentable scenes, from Harry and the little Elizabeth at the end. "They gave him," says Sir Thomas Herbert, an eye-witness, "such pretty and pertinent answers as drew tears of love and joy from his eyes; and then, praying God Almighty to bless them, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was the parting, the young Princess shedding tears and crying most lamentably, so as moved others to pity that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the King returned hastily from the window, and kissed 'em and blessed 'em: so they parted."

The eldest son, Charles, that cynical, enigmatic figure in later history, appears in a new light as protesting "in a round text hand" against taking physic. "I would not have you taking too much physicke," he writes to his tutor, the Earl of Newcastle, "for it doth alwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you." And his brother, James, the sour, fanatical bigot of tradition appears here transformed into a high-spirited boy of fourteen, celebrated for his skill at hide-and-seek in the grounds of St. James' Palace. Through such a reputation he escapes from his attendants while they think he is hiding more securely, slips out into St. James' Park, is hastily transformed into a girl, with a light skirt and red petticoat; is regaled with his favourite "Wood Street Cake," but urges "Do anything with me rather than let me go back again," and gets away safely from Gravesend to Holland. His little sister, Anne, starts on a longer journey. In her last illness this baby of three "being minded by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer' (meaning the Lord's prayer), 'but I will say my short one—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done," says Fuller, "the little lamb gave up the ghost."

They were so extraordinarily precocious; with their little heads crammed with grammar and languages at the age of five or six: repenting their sins—under the Puritan régime—at two or three; fully equipped for the buffeting waves of the world when just out of their teens. We are apt to utter complaints, with an undertone of pride in them, at the hurrying rush of modern life. What of these vanished children? Nor is our boasted elementary education much more than a revival and a reminiscence. Richard II. receives a petition demanding that villeins be restrained from sending their children to school, because the ambition to rise in life by becoming a "clerk" was taking so many workers from the land; just as Mr. McKenna might receive such a petition to-day from the Dorset County Council. The request is refused, and a new enactment is made later that every villein should have the right to send either son or daughter to school as he pleases. There is an enormous child happiness in it all, as well as child misery. One meets such sternness as that to the boy of nine (not quoted by Mrs. Godfrey) who, in 1630, was condemned at the Berkshire Assizes and executed "for example" for "burning a house or two": "who only said upon the ladder 'Forgive me this, and I'll do so no more.'" And by the side of this sternness is a great compassion and tenderness: revealed in such experiments as Dean Colet's Catechism, begging "all lytel babys, all lytel chyldrene to lerne gladli this lytel treatise;" or his request to his St. Paul's school scholars: "lift up your lytel white hands for me, which prayeth for you to God." From far off Elizabethan times comes the protest of Bishop Earle against the too harsh treatment of the child. "Wee laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horses but the emblems and mockings of men's businesse. . . . The elder he growes, hee is a stayre lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. . . . Could hee put off his body with his little coate, he had got Eternitie without a burden, and exchanged but one Heaven for another." That advice has not been excelled or outgrown in the experience of three hundred years.

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

THE immensity of the area that the sea perpetually covers is exasperatingly accentuated by the fringe that it leaves dry for a few moments at the lowest spring and autumn tides. We follow it up with greed to the last inch, and inspect all there is to be seen with a minuteness that will perhaps never be rendered possible by the deep-sea dredges and other contrivances for probing the mysteries of the perpetually sub-marine. A grotesquely spotted cottus is pounced on in the fancied security of its sea-weed bower. It gasps as though in astonishment at our temerity, puffs out its spine-covered head, extends its wing-like pectorals and emits a small hiss or shall we say a rattle like that of the "fretful porcupine," or the stiff feathers of a full-panoplied turkey-cock. We replace the mighty atom at the edge of his pool and he darts off at immense speed to a retreat deeper among the anemones and fringed sea-weed.

We have scarcely time to interview a shanny or two and a pot-bellied rockling when the rolling out of the tide ends as though with a snap, for it has been held up by a wind from the sea, and the same force now helping instead of hindering, the waves come rushing up into the rocky pools. First the blennies and lashers welcome the intruding "vril" of the great waters; then sundry sharp-pointed crabs covered with sea-weed fronds to match their normal envelopment, hermit crabs thrusting sharp nippers from the shelter of purloined whelk-shells, and isolated fishlings resembling small antherines; then skipping shrimps and sand crabs in the furthest pools up-shore. With surprising speed, this big spring-tide races over the flats, then growls and roars up the beach of pebbles and ends by dashing fountains of spray over the granite and concrete embattlements behind which the town shelters. The sky of the setting sun is a palpitating furnace between purple and salmon red, and the fountains with which the sea drenches the promenade are like rich wine. The glory fades after the sun has shot into an uncoloured sky long rays of red, like the arms of a world reluctantly dragged below the sea. Then the full moon sails aloft, and the waves shower pearls and diamonds as they roll in, swing and clash against their own backwash and fling high an ineffective ton or two of the weight with which they would have swept away a summer's building.

With a line thrown from the parade at a less boisterous high tide we dragged up a few of the comparatively deep-sea creatures that come in when the water covers the children's playing-ground. Flounders, here called "butts," heavily mottled on one side, dead white on the other, and with a trick of sometimes wearing their eyes on the left side instead of the right; dabs or sandlings with the white side semi-transparent and eclipsing the flounder in the elegance of their whole make-up; the inevitable eel, a very young cod, and a fish declared on a balance of opinion to be a smelt. A jury of professional fishermen, each of them in a measure disqualified by the prior statement that smelts never visit this shore, handle the tender, large-eyed capture. Each man sniffs it with wide nostril, some declaring that there is no smell of "cucumber" as there should be if it were a smelt, others pretending that there is. At any rate we have shaken the tradition that the smelt does not visit here.

When the tide has been running down a few hours, we embark in order to take a deeper sample of the sea. We row out over more than a mile of water never fished except by the unknowing, yet doubtless containing many a worthy as well as many a little-known creature. As we pass, our fisherman points out a deep hole among the rocks in which bass may be taken at any time, and there are places especially favourable for catching mackerel on a spinner. The bulk, however, of several hundred square miles of sea known to our guide is such as he would not deign to cast a line in. We anchor at last at the intersection of two carefully noted imaginary lines that fix our position almost to the yard. The scour of the current seems to have given us here a submarine river bed and a total depth of five or six fathoms, and it is here that a great many fish spend the slack hours of the day. We have even found a favourite hole in the river, for whereas the next boat is having little sport, our fish are biting almost continuously. The sturdy "butt" puts down its head and offers immense resistance for its size. Two dabs hooked at once (and once we have three)

make us hope for a sun fish or a large plaice at least. The next capture fights to and fro, obviously a round fish. A pollock comes aboard in all the freshness of its livery, especially the bright green back that earns for it the local name of "grass fish"; then a horse mackerel green mottled, fine tailed and partly ganoid like its surface-swimming congener, but with immense goggle eyes fitted to the twilight of deep water; lastly, the first real codling of the season, raising hopes of much sport, but turning out to be the only one of the day.

We get our fisherman, while he threads on our bait or takes off the catch, to tell us of other samples he has seen. He speaks of the North Sea cod that, hauled a few feet from the bottom, cannot regain it, but floats to the top, even if the hook has come out, of the seasonal blindness of the mackerel, that makes it catchable in nets, of how the great rays or skates are caught, and of other marvels most nearly touching his profession of sea-reaper. And he tells us as much as he knows of some stray catches. It is evident from his description that once he has come across the opah, that brilliant inhabitant of our seas that seems to be the sole survivor from almost tropical conditions, that Britain has had in turn with other climates. "Purple, and red, and green," says our fisherman, "in sharp streaks like a flower-bed, with white spots on all the colours, and brighter rings round them, his fins streaming like a girl's red hair, and nearly as deep from back to belly as he was long."

There is a sniff as though someone had scorned our friend's narrative. We turn in time to see a porpoise wheeling under, a few feet from the boat. He takes only a turn or two, and then, finally, dives from sight, rejoining all those things from the sea-serpent downwards, that the sea for the most part keeps from our eyes. What are the five or six species flapping in the bottom of our boat, compared with those even that have regarded the bait to-day five fathoms beneath? Whether we receive a tug or no, the hooks are clean after resting for only a few minutes down there. Some uninvited marauders come up in the shape of crabs, despised "jills," as well as edible crabs, running into such sizes as are seen on the fishmonger's slab. But what other forms are crawling, sliding, swimming, wriggling in the few yards covered by our lines? We know many of them through the dredge, but however carefully we have combed the bottom, can scarcely expect to know more than a bare majority, even at that depth, while the scattered snippets we drag from the deep valleys under sea explode as they pass into water of less pressure, or are at any rate expanded into caricatures of their deep-sea selves. When we know the monster pike or carp that a mere duck pond can hide for years, and only reveals on the day it is drained for cleaning, we can just faintly imagine the forever unknown contents of the deep sea.

Music.

THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Musical Festivals this year are rich in novelties; there were seven of them at Cardiff last week, and there are to be another seven next week at Leeds. It is noteworthy, too, that new works by the people whom Mr. Walkley would call "the old gang" are in the minority. Sir Hubert Parry contributed one novelty to Cardiff, and Sir Charles Stanford will give another to Leeds. Dr. Cowen, though he has hitherto been classed with "the old gang," is much too adaptable a composer to remain among them. He is not modern in the sense that Mr. Bantock and Mr. Holbrooke, for example, are; but he is acute enough to see that some kind of modern idiom is necessary nowadays, and clever enough to be able to talk quite interestingly in one—whether his own or anyone else's does not greatly matter. Most of the other English composers represented by novelties in this year's Festivals are young men—Mr. Granville Bantock, Mr. Hamilton Harty, Mr. Vaughan Williams, and Mr. Rutland Boughton—who, whatever musical creed they may profess, are not at all in sympathy with the heavy kind of art that was cultivated by the "leaders of the Renaissance" ten to twenty years ago. So that even if all these novelties should not live for ever, it is good to have heard them, and

wise of the committees to have included them; whatever the net musical gain may be it is certain that we are at least not standing still.

One of the Cardiff novelties—Mr. David Evans's cantata, "The Coming of Arthur"—was, no doubt, a concession to local feeling; the composer is a prominent musician in the town, and lecturer on music at the Cardiff University College. Dr. Herbert Brewer's setting of the old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens marks an advance on his previous work. It bears many traces of the two influences that Dr. Brewer, like so many other organists, has felt most strongly—first of all, that of the formal, square-toed kind of music that for the whole generation previous to ours was thought to be the only style worthy of an honest Englishman, and secondly, that of Elgar—not the Elgar of "Gerontius," but the Elgar of "King Olaf." Yet there are many individual things in the new work, and some rather striking characterisation in the scoring, which make it probable that Dr. Brewer will do still better when he has found his own feet. Dr. Cowen's setting of Mrs. Browning's "He giveth His beloved sleep"—a typical example of that lady's half poetic, half abortive verse—is clever enough, as all its composer's music is, to be worth hearing once or twice; but it does not come from and does not lead to deep conviction. Mr. Vaughan Williams' two Rhapsodies upon Norfolk folk-tunes suffered only from two defects—the tunes were not particularly good, and Mr. Williams' treatment of them was hardly any better. His new work for the Leeds Festival next week will prove more interesting.

Sir Hubert Parry's "Vision of Life" was acclaimed by one critic as "the climax of the Festival," and voted by almost everyone else extremely dull. We are a rather curious people; many of us are still so much under the sway of the old oratorio spirit as to feel that it is rather sinful to sing very ardently about love, and that we *ought* to enjoy a setting of a highly moral text even if the music be poor. An article in the present number of the "Zeitschrift der internationalen Musikgesellschaft" may serve as an illustration; the writer falls foul of the libretto, "Cleopatra," that has been given to the musical competitors for the prize offered by the Norwich Festival Committee, asks whether "any respectable English composer" will dream of setting it to music, and regards it as "almost an insult to the English art now being nobly led in purity by such men as Parry, Stanford, and Mackenzie." Strauss's "Salome" is also bespattered with contumely because the subject is not "pure." The trouble, however, is that most people, if they cannot get good music to good subjects, would rather listen to good music composed to a naughty subject than to bad music composed to a virtuous one. "Salome," after all, keeps us awake, while most of our "pure" composers send us to sleep. There is not a line in "The Vision of Life" that could offend the purest taste; but there is also not a page in it that anyone would go through fire and water to hear again. It may do no harm to the moral sense, but it leaves the aesthetic sense decidedly chilly.

Mr. Hamilton Harty is still a very young man, so that there is no need to grumble at him for not quite reaching, in his music to Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," to the full height of the wonderful poem. He has certainly got the wrong atmosphere occasionally; whatever changes the music may undergo, it should never be strenuous, never lose the one fundamental note of sadness, here and there refined into ecstasy. But the Ode is in many respects first-rate, the orchestration being especially fine. Altogether it is a work of great promise.

The most eagerly expected novelty was, of course, the second part of Mr. Bantock's "Omar Khayyam." There were one or two dissentient voices, but the critics as a whole were almost unanimous in recognising the power and beauty of the new work. Mr. Baughan, in the "Daily News," rather oddly failed to see any "first-hand originality" in it; what strikes many of us in the work is the number of musical things in it to which one can find no equivalent elsewhere. Huge choruses like "Earth cannot answer," or "And has not such a story," for example, in the First Part, or the inexpressibly profound and touching trio, in the Second Part, to the stanzas commencing "What! out of senseless Nothing," really bring a new note into our music. In spite of one or two passages of lesser inspiration

—for it is almost impossible to keep a composition of this length at the same level throughout—"Omar Khayyam" is a remarkably fine and in some respects unique work. Like "Gerontius," it will have to win its way slowly into the affections of the ordinary audience; but when it is properly known it will be recognised as much the finest of English choral and orchestral works on a non-sacred subject—the only one, indeed, that for range and intensity of feeling and general musical power can stand by the side of Elgar's great oratorio.

Open Questions.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

THAT the Government has scored a success in the last Session of Parliament is now generally admitted. Much valuable legislation has been passed. The administration of the country has been carried on in accordance with the wishes of the great majority of the people. It is true that much more could have been done but for the obstacle of the House of Lords. That body has been effective, perhaps, as much by the fear of what it would do as by actual interference with proposed legislation. The main cause of the weakness and consequent failure of the Irish Councils Bill was the vain desire to frame a measure that might possibly commend itself to the Peers. It is now evident that no measure of the kind would have had a chance of passing the Lords. They believe that they justified themselves and even acquired popularity in the country by their action in throwing out the Home Rule Bill of 1894, and it is certain that, no matter how small and timid might be the measure submitted to them in 1907, they were determined to repeat their success. The mistake that the Liberal Cabinet made was to listen to those who would persuade them that the Lords would accept a small measure. The Irish people, on the contrary, believed that while a scheme framed on lines so narrow, distrustful and unexpected, was certain to be rejected by the Peers, it would have been made the high-water mark for Liberal legislation at the next General Election. Consequently the Nationalist Convention determined to have none of it, and to await the future when the Liberal Party would again appeal to the country untrammelled, it is hoped, by the pledges given by the least democratic of its adherents. Whether the Irish were right in their determination history will prove.

The Councils Bill having been disposed of, the Government felt that something had to be done for Ireland. Mr. Bryce, acting under rather doubtful advice, and on almost the last day that he was in Dublin, developed a scheme for the settlement of University education apparently with the design of binding his successor. That scheme followed the lines of greatest resistance, and aroused so much opposition in England as well as in Ireland, that it would have been injudicious in the extreme to attempt to legislate in accordance with it.

The land is always a fertile field for Irish legislation. The principle of compensation would seem to require as many Acts to undo the mischief wrought by the hundred and odd Statutes of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as these Acts numbered. There is ample field for further agrarian legislation in Ireland. But Lord Dudley's Commission is still dragging its lengthening chain over the country, and it would not

do to embark on legislative problems that that body was intended to consider and report on. One branch of the Land Question was, however, urgent and ripe. The Land Act of 1903 secured its easy passage largely in the hope that it would settle the evicted tenants question in Ireland. The Opposition of the late Tory Law officers, gloried in recently by one of them in the House of Lords, killed that hope and the sore was still there, irritating and unhealed. Mr. Birrell wisely determined to turn his attention to this matter and produced a Bill bold and satisfactory in its provisions.

It is characteristic of most aristocracies that they seek for agents of their cause from among a social class far beneath them, and for which they have in their hearts a supreme contempt. The Russian nobles, for example, have maintained their power and position by setting up a bureaucracy recruited from the *plebs*. The Irish Lords are no exceptions to this rule. They were determined to fight the Evicted Tenants Bill with all their energy as it contained provisions as to machinery and the principle of compulsory acquisition of land that were deemed highly dangerous. They secured as their chief champions, both in the Lords and Commons, champions not of their own class—*condottieri* prepared to fight under the banner of the rights of landed property—one the son of a country apothecary, the other of a city policeman. The fight was carried on with so much vigour and determination that the Bill was only saved from destruction by eliminating from it some of its most valuable provisions. Even as it was passed, it is a useful measure and may settle a question that has kept Ireland restless for twenty years.

The question is often asked—What is going to be the immediate future in Ireland? No one seems to know. The people undoubtedly were surprised and disappointed by the Councils Bill. They expected something quite different and refused even to consider it. They preferred to wait some more years in the hope of having their expectations realised.

In rejecting the proffered measure they are quite aware of what is before them, and they have turned their attention to the questions of the land and education. They look forward to measures for the settlement of the University question, and for facilitating the breaking up of the grass lands, by compulsory process if necessary. Mr. Birrell has undertaken to spend part of his vacation in considering Irish Education—a subject with which he is peculiarly qualified to deal—and the Congested Districts Commission will, it is expected, suggest methods for further land legislation. The Catholic clergy are largely interested in the first of these questions, the land-starved peasants in the second. Serious symptoms of unrest have been shown by the latter, and a new agrarian outrage has been invented, that of "cattle-driving."

During the years that followed the Irish famine in many parts of the country the people were gradually driven from the richer lands that could profitably feed bullocks to the bogs and waste lands that were useless except when occupied by human beings content or compelled to live below the standard of decent subsistence. Mr. Wyndham's Land Act contained provisions that enabled the Irish Estates Commissioners to purchase grass lands when voluntarily offered to them for the purpose of improving "uneconomic" holdings and restoring the

people to the soil from which their fathers had been driven. The few instances in which the Commissioners were able to do this showed the people what was possible: what could be done to improve the condition of the peasants and to stem emigration were the peopleless lands populated. But the voluntary process is very slow. The owners showed symptoms of making arrangements with the graziers that might permanently deprive the people most in need of the land of the possibility of ever acquiring it. The Irish peasant learned from experience that if he remained quiescent, he was deemed satisfied, while if he did something that called attention to his needs and desires, although he might be branded as a criminal, he would be listened to. In former days his only weapons were the blunderbus and the shears. For adopting these methods of barbarism he might be denounced by a righteous British public as a savage, but, all the same, his grievances were examined. He has given up the blunderbus and the shears, and merely drives the objectionable cattle away from the lands which he thinks would be better occupied by human beings. He drives them away in the most humane manner, even in some instances bringing a waggon to carry the weaker animals, for which a long walk might be trying. But, notwithstanding this careful attention, he is as bitterly denounced as if he were a Staffordshire cattle maimer, and the orators of the Unionist Alliance in the shrillest tones call down the vengeance of the British people on a Government that tolerates for a day the frightful nightmare of anarchy and lawlessness that they picture as brooding over the country. To those who know Ireland well and who consider that a disease should be cured rather than let run its course so as to destroy the life of the patient, the unrest in the West is a symptom and an intimation that something is amiss. Repression will not cure it.

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

FLING no more your wealth untold;

Keep your gorgeous treasures.

Though you paved the woods with gold,

Winter has no pleasures

In your bribes, and will not spare

Till he strips your branches bare.

The woods are filled with whispering fears,

And every bough is sighing:

The sobbing leaves, all wet with tears,

Are fading, falling, flying,

For Winter's heralds loudly blow

And now must all your glories go.

This morning, down your choicest glades

His chilling mists were sweeping,

And now the cold sun's glimmer fades

And ashen skies are weeping.

They weep because this fairy-land

Must soon in dreary ruins stand.

Fling no more your wealth of gold;

Winter will not tarry.

Ere his icy arms enfold,

Haste away and carry

All your wealth, till once again

You may here in splendour reign.

J. W. FEAVER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNEN will publish this autumn the long-delayed volume of selected articles and essays from the writings of the late William Clarke. To a large circle of literary men and journalists Mr. Clarke was known as one of the most profound thinkers and best-equipped writers of his time. Much of his work was anonymous, consisting of historical, political, and literary appreciations, contributed to daily and weekly journals; but in the later years of his life a number of important political essays from his pen appeared in the "Contemporary Review" and in leading American Reviews. His range of knowledge and of interest was encyclopædic and extended to America as well as to this country. With one of those extraordinarily minute and accurate memories so valuable and so rare in journalists he united a deep philosophic grasp of principles. As an interpreter of men, books, events, and movements he exercised a profound influence over the reading public of his day. This volume, containing a few of his longer essays on history and politics and a number of his most characteristic judgments upon literature and life, largely written for the "Spectator," is designed to preserve in permanent shape his most distinguished thoughts and utterances. It comprises also a section of his little work on Walt Whitman, the only book he wrote.

* * *

SPORTSMAN, statesman, soldier, moralist, and writer: such are the leading aspects of the most strenuous life. The new edition of the "Works of Theodore Roosevelt," to be published next week by Messrs. Putnams, gives a full revelation of his rich personality. It will, perhaps tax the patience of all, save the most insatiable of his worshippers, to read the six long volumes of his "Winning of the West," and the two volumes of "The Naval War of 1812," but Roosevelt as hunter and as ranchman is always a picturesque figure, while Roosevelt as political and social moralist, scourging corrupt bosses, coercing trust magnates, encouraging mothers of large families, and proclaiming the great mission of American Christianity, has won an unrivalled eminence throughout the English-speaking world. His volumes entitled "American Ideals" and "Addresses and Presidential Messages," throw real light upon the most influential preacher of our time.

* * *

NEXT week the Cambridge University Press will publish "The Life and Letters of Sir R. C. Jebb," compiled by his wife, Mrs. Caroline Jebb. It should prove a most interesting biography, for Jebb was not only a great scholar, but a forcible writer and a close student of modern educational problems. Jowett predicted that he would probably do more for Greek scholarship than anyone has since Porson, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the prediction was fulfilled. The coming volume is largely made up of letters to his friends, among whom were numbered many of the most eminent names, both in the academic world and the world of affairs, but it also describes Jebb's life as professor at Glasgow and at Cambridge, his work in founding the British School at Athens, and his later career in Parliament. Dr. A. W. Verrall contributes a chapter on Jebb as scholar and critic, in which he draws an interesting comparison between Jebb and Addison.

"Sensibility, subtlety, delicacy, economy, reserve—these were, as I apprehend," he says, "the essential qualities of Jebb's mind, and the foundation of his skill in exposition. His central achievement, the edition of Sophocles, owes its success and the general recognition of its singular importance, to the happy application of these qualities, and a natural harmony between the expositor and the poet. Purity of stroke, the dislike of crudity, violence, and emphasis, an ever-present perception that what is most worth saying cannot—such is language—be said, but must, if it is to come with true force, be hinted and suggested, all these principles are common to the dramatist and the annotator. We have Sophocles illuminated by Addison."

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MR. FISHER UNWIN has in preparation a volume by Professor A. W. Small, of Chicago, "Adam Smith and Modern Sociology," which promises to be a valuable contribution to economic theory. Professor Small's argument is that modern sociology is virtually an attempt to take up

the larger programme of social analysis and interpretation which was implicit in Adam Smith's moral philosophy, but which political economists have neglected in their close attention to the mechanism of wealth-production. He holds that economic theory now stands at the parting of the ways and must either resume the position it occupied in Adam Smith's system, viz., that of a division of moral philosophy, or split up into a group of technologies.

* * *

AN interesting experiment is to be associated with the publication of a volume of "New Poems," by Mr. Herbert Trench, to be issued shortly by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Trench believes that music cannot reach its highest without being led by poetry, and that in order to expand poetical ideas there is need of the great amplification and depth of resonance which music alone can give. Accordingly, the first poem, called "Apollo and the Seaman," in his collection is designed to be accompanied by orchestral music. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, the composer of "The Bells," of last year's Birmingham Festival, has written a symphony for seventy performers in illustration of Mr. Trench's poem. The intention is that the symphony shall be played in darkness at the Queen's Hall, the text of the poem being thrown by rays upon a large sheet page by page in exact time with the music. Musicians who have heard the work believe that it may be the beginning of a new and beautiful art-form, and that, by opening a way out of the Strauss stage of programme music, it may give a new stimulus to both arts. Dr. Henry Wood has promised his co-operation, so that the experiment will, at any rate, be made under favourable conditions.

* * *

THE announcement that a memoir of Thomas Hood, by Mr. Walter Jerrold, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Alston Rivers, is sure to be welcomed by all lovers of literature. The best of Hood's serious poems, such as "The Bridge of Sighs," "Ruth," and "The Song of the Shirt," will always be remembered, and his humorous verse, though now neglected, often reaches a high level. The memoir written by Hood's son and daughter fifteen years after his death is both dull and inaccurate. The best account of his life accessible up to the present is the short introduction to Hood's works contributed by Canon Ainger to Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley" series.

* * *

"THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" will in the future issue a literary supplement giving more special attention to new books than has been found possible in that journal before. Mr. Birrell contributes an article on "The Critical Faculty" to the opening number. "The perfect critic is," he says, "an impossibility, and the most fascinating chapters in the history of criticism will always be those personal records of literary sensations, peculiar to the individual who records them." Mr. Birrell himself has given us a delightful series of these impressions, though perhaps M. Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire" is the best example of this species of criticism that has ever been written.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The American Revolution." Part III. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Life in the Homeric Age." By T. D. Seymour. (Macmillan, 17s. net.)

"Petrarch: His Life, Work, and Times." By H. C. Holway-Calthorp. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Roman Journals of Gregorovius, 1852-1874." Translated by Mrs. G. W. Hamilton. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Innocent the Great." By C. H. G. Pirie-Gordon. (Longmans, 9s. net.)

"The Popular Ballad." By Francis B. Gummere. (Constable, 6s. net.)

"The Last Days of Marie Antoinette." By G. Lenotre. Translated by Mrs. R. Stawell. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

"The Elizabethan Religious Settlement." By H. N. Birt. (Bell, 15s. net.)

"The Andes and the Amazon—Life and Travel in Peru." By C. Reginald Enock. (Unwin, 21s.)

"The Reproach of the Gospel." By the Rev. J. H. Peilo, M.A. Bampton Lectures for 1907. (Longmans, 5s. 6d. net.)

"Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"Paul Ier de Russe avant l'avènement, 1754-1796." Par Pierre Morane. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 7fr. 50.)

"Cœurs en Deuil." Par Georges Ohnet. (Paris: Ollendorff, 3fr. 50.)

"Landstreicher." Von Hans Oswald. (Berlin: M.4.)

Letters to the Editor.

CASA BLANCA: THE FRENCH CASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letters in regard to the bombardment of Casa Blanca, which were published in THE NATION of August 31st and September 14th, make such serious accusations against the French Government, the French admiral, and the Foreign Legion, that I have thought it desirable to obtain a statement about the matter from an authorised quarter. Circumstances have prevented me from doing this earlier, but yesterday I had an interview with M. Georges Mandel, *chef-adjoint du cabinet* to the Prime Minister, who had had before him a French translation of the letters, and who was good enough to make the following statements, which, I have every reason to believe, reflect the opinion of M. Clemenceau, whose colleague M. Mandel has been for several years.

M. Mandel began by expressing his profound regret that calumnies such as even that portion of the foreign press which is more or less hostile to France has not ventured to publish should have been published in a country which is united to France by the strongest ties of friendship.

In regard to the two letters under consideration, M. Mandel pointed out that the first was written by a gentleman who has apparently a bitter animus against the French as a nation, who was not himself on the spot, and who accepted without investigation statements the accuracy of which he was not in a position to test. The second was written by a lady who did not give her name. The two letters, moreover, although they agreed in attacking the French, were far from being in agreement as to the facts. According to Mr. Cunninghame Graham's witness, Dr. Robert Kerr, the French made a brutal and quite unprovoked attack on a harmless and peaceable people. There had indeed been a trifling incident on July 30th, in which some Frenchmen, two Spaniards, and an Italian were massacred in cold blood without a shadow of an excuse; but judging from Dr. Kerr's remark about the "long suffering of the Moors," his only feeling would seem to be one of surprise, if not of regret, that this had not occurred before. After this little amusement, the long suffering people, according to Dr. Kerr, completely quieted down, and they were going about their ordinary avocations in an orderly and peaceable manner when, on August 5th, the brutal French incontinently landed and proceeded to massacre them unarmed. This at least is what one would gather from Mr. Graham's report of Dr. Kerr's letter. "A woman who was there," M. Mandel remarked, tells a very different story. According to her, "the whole place was in a ferment and it was not safe to go out." On July 31st "the Jews were scuttling about like rabbits," and the long suffering Moors were beating them. "Every man, woman, and child was armed with guns, stones, sticks, or large pieces of wood, and all quite mad." There was another panic on the following day, when, according to Dr. Kerr, order was restored. On August 2nd the writer, like most other Europeans, took refuge on a ship in the harbour, because "our house being far from the French Consulate, we should have had no protection." On August 4th things were quieter, and the writer and her husband went on shore, but did not venture to stay there. On August 5th the French troops were landed and the bombardment began. "The looting began directly the first shots were fired," and there was "a great deal of fighting in the town." According to Dr. Kerr, "there was no resistance." "A woman who was there" was naturally distressed at such a scene, but later on she remarks that her servants "had defended the house splendidly, having killed between them fourteen Arabs. They were very pleased with themselves, and had managed to collect a quantity of loot." Moreover, the twenty defenders of the British Consulate "ran short of ammunition, and it was touch-and-go whether they would be able to hold out; they had to charge the mob with bayonets." All this does not quite square with Dr. Kerr's picture of a ruthless massacre of unarmed and inoffensive people who offered no resistance.

I put to M. Mandel in the first place Dr. Kerr's state-

ment that the French supervision of the customs was the last straw. He pointed out that the customs are the guarantee of the loans which Morocco has obtained from Europe. France is by far the largest creditor, and it is in accordance with the Algeiras agreement that she has established a rigorous control of the customs. "We," said M. Mandel, "did not force our money on Morocco; she came to us to seek it. It would be more accurate to say that the massacre of July 31st was the 'last straw,' and that the French Government has been ever too long-suffering. That massacre was the last of a series of crimes and outrages, in face of which the French Government had not the right to remain inactive. Mr. Graham could hardly be serious when he spoke of 'a legal execution of the murderers.' He must be aware that there was no authority in a position to arrest or punish them. The time had come when France was compelled to act in order to protect the lives of her subjects and of other Europeans. That right was denied to her by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. It was true that he also apparently denied it to his own country, and perhaps his dislike of France was really due to her friendship with England."

M. Mandel gave an emphatic denial to Dr. Kerr's statement that the Sultan's uncle had been able to restore order, and declared that Dr. Kerr's picture of the condition of Casa Blanca bore no relation to the facts. The town was invested by thousands of the tribes, and the massacre of July 30th was followed by murder and pillage. Several hundred Jews were massacred, women were outraged, and the town was in a state of panic. Of these horrors Mr. Graham and Dr. Kerr said nothing, and for the victims of the "patriots and heroes" they had not a word of pity.

I then asked M. Mandel the reason of the bombardment. He replied that the French Consulate was in imminent peril, and that the bombardment was necessary to create a diversion and enable the troops that had been landed to relieve it. The assertion that the troops were landed merely to give an excuse for a bombardment he explicitly denied.

I next questioned M. Mandel about the specific charges of brutality made by Dr. Kerr. He replied that the statements as quoted by Mr. Cunninghame Graham lacked the details which would enable them to be investigated. Undoubtedly people had been killed; that usually happened when there was fighting. And, when a small body of troops had to repress a mob overwhelmingly superior in numbers in the streets of a town, how was it possible for the troops to avoid shooting women who might happen to be in the mob? The French Government deeply regretted the loss of life, but what other course was possible for it? If it could be proved that atrocities such as those mentioned had actually been committed by any soldiers of the Foreign Legion, those soldiers would be duly punished, but it was obvious that at present there was no sufficient data. M. Mandel remarked, however, that Dr. Kerr would seem to have the gift of ubiquity, and it would be interesting to know how he managed to see so much. Was he by any chance fighting on the side of the Moors?

M. Mandel said that he wished to add something in regard to the general question of the French action in Morocco. Mr. Cunninghame Graham distinctly implied that France was invading Morocco with the intention of occupying it permanently. According to him, the "patriots and heroes" who massacred Jews and outraged women were "fighting in defence of their native country." On the contrary, the action of the French Government was solely directed towards the repression of bandits and murderers, and the restoration of order. The pillage and outrages continued even after the French troops had landed. Had no action been taken, Dr. Kerr would probably have been murdered with all other Europeans by the Arab tribes. It was all very well for Dr. Kerr to write on September 2nd, "everything here is perfectly quiet." Would he have been able to write that if the tribes had been allowed to do as they pleased? France was not at war with the Sultan of Morocco, and had shown by her whole conduct in the matter her desire to avoid bloodshed and to withdraw as soon as she could possibly do so. She had done everything in her power to attain the desired end by negotiation, and there now seemed every probability that the negotiations would be successful. The bellicose party in France had even

attacked the Government for its pacific dispositions. M. Mandel concluded by repeating his regret that such reckless charges against the French Government and the French nation should have been made by Englishmen, and expressing his belief that they did not express the general feeling of the English people.

I may add that to base accusations against the French character, as Mr. Graham does, on the alleged action of the Foreign Legion is singularly illogical, since among the many races represented in the Foreign Legion the French is by no means the most conspicuous.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

9, Boulevard Maiesherbes, Paris,
October 2nd, 1907.

"THE GRIP OF THE SPECIALIST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the article in your last issue on "The Grip of the Specialist" asks what is to be the attitude of reasoning men towards the growing power of specialists? He vouchsafes, however, no fresh answer to the question. I would suggest that no such answer is needed because the present attitude is the only possible one. I write not as a specialist, but as a humble general practitioner whose patients owe much to the knowledge and skill of those in the higher ranks of the profession. It is impossible for a layman to realise the extraordinary development which has taken place in recent years in the science and art of medicine, a development so great that it is out of the question that the ordinary practitioner should be able to keep in touch with every latest advance. Specialism is wholly to the advantage of the public; if here and there it is abused, the blame lies not so much with the profession as with that class of patient which demands specialist advice for every minor ailment and delights in new-fangled ideas. It is difficult to read the meaning of your writer's complaint: he bewails the discovery of the rôle of the appendix: "now we know it to our cost." What is the cost? There is the harvest of lives innumerable delivered from the fear of death; is this no recompense? Why is it more harmful for a man to know he has an appendix than to know he is the possessor of a nose? The latter is equally liable to disease. In truth, many of the writer's sentences remind one of nothing so much as the sense of oppression arising from a horrible nightmare. "When he is taken ill it becomes a matter of chance whether he is forced to undergo a dangerous operation, is put upon a novel and hazardous diet, is sentenced to two months' close confinement, or to a long term of distant exile." "*Of chance*," be it observed! Does the specialist spin a coin to decide his method of treatment? Truly it is an appalling picture, but equally truly it is the product of a disordered imagination. Does every illness where a specialist is summoned involve the consideration of these terrible alternatives? Is every operation dangerous? Is every system of diet hazardous and novel? Have no patients been cured by these means or even by the dread ordeal of two months' close confinement? Finally, is any patient *forced* to undergo any treatment?

But one's controversy with the writer goes deeper than this. He, indeed, has some complimentary words to say regarding the devotion and sacrifice of the profession, but these are only the gilded coating of a bitter pill. He discusses "the network of community of interests with its system of profit-sharing and commissions"; if the writer means by this that there exists such a system between general practitioners and specialists, such a statement is absolutely false, and I challenge him to produce a single instance thereof. Then there is the innuendo that "it is more profitable to keep ill than to cure." Personally, I should have thought that the reverse was true, and I know no medical men who have tried to establish a connection on this basis, while the experiment does not sound a hopeful one. Such an innuendo is unworthy of a serious writer.

I do not intend to suggest that all specialists are white-robed members of a holy priesthood, with no thoughts save of altruism and self-sacrifice. They are human and have their living to make like the rest of mankind. Here and

there may be one who abuses his position, but to deduce from this the statements in your contributor's article is a travesty of argument. There is no other body of men who so readily give of their best without fee or reward.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES PEARSE, M.D.

Trowbridge, October 2nd, 1907.

[Dr. Pearce presents a travesty of our argument and thus has no difficulty in refuting it. We did not deny the utility of medical specialism: we merely presented the dangers and difficulties such professional specialism involves. We did not question the services which modern surgery renders, but its perilous excesses admitted by a large section of the medical profession. The element of chance of which we wrote was not applied to the action of the individual specialist: his treatment is quite often a matter of fixed routine: but for the ordinary patient, unable to canvas the virtues and defects of specialists, it is largely a matter of chance what specialist he consults, and, therefore, to what particular treatment he is subjected. As for the element of *force*, the patient is morally compelled to adopt the treatment that is urged. Finally, on the question of "community of interests," we did not assert that commissions were given by specialists to general practitioners; even were this the case, it must obviously be difficult to publish instances. We do assert, however, that the community of interests between chemist and doctor is often represented in a definite pecuniary bond. Dr. Pearce presents fairly enough the obvious "professional" reply; he minimises the danger, throws the blame on the "patient" public, and fails to appreciate the insidious operation of profit-making motives in a highly competitive profession.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I can fully confirm the accuracy of your reflections on the grip of the specialist from a somewhat bitter experience of my own. Some time ago I suffered a breakdown due to overwork and was advised to consult Sir A. B., whose reputation is European. This busy man devoted at least five minutes to my case, telling me that my only chance of recovery was to take the rest-cure at a home in the south of England, the address of which he kindly gave me. In reply to my inquiry I learnt that the terms for the "cure" were £10 10s. per week, exclusive of the local doctor's fee. Whilst considering these terms an intimate friend wrote to say he had mentioned my case to an acquaintance, an eminent Harley Street physician, who said I had consulted the wrong man, that Sir A. B. was a surgeon, whereas I needed a physician; this specialist, whom I will call Dr. C., added that the rest-cure was an exploded remedy, only suitable for hysterical women and dipsomaniacs, that I should have to pay a ridiculous sum for the privilege of lying in bed and drinking a number of glasses of milk per day, and that I should emerge at the end of six weeks less well than when I entered. This judgment coming from a high priest of the New Religion warped my mind from the rest-cure, a process already begun by the cost involved. Breaking the canon law of professional etiquette, I consulted one of the first physicians of the day, Sir D. F., who ordered me to proceed without delay to the village of —, situated on the edge of the desert of Sahara, otherwise he would not answer for the consequences. To this end I called at Messrs. Cooks, the tourist agents, where I fortunately met one of their representatives who had just returned from the locality in question. He informed me that it was quite the wrong time of the year to go to —, that the rainy season had commenced, and that the only hotel had been closed, not to re-open until four months later. Congratulating myself on my narrow escape from the second prescription, I communicated my information to Sir D. F., who received it with composure, exclaiming, "Really! It was delightful when I was there," he having visited the place at another season of the year. I suggested the High Alps, to be told if I went there in my present condition I should in all probability contract phthisis, "which abounded in Switzerland." A medical acquaintance of considerable parts who knows every inch of Switzerland with affectionate intimacy, ridiculed this notion, alleging that there were more

microbes to be met in the "Tuppenny Tube" than in all the sanatoria of Switzerland. By this time, weary of conflicting advice, I did what I thought best myself with the happiest results. I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

A CRITIC OF THE "NEW RELIGION."

October 1st, 1907.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article last week you say that "About the middle of the second century, the Christian communities scattered throughout the Roman empire were convulsed by dissensions about the fundamental ideas of their faith. At this period there was no authoritative New Testament; the contending factions appealed, in confirmation of their contentions, to the considerable mass of literary documents thrown up by the new movement. In order to put an end to these controversies, the Church made a selection, which it declared to be canonical or authoritative, from this mass of literary material; this selection is the New Testament very much as we have it now."

Will you kindly give me the historical proof of this work of the Church in the second century? By this, I mean the contemporary, or at least early, evidence on which the statement is based.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Wycliff Lodge, Oxford, Sept. 25th, 1907.

[Dr. Griffith Thomas is asking a question which would carry us much beyond the limits of an ordinary answer inasmuch as it would involve a discussion of the meaning and value of the Patristic literature of the second century. We must content ourselves with referring him to Professor von Schubert's "Outlines of Church History," an excellent book, by a sound Protestant and distinguished historian, which we are happy to see has just been translated into English. In the second century, von Schubert says, "the struggle against Gnosticism and Montanism in conjunction with a crisis within the Church marked a turning-point; and, following closely upon the general institution of monarchical bishops, the collections of Scripture were adjusted, and made an authoritative rule for the Church in general—in other words a canon." See page 65 of English translation. But the whole chapter should be read as it summarises the latest results of criticism in this obscure field of enquiry.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

THE UNREST IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I send you the enclosed extracts from a letter received the other day by my daughter, a Newnham student, from a college friend of hers—Indian by birth, but domiciled, with some of her family, in England—in the hope that it may interest some of your readers who concern themselves about Indian matters. It struck me as very interesting, from the mixture of English school-girl (if I may so speak of a Newnham graduate) and observer of Indian society from both sides.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. BUTLER.

Wood End, Weybridge, Sept. 29th, 1907.

"There is so much feeling now between English and Indians. They are mostly at daggers drawn, and the papers don't overrate the unrest in India. The English have a circle of their own; then of the educated Indians there are two camps, the pro-English and the ultra-national or Swadeshi, who won't go to an English shop or buy English goods when possible. These distinctions cause a great deal of unrest and quarrelling, as you may imagine, as all parties hate and despise each other. For myself, I feel we fall between the two, being neither one thing nor the other—a great mistake. For being English in education and point of view, one can't help seeing all the good in the English arrangements and government. And being Indian by birth and feeling, one longs for a national India. Yet one can't sympathise with the extreme Swadeshis, and one sees that the English despise and, to a great extent, ill-treat the natives. So what is one to do? . . ."

"TYRANTS OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a reader of THE NATION may I be allowed to offer one or two (as I venture to think) indisputable propositions respecting the motor car.

1. The motor car in itself represents a marvellous development in road locomotion, and is proving most useful in peace and in war, *i.e.*, for doctors, parsons, transport agents, farmers, commanding officers, postal deliverers, commercial travellers, and all who move even from one parish to another.

2. Objection to the motor car arises from (a) inconsiderate driving; (b) the dust which the traffic creates.

3. The motor car industry is a very valuable one to the country, and, as such, is to be encouraged: it affords a vast field of employment, and the services of motor men are also in widespread and constantly increasing demand.

As with all inventions, the motor car is liable to abuse, but the vast majority of drivers are considerate drivers and have no desire to take life, their own or other people's. It is uncharitable and illiberal to condemn all motorists because a few misbehave. The ill deeds of the few receive much attention in the Press: the kind deeds of the many are seldom reported. Your correspondents, as practical men and progressives, would do well to address themselves to the same consideration of the traffic, remembering that the King, Princes, Peers, Prelates, Cabinet Ministers *et hoc genus omne* are motorists, and that Parliament will never listen to the advocacy of proposals for the control of automobiles which one would almost imagine were advanced merely in a playful spirit of humour.—Yours, &c.,

J. LENG STURROCK.

Dundee, Sept. 30th, 1907.

"SILLY SOCIAL FUNCTIONS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If it is not too late to refer to the article on "Silly Social Functions" in your issue of the 14th ult., I should like to suggest some other remedy for the evil than that put forward by the writer. Great philanthropic or educational movements, which have at all times provided subjects of interest to those who care for deep thinking, are hardly likely to supply the recreation now found in "teas" to that class of society in which this form of "absurdity" is chiefly indulged.

But might not the standard of these lighter amusements be improved? Is there no way of cultivating the lost art of conversation (if we ever had it), and could not this be done at these very entertainments?

If the competition, instead of being a comparatively brainless one, took the form of original story-telling, the narration of some actual experience if possible, but which might also include the description of the plot of either a book or play, the legendary art might once more perhaps be revived, and incidentally the power of expression be vastly improved. The aversion of the average Englishman or woman from making even the simplest kind of speech is largely due to fear of the sound of his own voice.

It need not be made compulsory for everyone present to tell a story, but the desire of competing is a strong incentive on these occasions, and would probably prevail over lack of habit, while the prize for the best story should be adjudged by the votes of the majority.

Many developments could be made, and the entertainment further defined by confining the narration to biographical or historical subjects (of course, this would involve some preliminary trouble), but in every case the speaker would have to use his own words. Anecdotes, however good, ought to be avoided, as the possibility of a "chestnut tea" would only add another form of inanity to those already existing.

Perhaps some adventurous spirit will risk a failure to carry out this idea.—Yours, &c.,

V. CHURCHILL.

Amsterdam, Sept. 30th, 1907.

Reviews.

CARLETON, LORD DORCHESTER.*

As one of a series of biographies of the "Makers of Canada," Mr. Bradley has written a most interesting volume on Guy Carleton, the first Lord Dorchester. Carleton, as I shall call him, and as he is best known in history, came of a good stock in the North of Ireland, of that blend of Scotch and Irish blood which has given to England so many of its most capable leaders in war and in civil affairs. He was born in 1724, and, entering the Army, soon acquired a reputation as an able officer. When, in 1758, General Wolfe, after his brilliant exploit at Louisberg, was appointed to the chief command in the expedition against Quebec, he was most anxious to have Carleton on his staff. The King, however, refused his assent to the appointment, angered by some disparaging remarks which Carleton was reported to have made as to the Hanoverian troops, a dire offence to his Majesty of German blood. It was only after repeated applications, backed up by Pitt himself, that the King finally relented, and signed the warrant of appointment. Carleton, who was thenceforward known as "one of Pitt's young men," acted as Quartermaster-General in this expedition, and commanded a regiment of Grenadiers on the Plains of Abraham when Wolfe was killed, and he himself was badly wounded.

A few years later—in 1766—and not long after the conclusion of peace with France, which ceded Canada to the British Crown, Carleton was appointed Governor of the new colony, at first as deputy in the absence of the Governor, and later as full Governor. He held this post for nearly twelve years, and again later, after an interval of a few years, for another term of ten years. It is not too much to say that but for his sagacity, foresight, tact, and courage during these two critical periods Canada would have been lost to the British Crown and would have become an annexe to the great Republic growing up alongside of it.

Carleton's career may be considered under four very distinct phases, in each of which he accomplished work which alone would have entitled him to a record in the history of the British Empire. The first was from his assumption of the government of Canada in 1766 till the passing in 1779 by the British Parliament of the Quebec Act, which conceded to the French Canadians the maintenance of their civil institutions. The second was his brilliant and successful defence of Quebec against the attack by the American forces under Montgomery and Arnold, in 1775-6, his subsequent advance across the frontier, and his destruction of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain. The third was his command of the British forces in New York in 1782-3, during which he had to carry out the invidious task of finally withdrawing the defeated troops, and large number of loyalists, who preferred to emigrate rather than remain under the tender mercies of the victorious republic. The last was his second governorship of Canada from 1786 to 1796, during which the province of Upper Canada was separated from that of Lower Canada, and both were granted full representative institutions, and when he guided the colony through the critical period of the earlier years of the long war between England and France, which might easily have led to a revolt of the French Canadians and to the intervention of the American Republic.

Of the first of these it is to be observed that the population of Canada at the time of the conquest, numbering little more than 150,000, was almost wholly French. The first disposition of the British Government was to impose on these people the English laws as to their property and other civil rights. It was Carleton's merit that he recognised the supreme importance of conciliation, and that he urged upon the British Government the inexpediency and injustice of thrusting upon these conquered people a system of law to which they were averse. As a result of four years of negotiation, during which Carleton was detained in England, the British Government and Parliament were induced to pass the Quebec Act of 1774, which conceded to

Canada the civil institutions of their old *régime*. This course had the advantage of conciliating two great interests—the feudal owners of seigniories and the Catholic clergy. If these two classes had remained hostile there can be little doubt that the people generally would have taken advantage of the revolt of the American colonies, and later of the war between England and France, to take up arms against the Government, and Canada would undoubtedly have been lost.

It was, indeed, touch and go with the peasantry. They were not to be relied upon for any defensive measures against the American invasion which took place in 1775. Some members of the colony decidedly sympathised with the invaders—at least, so long as they found a good market with them for their produce; but later they were alienated under the stress of military *corvées*, and when paid for their produce in much depreciated paper money.

The same considerations weighed with Carleton in his second tenure of office as Governor of Canada, from 1786 to 1796. In the meantime the increase of the non-French population had been very great, owing to the immigration from the American states of loyalists at the close of the War of Independence, and also directly from England. These mainly settled in the then almost uninhabited districts now known as Ontario, and a population grew up there nearly equal to the French of Lower Canada. These new immigrants would not brook the French law. It was due to Carleton again that this incompatibility between the British and French in the colony was recognised, and that a partition was agreed to by the British Parliament in the Canada Act of 1791, into two distinct provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, and that to each of them representative institutions, framed in accordance with the British model, were conceded. This, again, had the most fortunate result in contenting the people of both races, and in warding off difficulties on the one hand with the Government at Washington, and on the other with the French Government in the earlier years of the great war with France, which commenced in 1793.

Great, however, as were Carleton's merits as a civil governor, his military services were as great. His defence of Quebec in 1775-6, with but a handful of British troops, and with a most unreliable body of Canadian militia, against the combined force of Americans under Montgomery and Arnold was a feat of arms second only in importance to the original capture of the fortress by Wolfe. If Quebec had been captured there can be no question whatever that the whole of Canada would have been lost for ever to the British Crown.

Carleton's counter-attack, when reliefs at last arrived from England, was also a military performance of high order. He drove Arnold from his lines in front of Quebec. He then transferred his force across the St. Lawrence and through the intervening forest to the head of Lake Champlain. There he built a flotilla of gunboats and attacked and destroyed the American flotilla, which hitherto had commanded that lake and had barred the way to Ticonderoga. The further advance to this well fortified post had to be deferred till the following year, as operations during the winter were impossible. During the winter months plans were matured in England for the next year's campaign. Carleton's scheme for this was overruled by the Secretary of State, Germaine, the most incompetent Minister who ever, to the misfortune of England, determined its policy. Carleton was superseded—not on account of this difference of policy, but to pay off an old grudge on the part of Germaine for not having appointed some favourite of the latter on his staff. In his place the unfortunate General Burgoyne was appointed to the command of the invading force. Carleton's scheme had been the capture of Ticonderoga in the spring, and thence an advance to the North so as to cut off the New England Colonies from the other Colonies in revolt. Germaine's scheme was that the British force was to make its way from Ticonderoga to Albany and the Hudson River, and there to join hands with General Howe's army advancing from New York. Such a scheme depended for success on the co-operation and junction of two forces widely separated, and operating from very distant bases. But, incredible as it may seem, Germaine actually forgot to sign the despatch which had been drawn up in his department informing Howe of Burgoyne's movements, and instructing him to co-operate by a march towards Albany. Howe, therefore, in total ignorance of Germaine's scheme, in-

* "The Makers of Canada: Lord Dorchester." By A. G. Bradley. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 21s. net.

stead of marching to meet Burgoyne on the Hudson River, moved his force to the south towards Pennsylvania. Burgoyne, under the belief that Howe was instructed to join hands with him, held on his course to the Hudson River in the face of overwhelming forces, and was compelled to surrender at Saratoga.

It is an interesting subject for conjecture what would have happened if Carleton had been left in command of the army advancing from Ticonderoga. He certainly would not have been caught in a trap at Saratoga. It is difficult to believe that so resourceful a man would have failed to make his movements known to Howe. But that General was so dilatory that some other disaster would probably have occurred.

Carleton rightly regarded his supersession in the military command as a censure. He resigned his post of Governor of Canada; but no successor could be found for him till the following year, when he returned to England—the only general, as Mr. Bradley says, who came home during the unfortunate war with the laurels of victory. Mr. Bradley gives us some short extracts from the correspondence of Carleton with Germaine. Of his despatch in answer to Germaine informing him of the appointment of Burgoyne, he says that it expressed the opinion in as forcible language as official etiquette admitted, that he “thought the Minister (Germaine) not only an ignoramus and a fool but a wholly mischievous person.” The only fault I have to find with Mr. Bradley’s work is that it does not give us this despatch in full—as also another despatch later, in which Carleton defended his whole policy during his twelve years’ tenure of office in Canada, his military achievements in the defence of Quebec, and his defeat of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain. On the nomination at last of his successor, Carleton wrote to Germaine in the following sarcastic and not undignified terms:—

“I have long and impatiently looked out for the arrival of a successor. Happy at last to learn his near approach, that, into hands less obnoxious to your lordship, I may resign the important commands with which I have been honoured. Thus, for the King’s service, as willingly I lay them down, as for his service I took them up—the most essential, and, in truth, the only service in my power to render your lordship’s Administration.”

Amends were later made to Carleton by the British Government for his treatment by Germaine, by his employment at the close of the American War, already alluded to, by his being raised to the Peerage, and by his being again, a few years later, appointed as the indispensable Governor of Canada, greatly increased by the immigration of loyalists at the close of the American War. His services there were almost as great as those in his first government. Truly it can be said of Carleton that he was foremost among the makers of Canada.

EVERSLEY.

LADY BREADALBANE AT HOME.*

BLACK MOUNT is a wild territory on the north of the Orchy and Loch Awe. Should you be travelling by rail to Oban, you will see the southern fringe of it as you go past Dalmally and onward; but the hills which will then be visible give only a vague idea of the grandeur beyond. Clachet is 3,602 ft. in height, and there are at least six other mountains of similar majesty. This region is the scene of the exploits and the reflections which are the subject-matter of the book before us. Lady Breadalbane seems to feel more at home when in it than she feels when anywhere else. On the Tops she has a sorrowful scorn for the life and the interests below. “We feel we have got just a little bit nearer the truth, because for a brief space we have been treading in truth.” Certainly one does have a sense of moral and intellectual exaltation when on or near the peaks; the question is, Does Lady Breadalbane express this consciousness exactly? Let us see. “Often,” she writes, “have I heard it remarked, ‘What can you

find so fascinating in struggling up these hills just at the end to shoot a defenceless stag?’ I can hardly explain to questioners such as these,” she answers, “that the stag is the least part of it all . . . that the real enjoyment and pleasure consist in the close intercourse with nature—the solitude, the apartness, the constant variation of light and shade, the mystic vagaries of the fleecy clouds, the grandeur of passing storms, the tender sadness of the setting sun leaving his last rosy kiss on the brows of the peaks, and the quiet peace of evening, as we turn our steps towards home.”

These are not exactly the right words. Will Lady Breadalbane kindly face the facts? Saith she, “I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,” and off she goes, armed with the latest thing in rifles, to that part of the holy ground on which the deer are likely to be reposing. Here we have incongruity. Perhaps, however, it is a discord of words only. Indeed, we are sure that it is no more. Lady Breadalbane would never dream of running for her ‘303 if she chanced upon a stag that had accidentally wandered into the park at Taymouth. Shooting him there would be a mean act. Shooting him near a Top is a different thing. Why? Ah, there’s the rub! Mr. George Meredith or Mr. John Davidson might be able to explain the difference in the right words. Lady Breadalbane has not done so. That is because she is an unsophisticated child of nature. She has artistic perception and literary impulse; but she lacks the reserve which practice brings to both. Being still a novice in expression, she does not yet perceive that emotions which cannot be accurately explained should be no more than delicately suggested. A deft suggestion is much more effective than an analytical statement which contains a flaw. Not having thought of this, Lady Breadalbane has written a rhapsody in which the incongruous note is frequent. Still, we have read every word of her book with keen interest, and that fact calls for explanation. A work which is so engaging cannot be less than a success. What is the secret of its charm? Where lies Lady Breadalbane’s witchery? Why are we not revolted with a lady who simultaneously lifts religious eyes unto the hills and a deadly weapon at the timid dwellers therein? These queries throw our syntax out of gear, and we must content ourselves with a general answer. Lady Breadalbane is never quite accurate when she is trying to put her ethical and other reflections into words. She is untold leagues from the truth of things when she says that “the stag is the least part of it all.” She herself will realise this when she recalls her expressed chagrin at a shot which missed or was too low. On the other hand, Lady Breadalbane invariably commands our unreserved respect when she does not go beyond her depth. Every one of her statements as regards matters of fact rings true. Whilst we boggle at many of her reflections, we are never in the slightest doubt as to her exploits. She is an expert deer-stalker, and her accounts of the sport are as clear to us as they would have been had we ourselves been present.

This is no small thing to say. Anyone who has ever engaged in deer-stalking, which is an extraordinarily cunning and arduous work, will grasp the considerableness of Lady Breadalbane’s achievement when we declare that her book is almost a perfect picture of the craft in its best estate. Some may question whether field sports are justifiable, and this doubt, indeed, was recently, in an article on “Play versus Sport,” expressed in our own pages; but that is hardly within the scope of our criticism. Only, let it in fairness be mentioned that Lady Breadalbane, though she herself has obviously never entertained the misgiving, does something to dispel it. She says: “To live carefully and to keep in good condition is one of the great gains achieved by such sport. To do justice to it, one must be ‘fit’ in every sense of the word, and this means a certain amount of self-denial which is very wholesome and beneficial to most of us.” There is more than a little truth in that remark. Then, what could be more heartening than Lady Breadalbane’s affection and respect for the gillies and others who share in her adventures? There is no humbug in the passages to which we allude. They are all genuine. In short, this book leaves upon our mind a singularly pleasant impression.

* “The High Tops of Black Mount.” By the Marchioness of Breadalbane. With Illustrations from Photographs. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s. net.

THE ROOTS OF REALITY.*

MR. BAX is wise in wasting no space in refutations of outworn theories of materialism and empiricism. He who would hope to scale the peak must camp above the snow-line, and begin his climb from that height. So in his Introduction our author assumes the essential positions of modern idealism, identifying reality with conscious experience, possible or actual, and adopting "self-consistency of consciousness" as the test of truth. But moving from these positions he takes a route of his own, determined primarily by the stress he lays upon the fundamental importance of the distinction between feeling and intellect as methods of experience. This distinction he sharpens by applying to the "feltness," or content of feeling, the term "a-logical." The particular drive of Mr. Bax's philosophy depends upon his assigning the priority in value to this "a-logical" element in the several processes by which he arrives at his final synthesis. Primarily his treatment stands as a protest against the barren intellectualism of the English idealists, such as the late T. H. Green and Mr. Haldane, who, following Hegel too nearly, produce a system which is a dance of "bloodless categories"—a system of relations in which the nature of the things related doesn't count. His criticism of the deficiencies of this typical product of modern academism is far more trenchant and successful than that of the Pragmatists or Humanists, whose stress on feeling in the sense of individual human wills suffers from the two vices, first of mistaking a psychological for a philosophic explanation, secondly from an unintelligible monadism. Mr. Bradley appears to so many modern readers of philosophy as having reached in this eternal struggle the golden mean that it is important to indicate the attitude taken by Mr. Bax to his standard theory of modern idealism. Except in one important matter, their difference is rather one of emphasis. For though Mr. Bax is disposed to class Mr. Bradley with the "pallogists" (those whose final explanation is in logical terms), he admits that the writer of "Appearance and Reality" has formally rejected and refuted the theory of thought-relations *in vacuo*, and claims for his Absolute, or final reality, the immediacy of individual direct experience as well as the completed harmony of thought-relations. "But Mr. Bradley's whole procedure consists in the endeavour to find an adequate logical formula for the a-logical, to make the logical absorb the a-logical without leaving a remainder over. His Absolute, in the last resort, means an ultimate reality that yet lacks the conditions of reality." But is this any more than to say that in the final formula, whatever it may be, you cannot present the substance or matter which you are formulating, and that even if you represent it, this representation reaches a virtually infinite degree of tenuity? What else can the highest generalisation or principle be except one which has most effectively rid itself of particulars? It is true that Mr. Bax appears in his final principle to retain a little more of the flesh and blood, the immediacy of "feltnesses": but he does so at the expense of the completeness or finality of his telos. "The whole question, to my mind, turns upon the distinction between regarding the Absolute as a wound-up whole, a closed system, a finally complete synthesis, and regarding it as principle merely, timeless principle of eternal change in time." But is Mr. Bax's Absolute, regarded as "an eternally completing, yet never complete, process of the self-realisation of the subject of our consciousness and of all possible consciousness" (p. 272) really an Absolute at all? The image of a general consciousness realising itself in a time process, presumably by means of an environment (for how otherwise?) may be a good place to leave off in trying to construct a complete principle or Absolute, but it is not that complete principle. What Mr. Bax, in his very keen criticism, really exposes is the futility of any attempt to formulate an Absolute, a futility inherent both in the nature of the task and in the character of the instrument of language with which it is sought to accomplish it. This conclusion our author sometimes seems to recognise, but he does not carry out the full implications of the admission that for his problem "solution in the formulæ of reflective thought would seem unattainable." The very categories, the whole process of formulation, rest, as Mr. Bax observes, in the last resort on

feeling, the bed-rock of the a-logical. If, then, not merely in art and religion, but in philosophy itself, the ultimate arbiter is the a-logical, what becomes of the "self-consistency of consciousness" which we have taken for our standard of philosophic truth? If this self-consistency itself is ultimately a-logical, Mr. Bax appears to hand himself over either to the pragmatists or to some other order of non-intellectualists. It would have been far better to have dispensed altogether with ultimate arbiters and any sort of Absolute, seeing that from the start Mr. Bax had precluded himself from the possibility of giving a satisfactory, or even a consistent, meaning to these highest terms.

Not that we wish to condemn his reasoning as barren of fruits. On the contrary, his discussion is a genuine and highly important contribution to philosophic method, and some of its by-products are full of valuable nutriment. Particularly serviceable is the able elaboration of his doctrine that between the consciousness of the human ego and the general consciousness the concept of a Social consciousness must intervene. The following striking passage will indicate the significance of this line of thought:—

"We cannot get over the obvious impossibility that we, animal-human personalities shut up in our respective memory-syntheses, find in conceiving of a social-human personality, with its own self-consciousness, as much wider in scope and richer in content than the former, as the human-animal's is wider and richer than the sentience of the lower nerve centres that build up his body. But the lower nerve centre is equally unable to throw itself forward into the position of grasping the perfected psychical side, to which it contributes its quota, of the fully-fledged human being. Should the foregoing be true, it may be that we shall have to seek our 'God,' if he is to be a practical ideal, not so much in the realm of metaphysical analysis as in that of sociological research at its highest, or, as we may term it, in *transcendental sociology*." (p. 130.)

One or two acute excursions into the implications of the distinction of logical and illogical reveal both the subtlety of Mr. Bax's reasoning power and the complete honesty with which he follows where the spirit of his logic leads him. Perhaps the most interesting is the re-establishment of chance as a factor in human affairs. Causality being a pure creation of logic, its claim to absolute supremacy in a world of a-logic or feeling is *ex-hypothesi* invalid. In some curious illustrations we are led to a distinction between certain major issues or events which follow in orderly sequences of law and other minor incidents which impishly break in from a realm of pure chance. Mr. Bax goes so far as to deny the applicability of a law of causation to so-called games of chance, apparently holding that, since in a long series of tosses the number of "heads" and "tails" approximate in number, a person intervening when a great predominance of "heads" has turned up is reasonable in betting that the next toss will yield "tails." To our mind, however, such reasoning does not establish chance, but if it were correct, implies a direct chain of causation connecting the several tosses in such wise that a run of ten "heads" makes the eleventh toss incline to "tails." It may well be true that this "Theory of Chance" (if even this expression be not itself a contradiction in terms) follows from the penultimate distinction between logical and a-logical, but its necessary emergence really convicts the distinction of illegitimacy. The sharpness of this, or of some other antithesis, essential for the conduct of processes of reasoning, is always responsible for some dualism which comes home to the philosopher who seeks any ultimate synthesis. To insist, as Mr. Bax does, that "chance" is a "positive element of reality" is to make a statement which cannot even be made plausible, but involves one in worse contradictions the further one goes. If Mr. Bax likes to say that the merit of his Absolute consists in its self-contradictory character, which represents the triumphant representation of the a-logical, he has a sort of case. But we fear that it will be a subject of derision to the "Philistines," whom Mr. Bax seems to have so much in mind.

But while we think that Mr. Bax makes too much play with his "a-logical," and tries to build on it a sort of philosophic structure it will not bear, we hold him to have conferred a great service on modern thinking by enforcing the limits set upon successful system-mongering by the impossibility of expressing in logical terms the "stuff" of experience. No recent work of English philosophy better repays perusal.

* "The Roots of Reality." By E. Belford Bax. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.*

It has been said that swans do not sing when dying; but the singing of the swan, like the burning of the Phoenix, is allegory, not natural history; all things sing or become intelligible when at the point of death. There is hardly a tradition of life, hardly a calling followed by men, which has not become intelligible, significant, even awful, before passing from the world, its work done. Our generation has seen a very great tradition of life pass from the world. It has seen the sailing-ship seamen, with their arts, and their ever-honoured virtues, pass, as it were, "down the side," to Davy Jones's receptive locker. Probably they went down singing, keeping good time, avoiding un-English trillos, with some such tune as "Rock and Roll me Over," or "Hanging Johnny," or, saddest of all, "It's time for us to leave her." Whatever they sang, they have gone, and there is nothing quite like them now left alive.

But before they went they made their way of life intelligible, according to the natural law. Various kinds of ships, and various kinds of experience in them, were made significant by the writers which they bred, particularly by Captain Marryat and by the two American writers, Dana and Herman Melville. They gave to the man-of-war, the trading brig, the merchant clipper, and the whaler, each with her minutely ordered society, their places in the intellectual kingdom. A few years later, George Cupples added to the list the East Indiaman. Then came Mr. Clark-Russell, to expand the marine museum with all manner of ships, from a frozen-in pirate, and a raised Dutch carrack, to a convict-ship and a schooner-yacht. Mr. Runciman sowed, Mr. Bullen watered, and Mr. Conrad brought us increase. The great days of the sailing ship are over, and the men of those days are gone; but their very glorious ghosts will live in Mr. Conrad long after the merrows of the sea have scattered their bones among the coral.

Among the sailing ships of those days, the emigrant ship was one of the most worthy of remark. She was not, as a rule, a clipper ship, a floating heap of canvas, "all legs and wings," beautiful exceedingly, driven till she groaned, so that she might break the record. She was an ordinary humdrum merchant vessel, chartered to carry emigrants, just as she might have been chartered to carry convicts. In herself she was nothing in particular; but she was the cause of remarkable features in others. She carried several hundreds of human beings, all tightly packed into her 'tween decks, for many long months together, through the tropics, through the Roaring Forties, through all the tumult of "heavy running." In doing this, she modified the characters of those human beings, she stripped each character of all pretence; she made life an intolerable burden to each individual. Even to-day, in a fast Western ocean steamer, the life of the emigrant is a hard one. He is cooped up for a week in a rather dark, dirty 'tween deck, full of fleas and other emigrants. He eats, and sleeps, and is sick in this 'tween deck, so that it is littered, after the first six hours, with indescribable filth, renewed at each meal. Broken meats, crusts of bread, pints of skilly, filthy tin plates and cups, greasy soup, and other messes, make the decks stink. If the weather is bad, the windsails are not set and the hatches are battened down; the air thickens and sickens; the iron bulkheads "sweat." The smells of oil, of engines, of hot metal, add to the noisomeness. The motion of the ship, the trembling and rolling and heart-sickening pitching, the cries and screams, the throes of the violently sick, the crashing of the green seas shipped, the whacking of the racing screws, in that horrid moment when she pauses to take it over her bows, all increase the horror. There is no comfort, no cleanliness, no possible pleasure; even drunkenness is hard to compass. One forgets that comfort and delight in life existed. If one is sick one has the spectacle, if well, the reality, of the soiled stewards at meal-times, heaving greasy meat to the hungry, with adroit flicks of the fork, from the greasy mess-kid, for the hungry to catch, or to pick up if they fail to catch, and to devour, without grace, beast-like, leaving gobbets on the table.

But in the old days of sail, when the week of misery was prolonged to four or five months, with restricted water allowance, and hardly any room, even for a fight, the emigrant's lot was like the lot of the woman in the Apocrypha,

who was "sore vexed in her mind, and brought very low." As far as we know, his condition has not been imaginatively treated until the present time. We have now a book which shows with real skill, and real humour, how the emigrant fared in those old days; and how his women-kind became bitter, suspicious, back-biting, full of malice and uncharitableness, and how he and his brothers became irritable, callous, sudden and apt in quarrel, ready to "break out," with furious hysteria, like convicts in a prison, after the ship had been for a while at sea.

Mr. Robert Elliott, the author of this book, is a new writer. His first book, "Hi You," a work full of promise and suggestion, but written with rather too great an elaboration, was only published last year. In "Act of God" the situation is perhaps more commonplace; but the book is written with a fine economy of means; there is hardly an unnecessary word; the story is soundly constructed; it is strange that any writer's art should have matured so rapidly. It is the fashion among critics to condemn realism as "inartistic," and the condemnation weighs, we believe, among those who do not know how the same critics condemn the poetical as "unreal." Mr. Elliott has a good deal more sense than to pay any attention to the fashions of critics. He has seen, with his inner vision, an emigrant ship of the early eighties, old-fashioned enough to have a single mizen topsail (the fashion still lingers, reef-bands and all, in a few ships), but with a main skysail to give her style. He has looked upon her as a world to herself, as a little floating world, needing, and drawing to herself, certain human characters, certain eternal types of emigrants and sea-goers. He has taken upon himself to present the lives of those vagabonds; and it would be well for the reader to consider what that presentation implies. He has as his scene, or background, the ship the "Young Pretender"; but for his characters he has to turn to three or four different societies. He has his foremast hands (to come in through the hawse-holes), a pretty mixed company in themselves. Then he has his single men, and married emigrants, in the 'tween decks amidships, another mixed company. Then he has his single women (a company of Irish girls among them), living in a converted sail-room in the care of an acid matron. Lastly, he has his regular after-guard, captain and mates, cabin steward and doctor; and, to finish up with, two cabin passengers, an artist and his sister. As an effort of creation alone, "Act of God" is certainly remarkable, even though only two of the characters are complex, and placed in complex situations. Mr. Elliott has filled his ship with living human beings. He has as strong a sense of character as Marryat, and as delightful a sense of humour. His sense of tragedy is not yet finely developed. He has a fine opportunity for the display of tragical power in the character of Joanna Darcy, a young Irish girl slighted by her lover. He neglects this opportunity, and makes much of the crude and common tragedy of fire at sea, and the miseries of an open boat; not that these tragedies are easy to do, far from it; but there it is, the other is the harder and the more beautiful. We have read his book through some three or four times, and really it is worth it. No man has ever yet "done" a ship's entire complement so thoroughly. Very few novelists have been able to keep so many differing puppets moving, each in his own little orbit, no matter how often other orbits cross it. Mr. Clark Russell tried something of the same thing in his "Convict Ship," but Mr. Clark Russell's seamen, when touched by the tenderer passions, became theatrical. In Mr. Elliott's vision, the seaman who is his hero becomes, under those circumstances, the Bohemian which sailors generally are. Mr. Elliott's other characters are as consistent, and as natural, as his Patrick Hudson. Specially choice flowers in his bunch are his London women, Mrs. Jenkins, vulgar, coarse, and sentimental, with her inverted daughter Miranda, and her Italian husband. His aim has been to present, in full detail, the life in an emigrant ship, while showing something of various types of vagabond. In his vision, the vagabond lives easily, by avoiding the responsibilities and real issues of life. It is his lot to die easily, when brought before a tragic issue, leaving the burden of his vagabond errors upon those who, being of deeper character, can feel keenly and suffer sharply. Mr. Elliott's next task will be to present these deeper characters, leaving the vagabonds to their fate.

* "Act of God." By Robert Elliott. Duckworth & Co. 6s.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

IN writing "Comrades," which may be styled a novel of a great revolutionary propaganda, genuinely inspired by the sufferings of the exploited Russian people, Gorky has brought up to date the literature of the popular struggle. It is interesting to compare "Comrades" with the novel "Virgin Soil," in which the great Russian writer, Turgenev, in 1877, made a close analysis and forecast of the Nihilist movement. His deep insight recognised that Young Russia was doomed to sacrifice itself in its revolt of idealism and of the Russian conscience against slavishness of spirit, and he prophesied that the Bureaucracy would prevail till leaders arose from the ranks of "the people" itself. A generation has passed, and from "Comrades" we see that the miracle has come to pass, and that the Government is now more in fear of the Russian working men and of the factory hands than of the students and "intelligentsi." The political prisons are crammed now with people from all classes of society, with uneducated and self-educated as well as with educated men.

The hero of "Comrades," Pavel, is the son of a factory locksmith, Michael Vlasov, a gloomy and ferocious man, who beats his wife and children mercilessly, and is hated and feared by everybody in the village. By Michael's figure Gorky symbolises the bitter legacy of oppression and evil in the Russian soul, just as by Pavel's mother, Pelagueya, Gorky typifies the countless generations of weak and suffering victims of centuries of violence and wrong. The oppressor and the oppressed—in these two is summed up a world of Russian psychology and social history. But Michael the locksmith dies suddenly and is laid in his coffin "with open mouth, his eyebrows knit as if in a scowl," and the lad, Pavel, recovering from a drunken bout one day looks at his mother fixedly, and for the first time understands what depths of despairing wretchedness is revealed in her troubled eyes, her body broken down with long years of toil and beatings, and her noiseless anxious listening movements. Mother and son gradually come nearer. Watching him the mother notices that Pavel soon begins to grow silent, absorbed and austere in his manner. He neglects the society of the factory hands, brings home books, and then, at length, introduces into his home "comrades" from the city, social democrats, "illegal people," such as Andrey, the Little Russian, Natasha and Sashenka, the student girls, and various socialistic workmen from his own and the surrounding factories. Soon a "circle" is formed, and stormy debates take place among the comrades, but the mother in bewilderment observes that all the conversations and disputes are pervaded by the same gleeful intoxicating and joyous enthusiasm, and in their ringing words is felt the same mysterious and mighty force—the idea of brotherhood, "the great, the invincible idea of the brotherhood of the workers of all countries":—

"And sometimes the mother was struck by the spirit of lively, boisterous hilarity that took sudden possession of them. It was incomprehensible to her. It usually happened on the evenings when they read in the newspapers about the workers in other countries.

"Then their eyes sparkled with bold, animated joy; they became strangely, childishly happy; the room rang with merry peals of laughter, and they struck one another on the shoulder affectionately.

"In the small room a vast feeling was born of the universal kinship of the workers of the world, at the same time its masters and its slaves, who had already been freed from the bondage of prejudice and who felt themselves the new masters of life. This feeling blended all into a single soul; it moved the mother, it straightened and emboldened her, as it were, with its force, with its joys, with its triumphant youthful vigour, intoxicating, caressing, full of hope."

This intoxicating feeling of devotion to a great ideal is the same that has inspired three generations of the most fearless and independent section of the Russian youth to shatter itself against the official gendarmerie that is called the Russian Government. For years the efforts of a few thousands of "deluded girls and boys" against the force, the majesty, the prestige of the all-powerful Government were ridiculed by officialdom in every European capital. But gradually Europe awoke to the meaning of the struggle, and the persistent strangulation of public opinion against

official acts and edicts was bound to result, logically, in a struggle between the Government and the nation. To-day by the open violation of its pledges given to the nation, and by the illegal and utterly arbitrary treatment of the Duma, the Bureaucracy has hastened on the moral anarchy which is a prelude to its own disruption. But the signs of a violent social upheaval are more ominous to-day than ever before. To the struggle of the educated classes for constitutional government is now added a general struggle of the poor against the rich, of Labour against Capital, of the peasant against the landowner. It is small wonder that "Comrades" has been prohibited both in Russia and in Germany, for it expresses a bitter hatred of the alliance between Government and Capitalism, and, indeed, treats as its chief enemy that Capitalism which, in America as well as in Europe, brings with it "the physical and moral enslavement of the masses of the population" for the enrichment of a small section of the community. "Comrades" preaches the propaganda of the Social Democrats in a country where millions of workers can say with truth, "Who regards us as human beings? No one. We must all understand that no one except ourselves will help us."

The types of militant Socialists and revolutionists that pass before us in "Comrades" are, with scarcely an exception, mere mouthpieces for the propaganda of the general ideas. Both the hero, Pavel, and the Little Russian, Andriuslika, are highly idealised, pure, noble, lofty enthusiasts, consumed with love for humanity and hatred of social wrong, and both men might have stepped from the pages of Stepniak's novel, "The Career of a Nihilist," so identical is their moral attitude. But in the figure of Rybin, the staid, solid peasant "fed on centuries of distrust," Gorky has created the man from "the people," whose leading idea is "No good will ever come from the masters. Take my word for it." Rybin is the formidable type of man of whom another character remarks "When the peasant rises up he'll overturn absolutely everything. He will lay the land bare for himself when he rises to his feet. He will burn everything up, as if after a plague, so that all traces of his wrongs will vanish in ashes." And Rybin himself echoes Bakunin's prophecy that the excesses of the French Revolution will be as nothing compared to those of the Russian: "Our blood flows now for the truth. The people will perform great executions when they arise. This blood is theirs; it has been drained from their veins; they are its masters." But at present the Rybins are the small fighting minority in the mass of the people "faint-heartedly and secretly awaiting the coming of the truth," who "beat when the authorities compel you to beat, though maybe you weep inside yourself with pity." But a generation ago, when "Virgin Soil" was written, Rybin would have been but a figure of the fancy. To-day he is to be found throughout Russia, the peasant who dares to stand up against the authorities, "the bold man they'll get rid of—send to the other world." And the feeling of national exasperation against the official class which, to strike terror into the heart of the townsmen has deliberately organised massacres of innocent people, finds expression in Nikolay's words: "A whole nation is depraved. Savagery grows apace; cruelty becomes the law of life. A gang of stupid people protesting their pernicious power over the people, beat, stifle, oppress everybody. Others are poisoned with the desire of vengeance. They deprave the nation, the whole nation."

Undoubtedly the power of "Comrades" lies in the author's absolute conviction of the justice of his cause, in the deeply burning idealistic fervour of his moral ideas, in his hatred of cruelty, social greed and social injustice. In the figure of the mother, Pelagueya, Gorky has succeeded in animating a beautiful idea with the breath and force of a real human being. Pelagueya, whose old life sums up the darkness, the bitterness, and the dreariness of the life of the exploited poor, gives birth to a son who sacrifices himself for love of the common people, one of "those others who go to prison, to Siberia, who die for them, are hung." And gradually the son's example stirs the mother into the same intoxicating enthusiasm for the cause. She follows in his footsteps, and spreads the secret propaganda that in the end brings her to prison and exile. In the last pages, which describe her arrest, Gorky has concentrated the meaning of his book, so that even the dullest may understand.

* "Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

READY OCTOBER 16.

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TERTON ON "LITERARY LONDON."**

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Insurance.

ARBITRATION v. TRIAL BY JURY.

It should be clear to every reasoning mind that the Arbitration Act of 1889—which embalms the principle of settlement of differences by arbitration—was conceived in the interest of the public. Before that time the Judges of the land had been jealous of any encroachment upon their prerogatives and had held that any agreement to settle disputes by arbitration was not binding in law inasmuch as it ignored the jurisdiction of the Law Courts. Such a narrow and prejudiced ruling could not be expected to prevail for any length of time, and the contention has been judicially declared by Lord Coleridge as “directly contrary to the spirit of later times which leaves parties at full liberty to refer their disputes at pleasure to public or private tribunals.”

In making arbitration a condition precedent to the right to bring an action at law, the Fire Insurance Offices pursue an equitable and a necessary course. From years and years of experience the procedure has been found expeditious and economical, and this can be gathered from the fact that Arbitrations can be heard at any time and place at the entire convenience of the parties in dispute. Where Judges and juries are called into exercise, the “law’s delays” have become proverbial and so costs accumulate to the legal heart’s content. This does not, of course, mean that lengthened hearings by arbitration may not prove expensive, but in comparison with a trial by jury it must be self-evident that there is really no comparison at all.

Seldom is the subject of reference other than a disagreement as to the amount of the loss. In all such cases it can be imagined there are involved intricacies in figures and many complexities in trade custom and dealing which are quite beyond the ordinary capabilities of a nondescript jury to define. In such cases of difficulty where could we expect to find the sympathies of the jury? Surely with the claimant as against the wealthy insurance company. And would not this easy method, or rather the want of method, in settling the matter in dispute serve to quiet the jury-conscience for their lack of ability or energy to discern truly the equity of the position? Sheer weariness of complex details would be a powerful factor in bringing the jury to a decision. Why even the Judges themselves when the case has been brought into Court and they find the dispute only a question of figures, will make such suggestions to counsel that they cannot avoid agreeing to a reference, and this after all the preliminary expenses of a trial have been incurred. As an instance of the procedure in such cases, I may mention one I heard a few days ago—that of a tenant farmer whose apple orchard in Gloucestershire had been destroyed by fire, and for which he had been paid his claim of some £150 odd for fruit trees and apples destroyed, under the heading of “growing crops,” in an ordinary farming stock insurance. Subsequently, the landlord, as the owner of the trees, brought an action against his tenant for having put the whole of the proceeds into his pocket, and not re-instated the apple trees. The manager of the Fire Office tells me he was subpoenaed from London to give evidence of the payment, and after this important man had been kept hanging about the Court for three days before the case was called, the Judge, as soon as he heard that the point at issue was to define the loss for the trees as against that for the apples, declined to go into the details on the ground that it was a waste of his time and that of the Court, and must first be subject to a reference to decide the amount in dispute.

Let it be remembered that in several Courts in which questions of fact are determined, trial by jury is quite unknown. In the Chancery Courts where the Judges determine rights of way and grant injunctions to restrain nuisances; in the Commercial Court, to which mercantile men now take nearly all their disputes; in the Bankruptcy Court, which deals with such questions as whether a bankrupt has been guilty of extravagant living or has fraudulently made away with any part of his estate—in all these Courts the jury-box has no place.

No human tribunal is, of course, infallible, and legally trained umpires, as well as juries, may make mistakes. But

surely there is less likelihood of a miscarriage of justice where the question is left solely to the judgment of a man of judicial habit of mind, well versed in the grasp of facts, and analysis of motives. He must feel a deeper sense of responsibility than a scratch crew of men of all sorts and sizes. He has to live by his reputation, whereas a jury can shift its responsibility through its anonymity.

The Fire Office which looks to maintain its business and extend its connections cannot afford to treat its claimants in a litigious spirit—it would be suicide pure and simple. It seeks no more than bare justice and fair dealing, and its aim and desire is—knowing the inestimable value of personal recommendation—that the contract of indemnity, to which it sets its seal, should be full and complete, nay more, that all cases of doubt should be treated with generosity. As a matter of fact, arbitrations and suggested arbitrations form an almost negligible percentage of the losses adjusted in the year. It is an axiom that British Fire Offices have to seek abroad for legal precedent and authorities in their business, owing to the absence of litigation on this side. In our everyday experience, one knows that most people are prone to regard their geese as swans, and hence it is that claimants are found who take a monstrously inflated view of the value of their property. To bring a commonsense view to bear on the question in dispute, it would certainly seem a severe expedient to have recourse to the expensive machinery of the Law Courts—somewhat like employing a steam hammer to crack a nut. What readier method could be devised than referring the points at issue to an independent practical arbitrator?

Let us examine the procedure by arbitration. The Condition as adopted by some of the leading offices runs as follows:—

“All differences as to the liability and the amount of the liability of the company in respect of any claim for loss or damage, or otherwise, arising out of this policy, shall be referred to the decision of an arbitrator, to be appointed in writing by the parties in difference, or, if they cannot agree upon a single arbitrator, to the decision of two arbitrators, one to be appointed by each of the parties in writing, or in the case of the disagreement of the arbitrators, of an umpire to be appointed in writing before entering upon a reference. The costs of the reference (but only between party and party) and of the award shall be in the discretion of the arbitrator, arbitrators, or umpire making the award, and the obtaining of the award shall be a condition precedent to any liability of the company or any right of action against the company in respect of any claim. And after the expiration of one year after any loss or damage, the company shall not be liable in respect of any claim therefor unless such claim shall in the meantime have been referred to arbitration.”

Where is the hardship in this procedure and where is the Fire Office benefited unduly, or the claimant in any way damnified? The policy-holder possesses, as here shown, precisely the same right of nomination as the Office, and this fact disposes of the suggestion that the arbitrators are dominated by the influence of the Insurance Companies. The Offices are always well pleased when a suitable arbitrator of practical experience can be agreed upon. It then becomes a very simple matter to settle, and the trouble, time, and cost of the hearing are altogether inconsiderable. If two arbitrators and umpires have to consider the matter it follows that corresponding increases in the trouble, time, and cost of the hearing must be expected. But this is nothing compared with the elaboration of procedure when the case has to be tried by a Judge and jury. In an arbitration the laws of evidence are not so rigidly adhered to as in an action, for in honest claims there is a mutual desire to arrive at the true facts of the case unfettered by red-tape. In other cases, where the claim is manifestly fraudulent, or fraud is at least suspected, the examination of the claimant is generally the means either of substantiating the fraud or showing the suspicions to be groundless or incapable of proof. In these cases also, reference to arbitration will almost always terminate the proceedings; for the evidence elicited will satisfy either the Office or the claimant that it would be unwise to prosecute the matter further. Neither is the claimant injured by the reference, for he would be compelled to go into the witness-box and give the same evidence in open Court; and this, in certain cases where fraud has been substantiated, has been followed by an indictment by order of the Judge in a Criminal Court.

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THE Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

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The Week in the City.

THOSE who were prophesying a week or two ago that this autumn would after all pass by without any severe monetary drain, are already changing their minds. I have never thought myself that the banking difficulties caused by undue inflation of credit in so many parts of the world (notably in Egypt, the United States, Canada, and Germany) could be so easily smoothed away. The latest addition to the Finance Hospital is Hungary, where there has been an epidemic of failures. A strong impression was caused in the City by the decrease of nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions in the Bank Reserve, shown by Thursday's return, and rates for three months' bills promptly hardened to about 4 1-16. Some shrewd observers say that, in spite of the temporary excess of money in the short loan market, the discount rate is likely to be maintained by mere anxiety, especially if money continues to flow out of this country to Egypt and the Continent. Curiously enough, the hardening of the discount rates has not injured the Consol Market, which indeed has shown a welcome and unexpected strength. The revenue returns for the half-year are remarkably favourable, and point to a much bigger surplus than Mr. Asquith had estimated for.

TURKISH EMBARRASMENTS.

The state of Turkey may well alarm the financiers of Europe. It should be a warning to them not to go on lending money to the Sultan to be frittered away in his utterly incompetent and generally corrupt departments. Reuter's telegram about the old bridge between Stamboul and Pera throws a lurid light upon the bankrupt condition of Turkey. The flower of the Anatolian peasantry (the backbone of Turkey) are being drafted off to die miserably in the Yemen or in Macedonia. And in both places war expenditure has been causing huge deficits. Add to this a failure of the harvest, and it is hard to see how the poor can keep themselves alive.

THE CANADIAN PANIC.

The warnings I have given over and over again to investors to beware of high-priced insecurity in connection with popular Canadian railways and land companies has been fully justified of late, and during the last week there have been a series of breaks and rebounds which shows how thin the ice is in certain places. There is no doubt, of course, about the wonderful progress Canada has been making; but finance has attempted to discount that progress much too heavily, especially in the direction of land speculation. Everyone in Canada who possessed the gambling instinct and an empty purse seems to have bought land to resell upon the "pay by instalment" system, and to have borrowed the money from a bank. For a time, of course, all went well, and lots of fortunes were made; but now the reverse process is beginning. In this column we were alone in pointing out that Lord Strathcona's rose-coloured speech at the meeting of the Hudson's Bay Company afforded no real ground for anticipating a rise in the price of the shares, but rather the contrary. We drew attention to the telegram about land sales, and laid emphasis upon other unfavourable features which lurked within an exterior of unexampled prosperity. We suggested that prices of land might be "firm" as reported if the company chose to restrict its sales. But firmness so obtained is, of course, only another name for weakness, or reduction in demand. We are now informed that "the sales of farm lands and town lots by the Hudson's Bay Company for the six months ended 30th ultimo amounted, approximately, to £54,000, payable over a term of years, and cash receipts to £127,000, as compared with sales for £218,600 and cash receipts for £147,600 for the corresponding six months of 1906." The figures are eloquent enough. The shrinkage of sales to a quarter what they were in the corresponding six months of last year is a fact that easily turns the scale against all the rhetoric that has been talked by the Canadian company promoters.

THE IRON TRADE.

A well-informed writer in Pittsburgh has been attacking the Wall Street theory that a very severe break in iron prices will have to follow the collapse in copper. It is not denied, he says, that pig iron is likely to decline somewhat

further, and \$19 per ton is figured as a possible basis within the next few weeks, as against \$21.50 to-day, and a high price for the year of \$23.25 for large lots and \$24 for a few car-lot shipments. It is also true that demand for the metal is quite as dull as at any time during the past two months. But on the other hand, available supplies of pig iron are comparatively trivial, and stocks are not accumulating. While production of copper is being curtailed as much as 60 per cent., pig iron output for August was only 43,600 tons below the May record, and the September production will not fall seriously below August.

While copper was advancing from 15 to 26 cents per pound in about sixteen months, beginning in 1905, iron rose only from \$15.50 in July, 1905, to \$23.25 for large and \$24 for small lots, by the beginning of 1907. Billets sold at \$22 per ton in the middle of 1905, and were forced as high as \$30.50, but this was wholly due to the urgency of demand and the scarcity of the product. Shapes and plates were raised from a basic price of \$1.60 to \$1.70 per 100 pounds in 1905, and have since remained there, while Bessemer rails have been steadily quoted at \$28 for about six years. Tin plate, which was \$3.30 per 100 pounds, was advanced to \$3.90, and sheets from \$2.30 to \$2.60, their present quotations, and wire nails, which were \$1.75 in 1905, are now \$2.05, having been marked up five cents per keg in the middle of last month.

LUCELLUM.

Shorter Notice.

THE SHADOW OF THE THRONE.*

THE Marquis of Ruvigny, in his third and latest volume, continues the heroic task upon which he has been actively engaged already for some years. He is making good progress in tracing out all the living blood descendants of the Sovereigns of this country. The issue of King Edward IV., and of his brother George, Duke of Clarence, has been enumerated in the previous volumes, the present one being devoted to the lines which spring from their sister Anne, Duchess of Exeter.

Already no fewer than 128,031 separate lines of descent have been worked out and systematically recorded; but as some of those who are included derive in many ways, the actual number of living descendants so far included in the Roll is only some 30 to 35,000. The author points out in his preface that now for the first time in the four centuries since the death of the Duchess of Exeter her blood is united with that of her brother King Edward IV. in the persons of the Princesses Alexandra and Maud, their mother, the Princess Royal, being descended from King Edward IV., whilst the Duchess Anne is ancestress of the Duke of Fife.

Books of Royal Descents have in the past been held rather cheaply, because only the isolated descents of those who paid for insertion were given in such pages, and some of these none too accurately; but the Marquis of Ruvigny has included every person whose descent it has been possible to trace out, and we trust his enthusiasm has met with its reward. One wonders how he has managed to retain the thread of research when dealing with the many families whose status does not secure for their pedigrees a place in the ordinary genealogical works of reference. In a large number of cases—for he touches the trading, shopkeeping, and even the labouring classes—his work must have been entirely original research. Did the Plantagenets, when they fought their bloody battles in the Wars of the Roses, ever contemplate a time when every well-born family in the Kingdom could claim kinship with the Royal Blood? or did any mediæval genealogist ever contemplate a book in which the names of those of Kingly descent would all some day be gathered together? Pedigree is but sentiment after all, but sentiment is worth cultivating when it links the present generation in ties of blood to those who made the History of the Realm.

It is good that this work of research should be done, and to the point he has reached, the author has done that work well.

* "The Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal." The Exeter Volume. By the Marquis of Ruvigny. T. C. and E. C. Jack. £3 3s.

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How Time is flying underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!

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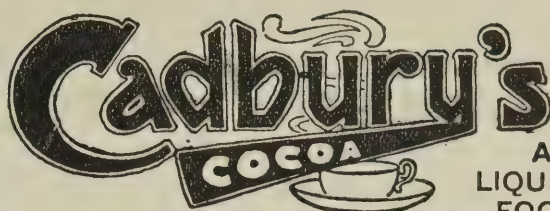
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The Nation

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

LAST Saturday, at Edinburgh, the Prime Minister opened the autumn political campaign, at a large meeting convened by the Scottish Liberal Association. After a brief but spirited summary of the legislative and administrative work done by the Government during the last two Sessions, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman made a full presentation of the views and intentions of the Government in grappling with the land question and the House of Lords. Appealing to a Scottish audience, he reminded them of "a Session of legislative wreck, months of inquiry and labour thrown away," the destruction of the two great Scottish Land Bills by the Lords. He next set forth the general case for a policy of small holdings, as a remedy for the denudation of rural population, quoting striking instances of its success in Wales and in some Scottish counties, and exposed the mischief of the Lords' alterations confining the limits of the Bill and imposing on it the principles of the English measure. "On what grounds," he asked, "are we to be forbidden or discouraged from applying the principles of compulsory hiring and fair rents, and fixing of tenure to Scotland?" Then, turning to the wider aspect of the land issue, he quoted Lord Lansdowne's speech in the Lords, claiming for landowners "above all things, the right to select the persons to be associated with the proprietor in the cultivation of the soil," and vigorously exposed the social and economic implications of this doctrine. His strongest denunciation was reserved for the treatment accorded to the Land Values Bill, whose rejection he described as "a piece of arrogance and high-handedness which went to the extreme point of the pretensions of the House of Lords."

* * *

THE latter half of the speech was a very careful restatement of the Government's plan for dealing with the House of Lords in accordance with the Resolution of last Session. The ultimate power of legislation must be secured for the House of Commons, which, under a

Parliament curtailed in duration to five years, and subject to the criticism and suggestion left to the House of Lords, will not be liable to any grave abuse of power. The most significant passage refers to the tactics of the Government in the coming Sessions. "It is our intention, early next Session, to send both the Small Landholders Bill and the Land Values Bill back again to the House of Lords. It may be desirable to hold a conference, as proposed in the plan. I do not know. Certainly the House of Commons will not be asked to devote much of its time to these measures. The House has already passed them by enormous majorities. They will be reintroduced and passed *pro forma*, whatever the issue may be so far as the other Bills which may be rejected are concerned. Of course, the grand issue must ultimately go to the country. It is quite possible—indeed, I think, highly probable—that before that comes, the Lords will have an opportunity of discussing the Bill giving effect to our Resolution, and that Bill, I venture to predict, will be passed by the House of Commons by majorities as large as the majority for the Resolution this summer."

* * *

THE railroad trouble will soon enter a new stage of intensity if the Central News is correctly informed in attributing to the Railway Companies' Association the intention of uttering an early declaration of absolute refusal to confer or to consider further the question of recognition of the Amalgamated Society. The five societies of railway men which met in conference at Manchester last Sunday showed a strong disposition to adopt the proposed federation of all labour forces on the railroads, though the absence of representatives of the Amalgamated Society caused a postponement of such action. The growing support of the general labour movement in the country is indicated this week by the announcement that the General Federation of Trades, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and the Labour Representation Committee are conferring with a view to joint action should the matter come to a strike. Meanwhile, the annual congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, held at Middlesbrough, shows an absolutely solid support to the policy of Mr. Bell on the part of the 100,000 members of the Union. Analysing the figures of the trade, Mr. Bell showed that his Union was a stronger factor in the railroad world than the proportion of its membership to the aggregate of railway workers would seem to indicate.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Government, in the shape of the Board of Trade, seems disposed to intervene in the quarrel as the protector of the public interests. This was clearly intimated by Mr. Lloyd George in an interview with the "South Wales Daily News" on Thursday. Questioned as to the powers of the Board of Trade under the Conciliation Act he said "You may depend upon it we will exhaust every power we possess to prevent such a catastrophe to the trade and industries of the country as would be involved in a great strike." Although nothing was said in answer to the appeal made in some quarters for a special Session of Parliament to be summoned to deal with the railway trouble, Mr. George stated that he was "in constant communication with the head of the Government in every aspect of the crisis."

* * *

AN important conference of persons interested in the working of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act

of last session was held on Thursday at Leamington. It is intended that a series of like conferences should be held in various parts of the country, in order to explain the provisions of the Act, and to make known to the people the best methods of securing its application. In 1894, a similar course was taken in the case of the Parish Councils Act, and the two men then most prominent in the work were on Thursday once more to the fore—Mr. Arthur Acland and Mr. Corrie Grant. To a meeting gathered from all parts of Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, Mr. Acland addressed a spirited appeal, Mr. Grant following with a careful and accurate summary of the provisions of the new Act. The large number of questions put by members of the conference indicated the deep interest felt in the work. The impression conveyed by the meeting is that a widespread and genuine demand for land exists, at any rate in the Midland counties here represented. But it is recognised that no demand can become fully effective unless a serious campaign of education is carried on among the villages of the country.

* * *

THE "Times" occupies a position on the Continent somewhat different from its position here. It is always regarded as a sort of formal, almost official, representative of the influential classes of our nation. Such a power is obviously capable of grave abuse, and the leading article, headed "The German Emperor's Visit," in last Thursday's issue, affords a most conspicuous example. On the eve of the imperial visit, the policy of Germany, and, in particular, the motives of its Chancellor, are subjected to an analysis in which studied insolence predominates. It is suggested that "The visit might even be contemplated and undertaken in order to lend colour to quite unfounded representations, which, in the supposed interests of German policy, it might be thought expedient to make and to support." The Chancellor, we are told, "has taken a great deal of trouble for some time past, to convey to the general public in this country that he is exceedingly anxious to establish cordial and intimate relations with us. We need not scrutinise too narrowly the reasons for this marked attitude upon his part." This scrutiny is then applied, and it is plainly intimated that the Anglo-French *entente* and the backward condition of the naval building programme in Germany are the basis of this present amicable policy. Having applied this provocative interpretation, the article formally hedges, by a not less insolent suggestion that the Chancellor is sincerely repentant for "the insults and the calumnies which he allowed to be hurled at us and our soldiers in the German Parliament without anything more than a formal and faint-hearted remonstrance on his part." For a parallel to such language it is necessary to go to the "New York Journal" and its congeners.

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THE plenary sitting of the Hague Conference on Wednesday introduced no new business, but it gave the English delegates an opportunity of entering a formal protest against the regulations adopted with regard to floating and anchored mines at sea. They complained that "adequate account had not been taken of the rights of neutrals to protection, nor of humanitarian sentiments, which cannot be neglected." That is a moderate way of describing a convention which will expose neutral liners on great international highways to the risk of encountering floating mines sown at random in the hope of destroying the enemy's warships. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein replied somewhat hotly that Germany yields to no country in the world in humane feeling, but he argued that such questions should be left to the consciences of individual naval officers. The report on the rights and duties of neutrals evoked another, though somewhat less emphatic, protest from the British delegation.

THE "Temps" published on Tuesday a long and vehement letter from M. Lambert, the French Principal of the Cairo School of Law, who recently resigned his post as the result of a prolonged quarrel with Mr. Douglas Dunlop, the "adviser" of the Ministry of Education. It is the story of a lamentable failure on the part of an official who has set himself to anglicise the educational system of Egypt, at the expense alike of French influence and of native aspirations. Into M. Lambert's personal grievances we need not enter—we know only one side of the case. The effect, however, in irritating French opinion, which is justly proud of its intellectual influence in Egypt, has been unlucky. The chief interest of the letter lies in M. Lambert's statement that in the college over which he presided, Mr. Dunlop's educational policy had had the effect of winning the entire body of some 400 students, with the possible exception of about a dozen, to the doctrines of Mustapha Kamel Pasha. These students will be the lawyers and officials of the future, and they will start their career bitterly hostile to English influence. The fact is that Mr. Dunlop, by his prejudice against native teachers, his hostility to the idea of a national university, and his bitter opposition to instruction in the vernacular, has done even more than Denshawai to foster the nationalist movement.

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THE Belgian Parliamentary Commission, which is sitting through the vacation to revise the old draft Bill for the government of any future Belgian colony, has finally disappointed the hopes of the reformers. The new draft is in some respects an improvement on the old, but on the main point it marks no advance, for it would leave the finances of the Congo Colony as completely in the hands of King Leopold as are those of the present Free State. An amendment providing that the Budget should be submitted to the Chamber was lost by nine votes against seven. The King's partisans, and notably the "Indépendance Belge," point out that while Belgium will have no real control, it will also have no legal responsibility for the finances of the Congo Colony. The idea is, of course, to play upon the fears of the middle classes, who dread a colonial deficit, in order to induce them to accept a system of absolutism. The reformers are not strong enough to annex on tolerable terms against the will of the King, but it is quite possible that they are strong enough to prevent annexation on such terms as these.

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HERR VON TSCHIRSCHKY has been replaced as German Foreign Minister by Herr von Schön, the present Ambassador in St. Petersburg. There is no reason to suppose that any profound political motive underlies the change. The Foreign Minister is rather a great permanent official than a statesman who enjoys the right of personal initiative. Prince Bülow, himself a professional diplomatist only slightly interested in domestic questions, follows the Bismarckian precedent by retaining the real responsibility for foreign affairs in his own hands. The alleged reasons for Herr von Tschirschky's retirement are probably the real ones—his health is bad, and he is a poor speaker, whose appearances in the Reichstag had been unfortunate. Herr von Schön comes of a prominent National Liberal family, and that party seems disposed to welcome his promotion. His reputation is that of a popular ambassador, whose pleasure it was to achieve his successes by suavity and persuasiveness.

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ON Thursday, an impressive general strike, organised by the Socialists, was observed throughout Hungary as a demonstration in favour of universal suffrage. For twenty-four hours the railways were idle, the factories were closed, newspapers did not appear, and even the cafés were shut. Even in the villages the strike appears

to have been complete. In Buda-Pesth an orderly crowd of 60,000 workmen marched to the Parliament Square to demand the suffrage. These tactics are a repetition, on an even more imposing scale, of the demonstration which succeeded so well in Vienna, and they are intended to prove to the Magyar feudal clique how easy it would be to organise a really prolonged and determined strike on the model of the Russian achievement of October, 1905. The Crown, however, is less able to use its influence in Hungary than it was in Austria, and the Magyars have a power of resistance which none of the feeble Austrian parties could have boasted. The question is one both of race and of class. The present franchise excludes the working masses, and the bulk of the Non-Magyar races. Only 5 per cent of the population has the suffrage at present (the proportion in France is 27 per cent.); and the Non-Magyar races, who are about 54 per cent. of the population, return less than 10 per cent. of the members of the Diet. The Magyars will, no doubt, be forced to extend the suffrage, but it is unlikely that they will admit the Slavs and Roumanians, without imposing a linguistic and educational test in Magyar. A feudal oligarchy so ancient and so impervious to liberal ideas will not capitulate at the first popular summons.

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LAST Monday's Press contained the announcement of the death of Lord Brampton, better known by his earlier title of Sir Henry Hawkins. In his long career at the bar (he died at the age of ninety), he took part in an unusual number and variety of *causes célèbres*, the most notorious being the Overend Gurney prosecutions in 1866, the Tichborne case, and the great will case of Sugden v. Lord St. Leonards. He leapt into wide fame during the Tichborne trials of 1871-1874, and since that time continued to enjoy an unusual amount of public attention, and a popularity due not exclusively to his legal eminence. He was for many years Standing Counsel to the Jockey Club, and, as the "Times" obituary notice expresses it, "his arrangement of circuit business was sometimes found to be consistent with attendance at the most popular race meetings." In the first Tichborne trial his leader was the late Lord Coleridge, the announcement of whose son's appointment to the Bench appears, by a curious coincidence, in the same issue of the Press which announced Lord Brampton's death. We congratulate the country upon this appointment of a second Lord Coleridge as one of the Justices of the High Court. The fine presence and the eloquent tongue of his father have come down to him, and the fearless and vigorous sense of justice which have ever inspired his career, both at the Bar and in politics, will secure the confidence of the people in his administration of the law of the land.

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THE death of Professor David Masson on Sunday last at the ripe age of eighty-six, removes a distinguished man of letters and a scholar of great and versatile attainments. Born at Aberdeen in 1822, he spent some time as a divinity student at Edinburgh under Dr. Chalmers, after which he began his literary career by editing a local newspaper. He came to London in 1847, where he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Mazzini, Herbert Spencer, and other notable figures of the literary and political world. Succeeding Clough as Professor of English literature at University College in 1853, he was appointed editor of "Macmillan's Magazine" five years later. He held both these posts until 1865 when he returned to Edinburgh to fill the Chair of Rhetoric and English Literature, the duties of which he discharged until 1895. Among those who attended his lectures were Lord Herschell, Ian Maclaren, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Dr. Clifford and Dr. Spence Watson. Masson's great work was the monumental "Life of Milton in Connection with the History of his Time," the first volume of which appeared in 1859. It was severely criticised by

J. R. Lowell, and the style bears many traces of Carlyle's influence, but the work is a triumph of patient and laborious research. It will probably remain as one of the best accounts of the Puritan Revolution in the language. Masson was a voluminous writer. Besides the Milton he published lives of De Quincey, Chatterton, and Drummond of Hawthornden, as well as several volumes of literary criticism.

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THE death of Mr. Carvell Williams at the age of 86 has removed a lifelong champion of the cause of religious equality. Appointed secretary of the Liberation Society in 1847, he held that post for thirty years, during which he helped to bring to a successful issue the struggle against University tests, compulsory Church rates, and the refusal of churchyards for Nonconformist burial services, and to secure the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He continued to do active service for the Society until a year ago, and sat in the Parliaments of 1885, 1892, and 1895, retiring in 1900, in which year he was elected chairman of the Congregational Union, an honour very rarely accorded to a layman. He will rank as one of the foremost political Nonconformists of the nineteenth century.

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THE week has been full of interest for theatre-goers, who have had opportunities of seeing no less than four new plays, together with one of the best Shakespearian revivals of recent times. On Saturday "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," a comedy by Mr. David Belasco, was given at the Haymarket. In spite of its dramatic merits, it can hardly be considered a successful attempt to recapture the spirit of the eighteenth century, so happily rendered in the novel by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, on which the play was founded. The revival of "As You Like It" by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton on Monday was an artistic triumph and ought to be seen by all lovers of drama. On Tuesday "The Sugar Bowl," by Madeline Lucette Riley, was redeemed from failure by the splendid acting of Miss Ellis Jeffreys. At the Kingsway Theatre on Wednesday Mr. A. P. Wharton, a new writer, gave "Irene Wycherley," a work of distinct promise and individuality, which was also notable for the re-appearance of Miss Lena Ashwell, whose rendering of the heroine's part was marked by artistic finish and restraint. Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play "The Barrier," produced at the Comedy on Thursday was unfortunate in its cast, although it furnished Miss Marie Tempest with a part which enabled her once again to show her wonderful powers as a comedy actress. The play itself is a powerful though somewhat rhetorical treatment of an unpleasant theme.

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THE "Lusitania" has, in her second outward voyage, succeeded in wresting the blue ribbon of the Atlantic from the "Deutschland," having accomplished the voyage from land to land in four days, eighteen hours, at an average speed of 24'38 knots per hour, as against the 23'01 speed on the maiden voyage. She has further established a record for a day's steaming, having covered 619 miles between noon on Tuesday and noon on Wednesday. The "Deutschland's" record for a day's run is 23½ knots, and her record from New York to Plymouth 5 days, 7 hours, 38 minutes. Allowing for the difference in distance between the voyage of the "Lusitania" and of the "Deutschland," the latter's record has been beaten by over three hours. The Cunarder now holds the world's record for the fastest voyage across the Atlantic, longest day's run, and highest average for a day.

With this issue of THE NATION we publish a Supplement containing a full List of Books appearing in the Publishers' Autumn Lists, grouped under subject headings.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT'S PROBLEM.

THE Prime Minister's speech at Edinburgh is an excellent opening for the Liberal autumn campaign. In tone and temper nothing could be better. From the persistently graceful and friendly references to Lord Rosebery on the one hand to the exposure of the true spirit of landlordism as expressed by Lord Lansdowne on the other, the speech showed a notable combination of suavity in manner with strength in substance. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, moreover, has one supreme quality as a leader. He leads. He is not for ever holding back, nor eternally ingeminating caution. He is with the advanced guard of Liberalism, and in the van of his Party, and, unfortunately, ahead, by no mean interval, of his Cabinet. If the problem of the Lords were to be in his hands alone, we should have no doubt about the issue. What is needed is a bold and speedy frontal attack, and the Prime Minister with his grasp of essentials, his belief in Liberalism, his buoyant confidence in democracy, is the man to lead such an attack. It is only when we look at the actual scheme of the Government and hear it recommended for its Conservatism by such exponents of the German school as Mr. Haldane, that a cold doubt begins to creep over us, and we have to ask ourselves how far the Liberalism of the constituencies and of the Prime Minister will have its way with the Government.

It is hard saying, but in this case the interests of Liberalism as a whole, and those of Liberal representatives, do not coincide. We are not for a moment imputing motives of self-interest either to Ministers or Members of Parliament when we point out that men in their position have a very natural and human bias in favour of prolonging the life of the present Parliament. The Minister who finds himself for the first time in office, with Bills to prepare and administrative measures to execute and all the absorbing work of a Department to master, is apt to sink himself in his work and, without any selfish interest, to dread more than anything else in politics that event which would or might interrupt the schemes he has in hand. The private member immersed for the first time in the busy life of House and Lobby, of debate and committee, is impressed by the opportunities of public service opened to him, and is very deeply convinced of the value of the great instrument of progress, the present overwhelming Liberal majority in the House of Commons. Whether in the end this instrument is capable of achieving its ends is another question. All the private member knows is that he has come into Parliament on the crest of a great wave of popular feeling, and that by every known law of politics that wave is likely to recede in greater or less degree before another election comes. Re-election is, at best, an uncertainty, a struggle, and an expense. How much wiser to keep to the bird in the hand and pass the secondary measures which the Lords allow, rather than fight for the fundamental issues on which they are adamant. Hence Ministers and members contemplate almost with ecstasy the long list of measures achieved, and allow the frustrated Bills to accumulate, not without a sigh, but without taking the necessary steps to ensure that they shall pass.

To the Liberal who is not in Parliament the question

wears a somewhat different aspect. He is less impressed with the value of the machine, and more disposed to be critical of results. He sympathises with good and Liberal administration. Indeed, if there were rather more Liberalism in some Departments he would not take it amiss. But the more he is asked to contemplate the magnificence of the present Liberal majority, the more he is inclined to insist that such a majority ought to do something decisive for the democratic cause. He is pleased with long lists of useful measures mostly of the secondary rank, but he has to recognise that with the exception of the Trade Disputes Act, and the partial exception of the English Land Legislation, few of these go straight to the heart of any of the great social issues. He sees the education question unsettled, the Irish question unsettled, the great problem of poverty virtually untouched. What is worse, he sees no prospect under existing constitutional conditions of solving them, and he fears that if this "unparalleled majority" is living its full Parliamentary life without finding any solution for these fundamental problems, no long list of less controversial achievements will avail it in the day of reckoning. The "cup" will indeed be full, but not the cup of the Lords. Liberalism will have lost credit, perhaps for a generation to come, as an instrument of social progress. Nor will it avail the Liberal leaders in that day to protest that they would have done this or that had the Lords allowed. The electors laugh all such excuses away. It has been known from the first that unless the Lords were fought and beaten no one of these problems could be satisfactorily handled. To decline the fight is, therefore, to abandon all real hope of a solution.

These considerations have, doubtless, been making their way slowly among the most timid and most conservative of the Government's supporters. The policy of "filling up the cup" which was freely advocated at the critical moment is now proclaimed to be impossible. It is no longer an avowed policy to go on accumulating defeated Bills until Parliament dies a natural death. Instead it would seem that we are to have tactics of procrastination which will serve equally well to keep this present Parliament in being. We confess that we do not fully understand the Government's plan as foreshadowed by the Prime Minister. We rather lose count of the number of conferences with the House of Lords, the numbers of passings and rejections which a Bill is to undergo before matters come to an actual decision. But what we would point out is that except for the purpose of prolonging the life of this present Parliament this machinery of repetition is useless. There are two intelligible lines of reform. One is frankly to make the House of Commons master, without further application to the country. The point gained by this method is speed, effectiveness and decision. The other way is to secure some sort of appeal from the House to the country on issues of critical importance. The object of this method is to avoid the domination of a single Chamber. The Government's plan has the full merits of neither method. It professedly makes the House of Commons master of the situation without need of appeal either to a direct popular vote or a fresh election by the constituencies. But as interpreted by the more dilatory wing of Liberals it entails delays nearly as long and controversies as involved as the appeal to a second Parliament would involve. We rejoice to find in Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Thursday at Cardiff signs of a firmer

policy more in accordance with the expectations of the rank and file of country Radicalism. It is evident that Mr. George at any rate believes that the second rejection of the Scottish Bills involves an early dissolution, and that a fourth Session is wholly dependent on their acceptance. We hope this pronouncement signifies that the Government is resolved to face the next Session prepared to deal with this matter not as "Conservatives" but as Liberals and believers in self-government.

SOCIALISM IN LIBERALISM.

THE charge of Socialism brought against the Liberal and Progressive Party by their Conservative opponents is commonly resented as a merely tactical device to shift the strain of political controversy from the Tariff issue and to blacken an enemy with a vituperative epithet. An effective technical answer is afforded by an appeal to the party of avowed Socialism which still continues to designate Liberals here, as upon the Continent, a party of capitalists. But motives and technicalities apart, there is enough substance in the charge, as applied to the section of Liberals committed to advanced social reforms, to demand a fair examination. For the first time in the history of English Liberalism, leaders with a powerful support of the rank and file have committed themselves with zeal and even passionate conviction to promote a series of practical measures which, though not closely welded in their immediate purport, have the common result of increasing the powers and resources of the State for the improvement of the material and moral condition of the people. These measures, aiming to secure the use and the value of the land for the people, to obtain for municipalities and other public bodies increased ownership or control of local services, to strengthen governmental supervision of private industries, to enlarge the public machinery of education, to afford increased public assistance to the young, the sick, the aged—such measures and the policy of public finance which they involve are correctly designated as "socialistic" in their character.

It is true that each measure is urged upon its separate merits, that the pace of its advancement and the spirit of compromise which dogs its footsteps hide the logic of the revolutionary process even from many of its active agents. For revolutionary in one sense it is. Not that it involves any violent breach of continuity with Liberal traditions, still less any such sudden dangerous disturbance of public order or of property as is commonly associated with the term. But the general underlying meaning and motive of the social policy, struggling now for the first time into clear consciousness, is the intention to use the popular power of self-government to extirpate the roots of poverty and of the diseases, physical and moral, associated with it. This process of practical reform, if it is to be effective, assuredly demands an interference by Government with existing rights of private property and private business enterprise, and an assertion through taxation of public rights of property, so novel in character and so considerable in size as to be rightly considered revolutionary. The real revolution is in the minds of men. This Parliament contains some scores of men passionately moved by a sense of social wrong, of undeserved poverty and riches, of baneful waste in the resources of the commonwealth, and eager to apply large organic

remedies. It is the strength of these men's faith and the size of the remedies they are willing to apply that distinguish their social policy from the tinkering devices of the earlier programmes of the Liberal Party. Experience has taught them the profound truth of John Mill's saying: "Small remedies for great diseases do not produce small results: they produce no results."

Will this policy of social reconstruction go forward? The last century has shown several epochs of ebullience of the reform spirit in our nation. The thirties and forties were seething with constructive Socialism of a swift, idealist order. The Christian Socialism of a generation later was the sentimental utterance of popular protest against the new miseries of city poverty. The Radical Party of the late seventies and early eighties gave in their programmes a dim fragmentary reflection of demands in which the new teaching of Henry George and of Continental Socialism found vigorous expression. But these movements achieved almost nothing; their fervour was soon spent, their forces dissipated. Will it be the same with our Parliamentary party of social reform and the popular enthusiasm which swept them to the fore? Have they the principles, the strength of conviction, and the grit of character demanded for the task of constructive Liberalism assigned to them? The answer to this question we think depends upon how clearly the larger body of the party can be led to realise the grave historic nature of their task. Let them plainly recognise the truth that this is the last chance for English Liberalism. Unless it is prepared for the efforts, risks, and even sacrifices of expressing the older Liberal principles in the new positive forms of economic liberty and equality along the lines indicated in the programme of its advanced guard, it is doomed to the same sort of impotence as has already befallen Liberalism in most of the Continental countries.

We believe that what we term the advanced guard is well aware of the historical crisis which confronts them, that they are willing to make the necessary effort and to undergo the necessary risks. But can they succeed in rallying round them the genuine support of the Liberal "centre" in Parliament and in the nation? This "centre" is, alike in sympathy and in formal policy, more advanced than it has ever been before. But upon the critical issues of social reform it lacks passion and principle, and is continually disposed to enervating compromise. In Parliament it consists largely of well-to-do men whose social policy is weakened by fears of high taxation and of encroachments upon private profitable enterprise; in the country this same large class, well but not vigorously disposed towards social reforms, stands halting in opinion, fearful of the Socialistic movement, not because of any definite individualism or abstract theory of the limits of the State, but because certain spectres and phrases have got upon their nerves. Holding, as most do, a difficult and slippery footing in some business or profession, they are nervous about attacks on property, disturbance of business, bureaucracy, corruption, mob domination. Though not opposed to social experiments, they are not prepared for efforts or for risks, and their genuine desire to see improved conditions for the people is invalidated by an excessive belief in the possibilities of narrow forms of self-help, a survival of the *laissez faire* Radicalism of the Victorian age.

Unless a sufficient proportion of these men can be won over, their objections met, their fears dissolved, their sense of justice stimulated, the Liberal Party as the historic instrument of social reform is doomed to failure. For a small band of "righteous men" will not save a party; they must carry with them the majority of solid Liberals in the centre if the reform policy is to be substantial. Let it be clearly understood this policy cannot consist in mere economy, in good administration at home, peace abroad, in minor legislation for education, temperance, or even land reform. The volume, the direction, the pace, and the substance of the positive measures for improving the economic condition of the people must be adequate, and these conditions involve a larger provision of public income than is yet foreshadowed in any Governmental proposals, a larger development of interference with existing landed and other economic interests than is yet admitted.

Whether a sufficient Liberal Party can be brought to face this task, with its risks and difficulties, depends upon the education of this "middle" section in the principles of social reconstruction. For their real difficulties are mainly of principle. Any Radical social policy must, of course, involve a shedding of Whigs, even of a few honest Radical individualists, and of some Liberals whose business interests too closely based on privilege will dominate their policy. It is with the large remainder, probably a majority of the Liberal Party, that we are concerned. The situation, as we understand it, is this: Their mind is at present impeded for effective co-operation in the great work of social reconstruction by certain doubts and fears and difficulties, which are real in the sense that they are honestly held, and are important in that they rest not on points of practical detail but on deep-seated notions respecting the meaning and effects of social reconstruction.

These doubts and fears relate, some to Socialism, some to democracy, and are due in large degree to the spirit and the forms which social democracy have taken in the programmes of the Socialist parties, on the Continent and here. Though Marx and the philosophers of Socialism have been little read in this country, certain characteristics of their criticism, its materialistic interpretation of history, its crude assertion of the rights and functions of "labour," its wholesale repudiation of the legitimacy of rent, interest and profit, and its doctrine of the absorption of all industry by the State, have become accepted formulae, and have naturally been adopted as the authoritative exposition of the movement. Though this hard-cast revolutionary Socialism has softened even on the Continent and never had much vogue in this country, the milder and more opportunist brands suffer from excessive vagueness. If the Radical policy of social reconstruction is to be effective in this country this lack of intelligible formulation of principles must be remedied. The real difficulties must be met; the right limits of State and municipal collectivism must be laid down; the questions, how far brains, how far "labour," are makers of wealth, how far freedom of private profitable enterprise is essential to secure the work of "brains," whether efficiency of labour can be got out of public enterprise, whether the tyranny of bureaucracy would become unendurable, whether the tendency of such Socialism will be to dwarf

individuality and to make for a dead level of humanity, whether the general result of impaired productive motives will lead to so great a diminution of wealth as no improvement in distribution can compensate—these and other not less radical questions which beset the wavering mind of our "centre" Liberals demand thorough and impartial consideration. Then there is the group of not less serious questions relating to taxation, condensed in the charge that "Socialism" consists in taking away the property of the rich and giving it to the poor, a policy alleged to be unjust in itself and disastrous both to the receivers and the taxpayers. The timidity of the Liberal centre is based primarily upon fears engendered by these questions which imperatively demand intelligible answers, if the Liberal Party hopes to press forward with energy and confidence along the path of social reconstruction to which it is formally committed, and upon which its future existence as a party depends.

THE AMERICAN ARMADA.

THE speech of Mr. Roosevelt at St. Louis and the subsequent declaration of his Secretary of the Admiralty do not serve altogether to remove the disquietude of the public mind as to the movement of the American fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To carry sixteen battleships and six destroyers containing some fifteen thousand men, victualled and coaled for a voyage of several months in the dead of winter, is a project of no ordinary difficulty, risk and expense, and to represent it as a mere "practice cruise" to test naval efficiency, and incidentally to provide California with a patriotic show, can hardly be expected to carry conviction. We need not question the complete sincerity of Mr. Taft's amicable assurances at Tokio, or of Mr. Roosevelt's confident prediction of the early return of what Americans love to term their "Armada" to Eastern waters. But the President is a shrewd enough politician to be well aware that, whatever may be the actual condition of diplomatic relations between his Government and that of Japan, the sensation-mongering Press would work up a war scare. To the provocative language indulged in by certain influential New York papers, not usually designated "yellow," we called attention last week. Since then the unfortunate and mischievous language employed by Admiral Evans, who is to command the fleet upon its voyage, has given some authoritative colour to the incendiary talk, though it must not be forgotten that American naval and military men express their private judgments upon matters of high politics with a recklessness unknown in any European service. What really disturbs the mind of sober persons is not a belief that Japan is preparing for a naval struggle with the United States, or that the American fleet is moving into Pacific waters for the express purpose of providing against this contingency, but the injurious influence which these repeated and aggravated suggestions may have upon the mind of the most excitable and sensation-loving people upon earth. Mr. Roosevelt must have known that there was just enough plausibility afforded to the scare by the recent squabble between California and Japan upon the immigration question to give a bellicose appearance to the naval movement. It was not as if the transfer of the

fleet had been a settled or a long-cherished design which he saw no sufficient reason to abandon. It was after the settlement of the Californian schools question by the substitution of a more irritating issue, which still remains an open sore, that this naval project was determined. In a word, it seems quite evident that Mr. Roosevelt wittingly furnished the material for a "scare." Why did he do this? Only two intelligible answers can be given. The first is that he genuinely believed it necessary to make a display of naval force in those waters which in a moment of rhetorical exuberance he once designated "an American lake," in order to provide against the possibility or probability of an attack from the only quarter from which an attack could be made. He disclaims any such interpretation and there appears no sufficient reason to refuse acceptance of his disclaimer. The issue of Japanese immigration, though containing grave ultimate implications, is not at present of such a size or inflammable character as to furnish a reasonable fear of collision between the two great nations. If by no higher reason, Japan is deterred by financial considerations from entertaining any such mad and barren exploit as scare-mongers impute to her. Indeed, the likelihood of any serious breach between these Powers is further diminished by the recent trouble in British Columbia, which makes it evident that some common policy must be devised in which Great Britain also must participate, for the settlement of the larger question of Asiatic immigration along the whole Pacific coast of North America. While we cannot conceal our belief that this meeting of white and yellow races in America and Australia is destined to be the most formidable aspect of the greatest of our world problems, that of race blending, in the future, we do not believe that the issue, even as regards Japan, is yet ripe for immediate settlement either by pacific means or by recourse to force.

We are disposed to look to a simpler explanation of the willingness of Mr. Roosevelt and his Government to furnish a war scare which they know possesses no present substance. Ever since his brief but sensational career as Under-Secretary to the Admiralty before the Cuban war, the President has been an assiduous advocate of a big navy. Every time he opens his lips on a political platform he preaches this gospel. America is to be a great world-power, possessed of an amplitude of physical power to fulfil her majestic mission. The completion of the Panama Canal in a few years will launch her on this larger destiny, and timely preparation for this new epoch must be made. Mr. Roosevelt knows that while the possession of the biggest navy in the world would be extremely popular with the ordinary good American, the fiasco of the Philippines has damped down for the moment the rising ardour of Imperialism among all more sober citizens. The temporary denudation of the Atlantic defences by an act suggesting not too definitely the likelihood of coming trouble in the Pacific will furnish an excellent object lesson in the necessity of ship-building. There can be no question but that this tactic will be a valuable assistant in enabling Mr. Roosevelt to obtain the large appropriation he desires for laying down four new battleships, in addition to the seven already in course of construction. It is the simplest and easiest way of getting a Pacific fleet and of enlarging the total naval strength of the nation.

Finally, the incidental service rendered to the Government by a parade of bellicosity when a Presidential election is approaching must not be left out of account. This may be regarded as an orthodox piece of campaigning tactics. At one time it took the familiar form of "twisting the British lion's tail," and brandishing the Monroe doctrine. More than once the United States has run grave risks of war in the playing of what is, in fact, a domestic party game. Though the other considerations we have named are probably dominant in Mr. Roosevelt's mind and underlie his determination to persist in the moving of the fleet, the politicians with whom he consults are well aware of the advantage of creating or conniving at a foreign situation which shall possess at any rate so plausible a semblance of a crisis, as to enable them to quote the familiar proverb about not swapping horses while crossing a stream.

Bearing in mind these probabilities we are not disposed to put a very serious interpretation upon this naval incident.

THE PROLETARIAT AND WAR.

THE early months of this year saw Prince Bülow engaged in welding together the middle-class parties of Germany into a patriotic coalition against Socialism. The autumn finds M. Clemenceau busied in a somewhat similar task in France. Socialism, with the Moroccan conflict and the Russian Revolution darkening an outlook to which the second Hague Conference has brought no light, has realised its mission as an international party with a new seriousness. Resolved to combat war by every means in its power, it has at least achieved this success, that it has compelled the two Powers most likely to make war to divert their attention from their external struggle, and to concentrate it on the preliminary necessity of combating anti-militarism at home. M. Clemenceau leading the campaign in France makes a spectacle at which the ironical imps of history must laugh. Unveiling at Amiens a statue to M. Goblet, and rallying in eloquent phrases the whole patriotism of France against the anti-militarist peril, he has had to listen to a chorus which reminded him of his past. It was he who overthrew, not once but five successive times, ministries in which M. Goblet was the moving spirit. It was he, too, who concentrated in "l'Aurore" during the Dreyfus affair, the moral force of the anti-militarist movement, welcomed M. Urbain Gohier as a collaborator, and gave to the conceptions of "L'Armée contre la Nation" their widest currency. If it is the crime of the Socialists that they have shouted "Better an insurrection than a war," they can at least point out that the Third Republic owes its being to men who dared to found it by an open revolution, under the cannon of an invading enemy.

The present campaign against Socialism is something more than an insincere game of party tactics. It does answer to a genuine terror in the minds of most patriotic Frenchmen. Acutely aware of the peril across the frontier, their fear is lest a loftier conception of

international ethics and a more developed realisation of the burdens of militarism should disarm them in the face of an enemy who admits none of their scruples. But to this motive other tendencies have powerfully contributed. A long series of unpopular strikes, quarrels over the right of association, and, above all, a middle-class revolt against certain social reforms, had prepared the way for the campaign against Socialism, long before its leaders found the pretext of patriotism. The Ministry, moreover, has visibly exhausted its programme, and by turning aside to combat M. Jaurès, it creates a diversion, placates the middle-classes, and relieves itself once for all of the pressure on its own Left flank.

Against this tactical coalition, M. Jaurès opposes a really fruitful idea. He preaches it with a rare eloquence; he stakes upon its fortunes a career which promised a few years ago to make him one of the most influential of European statesmen; behind him stands a party which will face obloquy and petty persecution with a measure of faith and self-sacrifice more common in the history of religions than in that of parties. It is an idea which must be sharply distinguished from M. Hervé's cruder propaganda. M. Hervé has denied all patriotism, repudiated the very idea of nationality, declared that to the proletariat every country is a stepmother, and drawn the logical conclusion that even a defensive war should be opposed as stoutly as a flagrant act of aggression. The Unified Party, with M. Jaurès at its head, has repeatedly rejected M. Hervé's teaching; its chief has consecrated all his eloquence to a defence of the ideas of nationality and patriotism, and proclaimed in phrases which carry a deep conviction, the duty of revolt against foreign domination, and of resistance to foreign invasion. In a defensive war, his powerful pen and his magnetic speech would do the work which Gambetta achieved in 1870. His "anti-militarism" consists in this, that he holds it to be the duty of a conscious working-class to render an aggressive war impossible, by compelling capitalist governments to resort to arbitration. The aggressor he would define as the country which refuses to submit its cause to an international court, and he would penalise that refusal by organising a general strike, or even an insurrection.

Outside the ranks of his own party, there have been few attempts to answer this thesis by argument. No Republican can deny the right of insurrection in certain circumstances. No Radical can dispute altogether the obligation, at least, to consider arbitration. The only possible answer to M. Jaurès is, indeed, to assert, in one form or another, the maxim "my country, right or wrong." Within the party two lines of criticism are developing. M. Guesde says of anti-militarism what he said of anti-clericalism, that it is a deviation from the proper task of Socialism, which is to combat capitalism by a direct challenge in the economic field. M. Brousse, on the other hand, on behalf of the Possibilists, has stated, with the approval of the "Temps," what is no doubt the answer of the average patriotic

man in all parties, "When your mother quarrels with a neighbour," he argues, "if you think her in the wrong you rebuke her at home, but you do not allow her to be beaten in the street. . . . You settle your account with your own Government after the war, but in the first instance you defend the country to which you belong." The parallel is not exactly convincing. A good man will not allow his mother to be beaten in the street, but neither will he join her in setting fire to the house of an obnoxious neighbour. The threat of "settling accounts" with a Government after a war is not impressive, for every Government knows that punishment at home is the penalty rather for failure than for injustice. The French settled their accounts with Louis Napoleon; the Germans made Bismarck the first Chancellor of a triumphant Empire. So long as Governments can count on the indiscriminating loyalty of nations, however provocative their conduct of diplomacy may have been, the check of public opinion is bound to be ineffectual.

The measure of acceptance which the thesis of M. Jaurès commands is the measure of the sincerity of any nation in its professed desire to avoid injustice and provocation. No nation really conscious of the justice of its cause would shrink from arbitration or mediation, or the calling of an international conference. There is, no doubt, some risk of partiality in the mediator, but it is as nothing to the risk that might will prevail over right in a war.

The practical difficulties in the way of an application of M. Jaurès' tactics are on the other hand immense. It is rarely possible to discriminate accurately between aggression and defence, and the adroit aggressor is the statesman who forces his opponent to take the first fatal step towards war. Again, it would usually happen, under existing conditions, that arbitration would be rejected not by one but by both parties to a quarrel. It is very doubtful, moreover, whether Socialism is anywhere strong enough to carry out an effective general strike as a protest against war. The Germans, who are incomparably the superiors of the French in organisation, are much more sceptical than M. Jaurès in their estimate of the powers of a proletariat. The first consequences even of a theoretic propaganda on these lines are to stimulate the solidarity of the middle classes and to provoke a reaction against pacifism. But the alarm which even good Radicals in France have shown is a testimony to the gravity of M. Jaurès' movement. No one laughs at him. He is denounced as a public enemy. Governments understand to-day that, if their armaments are nearly equal, it is the spirit of the masses in their conscript armies that will turn the scale of victory. A party which can make victory doubtful, can thereby make war impossible. The knowledge that a fair proportion of the army in a State which meditated aggression would fight half-heartedly is quite sufficient to make mediation the prudent course. If Socialism can achieve so much as this—and possibly it can—it can guarantee the peace of Europe.

Life and Letters.

THE DRAGON MAN.

THE old labourer who tells me about the fairies has a wide knowledge of the other spirits. He does not see them much himself, now that he is old; but there are fields near his home where he will not walk after sunset; and thorn trees which he would not cut for a crock of treasure. He is not afraid of the dark, he says, "unless the bulls is loose"; but the places which are "queer," and the places which are "gentle," he will not enter without prayer on nights when the inhuman things are powerful.

There is a ruined castle near his cabin. It is of the common square Irish type, though smaller than most, and more than usually ruinous. It was once the stronghold of a chief, and the scene of a murder which altered Irish history. According to the old man, it is one of the most haunted places in the province. "It's full of wraiths," he says. "There's lots of people have died in it, and their wraiths walk there." They do not trouble people, he tells me; but he thinks that there must be a treasure in the ruins, which they guard, until the children of the rightful owner shall come "from Ameriky, or perhaps Australia," to lay claim to it. I have sat through a summer twilight in the ruins, waiting for the wraiths to appear; but I was never so happy as to see them. The little square tower looks out upon the sea, upon a bay with rocky reefs at each horn of it; and it is pleasant to sit there, hearing the water breaking just below, and watching the ships go past. The wraiths did not appear to me; but the tower is "just full of them"; and the old man has told me the tale of some of those who walk there, and may still be seen there by mortal eyes from time to time.

"Very long ago," he says, "the castle was owned by a Scotchman named Carr, who had a large property in that part of Ireland. This Carr had a daughter, who was the most beautiful woman in the whole of the four provinces, so that men used to be breaking their necks leaning out of windows to look at her. The name of this daughter was Clelia, and her father had her married to one of the MacDonnells, who came over at the time of the Settlement. The MacDonnell's name was Andy, and after his marriage he lived at the little tower with his father-in-law, and helped to keep his land in order. When he had been married about the half of a year, he was called away to Scotland on business; for he was a great man in Scotland, and at that time there was 'to be marrying' between the royal families of Scotland and England, and he was wanted to carry a banner at the wedding. So he sailed away over the sea to Scotland, 'and his wife thought the time long that he was gone.' And the first month he was away he sent a present of gold; and the second month he was away he sent a present of silver; and the third month he was away he sent a Scotchman over to say that he would be back on the third day of the third week from then. So on the third day of the third week from then they made all ready for a feast, and they had fires lighted, and all manner of wine and ale got ready, besides a wine they had in those times made out of honey and the young tops of heather.

"So then they hoisted up a flag upon the castle, and they loaded guns to fire off as soon as he arrived, and they put down carpets to the beach for him to walk upon, and all the fiddlers and the pipers came; and the poets came from the back hills making up new songs. There were great poets in those times. When they made their poems they used to shut themselves up in their beds, for the beds then were shut-beds, like in the Highlands. And then they would put a great stone weighing twenty, or thirty, or forty pounds upon their stomachs, and keep there like that, lying still, with their eyes covered, till they'd made up their poem. This is the way they made their poems. There's few poets takes that trouble now. Indeed, I think there's few enough. There were poets then could wither up the thorn trees when the blossom was on them. There were poets then could draw the souls out of people, and turn back the tide of the

sea, and make the sun drop blood, and the moon drop milk, and the stars drop rain. They had powerful songs in them, and dangerous ways in them, and a knowledge that wasn't right in them. They could turn into wolves and into salmon. They were mighty queer those poets. That was the kind of poets came out of the back hills, from as far as Connemara, to welcome Andy MacDonnell when he came from crossing the water.

"Now at last, when the sun was near to setting, the ship which brought Andy MacDonnell came round the Point yonder. She had a red flag flying, and she was a row-ship, with a lot of young men rowing in her, singing as they pulled. She came up the bay to near those rocks, when they flung a plank over the side, so that Andy might come ashore without wetting his stockings. So they let Andy get ashore, and then the ship rowed away. Then Carr went up to him and asked him why he was turning the ship away again.

"'Isn't that the ship you sailed in?' he said. 'Isn't that your own ship?'

"'It is not,' says Andy. 'My own ship's in Scotland. The King took a fancy to her.'

"So then Carr asked him what had become of all the men he had sailed with, and of all the rowers and pipers and sailormen who had gone with him abroad. And he answered that the King had taken a fancy to them, and that they were all with the King in Scotland, every man jack of them, down to Johnny O'Hara, the piper's boy. So Carr wondered a little at that, but said nothing; and they all went up to the castle to the feast, and Clelia was as happy as a young bird singing, or a young colt galloping, or a young fish leaping from the sea. She was as beautiful as the young corn growing, or as a red rose budding, or as a tall ship sailing. She was as merry, and as happy, and as glad to see Andy MacDonnell, her man, as a Scotchman is to find a sixpence, and an Englishman to make a sixpence, and an Irishman to spend a sixpence. The pipers piped, the poets sang their poems, the fires were lit, the guns were shot off. It was a great feast that night at the castle; and all were happy and merry, saving only Carr, who was wondering queerly about the ship and the men being left behind in Scotland.

"Now in all the gaiety and jollity you would think that no one would have time to notice anything except the beauty of Clelia, and the strength of Andy, and the sweetness of the singing of the poets, and the way the noise of the pipes went through one's marrow. You would think that with all the tumblers tumbling, and the dancers dancing, and the jesters jesting, that the soul of a man would be bothered indeed from noticing anything that was not jesting, or dancing, or tumbling, or piping, or singing, or telling good tales, or, maybe, taking something at the tables. But there were two things noticed. When Andy MacDonnell came over the shadow of the door to go into the castle, they called down the blessing of God on him, and he was too proud, they said, to give them any answer. It was a queer thing, they said, for a man to go across the sea and to come back too proud to give folk the blessing of God when they had done the like by him.

"It must be queer manners, and queer counsellors, and queer principles the King of Scotland has, they said, if he forgets to say 'God save you,' or 'The blessing of God on you,' when he comes into a house prepared for him. And another thing they noticed was that he would eat no meat at all, of all the deer, and the pigs, and the cows, and the sheep, and the poultry, and the rabbits which had been cooked at the fires and blessed by the priest. He would eat only a bannock from the hearth, and drink only from the still they had; but one of the cooks saw him afterwards eating a bit of raw meat that had been set aside from the dish. It was a queer thing, he said, that a man like Andy MacDonnell, who had eaten as bravely as the sea when he went to Scotland, should have come home pecking and twittering at his food, like a hen with the gapes, or like a saint at a fast, or like a man in love when herself is at his side. It was a queer thing, they all said; and it was another queer thing that he didn't sing in his cups, and that he didn't stand up to dance with his lady.

"But there was a queerer thing than that they noticed. There was a little lad of the McLearnons' running about barefoot among the horses of the guests from the back hills. He was a little wee lad, the nicest little

lad you would be seeing; and his mother was a nice, clean, decent woman from beyond by Aghola. So when Andy MacDonnell was coming to the castle from the shore, this McLearnon woman takes up her little son in her arms, so that he might see the man pass, and have a story to tell when he came to have children of his own. And as Andy MacDonnell walked past him this little McLearnon looks at him, and he was near him, and he said to his mother, 'His honour's ears is pointed.' They were pointed just the same as the ears on a terrier, or on a calf, or a young colt. Wasn't it wonderful that no one had ever noticed that before, that he should have pointed ears, and no one see it? I'm thinking that was a great wonder. And what was wonderful was that neither Carr nor the lady noticed it. There was Carr welcoming his guests, and the lady glad to have her man back, so that neither of them noticed it at all. But the common people by the tower noticed it, and one of them said, 'There's an enchantment on him'; and another of them said, 'It was a fever did it, or else he's been sleeping in the moon'; and another said it was wearing the Scotch bonnet did it. Some said one thing, some another; but all of them thought it was a queer thing to see, and a great blemish on so handsome a man. So at last the wine was all drunk, and the candles all burned, and the meat all eaten, and all of the dancers tired. Then they passed round a cup of spiced beer, and they all took a drink of kindness, and so the feast came to an end, a little while before the day broke.

"Now, after that, things settled down as before. Andy MacDonnell lived on with Carr at the Castle, and in the spring they sowed, and in the autumn they reaped, and there was nothing much happened, except a little child was born to Clelia; and that was a queer thing, the child was. It was a little wee man of a child, and he was born with teeth in him, and the first thing his mother saw of him was that his ears were pointed; and the nurses said that that was a great shame, and she so beautiful a mother. There were other things besides that which seemed queer. Andy MacDonnell was another sort of a man than he had been. He used to go up beyond, in the back hills, at the time of a new moon. The shepherds saw him there, more than once they saw him, going round the carved stones there the wrong way, singing a kind of song. He got a bad name on to him for doing that; but that was nothing to what they caught him doing another time on the back hills beyond the wood there.

"There's a flat place there, where they used to hold cock fights in the old times. It was a religious place before that, where they did the old religion, and there's wraiths in it, besides themselves; and it was there they caught Andy. It was one twilight they caught him. He was standing naked on the grass, bowing to a great black goat; and every time he bowed, the black goat spoke to him in ancient Irish. Wasn't that a wonderful thing now? There was a strong magic in that; indeed there was. The shepherds didn't say anything, for Andy was a great gentleman, but they thought it a queer thing for all that. And Carr kept wondering all the time what had become of the ship, and of all the rowers and pipers and sailormen left behind in Scotland.

"Now just about a year after Andy MacDonnell had come home, he and Carr, and Clelia and the child, were sitting on the grass (on a carpet) looking out over the bay. It was one evening, getting towards sunset. As they were sitting talking, they saw a small boat pulling in to the bay, and Carr said, 'It's a tired man in *that* boat'; for he was pulling like a daft old gather-up of a fireman who didn't know an oar from a poker. And Clelia said, 'It'll be some poor man who has maybe lost his ship.' And Andy MacDonnell looked hard at the boat, and, says he, 'I'll be going in,' he says; 'the evening strikes cold,' he says. So he turned, and went into the house. There was no one ever saw him again.

"Now the boat ran ashore on the beach, and the tired man got out of her, just by those rocks; and he was tired indeed. He could scarce climb up that bank of shingle. So Carr looks hard at him.

"'Why,' he says, 'it's Johnny O'Hara, the piper's boy, that was left behind in Scotland. What news, Johnny?' he says.

"So Johnny comes near up to him and 'Bad news,'

he says. 'It's bad news I'm bringing you this day. Your man is killed,' he says. 'Andy MacDonnell is killed,' he says. 'He was killed by the Scotch the day he was to have come home. And I've been a prisoner ever since.'

"So Carr got up on his feet, and he calls out 'Andy!' but no one ever came. And Clelia called out 'Andy!' but no one ever answered. And they went into the castle, but no Andy was there, and then they knew that they'd been living with a dragon-man, and that the real Andy had been dead a year. When Clelia knew that she'd been living with a dragon-man, she went upstairs to her room, and took out a kind of dirk she had, with a sharp point on it, and she said a prayer first, and then stuck herself, so that she fell dead. That was in one of the top chambers. It's all fallen in now, this long time; but that was where she killed herself.

"And when Carr knew that there had been a dragon-man, he looked at the child, and he knew it for a dragon-child because its ears were pointed, so he took it up and swung it against the tower wall, against these corner stones, until he had it killed. Then he went down the strand yonder, to that point of rocks below my cabin, and there he drowned himself. That's why the point is called Carr's Point to this day. He was the last man to live in the castle here. No one would ever live in it after that. The top floors fell in, and the woodwork rotted away; and now there's ivy all over it, and in it, and across it, as thick as kelp on the shore when the sea has been jobbed in the bay."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

LORD CURZON has proved himself an extremely energetic Chancellor. He had not been in office more than a few weeks before he issued a letter asking rich Englishmen to come to the rescue of their most ancient University, which was in a sad plight for money. He put the needs of Oxford at a quarter of a million. Last week he published an account of the reply made to that appeal, which shows that about a fifth part of the required sum has been subscribed. The letter announcing these contributions is accompanied by some information on the financial position of the University, and its more pressing academical needs. The Bodleian, we learn, has been allowed to fall into a melancholy neglect, and it would take £20,000 to buy the books that are wanted to fill the lacunae in this glorious but impoverished library. For the teaching of languages the present provision is miserably inadequate, and the authorities propose to endow Chairs in French, the Norman languages, to develop the new Taylorian Professorship for German, and to create a Professorship for Japanese. The scientific equipment of the University is quite deficient: in regard to engineering it cannot be said to exist, and the chemical and electrical laboratories that are wanted would cost £45,000. A brief analysis of the University Budget for some years shows that University finances provide a very slight margin for the satisfaction of these demands, and that outside help is indispensable.

We do not propose to discuss the questions which these suggestions raise, for they are not the questions of capital importance at the moment in the eyes of everybody who wishes to see Oxford occupying her just place in the national life. And the very form which Lord Curzon's appeal takes shows how impossible it is for those whose preoccupations are illustrated in this scheme to do justice to the larger issues on which the future of Oxford really turns. There is nothing here to show that Lord Curzon, or those who appeal with him 'to the generosity' of their countrymen, have any sympathy with the discontents which are assailing not the teaching of Oxford only, but her constitution and her atmosphere, her insularity. There are men of distinguished standing in the University who are keenly sensitive to the reproach, which they feel to be justly brought against Oxford, of isolation from the common life of the nation. There are, on the other hand, symptoms of impatience and resentment in the democracy which sees these ancient Universities, the nurseries of the race that governs its great possessions, distant and remote from its control

and its habits. Every democratic movement which has a spark of imagination looks not merely to the surface of political life, not merely to Parliament, the great central institution, but to social institutions, the ways and methods in which men and women grow up, the ideas that set the fashion to a society. The modern democratic movement is no exception, and therefore it cannot leave the Universities on one side. The ancient Universities are not, as they were a century ago, scandals of sloth and corruption. They are not, as they were half a century ago, centres of superstitious intolerance and preserves of illiberal opinion. The great reformers of the last century left many bitter disappointments, but at least they released the Universities from that dishonourable bondage. But Oxford and Cambridge remain virtually as inaccessible to the democracy which is beginning to claim its share in the government of the nation as were the Oxford and Cambridge of sinecures and monopolies. This is the great and momentous fact that seems to possess no importance for the authors of the Oxford appeal.

It has been evident for some time that there is only one way of reaching those realities. Outside help is as indispensable to the effective reform of Oxford as it is to the effective provision of the resources Lord Curzon demands. A University Commission, on which all the great national interests will be represented, will be able to discover the means of bringing the ancient Universities into touch with the needs of a modern society. Interior discussion and agitation will do a great deal, but they cannot do justice to all the interests concerned, and the very constitution of the University hampers the power and influence of the reformers. The group of Oxford tutors whose articles in the "Times" presented the case for reform with admirable force, pointed out how much turns on the proper use of the endowments of the colleges. They showed that when the Commission established the new system of open scholarships in place of the old system of close scholarships, attached to a school or a locality, it abolished with a number of abuses a certain rough guarantee that scholarships would be used to bring poor men to the University. The present system of open competitive scholarships certainly fails in that object. These Oxford tutors proposed that scholarships should in future be University prizes, and that they should be honorary distinctions; that the money now given in scholarships should be given in exhibitions by colleges to help poor men, and that in every college there should be exhibitions limited to the pupils of schools of a certain district, and also special exhibitions for school teachers. By this means they contend it would be possible to bring Oxford into much closer relations with grammar schools and County Council schools, and as we develop a democratic system of secondary education it will react at once on the University. But any plan of this kind is effectively barred by the present system, for if boys are competing against each other for college scholarships, colleges are competing against each other just as eagerly for promising boys. It has been found extremely difficult to get the colleges to agree to any regulation that competition, and the intrigues and jealousies which have marked such attempts show how hopeless it is to expect any really significant reform from Oxford herself. Reform which takes something from the colleges in order to enrich and aggrandise the University will not be initiated by an Oxford in which the college interests are far too strong and the University has the mere shadow of power. If there is an institution which has the right to claim that sympathy and that pressure it is surely a University which has the rich traditions and the incomparable opportunities of Oxford. And if there is a Government which may be expected to resume the great task of University Reform, it is surely a Government which makes it its chief ambition to touch the institutions and the life of the State with the splendid imaginations of democracy.

THE AUTUMN SONG OF THE ROBIN.

SOME birds are seasonable at some, others at other times of year: Robin Redbreast is seasonable now. During the better part of July and August the old Robins are away; they have a new suit of feathers to put on, and prefer to see

to this in private, as it is a nasty business. Their young meantime, no winter having taught them trustfulness, are not much in evidence, or show themselves chiefly in the course of their family quarrels, which are by no means mild. But by early September, his moult successfully accomplished, and his health and good spirits at their height, Robin returns to his familiar quarters, and prepares both himself to enjoy life, and to make it enjoyable for all who care to watch or listen to him. There is no time of day you can go out but he will let you know in the most confidential manner what he is doing; and, of course, as he has no tiresome household duties to attend to, his day is all his own. If you should chance to wake up before sunrise—and it would really be worth your while to do so now and then—you will find that he has the whole world to himself: of that mysterious and beautiful hour when the light intensifies in the East, and is diffused abroad, like a spiritual presence, there is no creature to remind you but the Robin, and day by day he heralds and celebrates it with the loveliest gushes of broken song, as if he first watched, then sang, then watched, then sang again: but, in fact, the joy of it is nearer to him than observation, and though it should be a cloudy or even a foggy morning, he would sing on just the same. He will be singing on and off the whole day through, for that matter, with intervals to display his new finery to your notice, and to assure you of his friendly disposition. The worms, of course, know more of his agility at this season than one could considerably ask them to describe. If you start a patch of digging and leave your spade idle for a minute or two, he will at once assert his rights by perching upon the handle, first chattering and dipping his breast, and then, after a moment of concealed alertness, diving upon his prey. Watch the thrush to get a contrast, and you will realise that for all his courtliness he is mere middle-class, when you set beside him Robin Redbreast. That long trot over the lawn betrays its motive at once to the very meanest of intelligences; then, the moment he sees a worm, the thrush stiffens with anticipation; and, when he has it, ten to one it is too big for him: proceedings will open with a tug of war (quite a low comedy affair), and terminate with the tiresome and protracted beating of the victim into fragments, to be swallowed one by one.

The Robin takes all his meals in the form of the most delicate of *hors d'œuvres*. I ought to add that I am not aiming at a scientific assertion: examined scientifically, his appetite would certainly turn out to be a scandal. I merely speak of artistic effect, and maintain that, all birds being voracious, there are few who have learned so complete a concealment of their voracity, such perfect table manners. Who ever saw a Robin bolt his food? His life, one may say, is one long dinner party, yet he is always in full dress, and never asks for the smallest abatement of ceremony: there will be a flutter of the wings, and a couple of dips or bows, at the very least, to every mouthful he swallows, and as likely as not some altogether inimitable antic into the bargain. And then that song of his: grace after meat! Keats says he whistles—

"With treble soft

The Redbreast whistles from a garden croft."

The robin in the great Ode whistled, you may say, to oblige: Keats wanted a mellow note to end on, and he gave it as a matter of course. No other robin whistled, or ever will. It is easier to say what he does not do than what he does. His song is like his flight, like himself, something entirely in its own kind, indescribable. Life it seems, comes to him in a perpetual series of waves and gushes; every movement is on an impulse, like an overflow of pleasure, and each is complete in itself. What he will do next you cannot tell: you are only sure it will be something that no one but himself could have done with an equal enchantment of dainty grace. It is the same with his song: when the cup of his joy runs over—and he keeps it always on the brim—you will hear an exquisite tinkle of cool falling drops, a cascade of fairy melody, ecstasy made audible: first one ripple comes, then another, or sometimes two on end; now a shorter, now a longer strain; each different from the rest, yet all alike; and always one note so high above the others that the ear hardly receives it as a sound, taking it rather for the thrill and rapture of the song itself. It is curious that none of our great poets has been at pains to celebrate the charm of it. Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and Shelley and Meredith, give all their laurels

to the lark, with the result that in moments of antipoetic aggravation one is tempted to think the lark a somewhat showy fellow, and to suspect him of having taken the poets on their softer side, by doing what they would have liked to do themselves; whereas the robin, who comes to the back door for crumbs, disdains soaring, and will have none of them. They give him a place in their stock list of domestic properties, for a return. You might have supposed him a mere singing sparrow. The truth is that they dare not touch him. He reduces poetry to tall-talk. For he is a prince, and what are words but beggars?

Autumn, then, is the Redbreast's festival. He begins singing before dawn, and there is no one to disturb him or to answer him except the Redbreast from next door. Wet or fine is no matter: for he has an inner source of life, his warmth comes from within. Walking out lately one grey afternoon, I passed a couple of robins perched either side of the road, one on a gate, one high above his rival on a tree. First one and then the other thrilled and overflowed with song: I could see the passion of it vibrate through every feather, and the ripple of the sound pass over now this throat, now that. They were aglow with life, and with the joy of life, as they gave their prophecy of Spring, and perhaps there was more than idle fancy in the thought that it was the fire within them, burning through, that had kindled for each his patch of ruddy glory upon the breast.

THE TENT FOLK.

"VERY nice, deep, old-fashioned Romanies they are," says Leland. What a strange, problematic people, the gypsies! We may name them collectively, since, wherever encountered, the Roms are Roms ever; and they are one race. Ethnologists are now pretty generally agreed that they came forth from India; though when or from what spot on that mysterious continent are questions of somewhat idle speculation. At this day their tents are dotted over the world, but the tent folk themselves have remained well-nigh unchanged. There are the gypsy hordes of Europe, whose numbers fringe the million: Gitano, Bohémien (as the French call them), Zingaro, Zigeuner, Pharaon népek ("Pharaoh's folk"), Cigány, Heydens (Dutch, "heathens"), Atzigan. Over North America they roam as freely as in Asia; they are scattered along the northern coast of Africa; they have penetrated into Australia. You will meet them in Brazil and in China. But, the wide world round, they are indubitably one.

Their lithe and well-knit forms, their extreme ugliness or their irregular and unconventional beauty, their dusky hair, tawny, olive skins, and fine, white teeth, their smallish hands and feet, their extraordinary powers of endurance, and their indifference to all weathers except wind: these characters are proper to the Rom in almost every land. Remarkable, too, is the essential oneness of their language. It is impossible to doubt that in Romani we have an Indian tongue (Miklosich has reduced all gypsy talk to a single neo-Indian dialect); but amid many Roms there are many varieties of speech. Yet, foreign forms and idioms notwithstanding, the gypsy dialects of countries remote in space "are united and homogeneous, and form really but one language." Between the Bohémien of the French departments, neighbour to the Pyrenees, and the Magyar Cigány, it is "impossible to establish any difference"; and a wanderer from the shores of the Bosphorus or the valley of the Tigris would presently be on terms of conversation with the Romany camp on an English common. A German scientist, Schwicher, asserts that "almost the same habits, the same virtues, and the same vices are found among the gypsies of all countries"; and the criminal lawyer, Liebig, says, "one real and authentic gypsy is a type of all the rest."

To this it may be added that what a criminal lawyer cannot tell us concerning the sundry tribes of Continental gypsies is knowledge scarcely worth the having. Certainly in the rural parts of many countries of Europe the investigating magistrate has a gypsy to deal with at every turn. In south and south-east Europe, and specially in Austria-Hungary, observes Dr. Hans Gross, of Prague (one of the foremost criminologists in Europe), "a case is rarely met with in which gypsies do not play some rôle." On this side of the gypsy character Dr. Gross is a suggestive guide.

Doubtless society in all countries has very largely helped to make the Romany an outcast. In the main, he is a non-producer, and as a non-producer he is of necessity an alien in civilisation. But not only has the gypsy been immemorably neglected, he seems also to have been immemorably thrust apart and persecuted. He thrusts himself apart at this day, and consecrates his knowledge to all the arts of living at the expense of others; but who knows at what date he began to be forced by society into the place of the Ishmael, the pariah, the dacoit even of Europe? He is no longer, of course, the victim of active persecution; but he has been scourged and racked as a necromancer, and burned, beheaded, hanged, and quartered as a cannibal. The season of these dreadful visitations has passed, but the gypsy is still the most neglected soul in Europe. Small wonder, indeed, that his religion barely discriminates good and evil, and that he "makes practically no difference between *dewel* (god) and *beng* (devil)." Thanks to the divers malign influences of civilisation upon him, he has become, in certain countries, the adroitest rogue alive; and in the southern and south-eastern regions of Europe in especial he has no doubt well earned the grievous reputation he is heir to.

But for his cowardice, the gypsy would fill with fear any district he alights on; for he is a thief unrivalled in his line, and has a gift of cruelty when he finds a helpless foe. But he will fly like a hare from the meanest opponent. His unwillingness to face risk explains in some degree the skill with which his plans are usually laid. The town burglar might learn from him how to reconnoitre the scene, and how to make all secure before having at the "crib." Over the mere burglar, indeed, the gypsy has many advantages. He has been trained to his business from the day that he was first made to shy with stones at a mark, and to swing the pronged hook at a rag in the branches of a tree. Then he has retained certain very useful senses of the wild man. He can see in the dark, he can creep like a cat, he does not know fatigue, and he has a power matchless in Europe of finding his way anywhere. Again, he hunts, not singly nor in couples, but, as it were, in troops. The whole band are "in it" together. It is thus possible to arrange a complete line of sentinels and signallers, and the outposts are always admirably managed. As to his talent for effecting an entry, Dr. Gross says:—

"What the servant who has lived for many years in the house, and what the neighbours who have lived for a long time near by, have never noticed, the old gypsy-woman, who has come begging or fortune-telling, has observed in a very few minutes. . . . The place where "a mouse cannot have passed" has been passed through by a little gypsy boy as easily as if the door had been opened wide, and where an acrobat could not have gone the gypsy can conquer with his hook. The locksmith is capable of quickly and surely finding the faulty point in a grating, the system of a lock, or the feeble spot in a door-hinge, only if he is allowed to observe these objects from all sides; the gypsy needs but a glance or a jerk from outside to know exactly what he ought to do."

Once within, the Cigány, relying on his chain of sentinels and other safeguards, works calmly, neither hurrying nor botching his job. He is a great minder of doors, passages, windows, and ingresses and egresses of every kind. Rarely is he surprised from the inside. He deals with a door as if he knew that a detective lurked behind it; knows how to prop the door that opens this way, or to tie the door that opens that way—and the gypsy knot, whether of cord or wire, is a marvel of ingenuity. An old investigating officer in Hungary thinks that everything is possible to the gypsy, and such is his fame in this quarter of Europe that criminals of the town resort to him and live with him for a time, to get a knowledge of his methods.

From the middle ages he has carried the name and opprobrium of a child-stealer. Nevertheless, the theft of children is probably the one that he is least familiar with. The gypsies are an extremely prolific people, and need no other hostages to fortune than their wives and mistresses bring into the tribe. Children have no doubt been stolen by them, but probably, as a rule, for reasons linked with one of their tribal and historic superstitions. A dark-haired and dusky race, they have a belief that red or golden hair is lucky; and here and there, at one time and another, they may have carried off a child of this complexion. But on this count the evidence against the gypsies is very weak, and we may surmise that were they known and notorious robbers of children, they would long since have been lynched out of existence.

A graver charge assails them as subtle poisoners. Here, upon the issue of criminal trials in distant Europe, and upon a mass of popular testimony that courts have never sifted, the scales are against the gipsy. Medicines, potions, and talismans are natural arts and weapons of an outcast and degraded race; and the poisons of herbs, if known to any, should surely be known to the nomadic pariahs of the world, who have their dwelling at the sign of the stars. An evening's ramble within the boundaries of any parish in Europe will give the herbalist drugs enough to slay a dozen villages; and the wanderer by calling in all the waste places of the Continent may easily have amassed a knowledge of and a dreadful skill in the plants he has immemorially lived with. The medieval achievements in the way of poisoning have almost certainly been over-estimated, and nowadays we regard with wonder the credulity of the dupes of Brinvilliers and La Voisin in the age of Louis XIV. But certain secrets of poisoning have undoubtedly persisted. Many simple herbs of the field know how to poison themselves against the animals that would feed on them; and this knowledge helps them to hold their own in the struggle for existence. Some few extraordinary vegetable poisons the gipsies have extracted from the pretty little living beings of the hills, plains, and hedgerows, where they and theirs have pitched their tents for centuries. Their love potions are still a puzzle to the analytic chemist; and they have one mortal poison, the "drei," which baffles every laboratory in Europe.

The Drama.

A CENSURED PLAY.

MR. EDWARD GARNETT has now published "The Breaking Point" (Duckworth & Co.), and the world is able to judge between him and the Censor of Plays. The facts of the case may be briefly set forth. In December of last year Mr. Frederick Harrison accepted Mr. Garnett's drama for production at the Haymarket Theatre. Although that manager did not think there would be any money in "The Breaking Point," he said he would be proud to introduce the play to the public. Then began the comedy of censorship. Mr. Redford vetoed the production of the play because it has for its theme "the tragic emotions that arise from the position of a girl who is fearing to become a mother." Mr. Garnett naturally inquired the reasons for the Censor's decision. That amiable gentleman replied in a letter marked "private" which evaded Mr. Garnett's question, and enclosed a printed memorandum stating that "the Licensor has no official cognisance of authors as such." That memorandum should become as famous as the judge's question, "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" The private letter pointed out that Mr. Redford's "official relations" were "only concerned with managers of theatres," and that he had "hoped to avoid any possible appearance of censure on anyone by suggesting privately to Mr. Harrison the desirability of withdrawing the piece." From this it would seem that Mr. Redford meant to act kindly, and to shield Mr. Garnett from an official censure which would have placed him in the corner with D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, Brieux, Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, and others—a terrible punishment indeed! Mr. Garnett has proved himself a most rebellious child. He has refused to accept Mr. Redford's private suggestion that the play should be silently withdrawn, and by publishing the correspondence and the play itself has dealt a shrewd blow at the anachronism of a dramatic censorship conducted with the muddled amiability which Mr. Redford has displayed for the last twelve years. For this must be at once stated: there is not the faintest shadow of indecency in Mr. Garnett's treatment of a painful and tragic theme, and there is nothing in the subject itself that is calculated to do harm to the morals or even to the sensibilities of the community, unless indeed the Censor is of opinion that our method of coming into the world should be sedulously ignored. With such unnatural refinement he must expect to be in a minority.

Since Mr. Garnett has published his play it will be well to give a criticism of it before returning to a few general remarks concerning the Censor and his ways. Mr. Gar-

nett, then, has not written a masterpiece. The psychological action of the drama is rather crudely constructed, and the central figure is always in the background. Grace Elwood is that central figure. She is drawn rather as a state of mind than as a human being, so that her tragedy seems impersonal. The tragedy is simple enough. Grace is in love with Mr. Lewis Sherrington, whose wife had run away with another man. That love has resulted in the possibility of her becoming a mother. Mr. Redford must have objected to that possibility alone, and the necessary but reticent allusions to it, for hundreds of plays are licensed in which the possibility has become a fact. Sherrington attempts to force Grace to come to him altogether, but she is torn between her love for him and her love for her father, an old professor whose work is made possible by her assistance. Grace knows her father well, and would restrain Sherrington from the course of conduct which seems right to him. The return of Mrs. Sherrington, who desires a reconciliation now that her lover is dead, precipitates matters. She is naturally repulsed by her husband, and immediately comes to the conclusion that there is another woman. Inquiries in the village elicit the fact that Grace and Sherrington are in the habit of meeting in secret. Mrs. Sherrington, in appealing to Dr. Elwood for help in bringing about a reconciliation between herself and her husband, uses this knowledge as a lever. Sherrington, informed by Grace of his wife's visit, immediately puts his resolve to action, and faces Dr. Elwood with a full confession. This is the finest scene in the play, and strikes genuine drama. Dr. Elwood, who naturally calls Sherrington a libertine and a scoundrel, cannot be made to see that his daughter's state of mind demands an outward pretence of forgiveness of her lover. Sherrington himself pleads hard, accepting every insulting epithet the old man hurls at him. Grace, we see, understood her father. Left behind in Sherrington's house, she knew that the interview would only result in her having to separate either from her lover or from her father. Her distracted state of mind suggests only one solution to the problem, and while the two men egotistically argue she creeps to the river and drowns herself. There is much promise in Mr. Garnett's work. The dialogue is tense, expressive, and literary without being artificial. The characters are well observed. Sherrington's selfishness is subtly drawn, and Dr. Elwood's egotistical claiming of his daughter's whole life makes the tragedy inevitable. A couple of minor characters are also clearly outlined. The emotional and tragic tension of the whole play is admirable, but Mr. Redford, had he been a critic, might have pointed out that the pathological state of Grace's mind, to which he has apparently objected as Censor, makes for weakness rather than strength, and he might have shown that her death cuts the drama short just when the clash of individualities has begun. It is impossible to read this play and understand the Censor's objection, if it were not that the censorship of plays is the perpetual comedy of our theatre.

That there should be a censorship at all is an insult to our intelligence and to our dignity as citizens, but at the same time, as a practical means of preventing abuse of public performances, it may have its uses. By prohibiting the production of a play, instead of stopping its performances after it has been produced, which, roughly speaking, is the procedure in every country but England, our theatre-manager is safeguarded against unnecessary loss of money. Indeed, our system of censorship seems to be regulated for the benefit of the theatre-manager, who is permitted to give entertainments which are essentially immoral, provided the immorality is of a popular nature. Mr. Redford licensed "The Spring Chicken," in which a young married man had periodical fits of unfaithfulness. The thing was hardly veiled for those of the dullest perceptions, but being tricked out in music and bad jokes, it was passed. Yet Mr. Garnett's play is prohibited because it shows us, in the most reticent manner possible, the terrible state of mind of an unmarried girl who is about to become a mother, and the ordinary male's denseness of sympathy in such matters. Mr. Redford licensed Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian," in which the question of prostitution is treated in a popular and sensational spirit; yet he has prohibited the performance of "Ghosts," which deals with an evil in the austere manner of an artist. Mr. Redford licensed "Le

Marquis de Priola," and "L'Education du Prince," both plays of frank salaciousness; yet he has prohibited "Monna Vanna," a tragic work of art. Season after season he passes songs and jokes in musical comedies which are evidently salacious in intention, and season after season he prohibits plays of moral aim because in dealing with life they necessarily deal with immoral as well as with moral conduct. One might almost think that Mr. Redford had a fixed idea that immorality must never be portrayed on the stage unless it arouses the chuckles of the conventional man of the world, and that plays which make an audience think about life are dangerous to the community. On any other hypothesis the extraordinary licensing of plays is inexplicable. If the chief function of his office be to prevent the stage being a political platform, the Censor has not fulfilled his duties, for over and over again he has licensed plays which contain offensive political allusions; if the chief function of his office is to prevent obscenity, then he has failed also, because he has passed many musical comedy *libretti* which contain vulgar and obscene suggestions. Finally, if he is to be the sole judge of what should or should not be treated on the stage, he has displayed an extraordinary lack of perception. It is absurd, however, that so momentous a decision should be placed in the power of one man, however gifted he may be. If the office of censorship is to be continued, and there may be practical reasons in favour of its continuance, it should be handed over to a committee capable of dealing with the subtle questions which are raised by the production of plays. A great art should not be at the mercy of one man, who may have curious and individual notions of what is fit or unfit for public entertainment. It behoves us no longer to submit to a censorship which robs us of our dignity and self-respect, and is making us ludicrous in the eyes of the rest of the world.

Letters from Abroad.

GERMAN SOCIALISM AND THE COLONIAL QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Two Socialist Congresses have in these days been occupied with the Colonial question: the International Socialist Congress of Stuttgart, and the German Social Democratic Congress, held from September 16th to the 21st, at Essen, the home of the well-known Krupp works. The Stuttgart Congress has come to a purely negative vote, condemning the Colonial policy root and branch, and the Essen Congress, in accepting all the resolutions of the Stuttgart Congress *en bloc*, will be considered as having endorsed also its conclusions in regard to the Colonial question. This all the more since this question has, next to the military question, been particularly discussed at Essen, in the debate on the Stuttgart resolutions.

But already at Stuttgart the German delegation had, in their majority, come to a different conclusion, when they deliberated on the subject at their sectional meeting. And at Essen a rather strong undercurrent was manifested against the absolutely negative purport of the Stuttgart resolution. The authors and defenders of the latter found themselves in opposition, not only to revisionists—to use their much-misemployed designation—but also to Herr Bebel, so often the interpreter of the sentiments of the Radical wing of the Party. If, finally, the decisions of the Essen Congress were agreed to, it was for many rather an acceptance with the benefit of an inventory than their full endorsement in every detail. No unbiassed reader of the debates will deny it.

At first sight all this might appear an internal affair of the Social Democratic Parties, which does not concern any outsider. But Social Democracy is in all countries, England included, a gaining force in actual politics, and particularly in Germany it is, in spite of its defeats at the last General Election, such an important factor in public life that its feelings and attitude in regard to such a portentous subject as the Colonial question may in many cases influence the decision of the Government, or of the leaders of other parties. Full attention has therefore been given the matter by our political Press.

But in which direction will, or may, the dissensions of Socialists in regard to the Colonial question be of consequence? May they lead to a change in the attitude of Socialists towards militant imperialism?

As far as Germany is concerned, it can safely be said that the attitude of the Social Democratic Party to the Colonial policy of the Empire will, as far as their policy bears directly or indirectly on international politics, or the relation to other countries, be in no way changed. Uncompromisingly will the party oppose any policy in Colonial matters that might or could disturb friendly relations to other civilised nations. The narrow connection of the Colonial policy of the Empire with the so-called *world policy* of increased armaments and international meddling, is one of the main reasons—one may justly say the predominant reason—why German Socialists will continue to refuse the Colonial credits, whether the section that condemns every kind of Colonial policy under present conditions, or the section that admits exceptions, be at the helm of the party. In this respect there is no dissension, and there will and can be no dissension amongst Social Democrats. It is their unanimous opinion that all the best interests of the wage-earning class demand to-day the maintenance of peace and free intercourse between the nations, and it is perhaps not superfluous to mention that the very two members of the party who at Stuttgart fought the purely negative resolution on the Colonial question, Dr. David and the writer of this letter, are amongst the most unyielding Free Traders in the ranks of the party.

There are some other reasons, besides, that in Germany make for practical unanimity in the refusal of the Colonial Budget. One is the constitutional aspect of the question. There is no real Parliamentary Government in Germany. Ministers are not responsible to Parliament, they are the officials of the Emperor, who appoints them according to his own predilections. A party that upholds the sovereignty of the people is, under these circumstances, bound to refuse the Government any credits. And secondly there is the spirit of the administration of the Colonies; the rule of red tape there, of what Germans call *Assessorismus*, meaning the rule of legists who know only the letter of the law and nothing of the requirements of real life, and the unjust and brutal treatment of the natives, that make it impossible for Socialists to grant the said credits. On all these points German Socialists are agreed.

But then there remains very little to quarrel about, some readers will perhaps exclaim, and believe it to be a mere dispute on abstract theories, with no practical consequence at all. And in some respects the dissensions are, indeed, in the main theoretical ones.

Thus in Stuttgart the debate turned, *inter alia*, round the question whether the usefulness of the Colonies to the working-classes is only greatly exaggerated, or is altogether non-existent. This at first sight might appear to be only an abstract question, but if it comes in a Parliament to a proposal of giving up Colonies altogether, it would be a practical question at once. And some of the supporters of the opinion that Colonies are of not the slightest utility to the working-classes are at least consistent enough to advocate the immediate abandonment of the present Colonies.

The acceptance of this proposal would, in many cases, surely cause no great loss to the countries concerned, particularly if one puts against the profits drawn from the Colonies the costs of armaments, &c., which they necessitate. I understand that in some English papers much praise has been lavished on me for having maintained in a speech at Breslau that England had nobly done her duty towards her Indian dependency, and on the other hand an English paper of the movement to which I belong has uttered some strong words of blame against me for this heresy. Now I have hardly deserved the first, and I am not quite so great a heretic as my comrades of "Justice" seem to believe. I have refuted some exaggerated criticisms of English administration in India, but I have not at all said that everything is right in the Indian administration. I ventured to point out several subjects where, in my opinion, there is great room for improvement, and I added that if one considers all the expenditure and other sacrifices England incurs year after year, for the only purpose of securing her

Indian possessions, how many places in Asia and Africa she holds at an enormous cost for this object alone, in how many respects she ties her hands, how many jealousies she evokes, against which she has to enter alliances otherwise rather objectionable and costly to boot, and what a drain on her intellectual forces these Indian possessions and their insurance mean, in our time when international competition puts every day stronger demands on the industrial, administrative, and commercial capacity of the nation—in considering all this, I added, one cannot help thinking that, from the economical standpoint at any rate, it would be better for the people of the United Kingdom if England got rid of India. But whether this would also be for the good of the peoples of India, and particularly the poor ryots, was in my opinion rather open to doubt. The same doubt dictates, I may add, the attitude of my friend, the eminent Dutch Socialist, Van Kol, in regard to Dutch India. To ignore this side of the question would, in my opinion, mean, as I said at Stuttgart, the policy of Pontius Pilate.

Surely the advantage of Colonial possessions is always conditional. At a given period a nation can only sustain a certain quantity of such possessions.

As long as she was ahead of all other nations in productive power, England could support a much larger amount than any modern nation. But the time of her industrial supremacy has passed away, or is at least nearing its end. Protectionism on the Continent and in the United States may protract the advent of the inevitable in some degree, but its hour will strike one day, and when the advantages Free Trade secures her to-day disappear, she would either have, I believe, to free herself of at least part of her Colonial burdens, or lose more and more of her trade, and with it of her regenerative forces.

So much for England. With Germany the question is quite different. Although her rural population is now decreasing, she could, with a yearly increase of about 800,000 heads, well stand more of Colonial possessions than she actually holds. Nor would the costs or outlay for the Colonies press very hard on her finances. She has now become a wealthy country, and could well afford the twenty or thirty millions (in marks) of her Colonial Budget, if the matter would rest there. But as it does not, as armaments on land and sea—and by and by also in the air—are so narrowly connected with it, the bill is here, too, so much larger than the benefit, that the opposition against the Colonial policy is at least perfectly intelligible.

Otherwise it is surely quite erroneous to ask whether colonisation benefits the workers as a class or not. Here the class-war theory is driven to a point where it ceases to be progressive or revolutionary in a historical sense, and tends to become reactionary. The present division of society into classes does not mean a segregation into castes separated from each other by Chinese walls. What benefits the industrial evolution of a country benefits also in a larger or smaller degree its wage-earners. Also the question of the rule of capitalism is mixed up in quite a wrong way with the Colonial question. The time has passed when it was a debatable question whether capitalism would and should expand to other parts of the world. To-day not expansion in itself, but only the *forms* and *methods* of expansion are still to be decided: whether it shall be capitalist companies fortified by hired mercenaries or capitalism controlled by responsible Governments. But in the minds of the majority of the Stuttgart Congress, as also of a considerable number of German Socialists, these issues are confused, and thus a policy of absolute negation is regarded as the safest attitude by so many people.

In Germany, as elsewhere, account must be taken of the humanitarian sentiment of Socialists, that abhors the cruelties and robberies committed almost everywhere on the native population where colonisation takes place, and also an equalitarian objection to the subjugation of one race or nationality by another. Praiseworthy and indispensable as the former sentiment is, the latter cannot be accepted without qualification. Its unqualified application to all nationalities and tribes, irrespective of their state of civilisation, has been explicitly repudiated by the three great theorists of modern Socialism, Karl Marx, Frederic Engels, and Ferdinand Lassalle. "The principle of free nationalities, conceived as the right of the national spirit to its own evolution," writes Ferdinand Lassalle, in his

book on the Italian war, "is dependent on the condition that there is a national spirit, which evolves and keeps up pace with civilisation generally." "Otherwise," the great author of "The System of Acquired Rights" continues, "conquest becomes a right either at once, or it will be justified as such in the course of time." In the same vein Frederic Engels, during the lifetime of Karl Marx, and in accordance with him, repeatedly warned the writer, then the Editor of the "Social Democrat," not to allow his sympathy with subjugated nationalities to get the better of his historical insight in the laws of evolution. "I know," he wrote on February 22nd, 1882, "how much time and study it has cost me to get rid, but then *thoroughly rid*," he added, "*of this sentimental sympathy*." And six months afterwards, when I took sides with Arabi Pasha in his revolt against the Anglo-French control over the finances of Egypt, he pointed out how little Oriental pashas are to be trusted, how, for ages, it has been the fate of the poor peasantry of those countries to be deceived, and that one can "very well write for the poor oppressed fellah, without sharing his present illusions, and stigmatising the brutalities of the English without making ourselves the allies of their present military opponent." "We . . . are bound," he added, "to prove the theoretical insight we have also in these questions, by criticism."

I hope some of my English comrades will read this and ponder the words of these revered masters. They may at first sound strange to their ears, and apt to justify any acts of violence and oppression exerted by the capitalistic brotherhood, or in its name. But violence and oppression have been in the world long before capitalism existed, and do exist to-day where it is wholly unknown. Humanity is as yet not advanced enough to forego the application of force under all circumstances. Where two civilisations clash, the lower must give way to the higher. This law of evolution we cannot overthrow, we can only humanise its action. To counteract it would mean to postpone social progress.

The Stuttgart resolution on the Colonial question, and its acceptance at Essen, show that Social Democracy has not yet found the theoretical compass in regard to this problem. But the resolution supplies the elements of the theory to be found in the writings of the great masters, that spirit of resolute humanitarianism we sometimes miss in the deductions of the former.

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Letters to the Editor.

"TYRANTS OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An ounce of accurate observation and of practice is worth one pound of theorising and moralising. My experience of motoring in different countries is the converse of that of Mr. Sturrock, given in your last issue. The vast majority of chauffeurs, private and professional, are inconsiderate, reckless, and foolhardy. The few only are careful and conscientious in their driving.

I was in the company of several motorists one evening last week. One gentleman had driven from London to Aberdeen. He was staying a night in Dundee on his return journey. The conversation for two hours was about the speed of their cars, how many miles an hour they went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Braemar. They spoke with stern joy of passing every other vehicle on the road. There was not a word about beautiful scenery, historic places, or famous architectural mansions. That is a typical specimen of what takes place where two or three motorists are gathered together. The London gentleman was proud of his expeditious driving. He did not pull up, on one occasion, until a nervous passenger behind him started to his feet, pulled his coat, and beseeched him to go slower. On another occasion he fell asleep driving along the highway. He was awakened by boys shouting to him, "Stop! Stop!" and holding up their arms. "Oh, you should not drive like that," I mildly remonstrated. "It is so dangerous for yourself and for others." "He had no one to talk to," he replied, "and had fallen asleep." Motorists

are a terror to women and governesses on country roads where children play.

The other winter I heard Mr. Sturrock deliver a lecture on motoring. The Forfarshire County Council, of which Lord Camperdown is Convener, had just passed bye-laws to regulate the speed of motors to safeguard the public. One of these enacted that motorists must slow down to the rate of five miles an hour (I quote from memory) when passing through a village, or at a narrow or sharp turn of the road. Mr. Sturrock ridiculed that bye-law, and all the motorists present condemned it. The County Council I defended, and strongly commended such a prudent bye-law for the safety of the public, especially country children. One instance may be cited of the superficial knowledge Mr. Sturrock possesses of motor affairs. He described and recommended an American invention to prevent "skidding." Mr. Shaw, a large motor manufacturer, said the invention had been on the market for two years, and was a failure. Any day in the week motors may be seen driven into this city-at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour through populous thoroughfares.

Are motors popular in Continental cities? They are with the wealthy classes. But, as they scorch along the highways as in Britain, peasants and pedestrians designate them *cochons du chemin* (road hogs).

It is to be hoped that a People's Parliament will increase, instead of decreasing, the penalties for infringement of the law, and that imprisonment, not a fine, will be imposed in reckless cases, and in all after the first offence.
—Yours, &c., THOMAS OGILVY.

Stoleswell, Dundee, October 7th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me to reply to Mr. J. Leng Sturrock's "indisputable propositions"? The first proposition is very doubtful, but the second, with amplification, will be generally admitted; as for the third, it is open to a direct negative. Briefly, the motor industry, according to Mr. Sturrock, "affords a vast field of employment," &c. How about the unemployment it has created? The harness-maker and the whipmaker are being ruined, to say nothing of middle-aged 'bus and cab drivers, who have been thrown out of work by these licensed engines of death. Motors have certainly increased employment in the undertaker's business, but have done little or nothing for the benefit of mankind. In regard to motor drivers being in demand, this is no doubt the case, but if Mr. Sturrock studies the London Press, he will find that, when we have an opportunity of forming a judgment through Police Court proceedings, the driver employed by the most notorious of the motorists is generally an alien. If Mr. Sturrock desires to improve his knowledge as to the attitude of the London Press towards the tyrants of the road, let him study the most rabid and unscrupulous organs of the Imperialists, and he will find that accidents are frequently excluded, and always minimised, unless they be of the dimensions of the Handcross disaster, which furnished good copy, and for that reason alone was published. Mr. Sturrock complains that "the kind deeds of the many are seldom reported." What are they? Presumably when a motorist has maimed a man for life, he takes him to the hospital, and inquires as to his health. I know the north, Dundee included, well, but I have never experienced such childlike innocence as that of your correspondent. Whether he likes it or not, Parliament will have to listen to the proposals for the control of automobiles, for Parliament knows that it is the servant and not the master of the people, long suffering as the populace—or perhaps plebs would please Mr. Sturrock better—be. To use that gentleman's own expression, his pleas for the motorist "one would almost imagine were advanced merely in a playful spirit of humour."—Yours, &c.,

"CIVIS UNIVERSITATIS EDINENSIS."

Common Room, Lincoln's Inn,
October 7th, 1907.

"CASA BLANCA: THE FRENCH CASE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I see that Mr. Dell has called on M. Georges Mandel, and has had an official denial of the facts stated by Dr. Kerr in his letter to the "Glasgow Herald."

If a French journalist, after Denshawai, had waited on a secretary of Lord Cromer's, what would have been the information that he would have received?

I do not blame M. Mandel; he was only acting as a loyal colleague and as a patriotic French citizen. As between him and Dr. Kerr, time can alone judge.

In regard to Mr. Dell, time also will be his physician, for it will remove his touching faith in official communications.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

39, Chester Square, S.W.

October 8th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. R. Dell's letter shows how mischievous were these recent letters about France in Morocco. The French Premier's *chef de cabinet* also has "pointed out" that Mr. Cunninghame Graham is "a gentleman apparently inspired by a bitter animus against the French nation." But for anti-French bias I was more struck with Mr. Fox Pitt's letter. He wrote:—" . . . the French are hardly in a position to regenerate any country. In proof of this statement, we have but to look at the low level (*sic*) to which modern French art and literature have sunk. Knowing as I do the evil effects of French rule in Algeria . . ." Well, really, I did not know that one judged the colonising capacity of France (or Britain) by an artistic and literary standard! As for Algeria, others differ from Mr. Fox Pitt; while as to Tunis, *vide* "Speaker" a while ago. In any case, just as there are some Francophobes left here, there are still some Anglophobe Chauvins in France, and I can well imagine one of them writing the above passage. Just substitute the word "English" for "French," and for "in Algeria," read "in India, Egypt, and Ireland."—Yours, &c.,

D. SCOT SKIRVING.

Lieut.-Col. Retired.

Wokington, October 7th, 1907.

"THE CANT OF MILITARISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is so much of your article in this week's issue which will command the assent of English Liberalism, that it is surely a pity that the writer should end his criticism of militarism with a wholesale and extravagant attack upon the characters of British soldiers, both of commissioned and non-commissioned rank. It is, of course, mere self-deception to attempt to ignore the evils which must inevitably attend barrack life; but at the same time I believe it to be at once ungenerous and inaccurate to describe the morality of the army as appreciably lower than that of other professions. To judge from my own experience of army officers, and I am ready to admit it is not a large one, it seems to be ridiculous to describe the life most of them lead as one of "fatuous frivolity and open vice." Such an impression doubtless exists, and has been assiduously fostered both by drama and by fiction; but the officers of the present day, in line regiments at least, are happily but little like the guardsmen that adorn the pages of Ouida's novels; neglect of professional duties and ignorance of professional subjects have ceased to be marks of good form. The head and front of the officer's offending seems to be that in his leisure hours he seeks amusement and relaxation; in this I suppose he is not conspicuously different from the schoolmaster, the man of business, and even the M.P. It is deplorably unjust that occasional scandals in particular regiments should be considered sufficient evidence for discrediting the character of a whole class, as conscientious, as hard-working, and as honourable as any other in the kingdom.—Yours, &c.,

ANTI-MILITARIST.

October 7th, 1907.

[The exact line which divides "amusement and relaxation" from "frivolity and vice" is not easy to discover. What we had in mind was the part which the turf, the card-room, and other less worthy occupations play in the life of officers. Seeing that no Census of Occupations is applicable in this case, we willingly substitute the word "many" for "most" in our stricture. We cannot, how-

ever, admit that the average officer regards his profession as seriously, or labours at it as assiduously, as a school-master or the ordinary man of business. It is not many years since an indisputable expert, giving evidence to a Commission inquiring into the efficiency of the army, uttered the illuminating sentence, "It is bad form to be keen."—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

THE KIRKDALE CONTEST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I thank you for the admirable article on the Kirkdale contest in your issue of the 5th inst? THE NATION is the only non-Socialist paper in which I have seen outspoken condemnation of the dishonourable tactics by which Kirkdale was won. The campaign of mendacity which has been so persistently and unscrupulously pursued at recent bye-elections seems to me a very grave sign of the corruption which has infected the great parties of the State. I have for some time past scanned the utterances of politicians of varied standing in both parties on Socialism, and have been astounded at the ignorance uniformly shown of the subject. The explanation was conveyed to me the other day in a paragraph from Saturday's issue of the "Times," in which the Hon. F. W. Lambton, M.P., who had spoken against Socialism at a meeting in Wynyard Park, replied to a challenge from the Newcastle Socialist Society to discuss the question at issue: "At Wynyard the other day, I spoke against Socialism as I understand it. I make no claim to 'spread the light' against Socialism! Any attempt to alter your convictions is far above my powers, but I can state some of my views, and listen to yours, if you like to have a meeting."

Now I appeal to you, Sir, is it either fair to one's political opponents or honest dealing with one's constituents to condemn a creed or policy not as it actually is, but as one supposes it to be? If Socialism, as these political sages understand it, had even a rough correspondence to the actual creed, one would not complain, but the travesty of it repeatedly presented in their speeches is so grotesque, and their criticism so childish and inept, as to be an insult to the intelligence of the audiences they address. For example, Mr. Lever last week discoursed solemnly on the interdependence of labour and capital. Socialists wanted to do away with capital, and that was absurd. From this text, he gave one of the most fatuous criticisms of Socialism I have yet read; I cannot suppose he was misrepresented, for I have heard Lord Lansdowne offer exactly the same criticism. It is by utterances like these that Members of Parliament have become a byword for ignorance and stupidity. Are they, one wonders, "crammed" by diligent secretaries, like Dickens's Mr. Grigsby?

If either of the gentlemen to whom I have referred had thought it a necessary part of their equipment as critics of Socialism, to read as much about the subject as they could find in a penny Fabian tract, they would never have been guilty of the absurdities to which they committed themselves.

I think the time has come when more serious and informed criticism of Socialistic proposals is called for. Even taking the matter from the lowest point of view—that of party policy—the present attitude of both parties to Socialism has been clearly shown to be quite futile and ineffective. The "strong common sense" of the working-classes cannot be trusted to reject Socialism. It is to this "strong common sense" the Socialist appeals, with every prospect of success. No one who has observed the work of Socialist propagandists, and witnessed the eager attention with which this gospel of social salvation is heard, and the demand for the literature of the movement, will be under any illusion as to the great future in front of it. There was a time within the memory of the youngest of us when Socialism was not even respectable, and "Socialist agitator" was a term of contempt. Now, it is not only the deluded, ignorant masses with whom the creed finds acceptance, but with an ever-increasing body of the middle-classes, with doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and professional men of all kinds. The rise of Socialism is a portent that signifies much more than has been generally recognised. The Socialist Party is a party in quite a different sense from the other two great parties of the State. It aims, not

at advancing the interests of a particular class, but of the nation at large. It gives to mankind what the others give up to party; and it is the uncompromising foe of that tradition which makes the world of politics a stage for personal aggrandisement, and the gratification of personal ambition. Its members are earnest men, with clear and definite aims, which they pursue with a singleness of purpose and an almost religious enthusiasm, which must ultimately command success. It is gratifying to find a paper of such high standing as THE NATION welcome the advent of this new political force in the friendly spirit evinced in your "Note on Kirkdale." One could wish that that tone were more generally adopted, as no doubt it would be, if party interests could be as well served by honourable methods as they have been by methods one cannot describe so favourably.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM J. DOWNIE.

Staton House, Lanark.

October 8th, 1907.

"ARBITRATION v. TRIAL BY JURY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are very few lines in this article that are not open to criticism. Even the truism enunciated in the first paragraph to the effect that the Arbitration Act, 1889, was conceived in the interest of the public is objectionable, for the reason that every other Act upon the Statute Book was similarly conceived.

The title itself is open to objection, and the entire article misleading, as the writer would seem to infer that the only alternative to arbitration is trial by jury. Is it to be assumed that the services of a jury would, as a matter of course, be requisitioned on the trial of any claim against an insurance office without regard to the question at issue? Questions of fact, as the writer himself states, are in many cases tried by a judge without the assistance of a jury, especially "in the Commercial Court." Is it too great an assumption to make—that a number of insurance cases now dealt with by arbitrators would be tried in that Court were it not for the fact of the arbitration clause in the policy?

It is a little difficult to appreciate what exactly is the point the writer of the article seeks to make unless it be to prove the assertion he makes that the fire insurance offices pursue an equitable and necessary course in insisting on arbitration. But what argument is adduced in the proof of this? I fail to see one.

That the offices favour arbitration there can be no doubt, otherwise they would hardly insist on the condition precedent in favour of arbitration—for what reason? For the reason that the "office which looks to maintain its business and extend its connections" does not hanker after a gratuitous advertisement in the Law Courts. By resisting a claim in open Court a certain amount of publicity attaches, and an office "cannot afford to treat its claimants in a litigious spirit," at any rate, in the full light of day. I am not suggesting that a respectable office would resist a claim before an arbitrator that it would not resist before a judge or before a jury, but it is of course obvious that in certain cases the public might consider an office was behaving badly in resisting a claim when in fact such office had all the law of the land on its side. To avoid the odium that would attach (and perhaps without justification) by a not infrequent appearance in the Law Courts, the offices have recourse to an arbitrator whose sitting is private. This would be my answer to the question asked in your article as to the way in which the fire office is benefited unduly by the arbitration clause.

It is little to be wondered at in the circumstances that the British offices have to seek abroad for legal precedent owing to the absence of litigation, or, more correctly, reported litigation, on this side.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGU RYLAND.

43, Holland Park, W.

October 8th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I answer a few allegations in the article on "Arbitration v. Trial by Jury," with special reference to Insurances, which appears in your current issue.

Your contributor, who is evidently biased in favour

of insurance companies, makes vague general statements (*inter alia*) to the effect that "fair offices cannot afford to treat their claimants in a litigious spirit," that they "seek no more than bare justice and fair dealing," when they compel recourse to arbitration, thereby impliedly suggesting that justice and fair dealing cannot be obtained in English Courts of Law.

Your contributor asks, "Where is the hardship in the procedure of arbitration?" One hardship is the great increase of cost. The arbitrator is not infrequently a barrister of some eminence, and has to be handsomely paid for his services, whereas the Judge of the High Court is paid by the community at large. The great delay in the ordinary Courts of Law is referred to, but where arbitrators are, as not infrequently happens, busy men, much delay necessarily occurs before they can give their decision.

The truth of the matter is, Sir, that fire offices dread the publicity of Courts of Law, and endeavour to enforce arbitration on their unsuspecting clients, because they have good reason to welcome the privacy of the arbitration chamber.

All insurance (other than life) can be satisfactorily transacted with Lloyd's underwriters, whose policies contain no vexatious covenants of arbitration or otherwise, and the members of this Institution (with which I am wholly unconnected) are well known for the promptitude and liberality with which they settle all *bonâ-fide* claims. Trusting you may find room for views expressed on the other side to the "wealthy" insurance companies.—I am, Yours, &c.,

"VERB. SAP."

OVERSTRAIN IN THE SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are told by those who are in a position to know the facts that an attack on the Admiralty respecting the repairs of the fleet will be made during the coming autumn. So much time and brains are applied to the criticism of the *matériel* that we make no apology for drawing the attention both of the Admiralty and of the Army Council to one point in the management of the *personnel* of the fleet and the army, which is of even greater importance than the condition of hulls, engines, or armaments in his Majesty's fleet. What we are about to state is written with a sense of responsibility, and without any desire to censure either the heads of the services or their subordinates for conditions, unsatisfactory in themselves, which have arisen mainly as a consequence of the higher standard of duty imposed on officers of the navy and army since the close of the Boer War. Two propositions, at all events as regards the navy, we believe to be indisputable.

First: That the pressure of work required from naval officers, from midshipman to rear admiral, has greatly increased since October, 1904.

Second: That the increased strain on the nervous system and energies of the fleet is accompanied with an increase in the consumption of alcohol, which is undesirable in time of peace and a source of danger in time of war.

The difficulty is one which is not unknown in other fleets. Both the German and the Japanese Admiralties exact obedience to stricter regulations than those obtaining in the British Navy. Mess regulations relating to alcohol consumption in the navy have been revised from time to time, not always in strict fairness to the officers of the ward-room and the gun-room, as, for example, when naval officers were deprived of their rum rations without compensation. The stock of wines, spirits, and beer allowed on board, according to Admiralty regulations, is nominally limited to each mess. No alcoholic liquors may be sold or given away, except to guests in the ward-room, to any individual in the ship not belonging to the mess from which it has been obtained. Day and wine books are kept, and accounts are audited not later than the tenth of the first month in each quarter by a senior officer.

Mess statements of the ward-room mess are inspected monthly by the captain, and in case of the gun-room mess weekly. All wine debts must be paid monthly, and the wine bills of gun-room commissioned officers—that is, of sub-lieutenants—must never exceed two pounds a month, those of other officers over eighteen years of age 15s. a month, and those of gun-room officers under eighteen years

of age 10s. a month. No actual limit is imposed on the wine consumption of ward-room officers, but should the captain discover from the mess statements or audited accounts that excess, extravagance, or irregularity has occurred in the case of any individual officer, he is to prevent a repetition of the excess, or to report the matter to the commander-in-chief. The common practice is for the captain to tell the delinquent officer that he is taking too much wine, and that he must moderate the amount of future mess bills. In theory the above regulations work well, but in practice the increase of naval work imposed on all officers during the last three years has led to much drinking that is entirely due to over-pressure producing mental and nervous strain. It should always be remembered that a naval officer, whoever he may be, belongs to the aristocracy of British physique and intellect. Entry to the navy is difficult. The desire to belong to the service ensuring the widely-spread desire of parents to have a son in the navy enables the Admiralty to pick and choose. From the time a boy enters Osborne until he hoists his flag as admiral, he is subjected to a continuous winnowing process in competition with every officer of his rank and standing. This alone is sufficient to prevent recourse to alcohol as a source of sensual enjoyment. The excess of wine, &c., consumed in the navy is due to the same cause as that which induced the earlier competitors at Brooklands to administer oxygen to their racing automobiles in the last lap. They rode to win. Take the case of an engineer of a flag-ship who is suddenly ordered to obtain full speed, and who knows (as in the case of the manoeuvres) that full speed is required for a chase, and that the chase may last for forty-eight hours. Full speed in a first-class battleship is usually restricted to a period of eight hours, and even for that time the strain on everyone in the engine-room is inconceivable to an ordinary landsman. The mental and physical exertion required from commissioned engineer officers during the period of full speed lasting more than a few hours involves exactly the case of overstrain to which allusion has been made. Knowing the facts, is it likely that the captain will scan too jealously the wine bills of officers whose splendid exertions may have won for the ship the congratulations of the admiral and set an example to the fleet? If the case of overstrain in engineer officers can be explained by the citation of a specific but unusual case, it would not be difficult to set forth a hundred instances in which watch-keeping officers deprived of sleep, reading for an examination, and engaged in constant exercises requiring the highest technical skill, good temper, and resolution, are compelled to attempt the performance of more work in the twenty-four hours than the human frame will stand. The vast majority of naval officers are not only temperate but abstinent. What wonder is it, therefore, that here and there a highly-strung man, eager for promotion, with every nerve quivering with the desire to do his duty, and to excel in it, should resort to wine as a helper?

What we have written about the navy applies *mutatis mutandis* to the army. The heads of the service are inclined to plunge from one extreme to another. Whereas formerly normal life, both in the navy and army, might be leisurely or even lazy by choice, the tendency now is to overwork the officers of both services. About the navy, at all events, we have no manner of doubt that the stupendous energy and machine-like efficiency required by the Admiralty demands qualities that are quite exceptional, and that if the exigencies of public service require the performance of all the duties now imposed on naval officers, that their number must be increased in the interests of the nation and the navy. The staff of Admiral Togo—the embodiment of efficiency—was larger than that of any European admiral afloat. Relief is required for British naval officers in the direction of more leave and more leisure. These are only obtainable by reducing the amount of work imposed on individuals. We have reason to believe that in the case of the officers of the Home Fleet with nucleus crews, the overstrain is pitiable, and in more than one case has led to tragedies that lie at the door of a Board of Admiralty that expects too much from human nature. The pick of the services have too heavy a burden for human shoulders.

—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

Farnham Common, Bucks,
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The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE agitation caused by the Censor's attitude in prohibiting the performance of Mr. Garnett's play, "The Breaking Point," is likely to bring about some decisive result. A strong movement against the Censorship as it exists at present is on foot, and we learn that a manifesto, containing the signature of nearly every dramatic author of repute, is likely to be issued in the course of a couple of weeks. In a forthcoming issue we shall publish, from the pen of Mr. Gilbert Murray the English interpreter of the Greek Drama, an article opening the larger issue of the liberty of the stage.

* * *

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have in the press a selection of lectures and addresses from the manuscripts of the late Mr. Herbert Rix, the author of "Tent and Testament," who for many years was Secretary of the Royal Society. Mr. Rix's large and liberal culture, together with the union of freedom and reverence which was so characteristic of his handling of religious and social questions, lead us to expect a most attractive volume. Mr. Rix, who was educated for the Congregational Church, was at one time the coadjutor of Mr. Allanson Picton in a "free church," and was known as a personality of unusual attractiveness in many Unitarian pulpits. His book, "The Larger Faith," obtained favourable notice as an interpretation, at once profound and popular, of modern science in the service of religion.

* * *

A TRANSLATION of Professor Metchnikoff's "Essais Optimistes" is to be published by Mr. Heinemann under the title "The Prolongation of Human Life." Professor Metchnikoff's previous volume on "The Nature of Man" was widely read, and caused some sensation both in this country and on the Continent. In his later volume he expands his earlier thesis that human life is unnaturally short and unnaturally burdened with physical and mental disabilities. Those evils he holds to be due to the unnecessary persistence of mental and physiological traits which man has inherited from his animal ancestors, and which he may overcome by adopting a rational hygiene. In a concluding section Professor Metchnikoff discusses some general problems of science and morals.

* * *

IN writing the biography of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, Mr. Horace Bleackley has chosen a fascinating subject—one of "the three beautiful Miss Gunnings," whose popularity, it may be remembered, led Boswell into one of his strange blunders regarding Goldsmith, his rival in the affections of the great Doctor. It was during their Paris visit that Goldsmith complained that the populace spent their eyesight in gazing at the beautiful English "misses" to the neglect of his superior personal claims. Boswell, taking him in earnest, quotes it as an instance of his insane egoism. "The Beautiful Duchess" was the heroine of many romantic incidents, besides the secret marriage at midnight in a Mayfair chapel to James, Duke of Hamilton, which brought about the celebrated Douglas cause. Mr. Bleackley defends the Duchess's reputation, and cites evidence in support of his view from several interesting manuscripts to which he has had access. The book will be published by Messrs. Constable.

* * *

IT is strange that we have had to wait so long for an English translation of Luther's letters, but the want is to be supplied by a volume which Miss M. A. Currie will issue this season through Messrs. Macmillan. Luther's correspondents numbered men of all classes, from the three Electors, with whom he was in close relations, to scholars such as Erasmus and Melancthon, and artists like Albrecht Dürer. Coleridge, who was a great reader and admirer of Luther, wrote that he could "scarcely conceive a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those from the Wartburg, if translated in the simple, idiomatic, hearty mother-tongue of the original."

* * *

FROM Mr. Elkin Matthews' autumn list we learn that

Miss Rosalind Travers is about to issue a new volume of verse, "Thyrsis and Fausta, and other Plays and Poems." Her first volume, "The Two Arcadias," was praised by such judges as Dr. Garnett and Professor Dowden, the former contributing a preface, in which he called attention to the author's "bright and inventive fancy," her "deep earnestness and impetuous passion." Professor Dowden, in an article welcoming her as "a new poet," added that she has "a shaping power of imagination, a rare feeling for external nature, a sympathy with human life which is at once stern and tender, and a gift of utterance which is not the mere echo of a master."

* * *

A "LIFE" of the late Bishop E. H. Bickersteth is in the press, and will be published early in the season by Messrs. Longmans. Bishop Bickersteth's hymns are widely known. Some of them are to be found in nearly every modern hymnal. They are marked by a true poetic feeling, as well is a keen sense of rhythm—qualities not always present in the work of contemporary hymn-writers. The coming volume is the work of the Rev. F. K. Aglionby, who was for some time Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop.

* * *

THE issue of a cheap edition of Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, in twenty-four shilling volumes, is an interesting experiment in publishing. There is a great deal of capital reading in the three hundred stories compiled by Wilson and his associates, and though possibly few will admit the claim made in a note added to the concluding volume that the work "comprises certainly the best collection of original stories extant," there is no doubt that by its publication many valuable traditional tales have been preserved. The collection was very successful on its first appearance, more than a hundred and fifty thousand copies having been sold.

* * *

A VOLUME called "A Blue Book," recently published by the Swedish writer August Strindberg, has aroused great discussion both in Scandinavia and Germany. It is dedicated to Emanuel Swedenborg, and takes the form of a series of conversations between a master and his disciple, in which Strindberg's views of religion, philosophy, patriotism, &c., are set forth with characteristic vehemence. In one section he answers those who have charged him with being a woman-hater. All the great writers who wrote on the subject, have, he says, expressed similar views to those which he has been condemned for publishing. Schopenhauer, he notes, has dealt most ably with the subject, Nietzsche is not bad, but Joséph Péladan is the master. In England Thackeray wrote "Men's Wives," but that book is not sufficiently outspoken. Balzac's portrait of Caroline he also regards as an important contribution, and if Otto Weininger had followed up the line he struck out in his earlier work he would have done great things. "I have said," Strindberg goes on, "that a child is a little criminal who cannot rule himself, but I love children all the same. I have also said that woman is what she is, but I have always loved some woman. He who calls me a woman-hater is consequently an idiot, a liar, or a miserable wretch, or all three at the same time."

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By A. von Ruville. (Heinemann, 3 vols., 30s. net.)

"The Court of Philip IV." By Major Martin Hume. (Nash, 18s. net.)

"Memorials of Thomas Davidson (The Wandering Scholar)." By William Knight. (Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

"Many Mansions." By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Breaking Point. A Censured Play." By E. Garnett. (Duckworth, 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Altar Fire." By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Christ in Recent Research." By W. Sanday, D.D. (Frowde, 7s. 6d. net.)

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"Sénancour (1770-1846): Sa Vie, son Œuvre, son Influence." Par Joachim Merlant. (Paris: Fischbacher, 7 fr. 50.)

"Le Blé qui lève." Roman. Par René Bazin. (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 3 fr. 50.)

"Der eigene Ton." Roman. Von Georg Reicke. (Berlin: Fleischel, M. 6.)

Reviews.

GREEK RELIGION.

THIS book is an excellent example of what our English Universities can do, for, as a whole, from the author down to the paper-maker, the printer, the photographer, and the binder, it is the work of Oxford, its University, its Museum, and its press. Mr. Farnell, as a Fellow of Exeter College, was in his earlier years associated with men like the late President of Trinity, who was both a statesman and a scholar; or Mr. W. C. Boase, who was a distinguished antiquary, whether his special field were Cornwall or Oxford, a careful historian, a brilliant talker, full of "wise saws and modern instances," a teller of anecdotes relating to older men and to a state of academic things which was even then vanishing away; or Dr. Tozer, eminent as traveller and scholar, fit to be classed with a man whose works he edited, Finlay, the historian of post-classical Greece, who yet was under no illusion as to the character of the modern Greek; or with men still active in scientific, academic, or literary labours, like Professors Ray Lankester, Ingram Bywater, Sanday, and W. M. Ramsay. These men seem to have so impressed themselves on the mind of our author that their influence may be seen in the "University Lecturer in Classical Archaeology," who has as his senior colleague Professor Percy Gardner, and as his junior the reader in anthropology, Mr. J. L. Myres. The present writer once heard Farnell distinguish between the English and the German Universities somewhat thus: The English sacrificed the tutor to the student, but the German sacrificed the learner to the teacher; the Englishman was by pre-eminence the tutor, whose function in life was to care for his man, and whose duty it was to shelter from evil and form the character in love of the good and the true; but the German ideal was the professor, the man whose function was to instruct, whose chief duty was to guard and speak the truth, not to protect in fine simplicity and noble purity his pupil. The contrast may be too crudely stated and too sharply drawn, but it is capable of easy and ample illustration. There is the obscurity of the men who are tutors in our older home universities, and the distinction of those who teach in foreign. Who, unless he were on the spot, could name the heads of Oxford Colleges, or their Fellows and Tutors, the members of the Hebdomadal Council, or even the professors of the University? And yet abroad so great is the academic name that famous men struggle for the honour of bearing it, and are known to the people as Professors. Yet at the very moment Farnell was eloquently maintaining his thesis, Robert Browning was an honorary Fellow of Balliol, which he held to be a distinction, honourable though undeserved. Still earlier John Ruskin had been a Professor in Oxford, and before him Matthew Arnold had also held a chair. If Huxley did not attain a similar honour the fault was his; and if Berlin had Mommsen, Oxford in its Regius Professorship of Modern History had in succession three of her foremost sons—Stubbs, Freeman, and Froude. Of these, two were Mommsen's equals in learning, and the other his superior in style. The most distinguished in her schools of all Oxford men, James Bryce, was for many years a Professor, and another Oxford man, illustrious as a statesman, but still more illustrious as a man of letters, John Morley, could have held office in the University had he so needed. This much is to qualify, not to disallow, Farnell's distinction. It hits a blot, though one not inherent in a system which needs broadening and not narrowing. The University ought to be as comprehensive as the nation, with room in it for every type of man or person which the nation holds. Once I heard a Cambridge friend speak of Mr. Keir Hardie as the kind of man they made there into Senior Wranglers. I do not know whether the person so named will feel flattered, but one thing is certain—that if he had found his way into either University, he would have come out another man than he is.

This book has gained from the interval which has elapsed between the issue of Vols. I. and II. and III. and

IV. The author "pleads for indulgence on the grounds that multifarious official duties have borne heavily upon him." Yet the delay is not all loss; for the new volumes are in some respects superior to the old, which came out, if we mistake not, in the very year he was in office as Proctor, and, so quickly does time move, his college has just appointed another of its Fellows to the same office of influence and power. The earlier volumes had more signs of the heavily burdened official than these; the transitions were more abrupt, piece was added to piece, the writing rather than the thinking was continuous. Whether practice has increased skill I know not; but certainly there is less discontinuity, fewer signs of interrupted labour or of a tired and worried mind, in these than in the previous volumes. We are also better able to judge both the method and the evidence he has followed. His material is more archæological than literary, though he uses archæology to illustrate literature, and literature to illustrate archæology. He gives his readers, indeed, in his notes and in his plates, the means of tracing him, of either correcting or supplementing, either qualifying or amplifying, either limiting or enlarging his judgments. He treats of the "Greek cults," not of the Greek gods; it is the active and practical religion, not the mythology, he describes; his concern is with public worship, not with "private sects and private religious speculation." This is the differentiating characteristic of the book. His predecessors followed various lines, either those marked out by Vossius in his once famous work on idolatry, or those of Alexander Ross in his dissertation on the Religions, or those of Ralph Cudworth in his "Intellectual System of the Universe." Vossius fixed on the mythology, certainly to explain the beliefs of Greece by the histories and biographies of the Old Testament. The theory lasted down to the days of Jacob Bryant, and was followed in rapid succession by various philological guessers, which all claimed to be scientific. The last of these was the Solar mythology; which has been succeeded by what we may term the vegetative, which talks as much of the corn-baby or the earth-mother, as the Solar mythology used to speak of the Sun and the Light. The vogue that belongs to the one is almost equal to the vogue which belonged to the other. But the part which Sir George Cox played to Max Müller, some one may yet play to Dr. Frazer; and we may wake some fine morning to discover that a too faithful disciple has done the work of a sworn foe, and that the vegetable has gone in search of the Solar mythology. The second theory took the line of realised or actual religion, and was great in its descriptions of paganism, or the system it so named. The third was occupied with what is here termed "private speculation," which it conceived as classical, and as either philosophical or poetical. If philosophical, a thinker like Plato was made typical, and it was, in effect, argued that his thoughts were normal, and man was better interpreted through him than through a barbarian, or any person low in culture and in civilised status. If poetical, then a poet like Æschylus, or Sophocles, or Pindar was made as typical as Plato; his system was explained, and the lower looked at through the higher stage of humanity. But the problem is in these cases literary, and the peoples that have either no literature, or one that cannot be styled classical, are either forgotten or ignored. Mr. Farnell's method is different; he does not study so much the thoughts as the acts of man; literature concerns him less than art, and even it he studies as a "human document," grouping it as archæology bids him, according to place, which also means race, and according to time, which signifies stage of culture and position in history. The "cults," therefore, admit of an anthropological treatment; literature, as interpreted by art, and art as interpreted by literature, must be alike searched for elements that look outside the special people whose "cult" is described, on the one hand, back to the lower races, and, on the other, forward to the higher civilisations, a reminiscence of the former, a prophecy of the latter. This change, then, in the method of the study of religions is significant in Mr. Farnell's book.

The "cults" which Mr. Farnell here discusses are mainly Chthonian, or, at least, non-Olympian. The one typical Hellenic Deity, whose origin was probably "Aryan," and whose "cult" is here described, is Apollo. The worships are certainly interesting, and raise many questions which are here rather carefully avoided than considered, in compara-

* "The Cults of the Greek States." By Lewis Richard Farnell, D.Litt., M.A., F.A.S., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, University Lecturer in Classical Archaeology, Corresponding Member of the Imperial German Archaeological Institute. Vols. III. and IV. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

tive provincial or local religion. Why were the Olympians excluded from the circle of the under-world Gods? Why is it that the worship of Zeus represents the highest achievement of the Hellenic spirit in religious speculation, "and that special consideration must be given to it if we would trace the gradual evolution of ideas that made for Monotheism?" Yet why is it that so characteristic a Hellenic belief as that in immortality was evolved mainly in connection with the Chthonian deities and that the mysteries were largely occupied with the worship of the same deities? These are questions Mr. Farnell does not here profess to answer, but they will be asked of him and his book by every student of comparative religion. Yet though such questions as these will be asked in vain, the student of religion will find here much surprising and unsuspected light thrown upon obscure passages and dark sayings in Homer, in Hesiod, in Pindar, and other poets, both dramatic and lyric, and in the most typical of Greek thinkers. No one who wants to know what the average Greek man and woman thought of the gods they worshipped can be indifferent to this book, or can read it without finding it useful. It may to the uninitiated feel tiresome, over-subtle, hair-splitting, and so forth; but to the initiated its most arid pages will be luminous. If one wants to know the meaning of terms like *θεομορφία*; the relation of human sacrifices to the idea of sacrifice in general, or the prevalence of the custom in Greece; the significance of Demeter, and her relation to the Earth and its Corn on the one hand, and to Kore or Persephone on the other; the "cult" of the Great Mother, and its relation to the idea and the worship of the Virgin in mediæval and modern Europe; or the meaning men attached to the God of the Sea, the significance of Poseidon for those who worshipped him, or the way in which the wanderings, the epithets, the social and political functions of a god may speak of the people who do him service; or to know what Apollo was, and why those who did him honour were termed Hyperboreans—he will, if he is wise, consult this book; and he will find that he does not consult it in vain. We cordially congratulate Mr. Farnell on the book he has written; on the use he has made of archæology; of writers who are also excavators, like Dr. Evans; and the way he has made art interpret letters, and letters explain art.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

PAINTER, POET, AND SOCIALIST.*

THIS autobiography, despite occasional errors of fact and some carelessness in construction, possesses a vital human interest. Mr. Walter Crane has lived a strenuous and many-sided life. As a painter and designer, he has earned fame in this country, and possibly a little more fame abroad. As a poet, he cultivated the Italian sonnet, and the few specimens of this craft that are reproduced in the volume before us show that he attained a respectable proficiency. As a Socialist, he was the friend and disciple of William Morris. We are not sure whether the Socialistic phase, which is the last to be indicated in the title to this article, should not have been the first. There is a deal of Socialism in this book of an artist's personal reminiscences. He took an active part in the movements of the eighties, of which Morris was the leader. He believed, and still believes, that the unhealthy conditions of modern art are due to the "competitive and wasteful struggle for existence under capitalism," and that the only panacea for the evil lies in the growth of a new social ideal. This, it will be remembered, was Morris's teaching. Morris insisted on the relationship between art and life. Art as a mighty force in the regeneration of human life—a force that was to be set in motion by Socialism—was one of the principal goals to which he directed his active Socialist propaganda.

Mr. Crane retells the story of the Socialist demonstrations of 1885-7, in which this propaganda was embodied, with considerable eloquence and, as becomes a good disciple, with a freely expressed bias in favour of its promoters. Twenty years have made no difference to the strength of his feelings and convictions, and a distinctly combative tone

impregnates this portion of the book. One might almost say that the entire autobiography, after the account of an uneventful childhood, is combative as autobiographies go: for when Mr. Crane is not rending the authorities who put policemen in Trafalgar Square and Mr. Burns and others in prison, he is on the track of the seceders from the "painters' movement" against the Royal Academy, and, as a final exercise, so to speak, crosses swords on a purely personal matter with a certain living art critic. Such robust and, in some instances, provocative plain-speaking may not indicate a model of literary or other discretion, but it shows at any rate a personality of the vigorous sort that is none too common. The son of a painter, Mr. Crane was born in Liverpool on August 15th, 1845, and the first twelve years of his life were spent at Torquay, whither his family removed shortly after his birth. Coming to London in 1857, he was apprenticed to W. J. Linton, the famous engraver and the husband of Mrs. Lynn Linton, for the purpose of learning to draw upon the wood. During this period, as Mr. Crane is careful to record, he was not a politician, his thoughts being mostly concentrated on the study of art, illustrative and other, and Ruskin's writings; but he was interested in the heroic figure of Garibaldi, and, when the patriot came to England, shared in the enthusiasm that greeted him. In 1862, after his apprenticeship had ended, he was employed by J. R. Wise to illustrate a work on "The New Forest," and about 1865 he began to design for Mr. Evans the children's picture-books which, published by Messrs. Routledge, are now so closely associated with his art. About this time also, he tells us, a study of Mill, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and the Positivists swayed his mind in the direction of Free Thought.

He relates his conversion to Socialism very simply:—

"A little pamphlet entitled 'Art and Socialism,' issued as one of the 'Leek Reprints'—really a reprint of one of Morris's addresses—had a great effect upon my mind, and led me into a correspondence with Morris on the subject, in which I stated all the objections or difficulties which occurred to me against Socialism, as I then understood it, and he very kindly wrote fully in reply. The result was that the difficulties disappeared, and from the verge of pessimism as regards human progress, I accepted the Socialist position, which became a universal solvent in my mind. It was the question which swallowed all other questions—'Like Aaron's rod,' as Morris said at the time."

In 1876 Sir Coutts Lindsay projected the Grosvenor Gallery, and for several years afterwards Mr. Crane contributed thereto. Meanwhile, he was keeping his book illustration going, but not apparently with sufficient assiduity to defy competition—judging by the Kate Greenaway incident related on p. 180. A little later his activity extended to theatrical circles. He was consulted by Mr. W. S. Gilbert about the costumes and scenery for "Patience," and by Mr. D'Oyley Carte about the decoration and planning of the new Savoy Theatre. Occasional Socialistic cartoons were also among his output at this time. In 1886 the scheme for a big national art exhibition was mooted, carrying with it the mending or ending of the Royal Academy. As everybody knows, this attempt proved abortive so far as the painters were concerned; it was discovered, when the question was put to the test, that certain prominent artists "were not willing to forego their own chances of election to the privileged body they had made a show of opposing." But from the ashes of this effort arose the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, of whose progress since Mr. Crane permits himself to speak with presidential and perfectly justifiable pride.

We have no space to deal with Mr. Crane's experiences as a teacher of design at Manchester and South Kensington, as a Socialist orator in America, or as the bright, if contentious, spirit in the several other atmospheres of which this book tells us. There are things in it which it would be well to correct before future editions; an amazingly wrong explanation of the famous Sandys caricature of Millais's "Sir Isumbras" occurs on p. 38; several names are misspelt; one or two punning and rather silly efforts at "lightness" of style are allowed to impair the dignity of the work; and the prose of the narrative is sometimes decidedly slipshod. But, in spite of these blemishes, it is one of the most delightful books of artists' memories that we remember, and, in its more serious aspects, a helpful book. The illustrations from Mr. Crane's own pictures and studies are ample and interesting.

* "An Artist's Reminiscences." By Walter Crane. Methuen & Co. 18s. net.

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NAPOLEONIC SCRAPS.*

THERE are two ways of writing history. Either you may delve deep below the surface of things into soil that has not been worked by previous investigators; and by bringing to the surface new materials, even new fossils, you may perceptibly add to the wealth of the mind's museum. Or there is the other method, of raking over the surface and giving new form to what has been already used and perhaps discarded. The latter method may lead to the compilation of a readable book; but to the delver alone can we render homage. With all the goodwill in the world to the Norwegian gentleman who has sought to tell once more the story of Napoleon, we cannot class him among the delvers. He partly disarms criticism by assuring us that his intention was at the outset to study the history of the reaction which spread over Europe after Waterloo, but that he found himself unable to understand that period without constantly recurring to the Napoleonic times; and in these subsidiary studies he evidently fell under the spell of the Great Emperor; for he "flung everything else aside and fastened on Napoleon."

It is regrettable that he did not set himself the somewhat arduous task of mastering at least the most important parts of the diplomatic and documentary materials which are so essential to any adequate knowledge of the hidden springs of action of that period. The entire absence of foot-notes and the presence of serious defects in the present work lead us reluctantly to the conclusion that Mr. Kielland has relied almost entirely on impressions gained from the memoir-writers of that imaginative age. The result is a narrative that runs freshly and is marked by a naïve egoism that has its charm; as when, *à propos* of Napoleon's alleged inability to laugh a good laugh, Mr. Kielland tells us that he has never been in the presence of a great man with the exception of Björnson—"How he can laugh! His laughter has a full, resounding ring, as if it came from the depths of his heart. There are few things so pleasant as to hear Björnson laugh." It is, however, scarcely correct to accuse the Emperor of inability to laugh. Emperors very rarely do give vent to their feelings; and Napoleon, while keeping some check on all display of familiarity, certainly had moods of gaiety that charmed everyone.

A note of exaggeration often characterises these pages, as when Mr. Kielland says (p. 51)—"He (Napoleon) had always the same marble coldness, with his lips firmly compressed, ready to issue the word of command, or to frighten men to death with a voice that had no equal." Or again, when he says that the Emperor ate so quickly as to rise from table before the soup was finished at the lower end of it. So, too, his reference (p. 99) to the Emperor "flinging himself into his boiling bath" is not one that carries conviction with it. Still less is the assertion that in 1805-6 the German ladies "could not withstand the handsome cavaliers from Paris that swept in like a hurricane from the field, laughing and amorous." This is in the vein of Marbot; but if Mr. Kielland consults German memoirs, he will find that the conquerors were left, as a rule, severely alone. Amorous conquests were frequent at Warsaw, but not in any German town. Even at Cassel, under Jerome's luxurious régime, a liaison with a French officer seemed scandalous. But when the author gets hold of an idea he runs it so hard that we find the following passage anent the dancing powers of the French soldiery quartered on German towns—"No one could resist the gallants, speaking the fine language of the ruling power, with such busy hands and so sure a grip of the figure, dancing and leaping as if they had springs in their legs." Why, one asks, did Germany rise against the French in 1813?

Mr. Kielland shrewdly sees the magnitude of Napoleon's error respecting Spain. He well points out that the

Emperor could not realise that "there is a patriotism beyond the range of reason," and that hence Spain, on which he threw himself in 1808, "was a fatal enigma to him." Herein Mr. Kielland shows better insight and sounder historical knowledge than Mr. Oscar Browning who, in his introduction to this volume, hazards the curious statement that "Spain was a dependency of France, which it was absolutely necessary to preserve in a condition of tolerable government and of loyalty to the French alliance." Granted that Spain was an *ally* of France, was it statesman-like to subject that ally to the overbearing and perfidious treatment which aroused inextinguishable hatred in the Spanish nation? But, as this introduction shows, Mr. Oscar Browning will not allow that Napoleon could do wrong. Concerning his invasion of Russia in 1812, he says that the cause of that rupture "has not yet been completely elucidated"—a statement which, in view of the researches of M. Vandal and others, is surprising. Mr. Kielland, on the other hand, sees that Napoleon was often led astray by his profound egotism, as appeared when he left his army in Egypt and made off for France. Other cases would afford even better instances of this quality; for to go straightway to France in the late summer of 1799 was, perhaps, a patriotic duty if all the circumstances of that time are considered.

It is on such questions that Mr. Kielland's narrative is wholly inadequate. He admits that he does not understand the reason why Bonaparte went to Egypt at all, though the motives of that expedition are quite explicable by reference to the general's letters and conversations. Further, he holds the antiquated view that England was throughout persistently hostile to Bonaparte, and was determined "never to treat with Napoleon under any circumstances." He is here alluding to the events of the years 1800-1801, in the latter of which England *did* conduct negotiations for peace, and concluded it on terms unfavourable to herself. The statement just quoted and that which comes on page 55—"During these years of comparative peace the First Consul was constantly occupied with plans against England, with which he was always at war"—seem to show that Mr. Kielland, in his desire to make out a strong case against England, has completely overlooked the Peace of Amiens. We also read that "every time that a country was beaten England came to it with fresh money and fresh proposals for a coalition." This is what comes of undertaking to write history from memoirs and newspaper gossip, with little or no regard to the motives which are now known to have influenced the conduct of governments. Similarly, at the close of Chapter IV., in touching on the causes of the war with Russia in 1812, the author seems to attribute it mainly to the fact that Napoleon was a *parvenu* among monarchs, and that Alexander I. "played him false," whatever that may mean. There is no reference to the weighty causes that influenced Russian policy, only a bare mention of the Continental system, and none at all of the Polish question.

As a collection of anecdotes the book is not without its value; and here and there Mr. Kielland shows a shrewd insight into the defects of his hero's character; but the references to Napoleon's chiefs, both military and diplomatic, are too depreciatory. Maret, Duc de Bassano, was something more than a short-sighted toady; and Talleyrand was not always icily false. As Mr. Joseph McCabe, the translator of this book, has shown in his "Talleyrand," that statesman was imbued with a keen sense of the real needs of France. We could wish that he had been allowed to add notes correcting some of the one-sided allusions to the Prince de Benevento. Mr. Kielland's style is fresh and lit up with quaint touches; but it sometimes drops sheer down to the ludicrous. For instance, after describing Bonaparte's care of his skin, by lying for hours in impossibly hot water, and his dressing in "narrow white trousers, of the finest material and spotlessly clean," Mr. Kielland descants on his amiable habit of running races with Josephine and the other young women in the garden at Malmaison, and winds up thus: "But he did not like anyone to beat him in the race; and he was angry when he fell down and got grass-spots on his white hose." Mr. Kielland, like the wearers of tight white breeches, should remember that there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

* "Napoleon's Men and Methods." By Alexander L. Kielland. Translated by Joseph McCabe. A. Owen & Co. 10s. net.

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THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

IT says a good deal for Mr. Maurice Hewlett's indisputable cleverness and versatility that he has succeeded comparatively well in this elaborately artificial picture of the Radicals' struggle for Reform in the tumultuous days of 1809. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, though he has skilfully concealed the fact from the respectable folk whom his works allure, is really a decadent of the decadents. Everything he touches is already a little past the stage of ripeness, melting into that lusciousness of feeling which, in art and literature, hastens to the dissolution of the Silver Age. His "Forest Lovers," which an innocent public acclaimed as "fresh in feeling," was in reality a *fin-de-siècle* reading, thrice seven times removed from life, of the old Celtic romances that inspired Malory. The feeling of Mr. Charles Conder's and Aubrey Beardsley's drawings mingled in his pages to animate his clever artificial tapestries with figures of knights and ladies who, indeed, were more unreal even than the shepherds and shepherdesses of Pope and the eighteenth century school. But the convention was cleverly handled, and the meadow-sweet scent of decadent emotion most real; and it is well known that the sweetness of honey disguises admirably any skilful adulteration.

To prove our point, if it be needed, we may simply contrast Mr. Hewlett's best work, "The Fool Errant," with his worst, "Richard Yea and Nay." The former dealt admirably with one of the most decadent periods in Italian history; the latter caricatured in a forcible-feeble manner the most dauntless and virile of English Kings. It is, indeed, unfortunate for art that Mr. Hewlett the artist should have been kept in check by the demands and the limitations of our intensely respectable British conventions, for though he has worked cleverly, skilfully, and perseveringly within these limits, if he had been left absolutely free to please himself, he might—we say might—have replaced his fancy pictures of past life by a series of contemporary pictures exceedingly mordant and illuminating. Let us congratulate ourselves that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has effected a prudent compromise between two conflicting interests in human nature, and that, if he has in the finer sense been thrown away as an artist, he has at least helped to instruct his public, and so has avenged his talent.

The situation that Mr. Hewlett has elected to treat is Meredithian, reminds us not a little of "Beauchamp's Career," and "The Tragic Comedians." Privilege in the person of the proud and beautiful girl, Miss Hermia Mary Chambre, and aristocratic lineage in the shape of the old Countess of Morfa, and Caryll House, one of the noblest English families, have to bend the knee before young David Vernour, butcher and Radical. The heroic butcher, when the story opens, has been thrown into prison for chastising two tipsy gentlemen, Lord Morfa and Lord Edlogan, who, for a drunken wager, have staked his horse. Young Vernour's case is taken up by the Mob, and by the Radicals, Cobbett, Burdett, Hunt, Lord Sandgate, and Colonel Wardle; and Miss Chambre, who has witnessed the severe drubbing administered to her kinsmen by Vernour, conceives that it rests with her to restore the honour of her house by going solemnly and humbly to him and begging his pardon. Here is a situation which, so to say, has been bequeathed by our great novelist to the younger generation, and it is most interesting to see how our author's ingenious fancy has been smitten by Meredith's powerful air and carriage. Let us say at once that we hold our author is most happily justified by the result of his assimilation of the Meredithian tradition. His own flavour is so intensely personal, his own style so deliberately and cunningly mannered, that he can well afford to come under the influence of another spirit. And in point of writing, and of conceiving picturesque visions and stamping them upon his readers' minds, Mr. Hewlett has never done better than in "The Stooping Lady." The atmosphere of the period is rendered by a series of deftly wrought scenes, most admirably written. Even when the characters' talk is transparently unreal, it is always effective, clever, and amusing. We do not for a moment believe in the reality of Miss Chambre's feeling for the heroic butcher; we do not for a moment believe in the butcher himself, yet the odd thing

is that the illusion of the whole brilliant presentment does not suffer thereby. We perceive that it is not in the matter of the analysis of motive, of the building-up of character, of naturalness of language or of manners that Mr. Hewlett's art makes its appeal. He is really a landscape and figure painter doing for us by language much what Boucher and Watteau did by paint, or, to put it more clearly, his compositions exact the sacrifice of truth to life to charm of style. Artificiality is the very soul of his art, and in "The Stooping Lady" he has assimilated just as much of Meredith's manner of drawing as will invigorate his own conception of aristocratic life. At times he is absolutely himself, in the portions of the narrative, that is, where his faculty of conjuring up dainty and somewhat provocative images of the eternal feminine gives the rein to his imagination. The heroine, Miss Chambre, receives, every day, for nine months, a bunch of white violets from the Unknown Lover, and it is interesting to note how well the author has saturated his clever picture of the "aristocratic bloods" of a brutal age with the sensuous suggestiveness of *fin-de-siècle* self-consciousness. Let the reader compare these two passages, the first pure Hewlett, the second of a stronger stock:—

Now that she had given herself; was, as she verily believed, handfasted to him? For was she not? Her flowers had lain in her bosom all night, and night after night; her flowers and all that they signified to her, which was more than any mere flowers could ever signify. They had been free of her lips, her tears, her breast, and her side; and not without disgrace, only as a maid undone could she now stand before the world; as one who had suffered love and repaid love with love, and was now forsaken—like Psyche, like Psyche who had also loved and been loved in the dark. . . . What must happen to her then—to her, the free, the proudly confident, the clear speaker of truth and well-spring of honour? How could she appear as wife, who had a secret lover? How could she give to a husband, a man, that right which the god in flower-shape had had of her and still chose to claim? She must remain unmarried, could not dare to marry. It would be mortal sin. Maids before now have had strange lovers: Oreithya was mated to the North Wind, and one had a river to husband, and one a swan—it had remained for her, Hermia Mary, to discern the overshadowing which all women love and dread in the woody scent of wet flowers. . . .

Now for the other passage, with its other spirit:—

" . . . Ah!" said Rodono, "I daresay. What else? Anything new? Where's your row, Cassonby?"

"Charing Cross—over the butcher's carcass." That pricked him.

"What do you mean—carcass? They've not—?"

Mr. Cassonby tossed his whiskered face. "Good Lord, no. Otherwise. They're ready to break up the pillory. She's there, you know."

"She?" What eyes Rodono had! Cold steel! Mr. Cassonby knew better than to quote the ballads of which he had a stock.

"Miss Chambre's there," he said. "Facing 'em all. They treat her like a queen."

Tom Rodono was certainly in Queer Street, as Mr. Cassonby informed the next man he met. "I was telling him a devilish good story—putting it devilish well, too—for I was moved, sir, dammy, I was moved—and off he goes as if shot from a gun. I saw the lady come—she'd been there three-quarters of an hour. Came with Bob Ranald—on the arm of Bob—and a veiled friend. Bob clears the road as he'd clear decks. 'Way there, my lads, way there,' says Bob, humouring the fellows—you know Bob! So she comes up through a lane of them as if she was at a drawing-room—and stands underneath the stage, and faces 'em all. And Bob—little Bob—he keeps a clear space for her—marches up and down, true quarterdeck fashion. Oh, it was rare! They cry three cheers for 'Lady Vernour,' if you please. Lady Vernour! They marry her and raise her to the peerage all in a breath—that's what we're coming to with our blessed Reform. The mob'll make peers when they've unmade a few. You'll see. . . . Lady Vernour! . . . Up comes old Cobbett on horseback—they give him room enough—and rope enough, hey? He was haranguing when I left. But *she* was rare—never flinched, never blinked—just did what she had to do—and stuck to it, sir—kept on with it."

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD has written a moving introduction to "The Revolution in the Baltic Provinces of Russia," being a brief account of the Scottish Social Democratic Workers' Party by "an active member," revised and prepared for publication by Mr. E. O. F. Ames. (Independent Labour Party Socialist Library, 1s. 6d. net.) This story of almost incredible persecution, is a significant commentary on the recent agreement with Russia, and one may gather from its pages the welcome Persia's new-born spirit of independence is likely to receive from the House of Romanoff.

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FROM Messrs. Chatto and Windus comes a reprint in their charming "King's Classics" series (2s. 6d. net.) of Horace Walpole's famous "Castle of Otranto," with an introduction by Miss Caroline Spurgeon. It is doubtful whether the book will find many readers to-day, yet few books ever met with a greater or more immediate success. It was praised by Scott, Gray, Byron, and Macaulay, and its publication marked an epoch in the history of the English novel. From it is to be traced the "School of Terror," and all the paraphernalia of subterranean passages, hidden dungeons, and ghostly apparitions, to which Clara Reeve, Maturin, Mrs. Radcliffe, Beckford, and Monk Lewis contributed so industriously. Indeed, in some sense Walpole was the originator of romantic fiction, and of a sort of pseudo-Gothic influence in our late eighteenth century literature. It is difficult, however, to understand how so dull and lifeless a piece of work produced such results. As we read to-day of the groaning portrait and the "three drops of blood falling from the nose of Alphonso's statue," we can only wonder what there was in it to make Gray and his fellow dons at Cambridge "cry a little" and be "afraid to go to bed o' nights."

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The Week in the City.

THE commercial and financial situation is still interesting and obscure. The talk of a recession in trade is universal in Europe as well as in Canada and the United States. But I doubt if there has been much actual falling off in the volume of trade except in the Eastern States of America. Discount rates to London have hardened in response to the heavy exports of gold to Egypt. But the Bank Reserve is five to six millions better than at this time last year, and unless the unexpected happens, the best banking opinion in the City does not anticipate anything like such a severe spell of stringency as we had last autumn and winter. We shall probably see, however, a rather formidable crop of failures, a necessary and inevitable sequel to the frantic outburst of speculation which lifted so many speculative shares, lands, and metals to quite fanciful prices. What has happened, I take it, is what has so often happened before. People of sanguine temperament and hasty judgment, with an unlucky turn for speculative enterprise, connected the rise in prices with prosperity. They forget that if all prices rise nobody is a pin the better. They forget that increased turnovers in business and increased traffic returns would inevitably be followed by increased working expenses. They strained all their resources to share in this fictitious prosperity, and borrowed in the vain hope of greatly enlarging their fortunes. In many places—notably, I think, in Egypt, Germany, and Canada—the bankers shared in the general delusion, and were far too obliging in affording credit facilities. This inflation of credit accentuated the scarcity of floating capital caused by the wars in Africa and Asia. Hence a very severe spell of dear money, which began to pinch the vast army of holders for a rise. So liquidation began early this year, and has been going on ever since. This week Amsterdam has been selling out a lot of rubbish, and it is understood that several Dutch concerns are tottering. A wealthy jobber, too, in our own mining market is said to have been cutting his losses to an extent which has brought some of the speculative favourites down with a run. Another disagreeable feature has been another collapse of Underground Electric notes, which fell six points on Wednesday on comparatively small sales. The strength of Consols has been a feature; but I doubt if it will be maintained, unless indeed Mr. Asquith can curb the extravagance of the War Office and Admiralty, and so still further augment the Sinking Fund.

PRICES OF COMMODITIES.

The Board of Trade Returns for September showed another great rise in exports; but the imports were no larger than last year, even in values, which means a drop, because the index number is still considerably higher than in September, 1906. The manufacturing activity is prodigious, but either orders are falling off or traders are buying as little raw material as possible in view of the tendency of prices to decline. The most satisfactory feature of the last week or two has been the decline of coal prices, which it is hoped may continue. Dear coal would have been a most serious embarrassment to industry, besides causing grievous suffering to the poor in the winter months. Cotton is rather cheaper, but wool has spurted up both at the London and Melbourne sales. Flour, unfortunately, is much dearer than last year. Though the stocks of wheat are large, the world's crop is thought to be deficient, chiefly owing to the unsatisfactory harvests in Canada, India, and South-Eastern Europe. Russia is said to be the brightest spot. The Japanese rice crop is also well above the average, though I see that six weeks ago the price of rice in Tokio again rose above all previous records.

THE AMERICAN BANKERS.

The bankers of the United States held their annual meeting or "convention" at Atlantic City in the last week of September, and the newspapers brought by the last American mails are full of their formal discussions and informal gossip. The latter, as usual, is the most interesting. In the words of a journalist who hunted them down: If twenty-five hundred bankers leave home for a week's convention at the moment when the outflow of currency to the crop-moving centres of the West is reaching inconvenient proportions, they are sure to be taken up with the problems

of the money market and the uncertainties of the future. He says that the strollers and loungers talked of nothing for a week but the various phases of the financial outlook.

"Every discussion about the condition of corn in Iowa, the yield of cotton at the South, and the chance of a third term for Roosevelt has usually ended up with the blunt inquiry by some backwoods delegate: 'Well, what is the country up against? Is it a case of more good times, or is the set-back of Wall Street only the forerunner of a depression that business interests generally are bound to feel?'"

There was some pessimism, but it was not general. The country banker who thanked God that there was only one Harriman and one Rogers among eighty millions of Americans soon forgot his strong feelings and assured his friends that the country itself was as sound as a rock, and would recover from the disturbing effects of the grafting disclosures. A Southern delegate who attributed much mischief to the easy complacency with which modern Americans are wont to describe as "high finance" acts which their grandfathers would have rudely dubbed "grand larceny," spoke optimistically of the wealth that a great cotton crop would bring to his section. I notice, however, that a well-informed correspondent of the "New York Evening Post" speaks of "a consensus of opinion" among the bankers, among whom the West and South were strongly represented, "that it is reasonable to expect a moderate recession in business owing to the continued pressure for money, and the sensitiveness of capital that is usually seen just before a Presidential year; that the country's \$379,000,000 loan expansion at the national banks reflects a condition which makes it imperatively necessary for the lending institutions to keep themselves liquid, avoiding investments in such long-term litigations as might force them to share as 'special partners' in enterprises that would be peculiarly exposed to the vicissitudes of a trade reaction."

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In the study of the stages of development by which man has become differentiated from the beasts of the field, it is curious that more attention has not been given to the organs of special sense. The eye, the ear, the nose, and so on, one would expect to bear special relation on the one hand to the habits of life of the possessor, and on the other to its psychic equipment. Dr. Gray, in his book on "The Labyrinth of Animals," has furnished materials for part of such a study. In the first volume of his book now before us, he describes and gives stereoscopic photographs of the labyrinths or inner ears of some thirty of the highest animals. In a succeeding volume he intends to deal in similar fashion with the other mammals, and with birds and reptiles. Dr. Gray does not himself enter into the questions of evolutionary relations which his facts naturally suggest, but nevertheless some interesting points stand out. Thus the marked difference in shape between the labyrinths of the two great families of marine carnivora, of which the seal and the sea-lion may be taken as examples, would point to ancestry long distinct. In fact, the labyrinth of the sea-lion more closely resembles that of the racoon than that of the seal, commonly reputed to be its own near kinsman. It would seem, therefore, as if the sea-lion were an off-shoot from the line of terrestrial carnivora at a much later period than the seal. It has always been a puzzle to anatomists why two organs with such different functions as hearing and balance should be so intimately associated as are the cochlea and the semi-circular canals. Indeed, in spite of their being the object of more experiment than perhaps any other part of the body, it is not yet established in what way the semi-circular canals aid in maintaining equilibrium, or whether they may not have some other and quite different function. It is of interest that Dr. Gray shows a fairly steady relative variation between the degree of development of the canals in various animals and their habits of life. Thus, the gazelle and other animals of graceful and refined movements show highly developed systems of semi-circular canals, while clumsy creatures such as the sloth show relatively poor development.

Dr. Gray's photographs of the actual specimens are above praise.

* "The Labyrinth of Animals." By Albert A. Gray, M.D. Vol. I. London: J. and A. Churchill. 21s. net.

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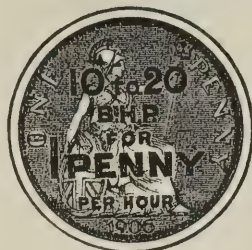
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Diary of the Week.

THE reply of the Railway Association this week to Mr. Bell shuts the door against the easiest mode of settlement. That the Association may not be technically competent to act for the companies in such a matter may be true, but it is difficult to believe that they could not have got or taken such a power if it had seemed desirable to them. Their actual policy in this quarrel is conducted by the Association, as Mr. Bell, in his speech on Wednesday points out, not by the companies in their separate capacity; and in any case the early informal approaches could have best been entered in this way. But if it be true, as the Association declares, that all its members find nothing to consider in Mr. Bell's proposal, this question of form may be allowed to lapse. The companies refuse discussion or conciliation at the present stage. This action is stiffening the attitude of the men. It seems certain that the ballot which is now in course will give a solid mandate for a strike, and that if a strike takes place, the full support of the organised labour forces will be given to the men. The Political Committee of the Trade Union Congress has formally expressed its intention to confer, early in November, with the Federation of Trade Unions and the Labour Party in order to make such support as effective as possible.

* * *

MEANWHILE active preparations for the conflict are being made by the two parties. Mr. Bell is producing a powerful effect upon public opinion by the disclosure of two documents. One is a letter sent from the district superintendent's office of the Great Central at Doncaster to an inspector on that line which suspends him from his inspectorship on the ground that, "as a member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, you cease to be a free agent." The other document is still more damaging. It purports to be written by a locomotive superintendent to a driver, calls him to book for failing to increase the pace of his engine, and appears to indicate a systematic endeavour to speed up trains

by bringing pressure to bear on drivers. Mr. Bell professes to have in his possession other letters of a similar character. On their part the railway companies are taking practical steps to strengthen their position by educating lower grades of their employees to undertake responsible posts at short notice. The Midland Railway has set up near Derby a blackleg camp, collecting there a reserve force of men designed to take the place of strikers. The question how far skilled reliable men can be got for such a purpose is hotly discussed. In this connection a recent report of Major Pringle to the Board of Trade is of interest. It is there pointed out that the good state of trade has made it difficult to obtain men for the existing needs of railway traffic, so as to enable the railways to reduce the excessive hours of labour worked in certain grades.

* * *

EARLY last Tuesday morning a Bristol express train ran past two sets of danger signals, and, entering at about sixty miles an hour a curve which is supposed to be taken at ten miles, broke from the rails and was wrecked, causing a loss of eighteen lives and serious injury to many other passengers. The inquiry, in which Mr. Lloyd George himself took the leading part, leaves the causes of the accident inexplicable, the driver, a man named Martin, and the fireman both being killed. Evidence shows that Martin appears to have been a sober man, in sound health, and to have had ample rest before entering his post; nor is any explanation of his disregard of the signals or of his excessive pace available. The vacuum brake appears to have been applied, but too late to do more than slightly check the pace when the train left the line. The public disquietude at this accident is not lessened by the fact, pointed out by Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester, that this is one of a series of recent train smashes where competent and capable engine-drivers have on clear nights rushed their trains past signals to destruction.

* * *

THE campaign carried on by the Moderate majority of the London County Council against the Works Department of that body has been marked by an incident which will hardly commend itself even to many of the bitterest opponents of municipal trading. Under the Progressives the Works Department had prepared estimates for building the great sewer the progress of which for a time was feared to endanger the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral. When the Moderates were returned last March they at once decided to submit the work to outside firms for tenders, and, in order to make the result doubly sure, they first made public the estimate sent in by their own Works Department. Nor is this the worst feature of the business. The successful contractor undertakes to complete the work at less expense than the Works Department allowed for, but, as Mr. Henry Ward and Mr. McKinnon Wood both pointed out, the Works Department has no object in tendering the lowest price, and as a general rule it has carried out previous undertakings at about 20 per cent. less than the cost allowed for.

* * *

DURING the past week the autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union have been held at Blackpool. We deal elsewhere with the timely address from the chair by Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P. Not less timely were the protests of Dr. Horton and the Rev. J. H. Jowett against the demoralisation of the ministry by the Press. The continual paragraphing of popular preachers is not

only bad for them personally, but does great damage to the Church by fostering among the younger and less known men a lust for publicity fatal to good work. For the rest we are glad to see that Principal Forsyth's resolution on the railway crisis was (in response to cries of "Back up the men!") so amended as to throw the responsibility for the present situation on the directors.

* * *

THE Congress of the French Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, which closed at Nancy on Sunday, leaves the relation of these parties to Socialism equivocal and unsettled. The more official and ministerial elements certainly wished, in obedience to the Press campaign led by the "Matin" and the "Temps," to declare unrelenting war on Socialism, ostensibly because of its anti-militarist tendencies, really in obedience to the middle-class reaction. But the drastic boycotting resolution proposed by M. Bonnet was defeated. In its place stands a formula which proclaims a boycott at the polls of individual Socialists who uphold anti-militarism, while calling for a continued co-operation with the Socialist Party in the Chamber. No one is quite sure what this means. It certainly ostracises M. Hervé and his extremists, but does it make war on M. Jaurès and the main body? We can only note that M. Buisson, who drafted the resolution, declares that at a second ballot he would certainly vote for M. Jaurès. The "Temps" and the "Débats" are annoyed, while M. Jaurès, in "l'Humanité," adopts a much more friendly tone towards Radicalism than he has used for many months past, and assumes that it still has a future. The explanation is that the Congress developed some elements of opposition to the Government, called for a more resolute prosecution of such reforms as the Income-tax Bill, and censured the Conservatism of the Senate. The final declaration of the Congress proclaimed "its horror of war, its pacific intentions, its attachment to the principle of obligatory arbitration," went on to affirm the solidarity of the Left "bloc," and wound up by declaring that "we cannot repudiate the Socialist spirit." However far the Radicals may be from M. Hervé, only a shade of theory separates them from M. Jaurès. For, after all, M. Jaurès has steadily combated M. Hervé, who has been beaten at two Socialist Congresses, and is mercilessly ridiculed in this week's "l'Humanité."

* * *

THE Germans are much less adroit than the French in their handling of extremists. The French are clever enough to make the most of M. Hervé. His follies are everywhere quoted; he is interviewed in the "Matin"; he is advertised in the hope that the public will confuse him with M. Jaurès, and imagine that he is typical of Socialism. The Germans, on the other hand, try to suppress their Hervé, and succeed in making a martyr of him. Dr. Liebknecht, a son of the great Socialist leader, has been condemned at Frankfurt to eighteen months' imprisonment in a fortress for publishing a brochure on anti-militarism. Some of the German Liberal papers have protested against the injustice of this sentence, for the pamphlet was certainly not treasonable, and many have pointed out the absurdity of imprisoning a man on whose honour, as the Court frankly admitted, there is no stain. The absurdity becomes farce when we remember that, though the book is suppressed, the fact that it had to be read *in extenso* at the trial has enabled "Vorwärts" to reproduce it triumphantly from beginning to end.

* * *

THE work of the second Hague closes to-day, with the formal signature of the conventions which embody its labours. Some progress was reported at theenary sitting on Wednesday. The American proposal to prohibit the use of force in the collection of contractual debts until resort has been had to arbitration,

was accepted by all the great, and most of the lesser Powers. The report on obligatory arbitration, which has called forth the emphatic dissent of Germany, was adopted, America and Japan refraining from voting. The abortive scheme for the constitution of a Permanent Court of Arbitration was solemnly adopted, though the failure to agree on a method of appointing the judges robs it of practical value. The feature of the sitting was a warm tribute paid by Baron Marshall von Bieberstein to M. Bourgeois.

* * *

THE enthusiastic and even theatrical demonstrations of Russian sympathy for Bulgaria, which occurred during the recent visit of the Grand Duke Vladimir to the battlefields and monuments of the Russo-Turkish War, have been followed by the publication in Vienna of an alleged military convention between Russia and Bulgaria. Its general sense is to make the Bulgarian army the advance-guard of a Russia force in any future war with Turkey. This news has, of course, been semi-officially denied, but a leading article in Wednesday's "Temps" pointed out how intrinsically probable it is, and concluded that if the Viennese agency "sinned by excess of imagination, its intuition was both sound and timely." The fact is, we believe, that, as the "Temps" puts it, Russia means to use her freedom from embarrassments in the Far and Middle East, to pursue an "active" though not necessarily a militant policy in the Near East. If the Macedonian question can be solved without war, she will be well satisfied, but if war is inevitable, she will act in concert with Bulgaria. We refuse for our part to believe that war is inevitable or even probable, if the concert will act with energy and unanimity in imposing an executive European control in Macedonia.

* * *

A BILL was this week introduced into the Indian Legislative Council which makes permanent and universal the temporary Coercion Act, which hitherto applied only to Eastern Bengal and the Punjab. "The Prevention of Seditious Meetings Act" will enable the Government to "proclaim" any area in India, and therein to suppress the right of public meeting. A public meeting is defined as any gathering of twenty persons, even if it meets in a private place and is confined to ticket-holders. In a proclaimed area meetings can be held only by express permission; disobedience is punishable by fine and imprisonment. It is difficult to see how a gathering of selected persons in a private house could "promote disturbance of public tranquillity." Mr. Morley, on assuming office, defined our rule in India as autocracy tempered by free speech. Two years have sufficed to make that definition obsolete.

* * *

MR. TAFT'S opening address to the Philippine Assembly at Manila is a frank acknowledgment of American inability to fulfil the liberative mission upon which she entered when she purchased the Islands from Spain. Entering the country first as friends and allies of a rebellion against Spain, they soon found themselves engaged in a devastating war which lingered on for years in the remote Islands. Pledged to give independence to the Filipinos, they have postponed the fulfilment of that pledge, committing themselves meanwhile to improvising a machinery of local self-government on American lines, which, if we may trust the testimony of most disinterested observers, has proved a disastrous failure. Now Mr. Taft declares that the Filipinos must wait at least a generation for their freedom, denying at the same time that the United States has any intention of abandoning its mission. This speech will be received with a good deal of disquietude among many sections of Americans, who have a great and growing distaste for this perilous experiment of colonial rule in the Pacific seas.

IN the presence of the water-colour drawings of Mr. William Callow, which are now on view at the Leicester Galleries, one takes off one's hat to the spirit of a past art. Sixty-six water-colours have been got together; they represent the output of about as many years, for Mr. Callow, who is still with us, was born in 1812, became a full member of the R. W. S. in 1848, and only ceased to paint three years ago. Thus the father of the Old Water Colour Society, as he has affectionately been styled, has practically worked side by side with every one of the famous artists who made the art-history of the nineteenth century—with Turner and Copley Fielding, David Cox and De Wint, Prout and Roberts, to mention a few. Curiously enough, while he has seen so many changes in fashion, has witnessed such an upheaval as the pre-Raphaelite movement, his own practice has undergone but little modification from start to finish. The examples shown are wonderfully uniform. Scrupulous devotion to pure washes of colour, and a touch broad without being splotchy, are the principal permanent characteristics of his technique; for subjects he has been both to land and sea, but more especially to those places where there was architecture; he loved palatial buildings, old-world streets, and market-places, as well as he painted them. The pictorial record here unfolded should interest and touch every sympathiser with water-colour art.

* * *

THE Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil-Painters, the first of the larger autumn art shows, opened this week. It is gratifying to note both that the entire Exhibition is very much better in quality than that of last year, and that part, at any rate, of this result is due to the vigorous support of honorary members. Among the latter Sir George Reid and Sir James Guthrie contribute admirable portraits; Mr. Sargent sends one of the most striking of last year's landscapes in "The Mountains of Moab"; and Sir Ernest Waterlow is responsible for a typical picture on the Seine at Marne. Landscape must be adjudged the most notable section of the output by the rank and file. Mr. George Wetherbee's "The Blue Pool" is a noteworthy example of this painter's poetic art, a work refined in its sentiment and scholarly in its technique; and landscape is treated justly and variously by Messrs. Frank Walton, Guy Broun-Morison, Montague Smythe, J. S. Hill, Elmer Schofield, and others. The finer spirits in the modern art world are perhaps not as palpable at the Institute as they might be. Journeyman painting still occupies a deal of space. Much of the excellence displayed is purely perfunctory, and the trouble is that, the larger the canvas, the more difficult is it to discover an inspired passage, a proof that the thing was felt as well as seen. Yet there is bright promise in the work of Mr. Charles Sims, an artist of rare, if incomplete, ability, while that curiously exotic re-vivifier of the primitives, Mr. Cayley Robinson, sends two pictures that awaken thoughts of a decorative art nobler than that to which the world has grown accustomed.

* * *

IN opening her season at the Kingsway Theatre with Mr. Anthony P. Wharton's "Irene Wycherley," Miss Lena Ashwell has proved her courage. The play can scarcely be a commercial success; it might easily have aroused intense antagonism; and the author himself was quite unknown to fame. Most managers would have rejected the play for one or all of these reasons, and Mr. Wharton might still be unknown. As it is, he has shown himself to be a dramatist of whom we shall expect great things. The theme of his "Irene Wycherley" is old enough in all conscience—the brutality of marriage when one of the two is a brute, and the futility of sacrifice in such conditions. The treatment, however, is new. Mr. Wharton, probably by

native instinct, has conducted his play with rare skill. His dialogue is natural and yet effective; it is witty and yet not strained. The characters are well defined if their psychology does not cut very deep. The weakness of the play is that each act is separate in interest, and we do not know much more of Irene herself at the end of the drama than we did at the beginning. The horror of Wycherley's delirious breakdown is overdone and is not in keeping with the rest of the play. These scenes appear to have been written for horror's sake, but even so they display remarkable dramatic grip. If Mr. Wharton can think about life and deal organically with its problems, he should be the dramatist for whom we have waited so long.

* * *

IN his preface to "The Devil's Disciple," Mr. Bernard Shaw has told us what we ought to think of his play, but it must be confessed that on the stage much of it is dull. After all, the central idea of the play, that a "genuinely religious" man, who fights against the cruelty and hate which spring from dead religions, must become a disciple of the devil in the eyes of the world, as Shelley himself was, cannot be adequately treated in the method of Mr. Shaw's play. The irony is mechanical, and consists of turning well-known theatrical situations upside down. Mr. Shaw has even carried this method of surprise—which Sarcey considered to be the chief factor of drama—to the point of purposely misleading his audience as to the motives of the Rev. Anthony Anderson's sudden disappearance. As a piece of "Diabolonian Ethics" the play is poor and crude, but the trial scene is a masterpiece of fantastic comedy, and the character of General Burgoyne a veritable creation. Mr. Shaw was not much assisted by his players, with the exception of Mr. Granville Barker as General Burgoyne. It is evident that the general style of acting which told in the small Court Theatre must be broadened for the Savoy.

* * *

THE publication of a selection from Queen Victoria's letters on Wednesday, and Lord Rosebery's speech at Leith on Saturday, when Mr. J. S. Rhind's imposing statue of the late Queen was unveiled, have focussed attention upon Queen Victoria's splendid statesmanship and unrivalled tact as the ruler of a democratic country. The letters now printed are historical documents of the highest value, but their chief interest consists in their frank revelation of Queen Victoria's character. We already knew from the memoirs of the great statesmen of her reign how seriously she regarded her responsibilities as ruler, and the close attention she always gave to the political and social questions of her time. Her domestic life, too, with its example of quiet simplicity, has frequently been held up to the admiration of her subjects. Both these aspects of her life gain vividness from the letters. Again, the story of her reliance upon the sagacious counsel of her uncle King Leopold, and that of her long-continued struggle with Lord Palmerston, though not new, are now told in detail for the first time in the volumes edited by Mr. Benson and Viscount Esher. We hope to deal with the book fully in our review columns in an early issue.

* * *

THIS week marks a new conquest of space. On Thursday the first Press messages were flashed across the Atlantic between Ireland and Cape Breton by wireless Marconi telegraphy. In a short time it is expected that this method will be available for ordinary private messages. The Irish station stands on a headland four miles from Clifden, in Connemara, where Signor Marconi has established his large installation. The signals, it is stated, are sent and received simultaneously, and are read with great distinctness. A speed of about thirty words per minute has at present been attained.

Politics and Affairs.

RAILWAY MISMANAGERS.

THE blank refusal of the railway managers to enter the path of conciliation proposed by their employees renders a strike almost inevitable. Their answer, that there is nothing to discuss, and if there were, the Association is not competent to discuss it, embodies a spirit of arrogant autocracy once extremely common, but now rare in the relations of capital and labour among the more organised trades of this country. The ballot-papers which are coming in from the branches of the Amalgamated Society make it pretty certain that a solid vote in favour of a strike will be cast by the hundred thousand members of the Union. If they come out, they will certainly be joined by a large number of the younger men of the Locomotive Union. While the decision will be reached in about a fortnight, Mr. Bell will, of course, exercise his discretion as to the time for action. Several considerations will, doubtless, weigh with the men's executive; by waiting they may gather in non-unionists, but may damp down the fighting spirit of their members; by striking at the time most embarrassing to the railways they may offend the public, and lose some of its support. On the whole, it seems likely that Mr. Bell will bide his time, so as to strike with the maximum effect. Meantime, the anxiety of the general mind will be growing ever tenser as the catastrophe becomes more imminent. For the situation, should a strike take place, will involve a terrible amount of suffering, the stagnation of traffic over large parts of the country, and, if it continue, the starvation of our city populations. It is true that, unless the locomotive men decide to throw in their lot *en bloc* with the Associated Society, a large portion of the passenger trains may still run; but the mineral traffic, and most of the other goods traffic, will be brought to a standstill, and London and other large cities will speedily find their supplies of food and fuel running short.

The pretence that the strikers can be replaced by competent substitutes is not likely to assuage the anxiety of a public which has before its mind the terrible object lesson of this Shrewsbury catastrophe. The companies dare not put in the chief signal-boxes of their lines ill-trained clerks and porters or picked-up blacklegs to take the place of their experienced employees, staking the lives of their passengers against their pride and obstinacy.

Upon whom does the responsibility for this terrible menace rest, and what means have the public for averting it? To the former of these questions we think public opinion is prepared with a tolerably clear answer. In refusing even to consider a basis of discussion for grievances, the railway directors have put themselves out of court. If the employees have a right collectively to bargain as to the terms of their employment, they must be permitted to employ skilled agents for this purpose, whom the managers must consent to recognise. Peaceful settlement of differences can only come this way. If, as the directors contend, recognition will strengthen Unionism, and stronger Unions will press for a rise of wages, and other conditions disastrous to the interests of the shareholders, this is a contention which has been met and overcome in other organised industries. "But," say the railways, "other industries can raise prices to recoup themselves for rising expenses;

we cannot;" and they point to their accounts of recent years, which show working expenses encroaching ever more largely upon gross earnings, and net earnings and dividends exhibiting a marked decline. Now we are certainly not disposed to overlook the serious condition in which thousands of shareholders find themselves, with shrinking capital values, and falling dividends. Lord Allerton, chairman of the Great Northern Railway, has certainly good grounds for his recent declaration that "English railways are at the present time in a more difficult position than they had ever found themselves in since they were built." But we must remind our readers that this position cannot be imputed to the high wages and unreasonable demands of railway employees. Large masses of railway workers are worked for longer hours at lower rates of pay than appertain in any great skilled trade in the country. The railway wage-bill has undoubtedly risen, but managers in flaunting this fact before their shareholders and the public, are seeking to avoid close scrutiny into the real causes of the financial trouble, viz., inefficient management. The loose and utterly unscientific bookkeeping which still prevails in our railways precludes the managers from knowing the actual earning power of the trains they run, or from answering many of the elementary questions involved in railway accountancy. And what is more, these very managers, whose high-handed refusal to meet the men is bringing on the present railway crisis, are also engaged in placing every possible impediment in the way of the Select Committee which is seeking at the present time to place railway accountancy upon a sound systematic basis. Although some reforms have been effected in the last few years, the waste of hauling power both in passenger and goods traffic still remains so enormous as to swallow up all the increased values which should accrue from the normal and well-nigh automatic increase in traffic afforded by a growing population, with their growing needs of transport. In other words, the contention of the managers that they will not meet the men, because they cannot afford to concede any of their demands for higher wages and shorter hours, is utterly invalid. Let them bring up the standard of management even to the level of the North-Eastern, and they will have ample funds to compromise with the demands of the Unions without any reduction of dividends. Their arbitrary attitude is designed to conceal the large margin of their inefficiency, the main cause of the weak finances of our railways. Let the thousands of shareholders who are anxiously awaiting the issue of this struggle, refuse to permit themselves to be "fooled" by idle talk about encroachments of labour, and look to the quality of the management of their capital, checking the extravagant borrowing which takes place whenever money can be had cheaply, and insisting upon the adoption of scientific methods of railway economy.

Meanwhile the more urgent question waits. What can be done now to stay this disastrous strife? Neither party is likely to apply to the Board of Trade for formal conciliation, the railway managers because "there is nothing to discuss," the Amalgamated Society because, when they appealed once before in 1897, they met with an official rebuff. As the emergency approaches the request for Government interference, already plainly voiced, will swell into an irresistible demand. Government, it will be said, must force the parties to conciliation. Can Government do this? Its technical powers under

the Conciliation Act of 1906 are very limited, though somewhat wider than is commonly supposed. In addition to the right of instituting an inquiry and of offering friendly mediation, it possesses a larger power, which we believe has not hitherto been exercised, and which is indicated in the following clause of the Act:—

"If it appears to the Board of Trade that in any district or trade adequate means do not exist for having disputes submitted to a conciliation board for the district or trade, they may appoint any person or persons to inquire into the conditions of the district or trade, and to confer with employers and employed, and if the Board of Trade thinks fit, with any local authority or body, as to the expediency of establishing a conciliation board for the district or trade."

This power duly exercised would, it appears, enable Mr. Lloyd George to summon the two parties to appear before a Conciliation Board thus instituted at the sole initiative of the Board of Trade. Were such an invitation issued at a time when the public were suffering the actual pains and penalties of war, we are disposed to think that the railway directors dare not refuse. Were they still to prove obdurate, the sufferings of the people would oblige the Prime Minister to summon Parliament and to submit a measure of Compulsory Arbitration, limited perhaps in scope, but immediately applicable to the current emergency. Unpopular as we know the idea of such State compulsion is among employers and employed, it appears to be the only adequate remedy short of nationalisation of the railways. When in America six years ago the coal and railway barons of Pennsylvania refused to arbitrate their quarrel with the anthracite miners, and whole populations were perishing with cold, President Roosevelt plainly told the employers that unless they gave way he would march troops into the mining district and work the coal. This spirit, though not this exact method, we shall look to find in Mr. George should the emergency require it. We do not, however, anticipate the necessity of any measure so extreme. The attitude of the railway managers, who have in this matter imposed their authority upon directors and shareholders alike, is one of foolish defiance, injurious alike to capital, labour, and the public, and one which ultimately they will find themselves unable to maintain.

TOWARDS FEDERATION.

THE re-settlement of South Africa advances step by step. In the Transvaal the people of the country have come to their own. The white majority rules, the Chinese are departing as the contracts run out, and the Semite is no longer disposer of all. The South African majority, compact of Briton and Boer, holds the representative assembly, and through the obliging behaviour of two Progressives who have retired from the Legislative Council, General Botha now commands a majority in the Second Chamber as well. This alleged check on popular representation has indeed turned out singularly hollow and ineffective. The main objects for which the war was fought—the domination of the financier, the elimination of the white workman, the expropriation of the Boer, the establishment of servile labour—have one and all been frustrated by the gift of self-government. Not only so, but something positive has been gained. Briton and Boer, who supposed themselves to be enemies, have found out the truth that some few of us preached before ever the war begun. They have dis-

covered that their interests, far from being opposed, are in the main identical: that they have been the object of common attack by the financier with his mechanism of a servile Press, his retinue of Asiatic serfs, his apparatus of music-hall patriotism. They have learned that the white men who would live freely and have scope for life and labour in a new country must allow no petty bitternesses of the past to divide them when confronted with the sinister forces which modern capital has at its disposal. The lesson has not been learnt in vain, and the South Africa of the future, grave as are the problems before it, will at least be the home of a united white race—a race which will be, in the true sense, South African, born and bred in the country, making its home there, and not visiting it to make money and retire.

This race is, and doubtless will be, predominantly Boer in blood. And there will, of course, be those who will seek to frighten us with tales of Boer predominance, should the elections in the Orange Colony and Cape Colony go as is expected. Indeed, it will be but a fresh instance of the irony of politics—which in this case is but another name for the short-sightedness of some politicians—if within six years of the peace of Vereeniging, the crushed enemy should hold the reins in three out of the four self-governing colonies of South Africa. But the vanquished are winning for two reasons; first that they never were vanquished, since their spirit was unbroken; and second, that they ought never to have been attacked at all, and that those who attacked them have now found this out. The Boers as Boers could not hold either the Transvaal or Cape Colony. They hold them as South African whites, as the nucleus of the patriotic party, to which all sensible men of English and Scottish birth, who are making a home in South Africa, are now rapidly learning to attach themselves. In 1899 a great many of these men were grossly misled. In the years that followed from the first establishment of Milner government at Pretoria to the passing of the Chinese Labour Ordinance, their eyes were opened.

In the probable predominance of the South African party there is, then, nothing to fear on behalf of the Empire. We are far from saying that the work of the war can be undone or that South Africa can ever now become what Canada and Australia are to the Mother Country. Not merely now, but generations hence, in any case of strain between England and South Africa there are bitter memories to which men who seek to divide and estrange will find it easy to appeal. If the memory of Majuba could lash England to fury in 1899, if Slaughter's Nek was remembered by the Dutch seventy-four years after the event, is it likely that the graver events of 1899-1902 will so die out as to be incapable of revival? But here is a permanent source of danger opened up once for all when the conduct of affairs was committed to those who knew neither justice nor freedom. We cannot close it up again. All that we can do is to prevent the opening of fresh sources of trouble, and with the best intentions in the world we shall not always find this easy. We have, however, given back internal freedom to the conquered Republics. The Transvaal flag combines the Vierkleur and the Union Jack. The close of the year is likely to see Botha, Delarey, and De Wet all Ministers of the Crown. We can further that Federation which would have rendered the last war impossible, and constitutes now the immediate step to be taken in the growth of the new

South African nation. For South Africa is to be a nation precisely as Sir Wilfred Laurier has told us that Canada is a nation. The greater and more united it is as a nation the more likely its people will be to acquiesce in that free union into which, after the disturbances of Mr. Chamberlain's rule, the white portion of the Empire is once more settling down. This union cannot rest on sentiment alone, and in South Africa sentiment would not support it. Still less can it rest on force, and nowhere has force more conspicuously failed than in South Africa. It rests for the present—and will rest till circumstances greatly change or till some new strain of feeling is put upon it—on mutual interest, on the advantages of mutual protection, and on the facilities for a wider life afforded by a common citizenship. No one, after the rashness that has been, can prophesy smooth things as to the permanent future in South Africa. It is enough that the present trend is towards the union of the white races, the control of the de-nationalised financier, and consequently friendly relations with the Empire.

One grave problem remains which will come up in connection with Federation. The old phrase: "Equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi" is in process of being justified—in strange ways, unexpected to the phrase-maker, as is the wont of phrases. What of those who are not white—the Kaffir, the Hottentot, and the crowd of half-castes, Malays, and others who in South African phrase are distinguished from full-blooded natives as "coloured" people? These people are as much British subjects as the white man. One theory of the war was that it was undertaken in their special interest, though it is probable that their last state is at best no improvement on their first. The circumstances of the Natal rebellion—stoutly defended, of course, by the Press and the official world at the time—are not calculated to reassure us as to the future. It seems to us that it should be the prime object of British statesmanship in the coming negotiations for Federation to urge on the Colonial Governments a generous and statesman-like basis for the solution of this standing problem. In establishing the two new Colonial Governments our hands were tied by the Vereeniging terms. We have bound ourselves not to insist on the enfranchisement of the natives or the coloured peoples before the question of self-government should be settled. In the discussions on Federation we encounter no such obstacle. Nor have we to do more than rely on the experience of Cape Colony, where the franchise, though in practice restricted to a small fraction of natives, has nevertheless enabled them before now to hold the balance at a General Election. The object of our statesmanship should be to throw our weight into the scale with the best men of Cape Colony, and we are sure with many in the other three Colonies, to induce them to admit the natives to such a share in the representation as will secure a fair consideration for their interests, and will allow them to speak for themselves, instead of being eternally spoken for by self-constituted patrons. It is a sad reflection that in speaking for justice to uncivilised races, we as a nation have lost much of our old authority. In South Africa in particular, "justice" and "humanity" are terms which an audience will hardly listen to from English lips. But there is another side to the case. South Africans are well aware that in all that they suffered

there was a large party in England that suffered with them, and endured much contumely in the championship of their cause. This part of England at least they will not accuse of cant and insincerity, and it is precisely this part of England which is in earnest in asking them for freedom, political as well as economic, for the native race.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THERE comes always in the slow process by which nations are reconciled and feuds appeased an anxious moment before success is quite assured, when the enemies of concord redouble their provocations and obscure the motives of both parties in careful webs of rancour and suspicion. We are nearing such a moment in our relationship with Germany, and the school which has shouted *Delenda est Carthago* ever since the passage of the Navy Act of 1900 is aware how critical this period is for the success of its campaign. Next month the Kaiser, accompanied, we hope, by Prince Bülow, will visit King Edward in England, and much will turn upon the mood in which the country receives him. It was possible to doubt whether the last visit which the King paid to the German Court was much more than an act of personal courtesy, though the warm words of the Kaiser's toast and the geniality of the German people created an impression of confidence and cordiality. The Kaiser's visit, on the other hand—since the programme includes a Guildhall banquet and a procession through the streets of London—will frankly challenge a political interpretation. If, by such methods as the "Times" employed last week, the opponents of a reconciliation can chill the emotional atmosphere and impose a studied caution and reserve, the visit may do more harm than good: expose the well-meant efforts of Prince Bülow to an ill-mannered rebuff and send our visitors home convinced that the governing classes in England will listen to no advances and forget no grievances.

The task of creating suspicion by an analysis of the motives which have caused Prince Bülow to promote this reconciliation puts no strain upon the resources of an adroit controversialist. For it is fair to assume that no German statesman trained in the Bismarckian tradition will allow himself to be dominated by the larger considerations of humanity which ought to govern European polity. We need ascribe to Prince Bülow neither an abstract concern for peace nor a disinterested regard for England. A political realist dreads defeat rather than war, and courts the nation whose enmity may be dangerous rather than the nation whose temperament is naturally congenial to him. We need not question the diagnosis of the "Times" when it ascribes the recent inclinations of Prince Bülow partly to the proved solidity of our *entente cordiale* with France, partly to our Agreement with Russia, and partly to the discovery that German naval preparations cannot proceed as swiftly as the more sanguine members of the Flotten-Verein had hoped. German policy has recognised that changed conditions demand a fresh orientation. It accepts the omens and modifies its methods and its attitude with a cold self-command and an indifference to all emotional considerations. We cannot, of course, be certain that the change is permanent, for German policy is consistent only in its opportunism. But to demand a change of

heart, and call, as the "Times" does, for a "sincere repentance" is as foolish as it is insolent. Hatred and love have no place among the mechanical levers of interest which govern German policy, nor could any responsible person seek to arrange a "union of hearts" between the England of Gladstone and the Germany of Bismarck. The question is rather whether we ought to recognise the change of front in Berlin, adjust our interests and our rivalries, and seek to give durable validity to the calculation which for the moment prefers our friendship to our enmity. If we hold aloof—refuse to forget the past, push to an extreme the advantages we have won by "penning Germany in," and rely on the overwhelming power of our fleet—the feud will be permanent, the humaner purposes of European statecraft will be wrecked by the prevailing distrust, and in the end the only solution, the only path to equilibrium and repose, may lie through an "inevitable" war. If, on the other hand, we meet Germany in a neighbourly and conciliatory spirit, she may come to realise that she can gain her legitimate ends without staking everything on a risky attempt to break our naval supremacy. The *détente* which Prince Bülow desires would be a period of experiment. It lies with us to make it so mutually advantageous, so necessary to the peace and progress of the world, that its natural consummation would be a reduction of naval armaments.

In the history of our relations with Germany it was undoubtedly the determination expressed in the Navy Act of 1900 to create a German fleet "of such strength that even for the mightiest naval Power a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy" which made a turning-point. The early phases of the Boer War found Mr. Chamberlain advocating a Pan-Teutonic Alliance, the "Daily Mail" welcoming the Kaiser as "our friend in need," and the two Governments concluding an *entente* which was to form a basis for joint action in the Far East. It was the growth of the German Navy which caused the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "National Review" to make the sudden discovery that Germany is the enemy. The notion that our naval position was being seriously challenged became with them a fixed idea—and no doubt there are Germans who do believe that superior efficiency on their side might balance numbers on ours, while a sudden attack would not allow us to mobilise at once at the point of danger more than a fraction of our scattered fleets. It is a madman's calculation, but it serves to lend a show of plausibility to those who argue to-day that Prince Bülow's amiability can only disguise a plan for gaining time until his fleet is ready. It is useless to speculate about the secret motives which may underlie the intention of the German Government to be strong at sea as well as on land. The motive may be genuinely defensive—and even if it were aggressive, there are, after all, other naval Powers in the world who might be attacked with more hope of profit and success than ourselves. It is a naïve egoism which assumes that every ship built abroad is armed against England. But while we cannot pretend to gauge the secret plans of the German Government, we can follow the arguments by which the growth of the fleet are recommended to the German taxpayer. It is described as an insurance for the growing mercantile marine. So long as we maintain the traditional right of capturing private property at sea in time of war, so long will these

preparations be legitimate and even necessary. Our defence of that traditional and respectable method of barbarism at the present Hague Conference has placed in the hands of the German Navy League an argument which it will not be slow to use. If we had had the statesmanship to renounce that right, it is probable that the Flotten-Verein would have experienced a sudden decline in its membership. It is the knowledge that our Navy might suddenly seize and appropriate the costly liners, the numerous "tramps" which they have built of late years, that compels German merchants to support the heavy taxation which is creating a defensive navy. What they support as a weapon of defence others may use as a weapon of attack. But if the navy had to be advocated frankly as an aggressive arm it is fairly certain that the Reichstag would not sanction a large expenditure. Our determination to maintain this tremendous threat against peaceful commerce is robbing us of the support which every sane element in Germany would otherwise give to a policy of peace and disarmament. It exposes us to a not unnatural distrust, and even the Socialists looked on our proposal for a reduction of armaments as a snare. It is doubtful whether even from the naval standpoint we have gained. For Germany has replied to our defence of one method of barbarism by setting up a claim to employ another. If we use our naval strength to capture her commerce, she will use her naval weakness as an excuse for adopting the inhuman but inexpensive method of the floating mine.

The conclusion from any fair survey of German policy and German ship-building is, we think, that it is entirely gratuitous to assume that any aggressive intention underlies the determination to have a strong navy. If we wish to succeed in our advocacy of reduced armaments, we can judge of our chances of success only after we have essayed the task of establishing normal and friendly relations with Germany. The will on her side is present. The condition which Sir Edward Grey most properly laid down—an improvement in Franco-German relations—is also present. Our friendship with France is happily so firm and so popular that an approach to Germany may be made without the risk of misunderstanding. For it is only with a Liberal Power that we could maintain a relationship so cordial and so intimate as that which binds us to France. A reconciliation with Germany, like our Agreement with Russia, would belong to the realm rather of business than of sentiment. That such a reconciliation is necessary and desirable most Englishmen realise. We for our part would go further and urge that it can be postponed only at the cost of compromising many of the purposes which are essential to a Liberal policy alike at home and abroad.

THE SOCIAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

It was natural and appropriate that Mr. J. Compton Rickett, as a layman and a member of the House of Commons, should select the social mission of the Church as the subject of his presidential address to the representatives of the Congregational Union assembled this week at Blackpool. It is at once a very large and a very complicated subject, and it says much for the vitality and courage of the various Christian communi-

ties of Western Europe and America that they are becoming less and less afraid to tackle it. It is now sixteen years since we had a long and elaborate encyclical from the Roman Church on the condition of the working classes, in which many most admirable sentiments were propounded. Other churches had spoken before that period, but since the question became a living one to the most conservative communion in Christendom, it has grown in importance year by year, and is destined in the future to occupy an even more prominent place. An old conception of the Church which has not yet died out is that it has nothing to do with the affairs of this world; its one supreme mission is to prepare the earthly pilgrim for eternity. It was regarded as compromising to religion to mix it up with the secular interests of life: it should be kept within the individual conscience and the four walls of the church. As long as the conviction prevailed that the individual was absolutely independent of external circumstances—that he was supreme master of his own fate, that outward conditions had nothing to do with the essential shaping of his life—it was possible to make out a case for this conception of the proper function of the Church. But the atomistic scheme of things out of which these ideas arose has been superseded by the organic conception which looks upon man no longer as an isolated unit but as a vital member of a great inter-dependent whole. From this point of view a man's character is a product of social conditions as well as of his own will, and you cannot in the old phrase "prepare him for eternity" unless you consider his surroundings as well as himself.

Apart from these considerations, it must also be pointed out that the Christian Church in all ages of its history has considered itself as the bearer of a social mission. The New Testament contains abundant evidences of this, and many traces of it are to be found among the early Christian apologists, who are never tired of pointing out to the Roman Emperors that the Christians are men of good works. They succour the needy; they rescue the orphan from him who would do him violence; they do not turn away their countenance from the widow; they provide for the needs of the imprisoned and oppressed. Even if we admit that the statements made by post-apostolic writers are over-coloured, the fact remains that the work of social amelioration was looked upon as an essential part of the Christian ideal of life. This ideal the Church has always retained, and we find many traces of its existence in the darkest periods of ecclesiastical history. To minister not merely to the mental but also to the physical miseries of humanity has always been regarded by all classes of believers amid all their other differences as a supremely Christian duty. The social mission of the Church is therefore as old as Christianity itself.

What has happened in recent years is that the Church's conception of its social duty has taken a new and deeper import. It remains for us to consider what this deeper import is. The Church of to-day has at last opened its eyes to the fact that its task is only half fulfilled as long as it confines itself to the alleviation of actual misery and distress. It has been engaged in this beneficent work for the last eighteen centuries, but the woes of humanity are still a dark and intolerable blot on modern life. The greatest benefactor of the race is not the man who builds hospitals for the broken and the suffering, ad-

mirable as such work unquestionably is: it is the man who removes the conditions by which suffering is produced. The man who points out to us how diseases may be prevented is much greater than the man whose attention is confined to dealing with the diseases which exist. This is a lesson which the Church is at last becoming aware of and is slowly taking to heart. The Christian conscience is becoming alive to the truth that it must probe deeper into the causes of social misery if it would secure any satisfactory and permanent results. We shall never abolish drunkenness by confining ourselves to attempts to cure the individual drunkard; we must go deeper and remove the conditions which produce the habit of intemperance. We shall not cure crime by the charitable efforts of discharged prisoners' aid societies; we must first of all examine into the conditions which produce the criminal classes. We shall not uproot insanity by the most admirable treatment of the insane in magnificently appointed asylums. We must get at the causes of insanity by an inquiry into the individual and social conditions out of which mental instability takes its rise. We shall not diminish pauperism by relieving the beggar in the street or offering him the workhouse; we must ask ourselves what are the reasons which have led the man to be a beggar at all. Unemployment, sweating, excessive hours of labour, and a whole host of the industrial evils which arise out of our existing economic system can only be effectively dealt with when we have got at the bottom of the conditions which create them. To examine into the circumstances which are producing the crime, the drunkenness, the insanity, the pauperism, which deface our social life is the great task which a deeper knowledge of social conditions has now imposed upon the church. The older task of alleviating existing evils must not on this account be neglected or pursued with less eagerness than before. But a fresh estimate must be formed of its value; it must always be kept in mind that it is a palliative and not a cure.

Even when men are agreed upon causes, they are often at variance as to remedies. It is here that the church, if it is wise, must walk with wary feet. Remedies often involve the element of legislative action, and legislative action draws us into the vortex of party politics. In matters of social legislation cases sometimes arise in which the moral issues are so clearly defined that the Church is obliged to take a side. But where this does not arise it is wiser for a church not to commit itself to any hard and fast scheme of legislative change. It is well inside the functions of a church to point out our social diseases and the conditions from which they arise with all the fervour of the Christian pulpit. But the remedies to be applied to these evils must in the main be devised by practical statesmen whose business it is to work the legislative machine. The social task of the church is not to usurp the office of the politician but to educate the social conscience of the electorate. Its mission at the present moment is to deepen in the mind of the average man the sense of social responsibility. The appeal of the future must be made, not only to man as an individual, but to man as a member of the family, a citizen of the State, and internationally a citizen of the world. The social mission of the Church at bottom consists in developing the social conscience of the individual. This is a vast and fruitful field lying open to preachers of all denominations.

Life and Letters.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE.

WITHIN the circle of the high grey wall is silence.

Under a square of sky cut by high grey buildings, nothing is seen of Nature but the prisoners themselves, the men who guard the prisoners, and a cat who eats the prison mice.

This House of perfect silence is in perfect order, as though God himself had been at work—no dirt, no hurry, no lingering, no laughter. It is all like a well-oiled engine that goes—it knows not why. And each human thing that moves within this circle goes, day after day, year after year—as he has been set to go. The sun rises and the sun goes down—so says tradition in the House of Silence.

In yellow clothing marked with arrows, the inhabitants are working. Each, when he came in here, was measured, weighed, and sounded; and, according to the entries made against his number, he received his silent task, and the proper quantity of food to keep his body able to fulfill it. He resumes this silent task each day, and if his work be sedentary, paces for an hour the speckless gravel yard, from a number painted on a wall to a number painted on a wall. Every morning, and on Sundays twice, he marches in silence to the chapel, and in the voice that he has nearly lost, praises the silent God of prisoners; this is his debauch of speech. Then, on his avid ears the words of the preacher fall; and motionless, row on row, he sits, in the sensual pleasure of this sound; and the words are void of sense, for the music of speech has drugged his hearing.

Before he was admitted to this House of Silence he had endured his six months' utter solitude, and now, in the small, white-washed space, with a black floor whence he has cleaned all dirt, he spends but fourteen hours out of the twenty-four alone, except on Sundays, when he spends twenty-one, because it is God's day. He spends them, walking up and down, muttering to himself, listening for sound, with his eyes on the little peephole in the door through which he can be seen but cannot see. Above his mug and plate of shining tin, his brush with stiff black bristles, and a piece of soap, a little pyramid of godly books is raised in perfect order; no sound, or scent, no living thing, no spider even, only his sense of humour comes between him and his God. But nothing whatever comes between him and his walking up and down, his listening for sound, his lying with his face pressed to the floor; till darkness falls, that he may stare at it, and beg for Sleep, the only friend of prisoners, to touch him with her wings. And so, from day to day, from week to week, and year to year, according to the number of the years set opposite the name that once was his.

The workshops of the House of Silence hear no sound but that of work; the men in yellow, with arrows marked upon them, are busy with a fearful zest. Their hands and feet and eyes move all the time; their lips are still. And on these lips, from mouth to mouth, is seen no smile—so perfect is the order.

And all their faces have one look, as though they said: We care for nothing—nothing; we hope for nothing—nothing; we work like this for fear of horror! Their quick dull stare fastens on him who comes to watch their silence; and all their eyes, curious, resentful, furtive, have in the depths of them the same defiant meaning, as though they saw in him the world out of which they have been thrown, the millions of the free, the millions not alone all day and every day, the millions who can *talk*. As though they saw Society, which bred them, nurtured them, and forced their steps to that exactly fitting point of physical or mental stress, out of which they found no way but the crime rewarded with these years of silence. As though they heard in the footsteps and the muttered questions of their casual visitor this whole pronouncement of man's justice:

"You were dangerous! Your souls, born undersized, were dwarfed by Life to the commission point of crime. For our protection, therefore, we have placed you under lock and key. There you shall work—seeing, hearing, feeling nothing, without responsibility, without initiative, bereft of human contact with your kind. We shall see

that you are clean, and have enough to eat; we shall inspect and weigh your bodies, and clothe them with sufficient clothes by day and night; divine service you shall have; your work shall be apportioned to your strength. Corporal punishment we shall very seldom use. Lest you should give us trouble, and contaminate each other, you shall be silent, and, as far as possible, alone. You sinned against Society; your minds were bad; it were better if in our process you should lose those minds! For some reason which we cannot tell, you had but little social instinct at the start, that little social instinct soon decayed. Therefore, through bitter brooding and eternal silence, through horror of your lonely cells, and certainty that you are lost—no good, no mortal good to man or thing—you shall emerge cleansed of all social instinct. We are humane and scientific, we have outgrown the barbarous theories of old-fashioned law. We act for our protection and your good. We believe in reformation. We are not torturers. Through loneliness and silence we will destroy your minds, that we may form fresh minds within the bodies of which we take such care. In silence and in solitude is no real suffering—so we believe, for we ourselves have never passed one single silent day, one single day alone!"

This, by the expression of their eyes, is what the men in yellow seem to hear, and this, by the expression of their eyes, is what they seem to answer:

"Guv'nor! You tell me I did wrong to get in here, brought up like I was—born in the purple—Brick-street, 'Ammersmith. My father was never up against the police; epileptic fits it was that he went in for—I oughtn't to have had him for a father; I oughtn't to have had a mother that liked her drop o' trouble, leavin' me what you might call violent from a child. That's where the little difficulty was, you see. The bloke that came about my girl knows that, seein' he laid two years upon his back after I'd done with 'im. That set 'em on reformin' me. To do the business proper, Guv'nor, they give me six months solitary to start upon. All them six months I asks meself: 'If I were out again, an' he come hangin' round my girl—what would I do?' And I answers: 'Hit 'im like I done!' You tell me I oughtn't to bein' thinkin' that; Guv'nor, I 'adn't nothin' else to think upon. Only that, an' what was goin' on outside, with me there buried up alive. You tell me that ther' solitude ought to ha' done a lot for me, an' so it did. I 'aint never been the same man since. When I come out I made a big mistake to have that sentence up against me, in the earnin' of me livin' honest, like as though I'd never been in prison. I oughtn't to ha' been a carpenter I guess, or anythin' where people has to trust yer, not likin' them about their houses 'as has been in quod; I ought to ha' had a trade that didn't need no dealings with my fellow-creatures. You tell me what I wanted was to love me neighbour. Guv'nor, after I come out, I got regular wasted on *that* job. When you get wasted, Guv'nor, you take to drink, your stomach feels a funny shiverin'; what it wants is warmth, a bit of fire—so, when you gets a sixpence you lays it out in warmth. That's wrong, you say. But, lucky Guv'nor, drink puts heart into a man as has to get his livin' out of lovin' of his neighbour. . . . Soon after that I got another little lot, with six months solitude again, to put me straight. When you eat your heart for want o' somethin' else to do, when your mind rots for the need of ever such a little bit to chew on, when you feel all day and every day like a poor dumb varmint of a caged-up rat—like as not you hit a warder, Guv'nor. When you hit a warder, it's the cat. This time I ought to ha' come out p'raps a different man—an' so I did. I ought to ha' had a different mind, bein' chastened and taught the love o' God; but, seein', Guv'nor, that when I come to think it over, which was all day and every day, I couldn't really find out what I done which in my case any other man would ha' stopped short o' doin'—bein', not any other man, but *me*—I come out that time meanin' to go upon my own. And on my own I went, and ever since I've been—an out-an'-outer, as you can see with lookin' at me now. An' if you ask me what I think of all o' you outside, I can't reply, seein' I'm not allowed to speak. . . ."

This is the answer that they seem to make; their lips move, but no sound comes.

The warder watches those moving lips; his eyes, the

eyes of a keeper of wild beasts, are saying: "Pass on, sir, please, and don't excite the convicts—you have seen all there is to see!"

And so the visitor goes out into the prison yard.

On to the old grey buildings, a new grey block is being built; it runs up high already towards the square of sky; and on the pale scaffolding are prisoners cementing-in the stones. A hundred feet up, they move with silent zest, helping to make the little white-washed spaces safe, to hold—themselves; helping to make thick the walls, that they may hear nothing, and their own moaning may be smothered; helping to join stone to stone, and fill the cracks between, that no creature, however small, may come to share their solitude; helping to make the window spaces high above their reach, that from them they shall look at—nothing; helping to hide themselves away out of the minds of all who have not sinned against man's justice; for, to forget them in their silence and their solitude is good for man, and to remember them, unpleasant. The sky is grey above them, they are grey against the sky; no sound comes down but the smothered tapping of their tools.

The visitor goes out towards the prison gate; and, meeting him, there come three convicts marching in. The tallest marches in the centre, an old man with active step, and grey bristles on his weather-darkened face. His eyes are fixed upon the visitor, a light darts into them; he bares his yellow teeth and smiles. His lips move, and out of them come words. So, when skies have been dark all day, the sun gleams through, to prove the beauty of the Earthly Scheme. These words—the precious evidence of purifying solitude, the only words that have been spoken in the House of Silence, come faintly on the prison air: "Ye ———!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

NATURE'S SACRAMENTS.

THE life of words is like in some ways to the life of men; the soul changes within them, though the form remains the same. Yet while language is still living, it may regain something of its old power beneath the poet's healing fingers, and now and again a master of words will recall to life for us some dying form of speech. Some writer of power is needed, surely, to win us back the older and wider use of the word sacrament, as a spiritual symbol, the revelation of the unseen through the visible, the unfolding of the unknown through the known. Far down into the Middle Ages men used the word in this wider sense, which had led the early Fathers to employ it as a rendering of the mysteries of pagan Greece. Doubtless, too, with this wider use went the more frequent thought of sacraments as widespread throughout life. To the mystics the whole earth abounded in spiritual teaching; nature was full of sacraments that brought a message of things unseen.

The story is told of the old Calabrian Abbot, Joachim da Fiore, that as he was saying vespers in some little church among the mountains, the glory of the setting sun caught his eye through the open door of the nave. Suddenly realising how much more beautiful was the great temple of the sunlit sky than the painted walls of his little building of stone, he led his congregation out into the open air, and with nature's ritual around them they went on praying, gazing upon the great picture of that evening landscape and the wonder of the sunset above. Though he was the adopted father of many admirable heretics, and for long a suspect himself, Blessed Joachim did not offend thus more than once, so far as we know, against the laws of ritual. But many another saint must have been tempted to do as he did. It is, indeed, easy for us to understand how in the old days every high place had its altar, and how again and again in later times solitude upon a mountain has seemed to give the most congenial atmosphere for prayer. Unconsciously, and quite apart from our beliefs, we instinctively turn in physical weariness, and often in other troubles, to the calm rest of nature. However much at times we may ponder her sterner side and search in vain to explain to ourselves the mysteries of death and pain with which she confronts us constantly, it is not these things of which she speaks to man, when he goes to her sad and weary, like a tired child to his nurse. A feeling of quietness, beneath

which lies strength, the dim apprehension of law, inexplicable indeed, but majestic and even beautiful, and above all that indefinable sense of peace which comes to us sometimes when we are in the presence of that which is immeasurably greater than ourselves, all this does Nature bring to us when we go to her alone with our troubles. The old stoics must have sometimes felt this, though to the Roman mind at least wild nature did not usually possess the attractive power it has for us. One cannot but feel that when Marcus Aurelius cries to the Universe "that which is harmonious to thee, is to me too," he is conscious of something of this feeling, in which our petty cares and troubles sink into nothingness amid the waters of the great ocean of universal life; though he arrived at the sense of this rather by inward meditation than by the contemplation of Nature without him. And whatever the philosophers may have felt, one has no doubt of the poets. Propertius, alone in the Umbrian highlands by the sources of the Tiber, and Catullus, listening to the ripple of the waves of Garda, were able for a moment to rise above the pain and fire of passion into a calmer air; yet the Roman poets have no such sense of the overwhelming majesty and order of nature as came to the Hebrew Psalmists.

The Roman had still in dim recesses of his consciousness the feelings of an earlier age, for which every wild wood was peopled with mysterious powers; nature was full of unknown agencies whose workings man could but dimly perceive, and the ancient rites of his religion were the charms by which he held at bay the strange potencies of evil that surrounded him. The Hebrew poet looked on nature even in her sterner aspects with the eyes of faith; hailstorm and thunder, and the very sea his people thought of with such dread, brought revelations to him of the Divine power controlling all; and because of this sense of unity, the mystery and wonder of the starry sky seemed to his inward ear vocal with harmonies. In some ways there has come to us in the last two centuries fuller knowledge of that reign of law which formed a part of the religious consciousness of the poets of ancient Israel. Science speaks to us of the insignificance of man beside the illimitable greatness of the universe of which he is ever striving to gain some knowledge, and trains us to revere the majesty of laws which we can only imperfectly apprehend. Yet it is well known how sadly one great leader of modern science regretted that in his old age he was no longer able to know the feeling of the beauty and majesty of the Alpine landscape which had so often helped him in the past, because, as it seemed to him, the habit of scientific analysis had taken from him that simpler sense of the earlier years, the direct consciousness of a beauty he could not explain. So true it is that the child's eyes and the childlike spirit only find the entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, which is hid to the wise. One must not suppose, indeed, that the closing of this one door into the unseen means that others, too, are shut, or else the lot of the city-dweller would be even worse than it is. Dr. Johnson, kindest and best of townsmen, though he said that to see one green field was to see all green fields, was yet keenly sensitive to many of the lesser sacraments of man's social life; and those who read his prayers and meditations know that the invisible realities were to him no subject of intellectual belief, but the atmosphere of his inmost thought. Yet it is surely a thing to be regretted that the habit of scientific research and the ordinary course of town life do too often so mould our faculties as to impede that vision which the contemplation of Nature still brings to the simple heart. The student's loss has its compensations, and may even involve in it an element of the noblest sacrifice; but this cannot be said of the man whose whole life is wrapped up in the making of money and in the pleasures and concerns of conventional urban society. Such men are robbing not only themselves and their families of the things which make life worth living, but a far wider circle; for they are helping to keep in being a civilisation which deprives thousands of city children of ever knowing what the sacraments of nature mean. The majority of Londoners have never seen the sun rise, save over smoking chimneys; they have never been able to watch the full moon sailing across the clear blue of a cloudless night; never known a day filled with the joyous exhilaration of sunlight only dimmed by the mist of the vanishing dew. Still less do such town-dwellers understand of the lonely

silence of the night in the open country, in which men may feel themselves back again amid the childhood of the race. True, the amber haze of day in London and the flicker of the gas lamps in the streets at night have a beauty of their own; but it is dearly bought if the price must be, at least for the greater part of our poorer men and women, and for almost all the children, so heavy a one as this. The civilisation which shuts out from its gaze the vision of the stars may well grow blind to greater mysteries; if men will not listen to the music of the spheres, how should they hear the angels' song?

WAYFARERS.

"It's fotty year, sin'; it wor a six-'oss farm, and ah mew twenty-three aäcres mysen." We stood on one of the finest of Yorkshire moors in this finest of all Septembers. Miles of purple heather rolled away to the north, whilst the golden grain gave way to russet bracken and dark pine as we turned to the sunset. The speaker was short and bent; he had been strong and lusty once, and his sturdy spirit contrasted with the weak limbs of to-day as the sickle of his prime must have contrasted with the rickety, out-of-place perambulator which he had wheeled on to the moor for a feeble load of bracken or heather.

The modern binder was not for him, nor the new-fangled motor for his loved moors. But his heart went out to us wayfarers, who had taken five hours over the last three miles by reason of the purple glories of the autumn; and were now awaiting the chance of a trace-horse to give our caravan a pull to the top of the bank, where we were to spend the night. We watched a cart come slowly up with its load, and our companion hailed the driver: "Hast tha gitten soommat wick i't cart?" "Noa, summat deead." And in a few minutes he unyoked and pulled us up the last lap.

There is no getting even with these dalesmen in respect of hospitality. Cautious and a little stand-offish they may be—but what matter, if the heart be right? Their kindness was unbounded. The first night we were out with the van, a dalesman let us pitch where we wanted, let the horse run in his field, and lent another to pull up a hill. What did we owe him? Nothing, but if we cared to give his son, who drove the trace-horse, a trifle, why, we might. An hour later, another trace-horse was necessary. The corpulent farmer mounted his pony, rode to the far fields for his horse and man, and headed the cavalcade until we reached the summit. What did we owe him? Nothing, but if we cared to give the deaf-and-dumb lad who drove the horse a trifle, why, we might. That night another farmer lent his field and stabled the horse. What did we owe him? We knew the answer before we put the question. The only variant was that the lad was a nephew staying in the house. Our friends (*sic*) say that this kindly hospitality has its parentage in fear of consequences if predatory gypsies are ill-treated; but this is no less a libel on gypsies than on the dalesmen of the North Riding.

The wayfarer, with his caravan, looks down upon the house-dweller who regards a holiday as a recreation: the wayfaring life is life itself. And many a bypath was trodden and many a hill difficulty climbed before the right caravan was reached. We talked of hiring, and we talked of buying: we went to neighbouring fairs and took the advice of the showmen. They knew of nothing to suit us, recognising that theirs were either too small or too heavy; one man assured us in the intervals of inviting an unwilling public to try three shies for a penny, that he had a pal with a cheap van for sale, but we should have to take the switchback with it. So we resolved to build. The Hausfrau found the builder, became herself the architect and clerk of works, and the mere man acquiesced in wise silence. In four short weeks the caravan was a reality, with its kitchen and cabin, corner-cupboard and wardrobe, stove and larder, tables and beds. The van was christened "The Rambler," in spite of Boswell's criticism of the name, which he maintains is certainly "not suited to a series of grave and moral discourses; which the Italians have literally, but ludicrously, translated by *Il Vagabondo*; and which has been lately assumed as the denomination of a vehicle of licentious tales."

The horse was "Doctor Johnson," and he looked the

part as he entered the shafts. His intelligence was only equalled by his affection for a dish of tea, that "elegant and popular beverage."

So, for six weeks, the Hausfrau and her three belongings—husband and children—forsook the crowded life of the city for the true wayfaring life, where Nature provides an immortal garland to be run for. And the van bore us bravely over moor and dale, now through trackless heaths, now up and down impossible hills whose names mark our triumphs: Ramsdale Beck, Ruswarp Bank, Limber Hill, Hartoft End. We conquered them all in spite of the dismay caused by a small boy whom we consulted about the road ahead: "Yer've big banks to clim, bah goom?"

Leaving "Dr. Johnson" and the "Rambler" one day, a long tramp over the moor brought us to Lilla Howe. As we sat there speculating about Lilla and the cross on the cairn, the North Riding lay at our feet, full of memorials of the past. Everywhere are tumuli, remnants of paynim days. To the east stand the Abbey ruins, with memories of Abbess Hilda of Streaneshalch; and over there rises the Yorkshire Derwent to flow a few miles to Hackness, where Hilda had founded another monastery in the year of her death. Every schoolboy knows that it was Hilda who drove the snakes over the Whitby cliffs, snakes which he picks up to-day as ammonites: every schoolboy does not know that the legend still runs in the Riding that no snakes live in Hackness parish, so far and so long does Hilda's rule extend.

To Whitby Reinfrid had come with missionary zeal from far-away Evesham; and in Hackness Death had felled him.

Beyond that ridge to the south is Lastingham, calm and snug in its heather hollow, where Stephen, one of Reinfrid's co-workers, tried to revive the traditions that Cedd and Chad had founded. It is the place that Bede tells of, "among craggy and distant mountains, which looked more like lurking-places for robbers and retreats for wild beasts than habitations for men." Thither came Cedd to cleanse the place by prayer and fasting, and here the man of God fasted day after day till the evening, "and then took no other sustenance than a little bread, one hen's egg, and a little milk mixed with water."

But it is time to tramp back to the house of our habitation; and as the sun goes down we are sitting round the camp fire with the dark velvet moors behind and the land sloping away in front to a wooded wyke, dear to our Norse ancestors, a "bowery hollow crowned with summer sea."

We were often flattered by being taken for the Church Van, the Gospel Van, and the forerunner of entertainments for the fair. And once we knew the meaning of fame: three days after our arrival a police notice was posted, addressed "To Wayfarers," assuring us in legal phraseology that sleepers in carts or waggons would be summarily taken before the justices of the peace unless they could show some visible means of subsistence.

We halted for ten days near to the old red farm of two of Nature's gentlefolk. Tall and strong, with a stoop born of seventy years of labour, with handsome face and iron-grey hair, the dalesman worked his farm and wielded his flail. His comely wife, simple and unpretentious, kept away from the van for fear of intruding, and when at last she was persuaded to visit us, a plain Sunday gown showed how we were honoured.

A theological postman took a fancy to us when we pitched near his beat. He assumed our agreement with his orthodoxy in essentials and accidents, resenting the last "supply," who had spoken with disrespect of Habakkuk. He advised us to sing the doxology one fine morning, assuring us that it was bound to give us a leg-up some time. He had been a local preacher, and took occasion during the last sermon he was destined to preach, to talk straight to the people: "For ten minutes ah poot t'ring i' their noäses."

Alas that the wayfaring life is over, and that the noise of city strife dominates the present. But he was no philosopher who exalted the Present and put down the mighty Past and Future; for the Past is not beyond recall, and the Future is not out of our grasp. Memory commands the one, and Fancy gives the other—divine handmaidens these. In their companionship we link one Autumn to another Spring.

A. R.

AN ARTIST'S POLITICS.

THERE is a passage, half-humorous, half-melancholy, in Anatole France's "Sur la Pierre Blanche," which defines, from the standpoint of a Continental Socialist, the ultimate destiny of England amid the humane democracies of his dream. He foresees the federation of all the European peoples in a league of peace, with the triumph of Socialism, democratic, free-thinking, republican, as its economic and political basis; England alone stands aloof, still monarchical, still capitalistic, still religious, linked to the Continent not by any community of thought, but rather by some empirical system of compromises which enables her to reach, under her antique formulae, a practical régime of tolerance, peace and social justice. It is a remote and whimsical speculation, but it interprets, aptly enough, at once the foibles of our national character and the limitations of our actual politics. Burke, thundering against that un-English "Revolution Society," which declared that the right to "cashier our governors" was imbedded in the British Constitution, pointed out, once for all, the radical difference of spirit between French and English politics. When our forefathers did, under the sheer pressure of necessity, "cashier" James II., their main preoccupation seems to have been so to hedge and prescribe their achievement, that no general principle could be based upon it. In stating their reasons, they accumulated, with a wilful and conscious elaboration, every personal and temporal circumstance in their indictment, as though they intended thereby to challenge Time and the accidents of future turmoil to reproduce a situation exactly parallel to the precedent they were reluctantly creating. They shunned innovation; they abhorred universals, and Burke, in scolding the French for going back to the natural rights of man, and the first principles of society, implored them even to defy history, by inventing some antiquarian fiction of ancient popular rights and recent royal usurpations, upon which they might base a fabric of constitutional monarchy. That empirical temper has survived a century of reform; it still presides over the thinking of a democratic movement, which agrees, in all its immediate purposes and hopes, with the standpoint of a French Socialist or Radical.

* As if to help us to realise the contrast which he himself indicated, Anatole France has published a collection of his speeches (*Vers les Temps Meilleurs*. Paris: Edouard Pelletan.) In the spectacle of this fastidious artist in words, the critic whom one pictures in the pose of the familiar portrait—his hand resting on some exquisite statuette by Rodin, standing in a great library whose treasures he owes to a pen as popular as it is disciplined—coming out on to the hustling, moulding his sensitive style to a rousing platform polemic, lending grace to a mass meeting of international reds and Parisian working-men, or reviewing the politics of the day at a Socialist party congress—in this spectacle we have at once an evidence and an explanation of the intellectual position of French Socialism. Our own Labour Party could not have attracted a Walter Pater or a Matthew Arnold to its platforms; it is not, as Continental Socialism is, a doctrine, a theory of life and morals, a view of the universe, and, in some sense, a religion. There is in the attitude of the French intellectuals who have definitely associated themselves with Socialism no trace of condescension. They are not consciously bridging the gulf between the classes and the masses. They are not stretching out a helping hand from above to the aspiring members of a less fortunate class. They are simply taking their place as natural leaders in a movement of social transformation. They aim, not at the rescue of individuals, but at the triumph of the proletariat. Some of the most interesting of the addresses in this volume were delivered at the popular universities, staffed, in some instances, by some of the first scholars and scientists of France, which are springing up in all the greater towns and in every quarter of Paris. They are doing on a rather larger scale, what University Settlements are attempting to do among us. But their attitude and conception are quite different. One can conceive an English literary man encouraging the students of a Polytechnic, a Settlement, or a Mechanics' Institute to study science as a recreation, as a help to modern industry. He would

not commend it, as Anatole France does, as the foundation of a democratic and humanitarian conception of the universe; still less would he sing pæans in the manner of Lucretius to science the liberator, who purges fear from the heavens and builds a barrier for civilisation against superstition. He might commend study and industry as the conditions of self-help, the path to what one of Gorky's heroes of the slums used to call "the clean life of a merchant." But he would not preach study as a preparation for revolution, or commend the reading of political economy as a weapon for mastering capitalism. The English intellectual who works among the proletariat is a missionary who is striving to diffuse among them the privileges, the pleasures, and the enlightenment of his own class; the French intellectual of the same generation is frankly an exile, a mutineer.

When one comes to ask what it is that has driven a sensitive, sceptical temperament like that of Anatole France—a temperament as remote from the poetic communism of a Morris as it is from the economics of the early Fabians—into this uncompromising adherence to Socialism, the answer is doubtless to be sought in a series of historic accidents. He is not a profound or original thinker; he is rather the exquisite voice which adorns and varies the themes of ruder singers. The purely economic aspect of Socialism does not interest him. His conversion dates, like that of M. de Pressensé, from the Dreyfus case. He has not convinced himself, as the Germans have, that the working-classes are, by the necessities of a purely economic evolution, the predestined vehicles of a fundamental change, in which their appetites and their class interests will act as motive forces. Rather he hails them in a quite uncritical and emotional spirit, as the class which, by some law of nature, has retained a natural aspiration for justice and for peace.

Historically, the justification for this attitude is to be found in the eloquent addresses in which he dwells on the Dreyfus affair—the starting-point of the great moral revival, half-humanitarian, half-puritanical, in modern French politics. Individual Radicals fought bravely; as a party, only the Socialists were staunch and unanimous from the first hour to the triumphant end. Behind this crisis lay, however, another fundamental fact in French politics, which differentiates them so absolutely from our own. The individualism of Cobden and Bright is founded on an intense respect for personal liberty, and an intense jealousy of the tyranny of the State. The active and potent individualism of France is the individualism of the Napoleonic code, which isolates the citizen and makes of him a helpless unit, only to exalt the power of a centralised State in alliance with a hierarchical Church. Against this tendency the Socialism which battles for the right of combination is essentially a Liberal force. It was not a mere accident which arrayed it against the middle classes; it is not a mere accident which causes it to fight, as Anatole France does so gallantly, for the right of the teachers in State schools to form trade unions. It is, too, the same dread of a centralised authority which makes it so resolutely anticlerical. The individualism which it combats is essentially repressive; the collectivism which it exalts is that of free co-operation for the defence of individual right.

But of all the historical accidents which have ranged such men as Anatole France and Francis de Pressensé in the Socialist camp, the most influential is, without doubt, the Franco-Russian Alliance, and the militarism which made it inevitable. For them, the revolution in Russia is not a remote and alien event. Tsarism is, for them, as Anatole France puts it, in one of five eloquent speeches, "an epidemic disease," and its financial relations with France make it possible to identify the cause of the despotism on the Neva with that of capitalism on the Seine. We in England sympathise with the Russian democrats much as we sympathise with the Gracchi. A French Socialist realises that they are allies in his own fight against the internal reaction. He rises easily to a generalisation worthy of the stoics—"il n'y a plus au monde de crimes étrangers." He flings his whole force into the cause now of the Macedonians, now of the Armenians, now of the Congolese. He has realised, as our working-classes cannot, that militarism is an international evil.

Music.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

LIKE the other Festival Committees, that at Leeds this year has been very generous in the matter of new works. It must be counted unto it for righteousness, inasmuch as new works do not draw the Philistine musical public like the old ones, and the Philistines' money is necessary if these gigantic Festivals are to go on. Their days, perhaps, are already numbered. They are so costly to run that they cannot exist without the support of wealthy musical people, and the number of these does not grow in the same proportion as the expenses of the Festival. Larger orchestras and larger choruses are required each time; more rehearsals are needed in order to ensure a standard of performance that will satisfy expert ears; the fees of singers and players are always going up. For these reasons all concert-giving is becoming a much more expensive affair than it used to be. In the case of the Festivals the cost of bringing an orchestra of a hundred players from London, and paying it for eight performances and rehearsals, is enormous; yet no English town except Manchester and Liverpool can provide an orchestra of its own fit to do work of this exacting kind. The prices charged at Festivals are already excessive, and little or no expansion can be hoped for in this direction. Thus wedged between a practically stationary income and a steadily increasing expenditure, the lot of the Committees is not a happy one. It is true that at some places there is a surplus to be handed over to the charities, but that surplus is entirely dependent upon its charitable destination. At Birmingham, for example, it is the custom for wealthy men to give a donation of, say, fifty or a hundred pounds after each performance. There are not many who would give anything like this amount for music alone. And a great evil of the Festivals is that the prices of admission keep out large numbers of the most truly musical people. During the interval between two of the Festival performances at Leeds, the present writer went to the Colosseum in the same town to hear a recital by Paderewski. There was a crowded house, mostly of the popular kind, that showed both by its demeanour and its applause what intense pleasure it found in the music. One could not help feeling a pang of regret that these people, and those of the same social standing in other towns, should find the doors of the great Festivals banged in their faces. The only solution of the problem seems to be the establishment of a permanent local orchestra in each large town. If this were capable of giving performances of Festival standard, what is at present the greatest expense would be considerably cut down.

On the whole, the programmes and the performances at Leeds were very good. The Committee earned the heartfelt thanks of the weary critics by putting both "The Messiah" and "Elijah" on one side, though it marred this act of grace by including Parry's "The Love That Casteth Out Fear," and an extremely inadequate setting by Dr. Arthur Somervell of Wordsworth's great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." The other novelties, with the exception of Dr. Brewer's four "Pastorals" for tenor solo, were highly interesting. Dr. Brewer persists, much to his own disadvantage, in pursuing that vein of affected Arcadianism of which he gave us some thin samples in the three Pastorals produced at Hereford a year or so ago. Any modern musician of the slightest fancy could turn out these artificial "Fa-la-la" confections by the gross. Much the best of the new Pastorals was the setting of Milton's "Song on May Morning," where the sincerity of the poem made for more sincerity in the music.

Sir Charles Stanford's "Stabat Mater," if not a work of the first order throughout, has some first-rate things in it. It begins well and ends well, the orchestral prelude and the choral finale both having a note of first-hand sincerity that is mostly lacking in the middle portion, where one is often conscious of no more than a clever musician trafficking in the current musical formulæ of grief. The clashing seconds at the words "Pertransivit gladius," for example, leave us quite cold, because the effect is merely a calculated musical one, without any pressure of real feeling behind it. The orchestral prelude is a very able piece of

writing—a delineation of the grief of the sorrowing mother that in its modernity of idiom and wealth of colouring almost suggests the symphonic poem. Had the composer kept the whole work on this plane, it would have been exceptionally good.

Mr. Vaughan Williams's setting of Walt Whitman's "Toward the Unknown Region" is just a little Brahmsian in feeling and just a little chilly in manner here and there, but is, on the whole, a sincerely felt and well-expressed work, the slow building up of the big choral climax being remarkably fine. Mr. Rutland Boughton broke fresh ground in his delightful variations upon two old folk-songs, for unaccompanied chorus. It was a happy idea to take these fine old tunes and intensify them by turning upon them some of the resources of modern musical art—heightening and deepening their humour and their pathos, and at the same time pleasing the purely musical ear by putting them through all kinds of cunning transformations. In less sympathetic or less expert hands this kind of thing might easily become tiresome; but Mr. Boughton has both the imaginative quickwittedness and the good musicianship that it requires.

Mr. Granville Bantock's choral and orchestral work, "Sea-Wanderers," struck the most modern note in the whole Festival. It is in his usual style—an orchestral score pulsating with life, and a choral texture of such novelty that it is no wonder the Leeds singers could make little of it. The performance of the work brought home afresh to one how backward are the ordinary English notions of choral singing. Here is a score that aims at reproducing the mystery, the sadness and the vastness of the sea. It should be sung only by a small chorus, and one skilled in all the most delicate *nuances* of choral expression. But the Leeds Festival Committee had engaged a great chorus of over three hundred splendid voices, and, of course, it had to take a part in everything; if composers will persist in painting in greys and violets instead of flaming crimsons they must take the consequences of their folly. So Mr. Bantock's work was sung in crimson—superb singing of its kind, but quite the wrong kind. When will the Festival Committees learn that the full strength of the chorus should no more be used on every occasion than the full strength of the orchestra?

Poetry.

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING.

I.

IN the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the labourers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

II.

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander through the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

III.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden it is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

IV.

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

ALFRED NOYES.

Open Questions.

IS SOCIALISM PLUNDER?

To most well-to-do persons Socialism means spoliation; under democracy the many "have-nots" will seek to confiscate the property of the few "haves" by means of discriminative legislation and taxation. This abuse of power seems to them a natural and inevitable fruit of the demand for expensive social reforms to be carried out by the State. The Old-Age Pensions proposal appears to give substance to their fears. The working classes, upon whom the tax-collector makes no direct call, naturally look upon the State as a fairy godmother. "It is the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find the money" is for them a sufficient discussion of finance. They know that they will not pay and that others will. Such is the growl of the "Daily Telegraph" and the Duke of Bedford. To raise the public income required for Old-Age Pensions and other "social" reforms by taxes imposed upon the property and incomes of the well-to-do appears to the latter at once unjust and economically dangerous.

It is an unfair distribution of burdens, and an injurious disturbance of industrial incentives. These are the two chief heads of the indictment. A third is sometimes added, namely, that such confiscation, reducing the expenditure of the well-to-do, diminishes the employment of labour, so reacting detrimentally upon the workers in whose interest this policy is devised. But since there is no *prima facie* reason for supposing that money expended, either well or ill, by the State, employs less labour than when expended by private persons, we may ignore this contention as obviously invalid, confining our attention to the two graver charges.

Does the canon of taxation according to "ability to bear," or "equality of sacrifice," forbid the raising of the "social progress" fund from the well-to-do, exempting the poorer classes from all contribution? Any just consideration of the income and mode of living among the manual labouring classes will show that they possess no real ability to bear a tax, in the sense of possessing a margin of income over what is necessary to maintain themselves in industrial efficiency. But if they have no such margin, then any tax exacted from them must either be shifted on to their employers or the consumer by a rise of wages (in which case, *cadit quaestio*, for they do not bear the tax), or else it must be attended by an impaired productivity of labour, and prove, *ipso facto*, an injurious tax. There is no reason to suppose that the portion of the people living upon incomes below the line of income-tax has any true "ability" to bear a tax. The suggestion that it is a good thing, all the same, to call upon them to pay taxes, which they think they pay, though in the long run they do not, in order to evoke a sense of political responsibility, is a doctrine as foolish economically as it is morally corrupt. If they do bear the tax it is bad for them and for the industrial efficiency of the nation that they do so; if they do not, it is wasteful to cause a needless shifting of the tax and to create a misconception as to incidence.

If a public fund for social progress is required, it is both just and expedient that it should be raised entirely from the relatively well-to-do. But can these bear it, or will their industrial efficiency be impaired as well? Lord Balfour of Burleigh, for instance, seems to think it will. "The essential condition for the progress of a community is that the incentive to efficiency on the part of its individuals shall be of the strongest possible kind. This required incentive can only be supplied by a strict application of the principle that the earnings of each individual shall be securely preserved to him. The development of our system of justice has been governed by this principle, and its chief aim has been to prevent individuals from plundering one another, and to main-

tain intact for each whatever he has earned. But it is forgotten that the evil to the community is as great whether the plunderer be merely an individual member of society or society itself." Though Lord Balfour evidently overstrains his argument in the last sentence, appearing to deny that ultimate right of "eminent domain" essential to the existence of every State, he touches here the quick of the matter at issue. "If anyone is allowed to take my earnings, whether another person or the State, I will not take the trouble to earn them. Unless my income is secured to me intact I will not produce the goods or services for which that income is paid me." When it is thus set out, the true limits of the taxing power of the State and the meaning of "ability to bear" become evident. So far as an income is really "earned," in the sense of evoking a personal effort or sacrifice with a value socially equivalent, it cannot fairly or advantageously be made a subject of taxation. At any rate, there must always be a real danger in encroaching on an income which is the product of voluntary, fruitful effort on the part of its recipient. As in the case of the wage-earner, so in that of the professional or employing classes, such encroachments will either be resisted by a shifting of the tax, or may discourage the output of personal energy and ability.

It is quite evident that the issue hinges upon the meaning of the term "earned," and upon the quantity of income which at any given time remains uncovered by this term. Is there a fund or flow of income which represents no equivalent of personal effort on the part of its owner, and which, therefore, if taken, disturbs no incentive to industry? Lord Balfour, I believe, in common with most thoughtful politicians, admits that the rising rents of city land contains such a fund of "unearned" income. Land reformers forcibly contend that this can be so taxed as not merely to disturb no useful economic incentive but to liberate certain incentives to the socially serviceable use of land which are at present inoperative. Of economic rent it is admitted that it is unearned—or, more correctly, that it represents the earnings of society, the product of the union of social work and social wants expressing themselves in enhanced values given to soil and surface. This forms an income of society which belongs to society because it has earned it, but which, in the ordinary distribution of wealth, passes into the hands of individuals and so requires to be reclaimed by process of taxation. The really important matter to determine is how far these same conditions are applicable to other sorts of incomes which come to individuals. Do these contain "unearned" elements of income similar to rent, created not by individual effort but by public activity, elements which also can be taken by taxation without the disturbance of any incentive to industrial efficiency? Modern scientific economics, analysing the various business structures and the processes of buying and selling in which the units of income emerge, discovers that the so-called monopoly or restriction of land from which rent is derived does not stand alone; that many groups of business or professional men are so advantageously situated, so protected from free, full, constant competition, by legal privilege, combination, social status, education, or other special conditions, as to be able to exact rates of profit, interest, salary, or other payments, far larger than would, and do in other circumstances, suffice to evoke the application of their capital, skill, industry, and enterprise. The truth of this general statement every informed person can test for himself in such departments of industry as are known to him. It is not too much to say that upon its validity and general acceptance the entire finance of the social reform policy depends.

If it be true that the "Socialism" to which the Liberal Party is committed in its constructive measures of social reform implies the confiscation of the just earnings of the rich, the property which, by their indi-

vidual energy, thrift, and foresight, they have brought into economical existence, even the language of the Duke of Rutland may not be too strong for the condemnation of such a policy. But, if, on the other hand, there exists to-day a large and growing income due not to individual action but to social and economic conditions, which is required for purposes of profitable public expenditure, and which can be taken without impairing any sort of productive individual effort, the taking and the spending of this income surely form the true object of public finance, and upon the amount of such income as can be safely taken the pace of social reform must largely depend.

Social reformers insist that such an income does exist. The State they regard as the trustee of this fund, drawing by taxation the income derived from the productive forces of society which everywhere support and commingle with individual productive energy. Society simply demands its proper share of the common wealth, its earnings. This conception of society as a maker of wealth, earning its own income by its efforts and requiring its expenditure for the support and enrichment of its life, is no doubt a novel one to those unaccustomed to regard a society as a real unity or anything beyond an aggregate of individual units. But the question is not whether the conception is novel but whether it is true and socially serviceable as an instrument of policy.

Translated into the vulgar tongue of to-day, this "Socialism" means, "It is *our* money we want." Social reformers, though feeling their way towards such a doctrine of public finance, have not yet clearly thought it out. Land reformers have confined too narrowly the conception of "unearned increment"; Socialists and Labour men have looked too exclusively at the so-styled "surplus-value" arising from the power of employers to beat down the price of labour. A broader and more multiform conception of "surplus-value" or "unearned" income must be reached if the finance of social reform is to stand upon a solid foundation. We must be sure that there exists this large fund of social income due to social, as distinct from individual, work and wants, and needed for social uses in the same way that individuals require for individual uses the income which represents their personal effort and productivity.

The acceptance of this doctrine, the existence of this social fund, are necessary to meet the charge of confiscation which will be urged with increasing insistence against the finance that is essential to the democratic policy of social reform.

J.A.H.

Letters to the Editor.

A REMARKABLE LITTLE BOOK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If "Harmsworth's History of the World" is anything like the "Little Book about a Great Book" sent forth from Carmelite Street to herald it, the History will be a startling production. The little book gives some samples of what will be found in the great history. Amongst them we find statements about events that never happened. Here are some of these remarkable events:—

"We see an Emperor of France dragged to the block while appealing to his people."—(p. 10.)

It will be news to most people that any such tragedy ever happened. Can it be that the office boy at Carmelite Street has discovered that poor Louis XVI. was an Emperor? There is a reference to Marie Antoinette in the same paragraph, so perhaps this is the key to the mystery.

The "little book" is decidedly novel in its references to recent French history. Here is another incident that is new to me:

"We see the Empress of France fleeing from an angry mob outside Versailles."—(p. 18.)

When did this happen? The only Empress that fled from

a mob was the Empress Eugénie. But most people, even Dr. Evans, who helped her to get away, have until now believed that the incident happened in Paris at the Tuilleries.

The portrait of the great Napoleon appears on the wrapper. The brief sketch of his career is a bit mixed, and is open to some correction.

"We see him a private soldier in a revolution which destroyed a million lives."—(p. 8.)

Hitherto all biographers of Napoleon have told us that he was a commissioned officer, long before the Revolution began.

"We hear the tread of his horse at the head of a million men."

When and where was he ever at the head of a million men? His biggest army, that of the Russian campaign of 1812, was not even half-a-million strong. Otto Berndt, the great military statistician, makes it 442,000 men (*Zahl im Kriege*, p. 29). He is described (after Waterloo) as "riding into Paris with the news of his defeat." He arrived less picturesquely, sleeping in a travelling carriage.

Of Gambetta we are told that:

"He had proclaimed the Republic on the evening of Sedan."—(p. 22.)

The "evening of Sedan" was Thursday, September 1st, 1870. The Republic was proclaimed about mid-day on Sunday, September 4th.

By the way, at p. 14, we hear of Napoleon III. surrendering at Sedan with "86,000 men." If the compilers of the History will turn to the careful statistics in the "*Kriegsgeschichtliche Einzelschriften*," published by the German General Staff, and of later date than the Staff History, they will find that, including wounded men, the number of French prisoners was 82,000.

What is one to make of a mix-up of dates such as occurs in the following paragraph?—

"We see the opening scene of the great Civil War, when Lincoln sat with his Cabinet for the last time. 'I have had a dream, gentlemen,' said the President, 'and I have dreamed the same thing three times. I am on a great, broad, rolling river; and I am in a boat . . . and I drift . . . and I drift . . . But this is not business. Let us get to business, gentlemen.' And we see Lincoln pass out of his Cabinet to the bourne that is beyond all wars."—(p. 10.)

The paragraph is headed, "President Lincoln's Last Dream." If Lincoln held his last Cabinet at the opening of the Civil War, he must have governed without a Cabinet from 1861 to 1865. If he had his last dream at the opening of the Civil War, he must have enjoyed dreamless sleep for four years. Of course, the story belongs to the close of the war, and is a wonderful sample of editing as done at Carmelite Street.

Here is another precious bit:

"In the depths of Africa a white man is saying to the natives about him: 'Build me a hut to die in. I am very cold; put more grass over the hut'; and in the morning the news comes to the world that, alone in a hut, with no human being beside him, David Livingstone died."—(p. 20.)

Livingstone was found dead in his hut at Ilala on May 1st, 1873. For many a long week after the news did not "come to the world." A moment's clear thought must have shown the writer of the passage that it was impossible for news to travel fast from the swampy shores of Lake Bangweolo to the outer world in 1873.

On the same page we have proof that if the new History is to give us startling facts as to events that never happened ("Stirring events that would have been true if they could," as the song puts it), it will also hash up again for popular consumption some exploded fictions of old-fashioned writers. This is suggested by the following passage:

"We see Charles V. setting aside the Imperial purple to end his days rehearsing his funeral in a convent."—(p. 20.)

If the History had been produced sixty years ago, this might have passed muster. Robertson's "Charles V." was then still an authority, and the story was accepted that Charles assisted as a mourner at a requiem and funeral service for himself at San Yuste. But any serious historian dealing with the time ought to know that half a century ago Mignet's researches at Simancas exploded the legend, and proved, moreover, that, in his retirement, the Emperor, instead of busying himself with such farcical performances as mock funerals, was engaged in serious corre-

spondence on affairs of State. Mignet's book, "*Charles Quint, son Abdication, son Séjour et sa Mort au Monastère de Yuste*," was published as long ago as 1854. The historian of Carmelite Street does not seem to have heard of it yet.

The last paragraph in this puff-preliminary of the History is a puzzle. "But for Lord Kelvin," it says, "you would perhaps not be alive to-day; it is certain that but for Lord Kelvin thousands of people would not be alive to-day." Now, Lord Kelvin, before he took to his life-work as an electrician and physicist, is said to have qualified as a doctor, but never practised. The world does not owe him any great medical discovery. If Lord Lister had been thus spoken of, one could understand it; or, if the writer had noted that but for Lord Kelvin the "Daily Mail" might not have such a good and cheap service of cablegrams.—Yours, &c.,

HISTORICUS.

IS IT PLAGIARISM?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The following are extracts from "Colonel Enderby's Wife," by Lucas Malet, published a few years ago, and from "Captain Desmond, V.C.," published this year.

"Colonel Enderby's Wife," Book 5, Chapter III. :—

"The measure of a man's true worth is not to be found in the sudden conception of an heroic idea, but in the carrying out of that idea consistently, faithfully, through slowly accumulating days and months, even perchance years, when the glory has faded from the undertaking, when the freshness and the bloom have departed, and when the quick inspiration of an illuminated moment has passed into the silent continuous habit of a life."

"Captain Desmond, V.C., Chapter XIV. :—

"The true measure of a man's worth is not to be found in a heroic impulse or a fine idea, but in the steadfast working out of either through accumulating weeks and months—when the glow has faded from the heights, when the inspiration of an illumined moment has passed into the unrecognised chivalry of daily life."

The reader must draw his own conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

"PUZZLED."

Whitehaven, October 8th, 1907.

"INSURANCE v. TRIAL BY JURY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Both Mr. Montagu Ryland and "Verb. Sap." write in your last issue under some misapprehension, and probably upon information obtained second hand. Mr. Ryland overlooks the fact that all additions to the cost of carrying on the business of fire insurance must ultimately come out of the pockets of the insuring public. Insurance offices, although pursuing a beneficent calling, are not philanthropists, and must be expected to reserve a sufficient margin of profit to enable them, in these days of severe and unscrupulous competition, to pay their shareholders a reasonable return for the security they afford. I, of course, have no mission to speak on behalf of the insurance offices, but I am inclined to believe that if it were compulsory upon the public to submit their grievances of this sort to the Commercial Court, the fire offices might be induced to waive their "condition precedent in favour of arbitration," assuming that the public would acquiesce in this more expensive and elaborate way of settling a dispute. Mr. Ryland is wrong in stating that an arbitrator's hearing is necessarily private. The interested public can attend, although the proceedings are not of sufficient general interest to get into public print. The same reason would apply to proceedings in the Commercial Court, for I doubt whether *THE NATION*, or any other enterprising journal, would allow its columns to be used for matter so essentially complicated and dull. I can also assure Mr. Ryland that the number of arbitrations in which offices are engaged is really a negligible quantity in comparison with the thousands of claims amicably settled in the year. "Absence of reported litigation," as he puts it, is as scarce as actual litigation. It is a fact, for which

I am prepared to vouch, that claimants themselves, when it comes to the point, distinctly prefer a hearing by arbitration, as they, like the insurance offices, "do not hanker after a gratuitous advertisement in the Law Courts," exposing their methods of business and trade profits. Arbitration is a bogey which persons have raised who have some axe to grind, and which is adroitly up their sleeve, and I fear Mr. Ryland is too unsuspecting to detect it.

These remarks cover some of the ground taken up by "Verb. Sap.," who affirms, with some audacity, that the hardship of arbitration "is the great increase of cost," and he adds, "the Arbitrator is not infrequently a barrister of some eminence, and has to be handsomely paid for his services, whereas the Judge of the High Court is paid by the community at large." Surely, these comments answer themselves, and I think even Mr. Ryland will see that the truism employed in my article, and to which he takes exception, was not altogether unnecessary. "Verb. Sap." is of opinion that the Arbitration Act came upon the Statute Book to delay the ordinary course of legal procedure, and to make arbitrators "busy men" with a handsome remuneration. I am leaving alone the last paragraph of his letter, which is clearly an advertisement.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

"SOCIALISM IN LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I beg leave to make the following comments on your article concerning the relation of Socialism to Liberalism :

1. In one of its aspects, Socialism is a movement for eliminating from our social system the risk of destitution by establishing universal State-guaranteed security against this risk; in other words, by turning the State into a mutual insurance society against destitution. In this respect, Socialism is an anti-destitution movement analogous to the anti-slavery movement. This is not the whole of Socialism, the programme of which includes also the elimination of the private capitalist with his appropriation of "surplus-value" for private use. There are even Socialists who are anti-capitalists without being anti-destitutionists, who propose to eliminate the private appropriation of "surplus-value" without eliminating the risk of destitution. However, to the great majority of its adherents and sympathisers, Socialism means, above all, anti-destitutionism, while anti-capitalism is but the method of eliminating the risk of destitution.

2. The Liberal Party is sure to break up if it ever adopts the anti-capitalistic part of the Socialist programme. Nay, this is true even for the Labour Party, at least just now. The case is different with anti-destitutionism, which is quite separable from anti-capitalism. The Liberal Party is definitely committed to anti-destitutionism. The right to publicly provided employment, if taken together with the right to universal old age pensions, amounts to the complete elimination of the risk of destitution, to the establishment of universal security against destitution. The Labour Party will press forward this programme next session. The Government is committed to one of these anti-destitution measures, the old age pensions, and is bound to deal with the problem of unemployment. Liberalism may, therefore, adopt the anti-destitutionist programme without great strain on its adherents. This will force the Conservatives to declare themselves openly as defenders of destitutionism, the now-prevalent principle of public policy. We shall then have a clear vital issue between Progressives of all kinds and Conservatives of all kinds.

3. The adoption of anti-destitutionism is indeed the last chance of British Liberalism, which will otherwise suffer the fate of Continental Liberalism. In presence of such an issue as that between destitutionism and anti-destitutionism, the real issue which now divides men, there is no room for a great party which claims to be progressive without definitely taking the progressive side on the issue which must override all other issues until it has been definitely settled in the progressive sense.—Yours, &c.,

E. O. POST.

38, Holywell Street, Oxford.
October 15th, 1907.

"THE CANT OF MILITARISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 5th inst. you published a virulent attack on the National Service League, which I propose to answer, as you have ventured therein to impute to Lord Roberts and the National Service League a want of honesty in their purpose and proceedings. Incidentally you have shown such ignorance of the principles of the League, and have so perversely misrepresented them for your readers, that it is encumbent upon you in common fairness to publish this reply.

Lord Roberts and the National Service League have not abandoned the word "conscription" because it is unpopular, or because it implies compulsion, or because they propose the adoption of "a national force to be in appearance voluntary, but in reality compulsory," but because it does not correctly describe the universal, and therefore compulsory, military training for home defence which they advocate. Conscription which, with true historical sense, is rightly hated by the people, is the system invented by Frederick the Great, and perfected by Napoleon, under which the men needed for the defence of the country were obtained by casting lots among all males between certain ages. When the lot fell upon the rich they were allowed to purchase substitutes, and thus throw the whole burden of service on the poor. Nor did tyranny and injustice end here, for Napoleon used the men thus obtained for wars of aggression, and kept them for indefinite periods in the ranks. To suggest that the compulsory military training proposed by the National Service League is the same as this essentially vicious and undemocratic system is merely an attempt to create prejudice and confuse issues, and seems scarcely in place in an article directed against what you style "The Cant of Militarism."

The objects of the National Service League, as described in its official programme, are generally:—

1. To ensure peace and security for the British Empire by organising our Land Forces in such a manner that we may not only be able to defend successfully any portion of the Empire against attack, but also that the strength of our defensive arrangements may render any attack improbable.
2. To improve the moral and physical condition of the nation and thereby to increase its industrial efficiency.

With a view to attaining these two objects, the League advocates that, subject to certain exemptions to be defined by law, including those necessary to provide for the requirements of the Navy and the Mercantile Marine:—

Every man of sound physique, without distinction of class, shall be legally liable during certain years of his life to be called upon for service in the United Kingdom in case of emergency;

In order to fit him for this duty he shall be legally obliged to undergo three or four months' military training when he arrives at the military age.

The distinction between conscription and universal compulsory military training is no arbitrary ruling of the National Service League, as you would have your readers believe. It has been emphasised by accurate and fair-minded thinkers of such different character as Professor Seeley, Herr Bebel, the German Socialist leader, the writers of the Army Book of the British Empire, the Bishop of North Queensland, Baron Von der Goltz, and a score of others. The distinction between compulsory service and compulsory training is equally just, for, as Mr. Ellis Barker remarked in his able lecture on "National and Non-national Armies," "In the Continental barracks an incredible amount of time is wasted on traditional trivialities and housemaid's work, whilst war-training is neglected and the soldier is kept for two or three years with the colours." The National Service League proposes only a few months' thorough training between the ages of 18 and 21, devoted entirely to rendering the men fit for the duty of defending their country, a duty never denied by honest men, but shuffled off on the shoulders of the proletariats by those who, like THE NATION, proclaim the fine superiority of the "voluntary" system, which enables them to be defended by the soldier and the sailor whom they are only too ready to abuse in time of peace,

The instances which Mr. Farrer gives of "the successful inroads of this new moral gospel (of universal training) in the Church, the Bar, and the medical profession" are not in the least amazing. On the contrary, proposals so sane, just, moderate, and democratic as those of the League are almost invariably accepted wherever they are explained and understood, and nowhere do they receive stronger support than among those who have undertaken the responsibility of educating the young, for they recognise at once the improvements effected by military training, morally, physically, and mentally on those who are entrusted to their care.

As to your remarks on the "life of fatuous frivolity and vice led openly by most officers," the accusation is so unworthy that it is difficult to deal with it with patience. The class whom you, Sir, hold up to opprobrium and contempt are, as a whole, a cleanly living, manly, straightforward, honourable, and courageous set of men, devoted to their profession, and ready at any moment to lay down their lives to defend their country and those who throw mud at them. It is they who, by their courage and devotion, have largely made the British Empire what it is, and who keep the peace throughout its wide dominions in spite of the efforts of those of their fellow-countrymen who are ready to sow dissension and sedition wherever the ground seems favourable. To borrow your own sentence, "It is difficult to describe the modes by which this conspiracy against the peace and progress of our country is advanced, without seeming to impute a too conscious cunning to machinations which are largely instinctive." Hence you, Sir, may raise the cry of cant in connection with the moral value of military discipline and training, a cry so suitable to a paper which regrets that we are not yet prepared to relinquish India, though it is held "by bonds of force and not of love," but the history of all ages, and the instinctive wisdom of modern democracy have ever recognised, in the training which teaches a man to give up something of comfort and convenience, and, if necessary, life itself, in defence of great causes, that universal military training constitutes "at once a basis of democracy, a school of manliness, a school of civic virtue, of self-sacrifice, and of faithfulness to duty," to quote the words of the President of the Swiss Confederacy, addressed to the British Committee of Enquiry organised by the National Service League.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE F. SHEE,
Secretary,

The National Service League
(With which is incorporated the Lads' Drill
Association),

72, Victoria Street, S.W.
October 17th, 1907.

[Mr. Shee's inflamed rhetoric does not illuminate the issue but obscures it. If "conscription," as he admits, "is rightly hated by the people," why did Lord Roberts use this term in the opening phases of his campaign of popular education, and why does he now write "it is not conscription that the League advocates but national service"? Mr. Shee chooses to give a particular signification to the term with a spurious historic origin. The undemocratic character of certain forms of conscription does not, however, belong to the essence of the evil thing. Compulsory training, entailing compulsory service, as the official programme of his League makes clear it does entail, is in effect conscription, and will be understood as such wherever the full obligations it implies are stated. Mr. Shee is playing with words, and the excellent reasons for his doing so we unfolded in our article. The main object of that article was to indicate the fact that, having failed to win popular acceptance of the proposal to make soldiers of all our adult male population by scares of invasion, the conscriptionists were endeavouring to sap the moral and intellectual integrity of the nation by hawking their discredited wares as a moral and hygienic panacea, "a moral factor of untold value in the life of the people." The other point raised by Mr. Shee we have already dealt with. We may add that the extremely discourteous tone of the covering letter which accompanied this criticism was such as would certainly have justified us in ignoring the latter,—
EDITOR, THE NATION.]

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE first number of "The New Quarterly," a review of science and literature, is to appear at the end of the month. The greater part of each number will be concerned with literary subjects—special attention being given to French literature—but there are also to be scientific articles written by specialists but appealing to the general reader. Current English politics will be excluded, though general economic and political principles will be occasionally discussed. Another feature is to be the appearance of articles upon controversial topics by different writers in the same number. The editor is Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, and among the contents of the first number are "How do we perceive the direction of sound?" by Lord Rayleigh; "On the Art of Caricature," by Mr. Max Beerbohm; "A Tryptych of Poets," by Mr. Arthur Symons; "The Study of Mathematics," by Mr. Bertrand Russell; "Baudelaire," by Mr. Sturge Moore; "Biology and Politics," by Mr. G. A. Paley; and the first of a series of unpublished extracts from the note-books of Samuel Butler. We wish every success to the new venture.

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A NEW biography of the famous Quaker, William Penn, has been written by one of his direct descendants, Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. Mrs. Grant's book has had a large number of predecessors, one of the best of them being Hepworth Dixon's reply to Macaulay's onslaught in the "History." Her work, which is to be published by Mr. Murray, has, however, the advantage of containing some hitherto unpublished letters. Penn's best book, "Some Fruits of Solitude," although reprinted some years ago by Mr. Gosse, is not as well known as it deserves. In sending it to a friend, Stevenson wrote: "If ever in all my human conduct I have done a better thing than handing on to you this sweet and wholesome work, I know I shall hear of it on the last day."

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THE unpublished letters of David Garrick, which Messrs. Constable are to issue in a few weeks, though only about forty in number, possess considerable interest. Anything is welcome which makes us better acquainted with the personality of the wonderful actor whom Goldsmith described as "an abridgment of all that was pleasant in man," of whom Dr. Burney said that the very skirts of his coat seemed animated, and of whom Mrs. Clive said, with an eighteenth-century oath, that "he could act a gridiron." Professor G. P. Baker, who edits the volume, observes in his preface that it is remarkable that so small a collection of letters "should rectify certain impressions about Garrick's relations with Lady Burlington; throw light on the earlier part of his friendship with John Hoadley; reveal a friendship of his last days the closeness of which has hitherto been unsuspected—that with Miss Cadogan; go far to justify his treatment of Home's 'Douglas'; prove that he was really thinking seriously in 1765 of withdrawing from the stage; and in more than one instance so fill gaps in the 'Private Correspondence' as to make letters printed therein much clearer and more significant."

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To sociologists by far the most interesting announcement of the autumn is that of the second volume of Professor Westernmarck's "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas" (Macmillan). The first volume, which appeared in the beginning of 1906, contained the author's general theory of the nature and basis of moral judgments, the setting forth of which occupied about half the volume. The remaining half was an exposition of the actual morality of mankind, as exhibited in custom, law, religious teaching, and so forth. Certain great departments of action were covered, and others left over for further treatment, which they doubtless receive in the coming volume. The two volumes together will constitute a mass of information of unequalled value for comparative sociology. The value of Professor Westernmarck's work has been recognised not only in his native country, Finland, but by his appointment to one of the chairs of sociology recently founded by Mr. Martin

White in the University of London. His range of information is unequalled, and for primitive peoples of lower civilisations in particular the student who has hitherto had to search through an uncharted sea of miscellaneous material now finds three-fourths of his work already done for him.

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WHILE everybody knows the title at least of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," few seem to remember that she was also the writer of some of the most passionate love-letters in the language. These first appeared in the "Posthumous Works" published in 1798, by her husband, William Godwin, and were addressed to Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American timber-merchant, who succeeded Fuseli and preceded Godwin in her affections. They were reprinted by Mr. Kegan Paul in 1879, but have been long out of print. Messrs. Hutchinson are now to issue a new edition, with an introduction by Mr. Roger Ingpen, the last part of whose finely illustrated edition of Boswell is also in the press.

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ALTHOUGH Merejkowski is hardly in the same rank as Tolstoy, or even as Maxim Gorky, his novels "The Death of the Gods," and "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," made a great impression upon many readers. His work on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, translated into English a few years ago by Mr. Herbert Trench, showed that besides being a great novelist, he is a critic of considerable insight. We are pleased to see that that work is to be followed up by a translation of his essays on Ibsen, Montaigne, and Pliny the younger, which Mr. G. A. Mounsey is to publish through the De la More Press in a few weeks.

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A FEW months ago we drew attention to the publication of Professor Otto Pfeiderer's lectures on the development of religious thought. A translation of the series on "Religion and Historic Faiths" ("Religion und Religionen") has now been completed, and will be shortly issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The book should prove most useful to English theological students, for, as we said when speaking of the German edition, Professor Pfeiderer possesses a gift of lucid exposition, as well as an almost unequalled mastery over his materials.

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UNDER the title, "Fenelon et Madame Guyon," Professor Masson, of the Swiss University of Fribourg, has recently published the secret correspondence which passed between the celebrated Archbishop of Cambrai and the remarkable woman who formed the centre of the great Quietist movement. This correspondence took place during the years 1688-9, and sheds a curious light on the character of Fenelon. It shows that the relations between Fenelon and Madame Guyon were quite harmless but peculiar and erratic. If these letters had been published during the Quietist controversy, they would have thrown a temporary cloud over Fenelon's reputation.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Letters of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence, 1837-1861." Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. (Murray, 3 vols., 63s. net.)

"Milan under the Sforza." By C. M. Ady. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

"George Sand and Her Lovers." By Francis Gribble. (Nash, 15s. net.)

"Rabelais." By Arthur Tilley. (Lippincott, 6s. net.)

"The Life of Cavour." By Edward Cadogan. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Hugo Wolf." By Ernest Newman. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Sir George Grey." By G. C. Henderson. (Dent, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter: With an Introduction by George Meredith." (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"The Ghosts of Piccadilly." By G. S. Street. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Modern Studies." By Oliver Elton. (Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Child's Mind: Its Growth and Training." By W. E. Urwick. (Arnold, 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." By Professor Kirsopp Lake. Crown Theological Library. (Williams & Norgate, 6s.)

"The Square Peg." By W. E. Norris. (Constable, 6s.)

"La Presse littéraire sous la Restauration, 1815-1830." Par Ch. M. Des Granges. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 7fr. 50.)

"L'Evolution du Protestantisme français au XIXe Siècle." Par C. Coignet. (Paris: Alcan, 2fr. 50.)

"Notre Minnie," Roman. Par André Lichtenberger. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN turned aside from writing the life of Fox to describe the quarrel with America because he felt that what was done and spoken at Westminster could not be rightly explained without a clear account of what was happening at the time beyond the Atlantic. His new volume is the third instalment of this history, and it brings the narrative down to the momentous year, 1778. The narrative is almost exclusively confined to America. It is no reflection on Sir George Trevelyan's power of making the adventures and tragedies of war interesting and real to say that most people would rather that he would describe the events that happened during those years in England than those that happened in America. The Whig secession, the difficult relations of the two sections of the Opposition which were an omen of the catastrophe of 1782, the death of Chatham, the process of disillusionment in the country, which changed the temper alike of the nation and of Parliament, and produced the great economy movement, these are themes of engrossing interest which Sir George Trevelyan would discuss with an authority and a grace to which no other living writer can pretend. It is perhaps not ungracious for a reviewer who has read this latest volume with intense pleasure and admiration to hint at the impatience with which most of his readers await the day of Sir George Trevelyan's return to the scenes of his great triumph. Every now and again in this volume there are fleeting glimpses into those scenes, and in one of them Sir George Trevelyan pays a high tribute to a Whig who has certainly had less than justice from modern critics. "Captain Richard Fitzpatrick, of the Grenadier Guards, survived to hold military rank just below the very highest and to acquire some distinction and much popularity in the House of Commons. And yet, all which he accomplished, by sword or tongue, was little in comparison with the celebrity merited rather than obtained by his pen. No old-fashioned Whig who loves a well-turned couplet would admit that the author of "The Liars" and the most crisp and vivacious fragments of verse in the *Rolliad* is inferior to any political satirist since John Dryden." The author of that interesting and challenging judgment must not allow himself too long a digression in fields that he shares with many writers from the province that is peculiarly his own. Old-fashioned Whig literature is not so much in fashion that it can afford to dispense with its most brilliant interpreter.

The greater part of the present volume is taken up with the military operations which ended in Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and with Howe's occupation of Philadelphia, his winter there, and the evacuation of Philadelphia by Howe's successor, Clinton. The military achievements are not on an imposing scale, but there is a great element of human interest, and Sir George Trevelyan may be trusted to make the most of it. Nothing, for example, could be better than his touching picture of the fall of Burgoyne's army. It is not merely that the narrative possesses a genuine dignity and pathos; that the drama unfolds itself with a quiet and solemn power. The whole treatment of Burgoyne, who, in spite of his pompous rhetoric, his self-seeking intrigues, and his odious proclamations, is not altogether an ungenerous figure, is admirable in its fairness. Washington is, of course, the hero of a series of events in which failure is throughout more conspicuous than success. The villains on both sides are the politicians. Lord George Germaine's treatment of his generals was cruel and dishonourable. He was as incompetent for the management of the American War as Dundas was for the management of the French War. He was destitute of the elements of loyalty, and his conduct to Burgoyne, to Howe, to Clinton, and to the Commissioners can only be characterised as treachery. All the worst mistakes must be charged to the Government at home. This is con-

spicuously true of the worst mistake of all, the employment of Indians, for it was in the teeth of the strongest protest from Sir Guy Carleton that the Cabinet insisted that the invading army from Canada should be attended by a strong force of these savage allies. The army lived to repent that decision very bitterly. The Red Indians were more terrible to their friends than to their foes in times of crisis and adversity, and the horror inspired by their proceedings among the Royalist partisans led to energetic but fruitless protests, to which the English officers could only reply that it was impossible to restrain their brutalities in a conquered country. This was cold consolation to the lonely and scattered inhabitants, but, unhappily, it was perfectly true. Some of our Indian allies murdered a young woman, Jane Maccree, who lived in the house of a leading Tory and was engaged to a Volunteer who had brought a company of Loyalist sharpshooters to the assistance of Burgoyne. The English General demanded the surrender of the murderer, meaning to send him to the gallows. But the murderer turned out to be a very important chief, and it was felt to be too dangerous to meddle with him. That was the kind of warrior whom the English Government at home turned loose on the colonists. Well might Chatham exclaim: "Who is the man that has dared to authorise as associate to our armies the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage, to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the wood, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren?" The brethren in this case happened to belong to both sides, for, to the savage who found himself in New England, a Loyalist scalp was as good as any other.

Washington, on his side, had good reason to dread his own Government. A revolutionary assembly is not a good master for an army. Its very virtues raise difficulties. It would be difficult to exaggerate the consequences of the discovery in the early days of the French Revolution that a marine artillerist was a kind of aristocrat, and that his place ought to be taken by men who had as guides no other principle than that of nature and a heart truly French. The statesmen of the American Republic approached military problems from much the same simple point of view, and if it had not been for Washington's incomparable patience they would have been as effective in demoralising the American army as the French doctrinaires afterwards proved themselves in demoralising the French navy. Not that Congress was merely the victim of its own abstract enthusiasms. It was the centre of intrigue and mischief. The worst soldiers could always get its ear for their own ends; the best soldiers could count on ingratitude and calumny. Sir George Trevelyan gives a lively picture of the individuals who were most conspicuous in the less creditable activities of the lobby. One of them was Dr. Benjamin Rush, a delegate from Pennsylvania. Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, put a very outrageous diatribe into Washington's hands at a time when those attacks were very numerous. Washington identified it as the handwriting of Rush, who, he added, had been elaborate and studied in his professions of regard for him. Rush is of interest because, some years later, he fell into the hands of a less urbane critic than Washington. Rush was a physician as well as a politician, and when there was a violent outbreak of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1797, he developed a system of treatment which attracted wide notice. Cobbett, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him for his politics, attacked his system with great humour and enjoyment, comparing Rush with another great advocate of bleeding, Dr. Sangrado, in "Gil Blas." Rush had called his remedy the "Samson of medicine," and Cobbett said it was an excellent name, for it had killed more Americans than ever Samson killed of the Philistines. Rush brought a libel action and got 5,000 dollars, and it was this law-suit that led indirectly to Cobbett's return to England. The story of the cabal against Washington and the quiet and commanding dignity with which Washington extinguished it reveals almost more graphically than anything else the stupendous difficulties that Washington subdued. If he had made a false step from pride or pique at any point, the success of the Revolution would have been in the gravest danger. It is no exaggeration to say that the turning point

* "The American Revolution. Part III. Saratoga and Brandywine Valley Forge. England and France at War." By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d. net.

in the military fortunes of the Revolution came when Washington had at last wrested from Congress the authority to create an army. That was the great result of the winter in the Valley Forge, where the sufferings of Washington's army taught the politicians a lesson they could never have learned from victory.

Sir George Trevelyan urges us to remember that if the faults of Congress are notorious, its virtues and successes have been obscured in the vindictive memories with which men of all parties have fastened on its vices. "The Congressmen of 1776 and 1777 handled some matters very badly; but they faced difficulties and dangers as fast as they arose with business-like promptitude, and they attacked one question of high administration after another, at sometimes ten of a morning, with hearty zest and unflinching self-confidence." The warning is certainly just and needed, but Sir George Trevelyan's own volume will not dispose his readers to readjust the proportions of praise and blame as between Washington and Congress. As far as this volume is not the record of blunder and failure, it is the record of the success of two men: Washington, in America; and Franklin, in Paris. The last chapter, on European opinion, is particularly interesting. It analyses French opinion and French politics; it traces the unscrupulous policy of Frederick the Great in urging France into war, and the singularly ingenuous spirit in which the advice was received; it gives a delightful picture of the enthusiasm in France over Lafayette and his comrades; it paints in sombre and severe colours the double dealing of Vergennes and his Government. But perhaps nothing is more entertaining than the description of the hard task, in which Franklin succeeded, of counteracting the impressions made by the amateur diplomatists whom Congress chose to carry on its delicate business in Europe.

DRAMA AT THE COURT THEATRE.*

To the student of the drama Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's volume will be of use and interest, if only for its accurate history of three years' doings at the Sloane Square theatre. Those three years will doubtless mark an epoch in British drama, and they deserve some permanent record. Mr. MacCarthy has not been content, however, with the rôle of a chronicler of dry facts. He has given himself a free hand as critic. The critical part of the book is, naturally, of the most interest, but it also touches on the debatable ground of opinion, and therefore rather lessens the value of the volume as an historical survey. Happily, Mr. MacCarthy has real acumen as critic. He does not mistake facile adulation for criticism, and he gives reasons for his opinions.

On the whole, Mr. MacCarthy is at his best in criticising the playing at the Court Theatre. He points out that the excellence of the *ensemble* there is due not only to patient rehearsal and the absence of any necessity to consider the autocratic claims of an actor-manager, but also to the psychological solidity of the plays produced. It should be pointed out, however, that the style of acting at the Court Theatre is only one style of acting, and that in more emotional plays than Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hankin, and Mr. Barker have written, a very different style, and, in some ways, a more difficult style, is required. Mr. MacCarthy praises the performances of "Euripides" at the Court, but to many minds they were wanting in emotional grandeur. The actors seemed hardly at one with their theme. In other respects, Mr. MacCarthy's appreciation of the players is excellent, but it is impossible to agree with him that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's "Hedda Gabler" "was not one hair's-breadth out." She was much too listless and monotonous, and there was none of the purposeless rebellion against the meanness and narrowness of environment which is the motive force of the character.

One turns to the chapters on Bernard Shaw with interest. Mr. Shaw has not yet been finally transfixed by criticism. Mr. MacCarthy has made a valiant attempt, but his criticism is more remarkable for what it suggests than for what it actually states. It is admitted that Mr. Shaw errs

in making his characters more stupid than the average of mankind. It is a big admission, and really knocks at the secret chambers of the Shavian method. Then Mr. MacCarthy makes other interesting discoveries. "In 'Man and Superman' he sets out purposely to write a play in which sexual attraction should be the main interest; but in his other plays also he has always made the nature of the attraction between his characters quite clear. What is remarkable about the scenes in which this is done is the extent to which sexual passion is isolated from all other sentiments and emotions." Instances are given from "You Never Can Tell" and "Man and Superman." Mr. MacCarthy's analysis is acute, but he does not draw any definite critical conclusion. This isolation of sexual passion is the very quality which mars Mr. Shaw's plays. In witnessing his love scenes one invariably thinks "men and women are not like that." The truth is that Mr. Shaw's heroes, and, to a less extent, his heroines, look on sexual attraction as a thing to fight against. It is never in his plays a mutual attraction, and it is always held up as an expression of physical attraction only. In his desire to show, too, that the old-fashioned value put on love is unreal, Mr. Shaw makes his characters (especially his men) turn on themselves in an artificial fashion. His men are always conscious that they are making fools of themselves, and resent it with a humorous acceptance of the inevitable, whereas the irony of life is that men in love are incapable of seeing themselves and their lovers in clear perspective. Nature has taken care that they should not. A dramatist may look on men and women from Nature's point of view, and show us either the comic or the romantic side of a passion which does so much work in the world, but his characters should not invariably be conscious that they are mere puppets in the hands of Nature. Mr. Shaw's men are always literary men, with a pretty turn for self-analysis. Also they appear to suffer from chronic poorness of blood. His women are more vital, but they are also addicted to literary self-analysis. Scratch a Shavian hero or heroine and you find a philandering sensualist. As particular types both may be true enough to life, but they are not general types, and yet it is clear that Mr. Shaw means them to be, for they appear in every one of his plays under different names, and the whole philosophic tendency of his dramas is based on them as representing male and female human beings.

Mr. MacCarthy possibly recognises this. At any rate, his criticism suggests that he does, although he does not carry it out to a logical conclusion. Had he done so his criticism would have been less appreciative. Indeed, it would naturally have become an indictment of Shaw as dramatist, and to some extent of the whole Vedrenne-Barker Theatre. The critic of the future will probably make the indictment as a commonplace of criticism, but at the same time he must allow, as Mr. MacCarthy does very handsomely, that in the creation of comedy characters, apart from his main drama, Mr. Shaw stands pre-eminent among living playwrights.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE EAST.*

THIS volume, though in itself a complete and independent whole, forms part of an important series of volumes at present appearing in Germany under the general title: "The Culture of the Age." The editor of this series is Mr. Paul Hinneberg; its object is to embrace the whole field of contemporary thought and life—religion, philosophy, literature, art, sociology in its widest sense, the organic and inorganic sciences, and the technical arts. An enterprise of such scope and magnitude was manifestly more than could be grappled with by a single mind; in bringing it to maturity, Mr. Hinneberg has been fortunate in securing all the best available talent of the German-speaking peoples, crowned with the special approbation of the Kaiser himself. For some time past a feeling has been growing up and gathering volume in the best Continental circles, that specialisation, the mere collection of isolated facts, must be supplemented by a synthesis drawn from these facts which will give us an outlook upon the general scheme of life and things. In order to satisfy this want,

* "The Court Theatre, 1904-1907." A Commentary and Criticism. By Desmond MacCarthy. With an Appendix Containing Reprint Programmes of the "Vedrenne-Barker" Performances. A. H. Bullen.

* "Die Orientalischen Religionen." Von E. Lehmann, A. Erman, C. Bezold, H. Oldenberg, I. Goldziher, A. Gruenwedel, B. G. Teubner, 1906. 7s.

something more than a dictionary or an encyclopædia is needed. The alphabetical order adopted in works of this kind is convenient for purposes of reference, but it is not the order in which the great structure of human knowledge has been reared; it presents us with the conquests and generalisations of the contemporary mind in the form of disconnected fragments, not as a correlated and organic whole. Mr. Hinneberg's great undertaking follows the organic, not the alphabetical order, and by this means we are enabled in every department of thought and achievement to look back upon what civilisation has accomplished in the past, and to look forward upon the problems which are confronting it in the future.

The present volume on "The Religions of the East" falls within that part of Mr. Hinneberg's plan which embraces religious phenomena as a whole. Whatever we may think of the origin and character of religion; whether we consider it merely as a product of the human mind, or as a force in man which has its root in a Divine order of the world, it is at all events a momentous fact which will always repay the most attentive study. It is one of the few certainties of history that the march of civilisation has hitherto always been penetrated, and at some periods completely dominated, by religious ideas. And it is equally true that all those ideas which have acquired the greatest force and permanence in civilisation are ideas which have been stamped with the sanctity and authority of religion. That all ideas which have been consecrated by religious sanctions have been of value to humanity it would be folly to maintain. But whether they have been valuable or whether they have been pernicious, they will always repay the attentive consideration of the student of civilisation. The soul of a people, its deepest hopes and fears, its ultimate conceptions of the world and life, are most vividly revealed to us in its religion. When Lord Avebury published the first edition of his book on the "Origin of Civilisation," he put forward the opinion that the uncivilised races of the world were without religion. But closer investigation, as Professor Lehmann shows in the volume before us, has disclosed the fact that, among primitive peoples, religion, that is to say their ideas of what we should call the supernatural, is the principal source of all their acts. Of course, if we confine the idea of religion to the Christian conception of monotheism, it might be said with Cardinal Newman that many non-Christian cults are not religious but merely "malignant and incurable superstitions." Although this is the traditional Christian standpoint, the view of Augustine and St. Paul, it is now felt to be misleading and inadequate. We are living in an age which feels no constraining call to suppress and obliterate all save one cherished form of faith; and if we widen our conception of religion so that it includes a belief in all supernatural powers and forces, we must admit that pre-Christian peoples and non-Christian peoples have a religion, although it is in its details a different one from ours.

It is a more charitable, as well as a more philosophic view, to look upon the religions of pre-Christian peoples as a preparation for the great religion of the West. We cannot read Dr. Erman's account of ancient Egyptian beliefs as to the condition and ultimate fate of the dead without being struck with the points of similarity existing between them and the Christian doctrine of immortality and the last judgment. Such similarities may be merely instances of parallelism and not of borrowing, but from whatever point of view we regard them, they shed an interesting light on the attitude of the religious consciousness towards the mysterious fatality of death. The Babylonian Assyrian religion, of which Dr. Bezold gives us an illuminating sketch, reveals not merely parallelisms with the religion of the Old and New Testaments, but definite points of contact. It is impossible to read the Babylonian story of the Flood without feeling that the resemblances between it and the familiar narrative in the Book of Genesis are more than merely accidental parallels. Even the most cautious of students will admit that one of these flood stories must have been borrowed from the other, and there can be no doubt that the true origin of the Biblical deluge is to be found in the Babylonian myth. In this ancient story we are told that the gods were wroth with the sins of men, and resolved to destroy them in an overwhelming flood. But Ea, the lord of wisdom, warned one of the dwellers in the city of

Shurippak of the coming judgment. England bore the built a great ship:—

"O man of Shurippak, son of Ubar, even when a French
Frame a house, build a ship; landed a force in the
Forsake thy possessions, seek to sail off by the islanders,
Abandon thy goods, and cause thy the engagement which
Bring up into the midst of the ship, tried to force
sort."

The man of Shurippak did as he was told, and waited for the fateful day. The storm burst forth with such terrific fury that the gods fled in consternation to heaven, "cowering like dogs," and Ishtar, the lady of the gods, cried "like a woman in travail." On the seventh day the storm abated the ship grounded on a mountain, and after remaining there for six days, the Babylonian Noah says:—

"When the seventh day arrived,
I brought forth a dove and let it go:
The dove went to and fro;
As there was no resting place it turned back.
I brought forth a swallow and let it go:
The swallow went to and fro;
As there was no resting place it turned back.
I brought forth a raven and let it go:
The raven went and saw the decrease of the waters;
It ate, it waded, it croaked, it turned not back."

It would be easy to bring forward additional instances to show that many of the ideas which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly Biblical have their roots either in Babylonia, or in the common soil of general Semitic faith. What the Biblical writers accomplished was to stamp the raw materials of myth and legend in circulation around them with a unique impress, which made them fit to become the religious property of the world.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the remaining articles in this excellent volume. Dr. Oldenberg is well known to scholars as an authority of the first order on the religions of India and Persia, and in the space at his disposal he has drawn a brilliant sketch of the fundamental features of Vedic religion, Buddhism, Hinduism, and the life and teaching of Zoroaster. One of the most living religions of the world at the present moment is the faith of Islam. Apart altogether from its religious value, Mohammedanism, which possesses the characteristic of absorbing the State within the Church, is a political force of the first rank. If it should exhibit a capacity for reform—and signs of reforming energy are not wanting in Mohammedan circles—it may yet play a mighty part, both political and religious, in the future of the world. The rise of Japan has opened the eyes of the West to the assimilative and organising powers of the East, and it is not at all impossible that a renovated Mohammedanism, quickened into fresh life by the arts and ideas of the West, may yet revolutionise civilisation among the two hundred millions of believers who look to the Crescent as their guide. In view of what Dr. Goldziher tells us, in his chapter on the religion of Islam, of the reform movement now in progress among enlightened Mohammedans, we must beware of accepting the assertion so often put forward that Islam has reached the stage of immobility and petrification. We cannot close this notice without calling attention to the valuable articles on Chinese religion by Dr. de Groot, and Japanese religion by Dr. Florenz.

THE CASE FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.*

THE first of these books is made up of fifteen essays and two appendices, consisting of speeches made by Mr. Zangwill. It suffers, like all collections of essays, from the want of arrangement and order. There is constant repetition, and though certain aspects of women's suffrage are discussed again and again there are others that are quite ignored. Perhaps the most interesting contributions are those which describe the growth of the demand for women's suffrage among organisations like the Co-operative Guild. It is impossible not to respect the indignation with which different contributors comment on the gross injustices still suffered by women, the gross injustices from which they have only comparatively

*"The Case for Women's Suffrage." Edited by Brougham Villiers. T. Fisher Unwin.

*"La Féminisme." Par Mme. Avril de Sainte-Croix. Préface de Victor Marguerite. V. Giard et E. Brière. 16me. Soufflet. Paris.

in the military fortunes of is very important that those grievington had at last wrested before the public mind. But there create an army. That in dwelling on them to get into the in the Valley Forge, who are engaged in a struggle between army taught the politician the whole of one sex wants to be learned from victory. The whole of the other wants to prevent its Sir George. The danger of this sort of generalisation is appreciated; the author of the little French volume which traces the progress of the women's movement, Madame Avril de Sainte-Croix looks forward, as we do, to a day when the liberation of women will be complete, and she thinks, she says that feminism, "which is a temporary and sometimes rather brutal manifestation," will then disappear in "a larger state of mind." Her volume is mainly a record, and it is concerned with all countries, so that it is necessarily rather a sketch than a detailed exposition. She discusses the failure of the French Revolution from the point of view of women and the falling off from the enlightened views of Condorcet. But it is in many respects an encouraging record, and she ends on a sanguine note.

The tendency to suppose that the battle for women's suffrage is simply a battle of the sexes runs through a great part of Mr. Brougham Villiers's volume. The result is that there is a good deal more declamation than analysis in its pages. The actual difficulties are not faced, for the reason, we fancy, that they are not realised. It is assumed, among others, by the editor, that nothing would be easier than the enfranchisement of women, and that if a Government does not proceed at once to such a measure, it must be from hostility and sex arrogance. There is a great majority of members pledged to support women's suffrage, and therefore a Government could easily carry it. But women's suffrage upon what terms?

It is explained in one of the papers that everyone who holds the view expressed by the Prime Minister on the debate on Mr. Dickinson's Bill on March 8th is an insidious enemy of women's suffrage. That view, as our readers will remember, was that women's suffrage ought to enfranchise the poor as well as the rich. The Prime Minister said he would vote for the Bill, but try to enlarge it in Committee. Here, then, we start from the principle that to prefer a complete to a limited Bill is to write yourself down an enemy of women's suffrage. A little later in the volume we get a description of the movement in favour of women's suffrage among the trade unionists of Lancashire, and several admirable arguments are advanced to show why working women ought to interest themselves in women's suffrage. It is also pointed out that Mr. Shackleton represents a Trade Union with a majority of women members. We turn back to the debate of March, and we find that Mr. Shackleton took precisely the same ground as the Prime Minister, and showed that not one of the twenty thousand married working women in his Trade Union would get the vote under Mr. Dickinson's Bill. We turn to Mrs. Nash's article a little later in the volume and find that the Co-operative Guild are tainted with the same heresy. Thus a considerable element of those who are on paper supporters of women's suffrage come into Mrs. Pankhurst's category of dishonest opponents. What becomes, then, of the argument based on the large number of members pledged to women's suffrage? Even the contributors to this volume do not all satisfy Mrs. Pankhurst's standard, by which only those are for women's suffrage who are content with a Bill that enfranchises the rich and well-to-do.

It would, we think, have been doing a better service to their cause if the editor had tried to come to close quarters with actual details. Would Mr. Dickinson's Bill have enfranchised a single agricultural labourer's wife? Now, we agree that a woman may argue, as it is argued in these pages, that the enfranchisement of a few women would mark a moral revolution, and that therefore a woman ought to desire any measure however limited. But that argument rules out a great many other arguments used in these pages. It is urged, for example, and we cordially agree, that women ought to have a vote to influence social legislation. But would the objects which the trade unionist women of Lancashire seek to attain or advance by women's suffrage be promoted by enfranchising so redoubtable an opponent of Labour legislation as Mrs. Fawcett, and having the women who are affected by social legislation unenfranchised? Those Liberals who want a complete Bill take their

stand on democratic principles. They do not think the squire's wife can be trusted to represent the agricultural labourer's wife any more than they think that the squire can be trusted to represent the agricultural labourer. They cannot ignore the injustices between classes in their attempt to remedy injustices between sexes. Yet, none of the writers in this volume try to show that a limited Bill will not aggravate those injustices. They do not try to answer Mr. Shackleton's statement in the House of Commons. They talk about democracy, but they go out of their way to say that the democratic solution of this problem is unthinkable. They are the champions of a middle-class suffrage. What should we think of a proposal to enfranchise bachelors and rich married men?

A similar disregard of realities characterises the allusions to the tactics of violence. We could quite understand the position of the women who argue that in invading the House of Commons and private members' cloak rooms, and private houses, and suffering imprisonment for breaking the law, they are showing that they are personally in earnest. But what we cannot understand is the argument that they ought to be allowed to do these things with impunity. They can speak in any town or village in England; they can organise processions; they can present petitions. They can do everything that men can do. What they ask is that they shall be allowed to do everything that men cannot do. When they have such excellent ground for complaining of the inequalities of the law it is surely bad tactics to complain of its equalities. We are glad to see they do not carry that argument as far as they did. They only argue now that the law ought to distinguish between men and women; they no longer argue that it ought to distinguish between other women and Mr. Cobden's daughters, which was carrying the hereditary principle further than most Tories would carry it. If the writers argue that they ought from the first to have been treated as first-class misdemeanants, we entirely concur; but their argument is the much wider one, that a Liberal Government ought to instruct the police to disregard all illegalities committed by women who want votes. From their point of view it seems to us very dangerous ground to take.

If we have treated this volume in a critical spirit, it must not be inferred that we are hostile to women's suffrage. We belong to the despised school who think that a wide measure of enfranchisement is not only just and politic, but that it is also practicable. Every Reform Bill has gone further than people of the time thought possible. If all those persons who want a wide measure to-day would say so, the reform would be within our reach. Unfortunately, a great many of those who want it spend their time and energy in saying it can never come or in supporting those partisans of women's suffrage who look to a limited Bill as the best bulwark against a democratic enfranchisement which they dread. We think also that the leaders of the women's movement ought not to forget that the unenlightened and narrow views of women's rights, which they attack with such just indignation, are not, unhappily, confined to the sex in possession.

THE STATECRAFT OF HENRY VIII.

THERE are none too many things of which to be proud in English historical scholarship; but one of them is certainly the "Letters and Papers of Henry VIII." It is fifty-one years since the Master of the Rolls commissioned the late John Sherren Brewer to compile a calendar of the historical documents relating to Henry's reign, and now the second part of the twentieth volume lies before us. It carries us down to the end of 1545, so that only thirteen months remain to complete the task. Dr. James Gairdner, who has been editor-in-chief of the series since Brewer's death in 1879, has been connected with it since its inception; and, in spite of his eighty years, we trust will live to see its completion. *Finis coronat opus*, and that would

* "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII." Vol. XX., pt. 2. Arranged and catalogued by James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D., and R. H. Brodie. H.M. Stationery Office.

be the best reward for a long and useful career of research which has hardly received its due recognition.

The mere mention of twenty volumes conveys no idea of the scope of this work. A volume may be anything—or nothing; but one of this calendar comprises an introduction of six hundred and seventy pages and three parts, each averaging twelve hundred pages and some two thousand documents. The series, when complete, will run to fifty thousand documents and thirty-five thousand pages. Even this mass of manuscript does not exhaust the original materials for the reign of Henry VIII.: for there are records of legal proceedings, episcopal and parish registers, contemporary chronicles, and controversial writings which do not come within the scope of this calendar. Yet it is unique in its catholicity. We have had other calendars, but none have been executed on so broad a plan. Almost invariably they have been confined to *State papers*; while these “*Letters and Papers*” summarise private correspondence, personal grants, and ecclesiastical documents. Other series, too, have been limited with regard to the *provenance* of the documents; the Foreign and Domestic Calendars only deal with materials in the Record Office. Dr. Gairdner and his colleagues deal with them wherever they may be found, and that is the only rational plan for the sixteenth century, when the idea of State property in official documents had not been evolved. A Secretary of State carried off his official correspondence and kept it: hence the thousands of documents in Lord Salisbury’s possession at Hatfield. Other Secretaries were not so careful as Burghley and his son, and much has been destroyed. Those which Sir Robert Cotton begged, borrowed, or stole have found their way, burnt and mutilated, to the British Museum; one collection, dealing with Scottish affairs, migrated to Berlin, but has since been recovered; others lie buried in country houses. Now that the known sources have been gathered into one repository, vast though it be, there is some possibility of a satisfactory history of this reign.

But the classic notion of history stands in the way, the idea that history is merely a work of art, a story the virtue of which consists in the way it is told and not in its truth. There is much to excuse the Ancient historian who holds this view; because he is denied those advantages on which the Modern historian bases his claim to science. Original materials hardly exist for ancient history: no living man has seen a line in the handwriting of Cæsar or Cicero, let alone any Greek. Dr. Gairdner knows the handwriting of hundreds of Tudor officials as well as he knows his own. He can test his materials in numerous ways unknown to the historian of ancient Greece or Rome. The paper on which they are written, the seals with which they are sealed, the spelling, the endorsements, the expressions, the form of the document, all tell their tale to the expert. He does not accept a letter written on paper with an eighteenth-century watermark as an original letter of Oliver Cromwell’s; he can tell us by the shape of the letters the half-century or quarter of a century in which they were written. He is aware of the difference in value between a “record” and a “chronicle”; he distrusts memoirs and rejects altogether obituary notices; and he realises that the work of historical writers is not evidence. The mass of real evidence within his reach enables him to dispense with the tenth-hand gossip of men who could not possibly know the facts. This is the service rendered by Dr. Gairdner’s “Calendar.” We can construct our history of Henry’s reign from materials dating from that reign, from the *ipsissima verba* of the King and his ministers, from letters written in secret and designed for no eye except the recipient.

When this volume opens in August, 1545, there was assembled at Spithead—as in August, 1907—a naval force unequalled at that date; and then, too, a King hoisted his flag and played at being an Admiral. Fortunately, there was no repetition last month of the disaster in which the “Mary Rose” capsized and sank with all hands on board, though it was repeated on the same spot when the “Royal George” went down in 1782. In 1545, however, there was real warfare. The Emperor Charles V. and Henry VIII. had declared war on Francis I., and in 1544 Henry had captured Boulogne. Then Charles made terms with France at the Peace of Crêpy, leaving Henry to bear

the brunt of the war single-handed. England bore the strain with an equanimity partly due to the absence of a Yellow Press: there was no panic even when a French fleet appeared off Bembridge and landed a force in the Isle of Wight. This force was driven off by the islanders, and the French admiral shirked the engagement which Lisle, the future Duke of Northumberland, tried to force upon him. The weather was so favourable to the French that it was called “The Frenchmen’s God”; but when the wind changed, the French fleet made off to Normandy, having accomplished nothing. Equally unsuccessful were the French attempts to recapture Boulogne; but Henry’s efforts to bring German mercenaries into the north-east of France were not happy. Agents sent to scour the north of Germany were welcomed; one of them relates how he was received “as though he had been a prince” and “supper lasted from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m.” Seven hours seems to have been the regular duration for a royal feast; and in 1517, when Henry was entertaining Charles’s envoys, a papal nuncio tells us that “the guests remained at table for seven hours by the clock.” The results were hardly commensurate; the Germans never got to France; they wanted four months’ pay for two months’ service, and when they could not get it, they mutinied, imprisoned Henry’s commissaries, and threatened to hang them; a similar fate had attended another of Henry’s agents earlier in the reign. “Happy is he,” wrote one, “that hath no need of Almaynes: for, of all the nations under the heavens, they be the worst, most rudest, and unreasonablest to deal withal.” On sea the English more than held their own: “*L’Inglese*,” writes an Italian, “*se trova signor del mar*.” “The French,” declares a Spaniard, were “astounded at the spirit of the English.” Even thus early they were boasting that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen.

Both parties were now feeling the financial strain of the war. “The French,” writes a Spanish agent, “have had tremendous loss by sea, including the herring fishery upon which the Normans depend, while their people everywhere are so distressed as to threaten a general rising if burdened with further taxes.” Henry had been compelled to debase the currency, and was meditating the confiscation of the chantries. Two hostile powers were anxious to bring the French and English to terms—the Emperor, because his engagements to Henry might easily involve him in the war with France and thus impede his contemplated measures against the Lutherans—and the German Protestants themselves, because they hoped for a league between themselves, the French, and the English to counteract the Emperor. A great part of this volume is occupied with these two sets of negotiations. But Francis I. was not yet prepared to acquiesce in the loss of Boulogne, and Henry absolutely refused to give it up. His council dreaded the cost of its retention, and Dr. Gairdner emphasises the result as a remarkable illustration of “subservience” to the royal will. It might be paralleled outside Henry’s reign: in 1557 Mary declared war on France, though every Privy Councillor except Paget voted against it; and Elizabeth was equally autocratic in her marriage negotiations with Anjou. Indeed, considering that the Privy Council was appointed by, and responsible solely to, the Crown, independence was not to be expected. Nor was conciliar despotism preferable to royal despotism; until Parliament gained control of the Privy Council, nothing was to be gained by making the Council independent of the Crown. Dr. Gairdner further uses this incident to exculpate Wolsey from recent attacks. “Wolsey himself,” he says, “could never affect Henry’s policy otherwise than by pointing out natural obstacles and considerations of expediency.” This assumes that in Wolsey’s time Henry had a policy and cared to enforce it; but there is overwhelming testimony against this view. Foreign envoys and English agents agree in depicting Henry in his early years as careless of government. “Wolsey,” writes Bishop Fox, “is not Cardinal, but King.” “This Cardinal,” declares the Venetian ambassador, “is King, nor does His Majesty depart in the least from the counsel and opinion of his lordship.” “*Agere cum rege*,” he wrote, “*est nihil agere*”; and it is not possible to justify Wolsey by pleading under these circumstances that the policy was the King’s. Gradually, of course, Henry began to assert himself, and that assertion marks the difference between the first and second halves of Henry’s reign. A. F. POLLARD.

THE CONGO HORROR.*

WHENEVER the world is suffering from some notorious evil or oppression, be it a Turkish tyranny or a Congo slavery, there will always be found a certain number of apologists. The very desperateness of the cause attracts certain minds to defence. It is not necessary to believe that those pleas, sinister and cynical as they often are, always proceed from any base motive. It is notorious, indeed, that vast sums of money have been spent, and are still being spent, by the Congo State in the subornation of apparently genuine Press defenders in every part of the world. But men like Mr. Frederick Starr must be carefully distinguished from the ordinary creatures of unscrupulous wealth. Mr. Starr, a capable American writer, went to the Congo two years ago as an ethnologist, and while there was drawn into a cursory examination of the native problem. He was, as he admits to us freely in the course of this clever little volume, a guest of the Congo State. He was taken up the Congo on the short new Congo Railway, from Stanleyville to Ponthier-ville, not open at that time to ordinary traffic. He was conveyed in the State steamers, and slept at the State resting places. He listened to the State talk, and he has here recorded the State defence—a defence perfectly familiar to the unhappy reader of Congo literature, but presented, we are ready to admit, with a certain amount of freshness and vitality.

Now, we do not severely criticise Mr. Frederick Starr, or any other of the Congo visitors who have put forward this defence in face of the most damning body of evidence yet submitted to the world. For the evil of the Congo business is that it is practically impossible for any visitor hurrying through the main highway of the Congo to discover the facts for himself. The worst regions—the regions where the worst oppression is taking place—are away from the highway and often closed to the world. In the other parts of the Congo—the regions near the coast, which the traveller can visit—the means of transport are entirely in the hands of the Congo State and the Missionary Societies. If you put yourself in the hands of the State, you will discover only what the State wants you to discover. The only alternative is the Mission transport and hospitality, of which Mr. Starr did not avail himself.

The safest plan, probably, is to trust to the evidence of the men on the spot. Of those, the employees of the State have their mouths closed—except in cases like that of Lemaire, who is convincing those still unconvinced in Belgium. But the English missionaries and Consuls fortunately speak boldly in spite of Leopold's threats and penalties. They still keep sending home a stream of evidence which shows that things are little, if any, better now than at the time of the Report of the famous Special Commission.

But while the evidence of such defenders of oppression as Mr. Starr is of little value or importance, their point of view is often very interesting. You find in these books the revelation of a strange and dangerous habit of mind which is the chief peril to the relations between the white and the black man in the future of the world. Mr. Frederick Starr, for instance, does not take the simple and obvious course of denying the Congo atrocities, but to a large extent admits them. "It is true," he says, "that there are floggings and chain gangs and prisons." He even admits to mutilations, and confesses to excessive taxation; but his comment on all this is two-fold. Firstly, he argues that the black man has not the same feelings as a white man, the plea of the fisherman who says that the fish cannot feel. It leads Mr. Starr to some curious conclusions. Take, for instance, his opinion on a form of ordeal of witchcraft by which the Congo native in the old days was in the habit of getting rid of a rich or dangerous neighbour. Mr. Starr actually holds the opinion that missionaries have been wrong in opposing this practice.

"This whole matter of witchcraft and the ordeal has been magnified by many writers. It is true that there was constant danger for a progressive man, a rich man, or a great chief. Such men would naturally arouse jealousy and envy, and no doubt accusations were frequently made against them without cause. For my own part, however, I have long believed that the ordeal of witchcraft was not an unmixed evil, and I was more than pleased at hearing a missionary, who has been many years in the Congo, state that, after all, while

it was subject to occasional abuse, it tended toward wholesome control of conditions in a community."

One who holds this view naturally cannot see anything very wrong in other forms of atrocity.

The next step is to argue that the climate is a sufficient excuse. Mr. Starr devotes a chapter to showing the disorganisation and demoralisation that come on the white man who lives for long in the tropics. He is pulled down first by disease, then by his degrading human surroundings.

"Constant sight of cruelty begets cruelty. Alone in a population so unlike himself, his only safety rests in his commanding at once fear, respect, obedience. He frequently possesses governmental power. The only white man in a large area of country, he must insist upon the fulfilment of the requirements which are passed down to him from his superiors. There are no white men living who could pass unscathed through such a trial. The wonder is not that from time to time company agents and governmental officials are encountered who are monsters of cruelty. The wonder is, with the constant sapping of the physical, the mental, and the moral nature, that any decent men are left to treat with natives."

If this allegation be accepted as true, the only answer is that clearly in that case the presence of the white man in tropical countries must be a wholly unmixed evil, harmful both to himself and to the natives, and that his absence would be equally profitable to both. Mr. Starr will not admit that the demoralisation is confined to the Congo officials, but would extend it to all white men in tropical countries.

If this were so, then a black man might well be excused for regarding the white man as a particular burden, but we remain unconvinced as to the facts. It is a disgraceful slur upon English officials in Nigeria and Uganda to compare them with the scum of Europe sent by King Leopold to the Congo. It is notorious that, in choosing his officials, King Leopold has descended to the lowest stratum of population yet selected by civilised powers for the task of governing, that he rewards them in proportion to their activity in ill-doing, and pays a premium upon vigour in extortion. To compare such a system with anything that goes on under English rule is a calumny against British civil servants, which only a close scrutiny could justify. Has Mr. Starr made it?

Mr. Starr, to our mind, fails to appreciate the very elements of the Congo problem. He has made no attempt to grasp the economic system in the Congo; he has made no study of these extraordinary edicts by which King Leopold has claimed for himself practically the whole lives and properties of that vast region. He confuses in a muddled way the Congo system with that of other tropical regions, such as Uganda or Nigeria, nor does he realise the fundamental difference which sets the Congo apart from all other experiments in governing black men by white. That difference is that the Congo native is not a citizen but a slave. Mr. Starr speaks of the taxation in the Congo being excessive. He is wrong. There is no taxation in the Congo. The word is misapplied. The proper term is not taxation but robbery. You do not tax when you take all a man's goods, not for his own good but for your own. As well might a pirate pretend that he was an official of the Board of Inland Revenue.

Next time that Mr. Starr goes to the Congo we would advise him to keep clear of the State officials. He must know as a publicist that the first necessity in matters of investigation is not to place yourself in the hands of the accused party. There is one very luminous passage in his book. "Unfortunately," he says, "there is a strained relation amounting at times to bitterness between the State officials and the English-speaking missionaries." "This feeling," he says, "is general." But the cause is notorious, and has been indeed stated by the Commission which investigated the affairs of the Congo. The reason is that the "evangelical missionary," in the words of a trained observer of the Congo, is "the only friend of the natives." He is, as Mr. Starr himself says, the only white man who learns the language of the country, and the only man who is not engaged in exploiting the native. We would, therefore, advise Mr. Starr in his next visit to the Congo to reinforce this information by closer intercourse with missionaries. If he will add a few visits to the foreign Consuls, he will then come back with more valuable information than he seems to have derived by his journey under the Blue and Gold flag of the Congo State.

* "The Truth About the Congo." By Frederick Starr. Werner Laurie. 1s. 6d.

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"A thrilling story of strange happenings."—*Country Life*.

IRELAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MR. LOCKER LAMPSON, in his somewhat salt and disillusioned preface, prognosticates for his book some forty-two readers (out of the forty-two million dwellers in these countries), and no praise at all. He is, no doubt, somewhat unhappy in having such a rival in the field as M. Paul Dubois, whose masterly diagnosis of contemporary Ireland was recently reviewed in these columns. Still, we should hope for considerable study of his book in those Unionist circles to which his declaration against Home Rule will naturally recommend it.

The volume is somewhat difficult to characterise. It is not a systematic history, conceived in the spirit of pure and, as one may say, relentless scholarship. Mr. Locker Lampson has certainly not spun it out of his head; his reading is both wide and deep, and he has crowded into his pages a great deal of information that one does not exactly pick up by the roadside. But his book is neither large enough nor calm enough to be strict history. On the other hand, while he has his own special cure and charm for Irish maladies, he is far too keenly moved by past events viewed simply as a spectacle to limit himself to a merely medicinal outlook. He has produced a series of loosely-linked chapters, in which the more important Irish problems are traced down from their sources by a light which is neither purely historical nor purely political. Mr. Locker Lampson is a Unionist. There will, we trust, be no offence in assigning him to what may be called the picturesque-penitent school of writers in that interest. The representative of this school is ready to exalt, in swinging strophes, any Irish "agitator"—provided only that he is sufficiently dead—and to denounce every stupidity and tyranny practised in regard to Ireland except those which it is in his power, as an English elector, to help to amend. Mr. Lampson passes under review the great reforms of the century. He shows us the tithe proctor removed from the economy of Irish life by seven years' civil war, and Catholic Emancipation carried by menace of civil war. His pages are filled with specimens of the quite demented scurrility with which the "Times" confronted the very moderate programme and velvet Parliamentary methods of O'Connell. He recalls the Episcopalian Church, disestablished by Fenian dynamite, amid Orange prophesying of evil far direr than those evoked by Home Rule. He has no illusions about landlordism. He prints on his title page the famous and unanswered question, "How is it that the King is none the richer for Ireland?" In an appendix he gives Sir Robert Giffen's conclusions on this score to the effect that while Ireland was taxed £3,000,000 a year beyond her capacity, England was losing another £3,000,000 a year for the privilege of over-taxing her. He gives the following as the natural history of reform movements in Ireland:—

"It (Catholic Emancipation) is an epitome of the policy of Ireland's governors—robbery followed by a cruel persecution; then a gradual growth of public opinion strong enough to irritate, but too weak to force the hand of the ascendancy of the day. Then agitation, exasperation, outrage, promises of reform, failure to fulfil them, and crass ignorance and senseless brutality vying with one another in the government of the disordered country. Then increased agitation, crime, and coercion, a greater volume of public opinion, a growth of menial fear in the rulers of Ireland, and lastly, after many years of insult and indifference, redress forced from authority, not through a consciousness of justice inexcusably delayed, but under the influence of menace, and menace alone."

That is the history of Irish reform under Unionism, and the conclusion drawn from it by Mr. Lampson is that at the next election he will, in the interest of Ireland, vote Unionist! He should of a surety have added one other cause of Irish irritation—retrospective indignation and abstract sympathy.

The literary quality of the volume is excellent. The sketch of Disraeli, interpolated into the chapter on University Education, is memorably rich and picturesque. One is sorry to see Mr. Lampson abandon his intelligence to that mysticism so popular with the Tory pamphleteer which streams forth in vague reveries over the "impulsive," "lovable," "undependable," "emotional," "extravagant" Celt. The temperament of Ireland is not, of course, that of England. But we deceive ourselves and irritate the Irish

when we write of them in such fashion as Mr. Lampson writes on pages 395 and 396.

There are, no doubt, two sides to the problem of Irish government, and able men will be found on both sides. But whatever else is disputed, it must be admitted that the questions at issue between the two countries are not in the least "Celtic" and elusive, but are of a most comprehensible and earthy kind. Form of government, system of finance, laws of property, machinery of education, are not these the factors of the equation that has to be solved? And to whom does it bring any profit to cloud them with vain phrases about Celt and Saxon, elusiveness and stolidity?

Some mistakes have gone uncorrected in the reading of the proofs. The date of Sir Robert Giffen's famous article, for instance, should be 1886, not 1866. On page 2 "guarantees" should be "grantees," and so forth. These are trivial matters, and in the main lines of his work Mr. Lampson is remarkably accurate and well-informed. If we have quarrelled sharply with his drift and conclusions it is because one cannot resent too strongly anything that tends at this moment to strengthen the reactionaries who are ready to sacrifice Ireland in order to injure Liberalism, and to sacrifice Liberalism in order to injure Ireland.

THE COMPENSATION ACT.*

In this little hand-book of 126 small octavo pages, only 72 of which are devoted to the subject itself, Mr. Clement Edwards, M.P., has sought to explain to the average man the Compensation Act, which came into operation on July 1st. To be of any wide use, a work of this sort must be brief and simple. By reason of its comprehensiveness, the Act is much less litigious than the one it amends. It is the exclusions in the present law which have mainly given rise to so many bewildering judicial decisions, stamping it as one of the fattest things the legal profession have ever had.

But a perusal of these pages makes it clear that the new Act is capable of providing some Chinese puzzles for the lawyers. Thus, in the second of the ten chapters, Mr. Edwards gives us some useful examples. Take the £250 salary limit. If a man receives £4 a week, or £208 per year, from one firm, and £100 per year from another, is he outside the range of the Act? Mr. Edwards contents himself with telling us that the Act does not say.

Again, the question of casual employment is not straight sailing. It is, however, made fairly intelligible by Mr. Edwards. Certainly, his illustrations have the great merit of simplicity. Take this one: Mr. Smith engages casually a charwoman to scrub down his private house. That is not for the purpose of his business, and so if she meets with an accident is outside of the Act. But the same woman is employed casually to scrub out his shop. If she meets with a mishap Mr. Edwards thinks that she is within the Act.

Beginning with a brief historical sketch, Mr. Edwards manages to condense in the nine succeeding short chapters the mass of details contained in the Act. In plain language he sets forth the person to whom compensation is payable, when it is due, who is liable, and the scale on which it has to be paid. Special chapters are given to Seamen and Industrial Diseases. Both of them are new features of the Act, and the space devoted to this portion of the measure is well used.

Procedure and Insurance form the subjects of the two concluding chapters, and both deserve careful perusal. Unless the proper steps are taken to put the machinery into motion, the benefits of the Act will be lost. It will not be Mr. Edwards' fault if this happens, for the most uninstructed will be able to follow the course he marks out for them. In the same way, the necessity of insurance is pointed out most clearly, and the dangers of neglecting it are made manifest. The full text of the Act, and a table giving the cost of Post Office Annuities, with a useful index, are given at the end of the work.

Subject to accuracy of legal interpretation, a matter on which a layman cannot speak with authority, Mr. Edwards' little book may be commended with confidence as a guide to those who need to know the material points of the Workmen's Compensation Act of last year.

* "A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century." By G. Locker Lampson. Constable. 18s. net.

* "The Compensation Act, 1906." By Clement Edwards, M.P. Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

¶ During the next ten days it is my intention to publish the following five notable books :—**COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS**, the Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester of Holkham. An account of His ancestry, surroundings, public services, private friendships, including many unpublished letters from noted men of his day, English and American. By A. M. W. STIRLING. With 20 Photogravure and 43 other Illustrations.

¶ Immediately after the death of Lord Leicester, or, as he was better known to his generation, "Coke of Norfolk," many biographies of him were commenced but were abandoned upon the authoritative life being undertaken by the Hon. Thomas Keppel. By a curious chain of events the MS. of this work was lost. Thus it is that the name of Coke of Norfolk, once a household word in England and America, has sunk into oblivion. Coke's position was unique; as a landlord owner he is said to have transformed the agriculture of both hemispheres; as a politician and a prominent member of the House of Commons he exercised a peculiar influence upon the political world of his day. During that period he not only was offered a peerage seven times for his services, but he was the prime mover in several important political crises. It is, perhaps, in another aspect that his life presents the greatest attraction: in his friendships, in his relation to the other great spirits of his age. The correspondence preserved by him from the noted men of his day re-creates his generation for us, and presents it to us. We see Lafayette, as the humble farmer absorbed in rearing his pigs and his cattle. We see Lord Hastings, as a youth climbing a volcano during an eruption; as a young soldier frightened in his first battle. We see the "first Gentleman in Europe," as the fickle friend, pocketing humiliation in order to condone his deceit. We see Fox, as a slovenly schoolboy playing pitch-and-toss at Eton. We see Nelson, as the delicate son of an obscure Norfolk clergyman, coursing with Coke's hounds, calling to make his declaration for half-pay before Coke as the local magistrate. Incongruous in their endless variety the characters move across the pages—Pope Clement XIV.; Louise of Stolberg, the pretty, romantic bride of drink-sodden Prince Charlie; Dr. Parr; Amelia Opie; honest King William accepting home-truths from Coke, his admired "First Commoner"; his pompous brother, the Duke of Sussex; Chantrey, witty Lord Erskine, Gainsborough, Roscoe, Sir James Smith, Sir Humphry Davy—a great international train, amongst whom, and perhaps more remarkable than all at that especial date, are celebrities from the United States—at a date when, be it remembered, all who came thence were looked at askance as the recent foes of England, and were, as Raikes remarks, "foreigners." This circumstance is accounted for, possibly, by the fact that it was Coke's resolution in the Commons which terminated the War of Independence. We can hear the actual words which are uttered, we can listen to living denunciations of the "bloody-minded tyrant George III. and his Minions";—almost we share the conviction that England is foredoomed through the machinations of the "*Vile Tories and their Viler head, Mr. Pitt.*" Through that dead world, once more instinct with life, Coke moves, the central figure. The type of Englishmen which he represents is no longer to be found among us; the large-hearted, open-handed Whig-Prince, who rode with the foremost, drank with impunity what would kill his descendants (his beer bill alone amounted to £3,000 per annum), spoke with a vehemence which would shock latter-day susceptibilities. He died in 1842, aged 88. The work is complete in two vols., price 32s. net.

¶ At the same time I have arranged to issue a daring novel, by the HON. HENRY COKE, the octogenarian son of "Coke of Norfolk," entitled **OPEN HATCHWAYS**. Mr. Coke is well-known as the Author of "Tracks of a Rolling Stone," a book which attracted considerable attention when published. The price of the new novel will be 6/-.

¶ Some weeks ago a remarkable controversy arose in Europe on the occasion of the publication in Paris of M. FRANCIS LAUR'S volume **THE HEART OF GAMBETTA**. I have acquired the English rights of this work and have every confidence that MR. JOHN MACDONALD'S remarkable introduction will reopen the discussion. Apart from this, the story of the love of the great patriot and statesman for LÉONIE LÉON, and the influence she possessed over him, is gradually unfolded in the letters which passed between them. When flushed by success or depressed with failure, GAMBETTA sought his "dear adored one," whose love and inspiring comradeship for the great French statesman probably influenced to a large degree the destinies of France. This book contains five Illustrations including a photogravure portrait of LÉONIE LÉON. The price will be 7/6 net.

¶ There is no more individual spot in England than the Isle of Purbeck, a fact which is largely due to its celebrated quarries at Swanage. "**IN AND AROUND THE ISLE OF PURBECK**," by MISS IDA WOODWARD, tells the story of the antiquity of this part of Dorsetshire—the romance of Corfe Castle and the story of its old families. MR. JOHN W. G. BOND, who contributes thirty-six water-colour drawings, is a scion of the Bonds of Grange, and near relative of the famous editor of the Purbeck section of Hutchings' classic, "The History of Dorset." The size of this volume is quarto, and the price a guinea net.

¶ It is now TEN YEARS ago since I published MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "Poems," in which was included "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades," yet it will be well remembered how he was heralded as a new poet of distinction. I am now able to announce **NEW POEMS**. The longest poem in the volume, entitled "IOLE," will, it is claimed, be hailed by all literary critics and lovers of poetry as equal to "MARPESSA" in charm and beauty; whilst some of the shorter pieces have already won the approval of that select band who read modern poetry. The present volume will be in every way uniform with its predecessor, and the price is the same—viz., 4s. 6d. net.

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JOHN LANE.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

It is interesting to turn now and again to our cousins, the Norse peoples, and see what they are thinking and feeling in their corner of Europe, safely shut out from the speed and roar and restless strife of life in our European centres of industry. And when we read such a novel as *Madame Alvide Prydz's*, which depicts the flow of quiet currents of life in a little Norwegian harbour, we see how mysterious and richly fascinating Europe and the South appear to the Norse imagination. Thus, Irmild Myrland, the Norwegian girl, is shown us as lying still in her little sailing-boat, dreaming of its drifting away on the tide, anywhere—to London, to the land of Spain! anywhere from Haero, where nothing ever happened, with its shrill voices of the sea-birds and its gleaming ground swells, while "far out were the ships going to the South, to the South . . . to sail, perhaps, round the world." And in these stories of modern Norse life, as in many of Ibsen's works, the hero is the weary travelled man who returns to his native place after years of wandering, bringing with him the relics and souvenirs of his romantic passages in Europe, a strand of a woman's hair, a piece of oriental drapery, a Spanish knife, an intaglio, "a little piece of Italy," something that speaks to the Norse imagination of to-day the same language that the loot of Europe spoke to the Viking imagination twelve hundred years ago. It is interesting also to compare the ideals, in character and conduct, of our Norse cousins with our own, and to note how, at back, they correspond. All that Peer Gynt knows that he is not is his ideal; and the figure of the heroine, Gunvor, in "*The Heart of the Northern Sea*," which is an embodiment of the virtues that we English prize most, stands, so to say, as a bridge where the two peoples can meet, and feel racially as one.

Gunvor Haero is the daughter of the proud Haero family, one of those old families in which the vigour of the race remains alive in the women long after it had gone to seed in the men. Her dead father has encumbered the estate and brought shame on the family, but it is Fru Elin and Gunvor, the daughter, who uphold its dignity, and set to work with brave hearts to develop and superintend the growing trade in fish at Haero, by which the debts are finally cleared off. Gunvor is engaged to Sven Torgersen, the hedonistic young doctor, and nothing could be cleverer than the way in which the author brings out the contrast between the man and woman's fundamental ideas and ideals. Gunvor is Torgersen's "rigid, northerly, cold conscience," regal and severe, and he is always telling her that though her eyes look at him so mildly, "there is a rigid earnestness lurking behind their soft greyness." Torgersen has lately come home from a long holiday in Italy, and instead of settling down resolutely to work, as he had promised, he is determined to make use of the few chances of enjoyment that still remain to him. An epidemic has broken out in one of the villages, but Torgersen, whose conscience is always in the most excellent order, explains that it is a pity not to get some salmon fishing, now it is at their doors, for the fish wont wait, and the sick people can always be got hold of afterwards. The effect of Gunvor's strenuous nature on her lover's temperament is admirably conveyed. Everywhere his open character and imperturbable good nature win him friends. It costs nothing to him to give presents, for the next minute he had forgotten all about it. "At the same time he would accept the greatest sacrifice without thinking at all of the cost to the person who had made it." "He had got into the habit, especially in later years, of taking things easily, and going through life without burdens, and he throve on those principles." And he explains to Gunvor, smilingly, that if he doesn't keep his promises, it is her fault. With great truth he tells her that it is "her terrible thoroughness that is to blame." "Yes, your terrible thoroughness, Gunvor. One always finds you yourself behind your words. It is as if you had already done it when you say a thing." And this wearies him. And, little by little, Gunvor, who knows that Torgersen loves her, comes to recognise that there is not the same joy for her in intimacy with him as before, and that something is developing in him which makes the difference between them greater. But when he analyses these differences, and

tells her that in his opinion a person's grandest qualities can become so overpowering that they are positively faults, Gunvor, woman-like, turns to him and says, "Only tell me that you love me!"

The development of the story traces for us in a masterly way how Torgersen, though his marriage with Gunvor is near at hand, is seduced by the restless exciting charm of the wilful and odd girl, Irmild, and how despite his hidden antipathy for her, she begins "to bind his senses and absorb his will." He feels a sensation of feebleness before her gliding elusiveness, her furtive searching glances, her flexible movements, her strange capriciousness and her voice "that sounded like the enticing call of a bird." "Her young uncurbed will asserted itself, and claimed its desire with the same proud right as the lilies of the field," and Torgersen recognises that when he is near her he can no longer answer for himself. And yet, it is against his will too! He doesn't *wish* to succumb . . . but he does. In a very fine and subtle passage the author paints the scene between the two when Torgersen finds himself quite helpless before Irmild. "And when her mouth kissed him, he had a sense of something giving way, and falling to pieces inside him. She was like a wave that came, and dragged him down with her into the depths." It is most true to life that Irmild should be represented as adoring and worshipping Gunvor all the time that she is unconsciously charming away Torgersen. And Torgersen's reflections, when he is deceiving his betrothed, are analysed also with the skill of an unerring psychologist. He decides to tell Gunvor what has happened. He has so high an idea of her that he is sure she will understand it. He felt he loved Gunvor simply unspeakably, and when sitting by her, she made him realise how much he loved everything pure and true. But . . . he does not tell Gunvor, and it is she who detects the amour, and breaks off her marriage. Torgersen is forced to marry Irmild quickly. And Gunvor "manages everything at the wedding, which is celebrated in the handsomest way. The neighbouring ladies are baffled by Gunvor's air of friendliness to her old lover, but the Haero family was always annoying in that way; they always looked as though nothing had happened."

We have not space here to allude to the other persons of the story, nor to dwell upon Madame Prydz's really remarkable gift of catching and delicately recording the finest emotions of personal contact. Her work excels as a most sensitive register of woman's confused and tremulous sensations before man. In a page or so the authoress can suggest the delicate germination of sexual fascination, and foreshadow the inevitable course that the relations of a man and woman will take. There is in the atmosphere a haunting suggestiveness of Norse mysticism, and the strange capricious eeriness of the hero Falck's dreamings recalls the music of Grieg. The novel is quite national in its blend of realism shot with the wildest fantasy of mood, and we are grateful to Miss Tyra Engdahl and Miss Jessie Rew, who have put it into English.

SIENA AND HER ARTISTS.*

THIS volume is half a guide-book to Siena and half a disquisition on the painters and craftsmen who helped to make it famous. Siennese art, from Duccio di Buoninsegna onwards, was isolated from the Italian Renaissance; it remained in its own channel, and that was more in sympathy with Byzantium than with Rome or Florence. Yet it was not a stationary art. It developed while it remained true to its conservative traditions, and its greatest names—Duccio, Jacopo della Quercia, and the brothers Lorenzetti, for instance—bear witness to the strength of its development. Ultimately, of course, Siena fell under the influence of the other centres of Italian culture, but it required the coming of Pinturicchio to paint the frescoes of the Piccolomini Library, before the machinery that was to convert Siennese art into Umbrian could be set in motion. In his description of the town Mr. Seymour gives us no new facts, nor does he rise above the average literary level, and his style elsewhere inclines to a rather dangerous hilarity in its obvious effort to be light.

* "*The Heart of the Northern Sea*." By Alvide Prydz. Translated from the Norwegian by Tyra Engdahl and Jessie Rew. George Allen. 5s. net.

* "*Siena and her Artists*." By Frederick H. H. Seymour. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE second volume of the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" (Heinemann, 10s. net.) deals with the years from 1815 to 1819. Like the first volume, which we noticed some months ago, it contains a number of piquant anecdotes, related in a vivacious and agreeable style. The author's stay in London as daughter of the French ambassador gave her an excellent opportunity for drawing comparisons between English and French manners and social life. This she does with great shrewdness and a certain amount of sarcasm. Her reflections on the English divorce system and the payment of £12,000 damages by Lord Bective to Lord George Beresford, and her criticism of the system of holding large receptions at extraordinarily late hours, have just that spice of malice that makes entertaining reading. She was also struck by the independence of the English character, and attributes it to the equality of all Englishmen in the eyes of the law. "In passing through a village one may often hear a man upon his cottage doorstep say to his little daughter, 'Curtsey to your betters, Betsy.' But this man would never admit any superior to himself upon a point where his legal rights were in question. He can apply to the law for protection against the county lord by whom he may think himself injured, or for a summons against a neighbour with whom he has quarrelled in a public-house. This confidence that the law will protect him in every department of life forms the basis of that feeling of independence whence is born that self-respect which marks the free man."

* * *

THE man-eaters who form the subject of Colonel Patterson's "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net) were two lions who for nine months carried on a war against the men employed in building the Uganda railway. They actually succeeded on one occasion in putting a complete stop to the railway works for three weeks. Colonel Patterson at last shot them, but not before they had killed and eaten many men engaged upon the railway works. Mr. F. C. Selous writes a short introduction to the book, in which he says that no lion story he has ever heard or read equals in its long-sustained and dramatic interest the story of the Tsavo man-eaters, as told by Colonel Patterson. There are besides a number of thrilling adventures with man-eating lions in various parts of the world, all told in a quiet and convincing style.

* * *

WE note with pleasure the issue of a second and cheaper edition of Judge Madden's "The Diary of Master William Silence: A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport" (Longman, 6s. 6d. net.). The first edition appeared ten years ago, and at once attracted the notice of Shakespearean students throughout the country. Judge Madden's plan of gathering together the different references to field sports in Shakespeare's works, and illustrating them by passages from Elizabethan books upon hunting, hawk-ing, and so forth, was a very happy one, and the way in which he carried it out deserves the highest praise. His claim that Shakespeare's knowledge of wood-craft and falconry may be a factor in determining the text of some controverted passages is certainly justified, although his view of the authority of the First Folio—a view shared by Mr. H. H. Furness, who adopts the First Folio as the text of his great Variorum Edition—will hardly command general assent. Every student of Shakespeare owes a debt to Judge Madden for his delightful and scholarly piece of work.

* * *

IN "The Pirates of Malabar" (Smith, Elder, 6s. net.), Colonel Biddulph deals with a side of Indian history upon which singularly little has been written. We generally think of the West rather than of the East Indies when we speak of the pirates and freebooters of the sea, forgetting that, as Colonel Biddulph says, "Hardly had the last of the buccaneers disappeared from the Western seas, when a more lawless race of rovers appeared, who extended their operations into the Indian Ocean." The enormous loss to commerce caused by the operations of those "free traders" may be indicated by the fact that one of them, Bartholomew Roberts, captured eleven ships in a single day, and is supposed to have destroyed four hundred trading vessels in three years. Colonel Biddulph gives a history of Indian

piracy from the time of the early Dutch and Portuguese pirates in the first half of the seventeenth century to the destruction of the Angrian fleet and the capture of Gheriah by Clive. The accounts of the different expeditions sent against the pirates form an interesting chapter of naval history, and the descriptions of some of the sea fights show that Colonel Biddulph has an eye for the details which give vividness to such narratives. The concluding chapter relates the remarkable adventures of an Englishwoman, Mrs. Gyfford, who sailed for India in 1709, became the heroine of many romantic and exciting adventures, and finally brought an action in the Court of Chancery against the East India Company, the result of which, unfortunately, is not given in Colonel Biddulph's book.

* * *

"FORTY YEARS IN PARIS," by W. F. Loneragan (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.) is a disappointing book. Mr. Loneragan was for many years a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," and in carrying on his journalistic work he had many opportunities of meeting Parisians famous in the world of art and letters, as well as in politics. But although great names figure in his book, he has little of value to tell us about any of them. Victor Hugo, he says, he never met and never wished to meet, regarding him as "one of the overrated and over-boomed category of celebrities." After such a judgment the reader may expect to find that Mr. Loneragan's sense of proportion is at fault. He writes at length about obscure persons whose doings might well have remained unchronicled, and passes over many of the really great men in a couple of sentences. He is better when giving his reminiscences of the political world of Paris, but here, too, we miss those personal touches and anecdotes which are the only excuse for such a volume. More interesting than the letterpress are portraits of the distinguished men mentioned in the book. There are thirty-two of them, and they are all well reproduced.

* * *

THE latest batch of additions to "Everyman's Library" (Dent, 1s. net. each volume) maintains the high standard of that admirable series. The collection now numbers more than two hundred and sixty volumes, all carefully chosen, and in many cases containing critical introductions of distinct value. Among the more notable of the books recently issued are the first two volumes of a set of "Hakluyt's Voyages," with a capital introduction describing Elizabethan ships and seamen by Mr. John Masefield; "The Early Romances in Prose and Verse of William Morris," edited by Mr. Alfred Noyes; a selection from John Bright's speeches, with a preface by Mr. Joseph Sturge; a revised edition of Galton's "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development"; a version in blank verse of "The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil," by Mr. F. T. Royds; an edition of Shelley's "Poems"; a reprint of Harvey's "Motion of the Heart and Blood"; and the Bible and Apocrypha in four volumes, with an introduction by the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor. Fiction is represented by ten volumes of Dickens, to each of which Mr. G. K. Chesterton contributes a characteristic preface, and Mrs. Oliphant's "Salem Chapel." The latter volume has a very able appreciation of Mrs. Oliphant and of her relation to modern Nonconformity by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

* * *

MR. GUERBER describes his book on "The Myths of Greece and Rome" (Harrap, 7s. 6d. net.) as having a two-fold aim, "first, to present outlines of the stories in a simple form, pleasurable to the reader who has no desire further than to obtain a general knowledge of the myths, or to be entertained; and, second, to furnish a practical guide for the student who wishes to prosecute his mythological studies." He is to be congratulated on the successful way in which both these aims have been accomplished. The stories are well told, and the arrangement of the book is admirable. Indeed, we know no other book in which the classical myths are treated with such a combination of accurate scholarship, simplicity, and literary skill. The book should prove a mine of delight for young people or others who have not yet made the acquaintance of Greek and Roman mythology. The quotations from the English poets and the large number of reproductions of pictures by famous artists add considerably to its value.

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MR. R. B. HALDANE AND "PUBLIC OPINION."

THE Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

WAR OFFICE, 1st October, 1907.

Dear Mr. Parker,

I think that in the new form of "Public Opinion" under your editorship, you do well to make prominent what is concrete and living in the shape of the opinions maturely formed of men who are trying to do the work of the nation and of journalists the standard of whose criticism is high. What interests people is that which is expressed in a concrete form and has in it the touch of humanity. The views of strenuous spirits and the criticisms of really competent critics given in their own words comply with this condition. Your paper will succeed if it can only keep up to this standard, and I think you have brought it on to the right lines.

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The Week in the City.

It has not been at all a comfortable week for financiers. To begin with, the news of the illness of the aged Emperor of Austria upset the bourses of continental Europe, and more than counterbalanced the favourable impression produced by the unexpected settlement of the long-vexed financial arrangement, or *Ausgleich*, between Austria and Hungary. It seems that the refusal of the Hungarians to come to terms had led to heavy selling of Hungarian securities in foreign markets, and that the change of tone in Budapest was due to financial embarrassment and apprehension. The prolongation of Francis Joseph's life has been a great blessing. Now that the *Ausgleich* has been arranged and the Austrian franchise reformed, there is much less need to regard the succession of Prince Ferdinand with anxiety. His clerical and anti-Magyar prejudices have probably been softened and rationalised in the last few years. Then again, the heavy losses of speculators in copper and low-class securities have led to a crisis in Amsterdam, and on Thursday it was reported that a large and old-established firm in Hamburg had failed, and that the losses will be seriously felt in Germany. Wall Street also is in a rather parlous plight, though, as one financier put it, speculators who have not been killed by a fall from the 40th floor to the fourth will probably survive a further drop to the basement. In London there is every reason to believe that the structure of credit is substantially sound. Much has been said about the difficulties caused by the failure of underground railway finance; but the losses (though great) are probably much exaggerated by rumour. The same is true of the Manchester Bank, which is supposed to have been involved in Egyptian losses, and also in over-free lending on American securities. I understand, however, that an amalgamation has been arranged which will put matters right. It is a good sign that Consols have stood so firm of late, and it is generally anticipated here (in view of the much greater strength of the Bank Reserve now than last year at this time) that the Bank Rate will not go higher than five per cent. The Home Railway Market is still distressed by fear of a strike; but there is reason to believe that the Board of Trade will be successful in its efforts to avert such a calamity. American securities are still on the down grade, and it is generally believed that want of ready money will soon compel most of the companies to cut down their dividends. The Mexican dividend of 5½ per cent. on the Second Preference was wonderfully good, but nevertheless both the Second Preference and the Ordinary fell sharply on the announcement. This, I think, shows how little buoyancy and how little floating capital there is to play with just now.

TRADE, PRICES, AND LABOUR.

Perhaps the first distinct evidence of an actual recession in trade here in England (in line with the retrogression in America and on the Continent) is provided by the monthly memorandum of labour statistics issued by the Board of Trade for September. In the 273 trade unions (with a total membership of 631,241) which enter into this return, the unemployed percentage was 4·6, as compared with 3·8 for September a year ago, and 4 in August 1907. Coal mining benefited by the boom in prices, and the textile industries were also better even than a year ago; but the shipbuilding and engineering trades were less active, while the building and furnishing trades drooped. The building trade suffers especially from dear money, and has never recovered from the depression that followed the Boer War. The furnishing trades complain that many of their best customers have transferred the funds they formerly used for furnishing and decorating to the purchase and upkeep of motor cars. The increase of unemployment just before the approach of winter is a very unwelcome sign, especially when it is accompanied by a rise in the price of wheat and bread to the highest point it has touched for many years. As usual, wheat has dragged after it many other foods, and the poor man's grocery bill is likely to be seriously swollen for some time to come. The country that will be worst hit is Germany. There has been a bad crop of cereals, and the deficit is

reported to be much larger than ever before. In fact, the sharp advance in grain prices during the last few weeks is put down largely to the very heavy imports into Germany. This means that the Germans will have to pay full tariff duty on all the grain consumed there, whether grown or imported, and as the duties were made much heavier by the late tariff, it is safe to predict that much suffering and discontent will ensue. When I was in Germany a short time ago, I met some scientific Protectionists, including one or two Professors who are consulted by the Government. They admitted that the tariff on food imports had been raised to an undue height, in order to satisfy the agrarian party.

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

A new book on "Railway Enterprise in China" has just been published by Messrs. Edward Arnold. The author is Mr. Percy H. Kent, an Oxford man, who had a legal training, and went out to China a few years ago. He has made admirable use of his opportunities, which have been large; for he acknowledges valuable assistance from some of the leading authorities on finance and railway administration in Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai. Some of the maps that illustrate the book have been revised by Mr. A. G. Cox of the Imperial Railways of North China. The story of the various lines is told in a business-like, matter-of-fact way, with an occasional gleam of humour and side remarks that show the writer to have got a good insight into the ways of Chinamen and Chinese officials. One tale of the Woosung road, the first railway in China, and how it was at length bought and the rails uprooted by the Chinese Government in 1877, is very well told. The engines and rolling stock were conveyed, however, to the island of Formosa, where the Chinese Governor Ting was known to favour the introduction of railways.

There is a good description of Formosa and of the building of this line. The Chinese indulged in many costly economies, such as tunnel-making without drains or props. One of their economies, however, the choice of wood instead of iron for a railway bridge over the Tamsui river, "served them well," as Mr. Kent says. The Tamsui bridge was completed in 1889. But it "lasted out their time and came to no harm until a year or so after the Japanese occupation, when it was washed away by a freshet." The completeness of Mr. Kent's work will recommend it to those who are at all interested in what is probably the best field now open to railway enterprise. After describing the Kaiping tramway and railway administration, the author reviews the Imperial Railways of North China and the Chinese Eastern Railway from 1890 to the present day. "The Battle for Concessions," which began between foreign promoters after the War between China and Japan. The legal character of these so-called "concessions" is carefully considered and defined, and then follow chapters on the Peking-Hankow and Hankow-Canton Railways, on the Peking Syndicate, the Yangtse Valley System, the German railway rights in Shantung, the French railway rights in South China, and a number of other projected or partly constructed lines. Mr. Kent may be warmly congratulated on having produced the standard authority on a subject of immense commercial and financial interest. His last chapter of conclusions is full of good sense, and quite free from the superior or insolent tone that too often marks English books on Eastern subjects. The practical question just now is, he says, how to secure foreign capital without encroaching on Chinese sovereignty; and the answer is to be found in a study of the Imperial Railways of North China. But for this I must refer my readers to the book itself.

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Diary of the Week.

It is extremely difficult here to realise the sudden panic that has seized on the well-to-do classes of New York, and it would require a volume to trace the train of antecedents that have led up to the catastrophe. Probably few honest Americans doubt in their heart of hearts that the highest Protective Tariff in the world, the mother of all the Trusts and most of the corruption, is the originating cause of all the mischief; for if that were removed, commercial morality would rise as the profits of commercial immorality declined. If, however, we search for proximate causes, we may find them in the action of Mr. Harriman and his associates a year or two back. That the directors of banking and other corporations should use the trust funds in their charge for the purpose of buying or selling stock exchange securities, in the rise or fall of which the directors are personally interested, would, we hope, be impossible on a large scale in any other civilised country. Since the Harriman disclosures, speculators in American stocks have slowly lost confidence, and the artificial stimulus which produced last year's boom having been removed, a stream of liquidation, sometimes interrupted only to be renewed with increased volume and violence, has been going on in all classes of American securities, regardless of dividends, traffic receipts, speeches, interviews, and all the devices and machinations of the bull party. The fact is, the people have lost confidence in the honesty of their commercial and financial magnates. Law-breaking has become a fine art.

* * *

THE beginning of the popular panic as distinct from the Stock Exchange collapse began on Tuesday, with the run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company. The Trust Companies in New York are powerful corporations which compete with the banks, and were, in fact, constituted in order to evade the Banking Law so as to earn larger profits by carrying smaller reserves. They attract the public by offering higher interest than the banks, and

they have earned large dividends. The New York bankers dislike them, and will not be sorry if their wings are clipped. On Monday night the National Bank of Commerce informed the Clearing House Association that it would cease to clear for the Knickerbocker Trust Company. The President of the Trust Company (Barney) then resigned, and another (Higgins) was selected in his stead. The other Trust Company directors then met, and at 2 a.m. a director of the Knickerbocker Company declared (falsely) that the Trust Companies had agreed to lend his concern ten million dollars if required. The early morning saw crowds of anxious depositors collected at the doors of the four New York branches of the Knickerbocker Trust. The coolness and patience recommended by the officials were conspicuously absent. The best version by far of what happened has been given by the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." The Company, it appears, tried hard. Thousands of dollars were rushed to the branches from headquarters in the early hours of the morning, motor-cars, milk waggons, and all manner of vehicles being requisitioned to transport small stacks of paper money and bags of silver coin.

* * *

On the tellers' tables piles of money were heaped up in the hope that depositors would be satiated and confidence restored. At 9.30 a.m. the doors were open, and Mr. Joseph Brown, the chief cashier, put out a statement to the following effect: "We are prepared to pay out as rapidly as the people demand the money. We can keep on paying all day and not be in the least pressed." But the sight of lucky depositors going off in triumph, bulging with bank notes (some of which were snatched by thieves who plied their trade in the crowd), only inflamed the appetite of the rest. At twelve o'clock the Fifth Avenue Branch, where the biggest depositors were withdrawing, had come nearly to the end of its resources, and the officials then suddenly declared that they would no longer pay on certificates of deposit, but would insist on the five days' notice to which they were entitled. The same declaration was made soon after at the other branches; but the certificate-holders were pushed aside by the depositors with running accounts, and the withdrawals went on with unabated strength. At 12.30 the branches suspended payment, and the scene that followed must be described in the words of the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent:—

"At that time the banking offices were besieged by panic-stricken throngs, many of whom had been ranged in line since early morning. The announcement of suspension was received with howls of rage. 'Give us back our dough,' they shouted. 'Dough,' in American vernacular, let me explain, corresponds to the English slang word 'brass'; hence 'dough day' at Tammany Hall is the day set apart for the distribution of dollars to the district leaders 'to enable them to collect the votes.'"

It is not easy to predict the immediate future. All we can say is that the American public is being severely punished, but not beyond its deserts, for the corruption of its politics, its commerce, and its finance.

* * *

THERE could be no clearer proof of the need of the conference between directors and trade unionist railway workers suggested by Mr. Bell to discuss the meaning of "recognition" than the manifesto issued by Lord

Claud Hamilton on Wednesday last. Lord Claud Hamilton puts the demand for recognition of the men's Societies as if it were the first step in a Socialist plot,—though it happens to be made by a leading anti-Socialist in the Labour Party—and suggests that once these Societies were recognised they would be used by Socialists as weapons for carrying on war against traders and manufacturers of every description. Even wider of the mark is his declaration that the companies, in refusing to recognise the unions are acting in the interests of the men, who “desire to be protected from the domination and tyranny of an irresponsible body.” If, as Lord Claud Hamilton declares, the great majority of the men are opposed to the trade unions, and the Great Eastern Railway, of which Lord Claud Hamilton is Chairman, has a smaller proportion of unionists than any other railway, why is it necessary for the directors to “protect” them by refusing to give any *locus standi* to societies likely to die of inanition? The statement of the considerate treatment given to its employees by the Great Eastern Railway will be read with satisfaction, but it has nothing to do with the present quarrel. The question at issue is simply whether the men, in dealing with these powerful corporations, for which Lord Claud Hamilton claims the most unfettered powers, must act in isolation, and without the advantage of trained minds to put their case effectively.

* * *

THE week has been fruitful in political speeches. On Saturday, Mr. Asquith, speaking at Ladybank, dealt with the relations, “actual or supposed,” between Liberalism and Socialism.” There was much in what was vaguely described and loosely denounced as the spread of Socialism which meant no more than this—that men's social vision was being enlarged, and their social conscience aroused. That this should be the case, far from being a matter of regret, was “one of the healthiest signs of the times.” But while admitting that “there was a large place for the collective and organised efforts of the community,” Mr. Asquith said that any gain accruing through a reconstruction of society on extreme Socialistic lines would be more than counterbalanced by liberty being “slowly but surely starved to death, and that with the superficial equality of fortunes and conditions, even if that could be attained, we should have the most startling despotism that the world has ever seen.”

* * *

At Arbroath, on Monday, Mr. John Morley defended his Indian policy in a speech of considerable length. Its literary form and phrasing were powerful and suggestive. Its tone showed that Mr. Morley has been pained by the criticisms of Professor Beesly and the Indian group in the House of Commons. These men he regards as “impatient idealists,” who say, “You admit that So-and-So is right. Why don't you do it now?” “Ah! how many of the most tragic miscarriages in human history have been due to the influence of the idealist?” “After all,” continued Mr. Morley, “you would not have me see men try to set the prairie on fire without arresting their hands. You would not thank me if I saw men smoking their pipes, political pipes or ordinary pipes, smoking pipes near powder magazines; you would not blame me, you would not call me an arch-coercionist if I said, ‘Away with the men, and away with the pipes.’” If the condition of India may be compared to a powder magazine, we still hope we may accept Mr. Morley's assurance, given a few minutes later, “that the situation is not at all dangerous, but it requires serious and urgent attention.” Mr. Morley thought that the educated Hindoos were “intoxicated with the ideas of freedom and nationality and self-government” owing to their reading of Milton, Burke, Macaulay, and John Stuart Mill—we might add, of the biographer of Burke and the friend of Mill.

THE Prime Minister, addressing his constituents at Dunfermline on Tuesday, reiterated the Government's determination “to put the relations of the two Houses on a business-like and statesmanlike footing,” and reaffirmed his belief that the truest Imperialism began at home. “What avails it to the real strength of the Empire if your people at home are weakened and demoralised and decimated by drunkenness, depopulation, bad housing, infant mortality, and ignorance? The day for soft phrases on these subjects has gone.” The Prime Minister is never at a loss for an apt quotation, and not the least happy thrust in an adroit speech was his application of lines to the Protectionist who masqueraded as a Tariff Reformer:

“A merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrowed name.
Euphemia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.”

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY's style resembles late Renaissance work—it is given to decorative exuberance. Speaking at Glasgow on Wednesday, in an after-luncheon speech, he described the Scottish Land Bill as “vicious,” “pregnant with malignant possibilities,” and meant as a “battering ram against the House of Lords”—which he advised to reject it a second time. The Government had stood on their “Irish leg in Scotland,” and where their “Scottish leg was, God alone knows.” They were trying artificially to create small holdings in Scotland where they had failed, and their method was contrary to Free Trade, which Lord Rosebery appears to identify with the purest form of individualism.

* * *

THE 8,700 clergy who signed the memorial presented by Lord Halifax to the Primate, inviting him to organise a passive resistance movement in opposition to the new marriage law, would do well to reflect upon the words used by the Bishop of Hereford in addressing his Diocesan Conference on Thursday last. Dr. Percival, who voted against the measure in the House of Lords, is prepared to work it now that it has become law, and he is keenly alive to the possibility that the action of the extremists on the question may precipitate Disestablishment. It is this claim of clericalism to reserve matters of doctrine and morals for the decision of the clerical order that “has led democracies to say that clericalism is the enemy; and it is a claim so lacking in Scriptural authority, and so fundamentally at variance with the principles of the Church of England . . . that it cannot be entertained by an educated people.” Every Churchman, he went on, who is inclined to join in the policy of upholding a Canon against the Statute Law of the Realm should ask himself if he is also prepared to advocate a policy of Disestablishment and Disendowment. “It must be clear, I think, to any intelligence,” added the Bishop, “that we cannot have it both ways.”

* * *

THE Primate's “letter” to the clergy and laity of his diocese, issued by Messrs. Macmillan, will, we are afraid, chiefly strike its readers, lay and clerical, as a study in moral anarchy. For Dr. Davidson, while describing marriages with a deceased wife's sister as “contrary to sound and sacred principle” (what “sacred principle”?) and declaring that they “ought to take place elsewhere than in Church,” suggests that those who contract themselves should not be debarred from Holy Communion, or refused Christian Burial. As if to emphasise his incapacity either to meet the moral or social difficulties of the problem, or to control any section of his clergy, extreme or moderate, the Primate specifies that he is tendering “advice,” and not issuing an “injunction,” and invites, or, at least, forestalls, disobedience by saying that he will not regard recalcitrant clergymen as “disloyal.” Finally, the Primate admits that

the law of the Church—whatever that may be—is now, so far as Canon 99 is concerned, “contrariant” to the law of the realm, but does not say whether Convocation should now alter the Table of Kindred. Indeed, he expressly ignores the point of the fanatical Ritualists that these marriages are sinful, and allows the churches either to be open or shut to their solemnisation.

* * *

THE comments of the European Press on the work of the Hague Conference reveal a nearly unanimous disappointment, and it is those who least desire progress who express the least discontent. A review of actual progress achieved shows, indeed, a very meagre result. In the domain of arbitration, the Convention of 1899 was expanded from 61 to 94 Articles, which introduce a few improvements in procedure, but make no advance in principle. The Russian proposal, that the Powers should agree to refer disputes of fact to Commissions of Enquiry, was defeated with the aid of the English delegates, who would only consent to declare that such enquiries are useful. The only real advance towards the prevention of war was made by the adoption of the “Porter Proposition,” a variant of the “Drago Doctrine.” It lays down the principle that force may not be used by States to collect contractual debts from other States, until a Court of Arbitration, formed in accordance with the Hague procedure, shall have found for the creditor, assessed the amount of the debt, and prescribed the time and manner of payment. Force will henceforth be applicable only to a debtor who refuses arbitration, or disobeys the award. This, amid much failure, stands out as a solid and important advance, which raises a real barrier against aggressive financial Imperialism.

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THE main work of the Conference lay in the regulation of naval warfare. A Convention on the rights and duties of neutrals, dealing in a spirit much too favourable to the rights of belligerents, with such questions as the duration of the stay of warships in neutral ports, has failed to satisfy our Government. A very conservative Convention, dealing with floating and anchored mines, of which the most important provision is that floating mines must become harmless within an hour after they are laid, was criticised by our delegates as an insufficient protection for neutral commerce using the main highways of trade; but Germany repudiates even these moderate restrictions, and claims the right to act as her individual officers see fit. More satisfactory is the prohibition of the naval bombardment of undefended places; but if such a town as Casa Blanca, with some antique walls and a few unusable guns is to be considered as a fortified place, the gain to humanity may be exaggerated. The main success in this department was the creation of an International Naval Prize Court, to sit at the Hague in time of war, with full rights to “make” law by its decisions. But as we do not accept the code which it will have to administer, our assent is doubtful.

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THE larger issues before the Conference were, for the most part, dealt with in expressions of a pious aspiration. A Convention making arbitration obligatory in a few very minor fields, such as patent law and copyright, was wrecked by German opposition. A plan for the establishment of a Permanent Court of Arbitration was accepted in principle and recommended to the study of governments. It remains a mere project, because the Greater Powers could not agree to the claim of the South American Republics and the less civilised States to an absolute equality in the appointment of the judges. The opposition of England and France prevented any advance on the subject of the right of capture of private property at sea, save indeed

that mails are recognised as inviolable even when mail-steamer are captured and confiscated. Our attitude on this question is cited by the German Press as its excuse for refusing to surrender the barbarous practice of laying floating mines. On the English proposition for a reduction of armaments no real debate took place, and the Conference contented itself with once more recommending the study of this question. Save for the acceptance, in a modified form, of the Drago doctrine, nothing has been achieved to make war less probable or armaments less burdensome.

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EURIPIDES’ “Medea,” in Professor Gilbert Murray’s splendid translation, is being performed at the Savoy Theatre every Tuesday and Friday afternoon until November 15th. To say that the Savoy production is at all perfect would be ridiculous. For “Medea” a Sarah Bernhardt with Duse’s intellectual subtlety is required. Miss Edyth Olive works hard at her difficult task, but she is too sentimental, too modern, and not sufficiently daemonic. Mr. Hubert Carter is more successful in portraying the middle-aged man of the world drawn so realistically by Euripides. The difficulty of the choruses is overcome at the Savoy by rhythmical speech. That is better than Miss Florence Farr’s too modern melodic style of musical declamation, but it is not altogether satisfactory. The chorus, if it is not to use music and dance, should at least act with some sense of the tragedy of which it is the witness and the conscience.

* * *

MR. G. F. BODLEY, R.A., whose death occurred last Monday, was one of the few modern architects capable of infusing real life and meaning into the modern Gothic style of Church architecture. Possessed of great knowledge of Gothic models, he was never guilty of a slavish imitation of any one example; he realised full well that architectural design on the latter lines was tantamount to the creation of bodies without souls. His faculty lay rather in the application of Gothic principles to that species of design in which his instinct told him they were admissible, and his own individuality invariably had the last word. The Liverpool Cathedral, with which Mr. Bodley was so prominently connected, is not yet completed, but there are the new buildings at Magdalen College, Oxford, and many works of hardly less importance, to bear witness to his infinite taste and skill. Part of his success in architecture was probably due to his sympathy with and his practical proficiency in the allied arts. His grip of decorative draughtsmanship was secure; he was an accomplished and inventive draughtsman himself; a sincere love of music and a taste for poetry also belonged to him.

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A POINTED memorial, urging the release of the Denshawai prisoners, has been published over an influential list of signatures, both literary and political. Sir Edward Grey’s reply is curt and unsatisfactory. It refers the petitioners to his speech on the Foreign Office vote. This speech urged no reason why the sentences imposed by an unconstitutional court in a moment of panic should be carried out. Indeed, it foreshadowed release, but urged that this measure of clemency must seem to be the spontaneous act of the Khedive’s Government. To this there are several answers. It is not for clemency but for justice that the petitioners ask. The sentence was more than harsh; it was a miscarriage of justice. It was not the Khedive, but the occupation authorities who managed the whole affair. And finally, if the fate of a number of peasants who were harshly and irregularly punished is to depend on the cessation of the agitation for their release, the justice of governments is made to depend on the indifference of peoples. If it is for silence in Egypt that Sir Edward Grey is waiting, he may wait indefinitely.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONLY WAY OUT.

WE are not sure that, though Lord Claud Hamilton's manifesto on the railway crisis is clearly calculated, and, we suppose, intended to bring to naught the informal conference between the railway directors and the Board of Trade, the public will have reason to regret its appearance. For both in tone and in content, it represents a view about trade unionism and labour problems which we are sure that the great mass of the British nation regards as out of date. It is out of date, for example, to speak of trade unionism, only just re-established by the consent of both Houses of Parliament as a kind of State institution, not only as if it were inconsistent with industrial management and discipline, but as if it were identical with "domination and tyranny." It is not less absurd to identify it with Socialism, and to speak of Mr. Bell, the chief anti-Socialist in British trade unionism, as the engineer of a "deep-laid campaign" impelling the unions against "individualism and capital." Our "traders and manufacturers" are invited to mark this insidious plot and to help the railway companies to defeat it. But as almost every great staple industry in Great Britain, and almost every branch in such an industry, is well habituated to deal with trade unionism, and as in particular one railway company, whose prosperity is out of all proportion to that of the Great Eastern, has long conceded the claim which Lord Claud Hamilton denies, we do not expect an overwhelming response to his appeal. Indeed, we should have thought, speaking quite frankly, that the railway companies themselves might pause before unreservedly accepting Lord Claud Hamilton as their champion. Apart from a certain arrogance of tone and looseness of rhetoric, which suggest the politician rather than the man of business, railway directors not interested in the Great Eastern may well note Lord Claud's avowal of the special and separate position of his company. While he enlarges on the menace of trade unionism to the general interests of capital, he is careful to explain that a strike means very little to the Great Eastern Railway, because a very small proportion of its lines are served by members of the Amalgamated Society. Clearly this fact places Lord Claud and his fellow-directors on the G.E.R. in a position not merely of independence but of advantage. If a strike should come, his line would be able not only to maintain its own traffic, but to receive trade, especially Continental trade, which other lines, more fully supplied by trade union labour, would be unable to handle. It is easy to see how a rising port, like Harwich, would stand to gain by such a dislocation of railway business. We have no doubt that Lord Claud Hamilton is sincere in his hostility to Trade Unionism. But it is certainly true that, as in most of these great labour disputes, the interests of all the representatives of capital are by no means identical, and before this lamentable

quarrel has gone much further the directors of some of our great industrial lines may have cause to regret the advocacy of the Chairman of the Railway Companies' Association.

But if the general body of railway directors and railway shareholders have no interest in satisfying Lord Claud Hamilton's dislike of Trade Unionism, the public have still smaller reason for gratifying it. For, if Lord Claud's method and tactics are adopted, and no power interferes in the interests of the community, a strike is inevitable, and, indeed, we have a right to assume that the directors have no great desire to avert it, and even that they regard it with complacency. But what does a strike mean? The threat of a railway strike in Italy—and a very partial, ill-advised, and almost universally reprobated threat it was—was enough to disorganise for some days the railway service in the southern provinces. But in Italy the railways are in the hands of the State, and almost immediately the entire force of public opinion, the disciplinary power of the Government over its servants, and the advice of the moderate sections in the Socialist and Trade Unionist camps, were available for bringing the incipient movement to a rapid conclusion. No such organised influence exists here. Mr. George's powers are already being exercised to their full extent, and we may rely upon it that so active and energetic a spirit will not under-value them. But, with us, the State does not possess the powers of control over the working of the railways which it wielded in Italy, through its central inspectorate, even in the days when the superseded companies were in existence and were running the system to its ruin. We may, therefore, assume, with the rally of the whole force of British Trade Unionism which such infatuate documents as Lord Claud Hamilton's manifesto are bringing into the field, that a railway strike will be a terribly effective weapon. And effective for what? At its worst for a state of physical misery and helplessness which even those well acquainted with the absolute dependence of a modern State on its railways can hardly realise. With the great English railways ceasing to run, or running with great difficulty and irregularity, no man's business or pleasure could well be safe from vexatious or tragic interruption. It was proposed, when the Italian strike was contemplated, to leave the service of the hospitals out of the sphere of interference by the strikers. No such distinction could, of course, have been observed. It would not be observed in England. But, supposing that the passenger services were fairly well maintained, the traffic in goods must suffer heavily. In other words, not only must British trade, in its thousand varieties, risk loss, delay, unemployment, disorganisation, but the companies would be unable to ensure the warming, lighting, and feeding of our great cities and urban centres, and the health of the children, patients, and weakling population.

Now, in a situation of this character we have one

remark to make. We think it quite probable that, though the language and the claims of the railwaymen were even more moderate than they are—and they have been conspicuous for moderation—and though the attitude of the railway directors were more intolerant even than Lord Claud Hamilton's manifesto, the public would turn against the men under the intolerable strain produced by the sudden collapse of the great arteries of our railway system. But we are quite sure that it would turn with equal vehemence to the Government and call upon it, as with one voice, to put an end to the strike. The pressure to act would become irresistible; no Government that valued its life could resist it. But in these early days, we must remind that rather thoughtless entity, the man in the street, that there is and can be only one way of bringing to book our Bourbons of railway directors—and, if the public so regards them, our anarchs of railway workers—and that is by giving Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues an *ad hoc* power of forcing a settlement of the dispute. The Board of Trade is, we are assured, prepared to go to the full length of its powers. But they are purely voluntary. They depend on goodwill where no goodwill exists or, apparently, can be implanted. Then the public will realise its complete powerlessness and that of its representatives in the Cabinet and in Parliament. The line of compulsory arbitration alone remains; and to that we must come, with the consent, we hope, of the trade unions, so far, at least, as this emergency case of the railways is concerned. But with their consent or without, we are not going to have the industrial and personal life of the nation disorganised and imperilled because a handful of obstinate and ill-informed men have honestly convinced themselves that trade unionism is a poison, years after it has fully entered into our commercial system.

THE "IMPATIENCE" OF THE IDEALIST.

MR. JOHN MORLEY speaks with great verve and brilliancy on India, and we shall certainly not blame him merely because he persists in informing Indian native opinion that he contemplates a modification rather than a vital change in our system of government. Such a word must be spoken in a time of turbulence; it is, if one may use the phrase, an interim word, only it must be clearly and emphatically uttered. But the statesman who speaks it must, of all men, be conscious of its very limited magic. English rule in India encounters three main difficulties. It is an alien rule conducted at enormous distance from the true centre of power, it is an unrepresentative rule, and it is not a very sympathetic rule. Nature has not so made the governing Englishman that he can employ the saving gift of tact to disguise or to soften the hard facts of political ascendancy. But there is a fourth difficulty, which, by a rather unhappy irony, rebounds with special force upon Mr. Morley himself, and that is that in the main the Indian movement of change and reform, at

once temperate and intemperate, violent and reasonable, but fairly intelligent and watchful, bases itself largely on Liberal theories of government, and Mr. Morley's own animated and suggestive dealings with them. It is never pleasant to observe a fine mind placed in a hard situation, and, undoubtedly, the Indian situation is a hard one for Mr. Morley. He stands alone, separated from the native mind of India by thousands of miles of space and by the absence of any authoritative means of approach. His two chief advisers cannot be spoken to face to face, while they are closely involved, for every hour of the day, in the working of the great military and bureaucratic machine which they control. His visible counsellors are mainly the experienced inspectors of that machine, no longer in close touch with it. The only critical force is that of British Parliamentary democracy, which Mr. Morley praises for the wisdom and patience of its handling of the problem of Indian government. But British democracy is not merely patient; it is ignorant. It cannot possibly learn the facts about Indian coercion as fully, for example, as it has learnt the facts of Irish coercion. It must take much for granted. It must trust Mr. Morley for much, and hope for more.

But we confess our doubt as to whether, on the whole, it is quite satisfied with the Indian situation, or that it entirely follows Mr. Morley when, to use his own picturesque metaphor, he suggests that the case of Canada and the case of India differ as widely as the kind of dress that is suited to the two climates. Does Mr. Morley himself regard them as entirely disparate? Does he, with his wide knowledge of history, think that the capacity for government has left the East, once its chief centre, never to return? Even in these days the democratic code has not altogether ceased to run east of Suez, any more than, *pace* Mr. Kipling, the ten commandments fail to apply to the regions that gave them birth. It is surely true of India, as of Canada, that, on the whole, liberty is a good rather than a bad thing for men and societies, and that a conscientious Government, as we believe our government of India to be, should be strengthened by a continued and extended use of the methods which we Westerns adopt for teaching people how to govern themselves. Given these very moderate concessions to the validity of the movement in our East Indian possessions, we may very well bring Mr. Morley into evidence with his own account of the Anglo-Indian situation. Mr. Keir Hardie has been blamed for his speeches in India. But at least he joins Mr. Morley in declaring that the danger of a rising has been much exaggerated, and that the history of the agitation in Bengal and elsewhere has not been free from the suspicion of irritation and aggravation by an untrustworthy native police. Mr. Morley's testimony is, of course, much more authoritative. His view is that the occasion is not so much perilous as calling for urgent attention. Such a verdict places in their proper relations the two phases of Mr. Morley's policy. With the coercive

part we hope that we have in the main parted for good; of the reforming part we hope we shall hear a good deal more. We know that judgment on the changes—on the character of the two native appointments to the Secretary of State's Council, on the value of the re-constitution of the Provincial and Advisory Councils—differs widely. We shall certainly not conclude that they are ineffective, or even reactionary, until a full trial has been made of them. But the fact that they have been proposed and carried through in a period of administrative stress is, we think, a testimony not merely to Mr. Morley's Liberalism, but to the necessities of our Indian policy. For if we are debarred from calling our rule representative, that is to say, from linking it on to our method of government at home, we cannot well protest that we have imposed on India a defensible system so long, for example, as we retain such patent abuses as the blending of the judicial and the executive power. Mr. Morley, we are sure, seeks to find some moral basis for our sovereignty in India, and that being his aim, he cannot complain if the men whom he calls "impatient idealists" remain dissatisfied even with the most powerful and appealing exposition of the material necessities of the military and bureaucratic situation. "We cannot leave India," says Mr. Morley in effect; "I decline to cable for Lord Kitchener's return, and I am sure the British people will not hear with patience the roar of confusion that would follow on such a message." Quite true; but on the other hand, democratic opinion would like to know that on the whole British Liberalism feels itself able to deal with a rather confused, ill-balanced, noisy, but not entirely unreasonable or untimely call for Home Rule in India in something of the spirit that it has applied to political agitation in Canada and in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a considerable body of reasons why, with great respect to Mr. Morley, we think the "idealist" should be "impatient" with the actual progress of the modern political world, and why the sympathetic statesman should not be impatient with him. Take the Hague Conference, which has closed, after sitting through the summer and autumn, without taking one serious step towards the advancement of international peace and disarmament—the two causes of its existence. It is difficult to see how any other result is possible so long as the discussion of questions which are essentially moral, that is to say, universal in their character, are entrusted to a body of men who concern themselves purely with material, *i.e.*, with particular and immediate interests. We all know now what was, in the main, the objective of the diplomatists and experts who met at the Hague. It was to see that no disadvantage accrued to the Power they represented from the set of new facts which came to light in the course of the Russo-Japanese War, and that, if possible, the balance of mischief should be transferred to its rivals. The chief antagonists in this unfriendly game were Germany and England. On the whole, England lost, and Germany won. Germany, greatly to her discredit, has maintained the floating mine; England has refused to

abandon the right of capture. The two Powers have neutralised each other's capacity for good, and, in the main, the hopes of peace must rest, for some years to come, less on combinations of Governments than on the progress of two irregular, anti-governmental, political movements among the peoples, Socialism and anti-militarism. These forces are not yet strong enough or interested enough to influence meetings like the Hague Conference, and the timid, disillusioned men who attend them. European democracy has hitherto despised the Conference, and preferred to menace the Governments that treat war as an irremovable feature of State life with the prospect that the new State armies will refuse to fight in an aggressive war. That is one of the reasons why we think modern progressive statesmen should be very slow to deprecate idealism in politics even when they think it "impatient" or untimely. If they are loth to satisfy ideas, ideas will not die. They will rather choose other ways of mastering events than through the medium of modern statesmanship.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

DURING the last quarter of a century a considerable advance in wages and other conditions of employment has been made by almost every class of male wage-earner in this country. The progress of women workers, starting from a far lower level, has been slighter. As one after another the industries connected with the preparation of food and the making of clothes, and other articles of domestic use, have left the home and set up as independent factory trades, women have followed them, taking an ever larger share in the regular routine industrial life of the nation. Wholesale and retail commerce, the civil services, and the lower grades of the professions, have opened up new, large avenues of female employment, so that a very large proportion of the women of the nation are engaged in earning a livelihood by regular wage-work. In very few instances have they directly displaced male labour, very rarely are the two brought into direct competition. Women mostly undertake, under new conditions, work which was theirs before, or take some share in new industries which, from time to time, are created to satisfy new wants. But very little of this work is done under safe and satisfactory conditions. The general survey of women's sphere to-day as wage-earner shows that a very small percentage of women earn a wage sufficient to support them in independence, and full industrial efficiency, which, as regards hours of labour, sanitary and other hygienic conditions, their standard is, except in a few instances, definitely worse than that of the male workers of their class. It is impossible to read the speeches of delegates at the Conference of the Union of Women Workers, held this week at Manchester, without recognising that each separate problem of industrial life presses far more urgently upon the weaker sex. It may, indeed, be asserted, without fear of challenge, that the normal wage for an able-bodied woman worker is a

"sweating" wage. The recent work of Messrs. Cadbury and Shand on women's work in Birmingham, corroborated from a score of other testimonials drawn from other towns, shows that a virtually unlimited amount of competent women workers can be got for factories and workshops at a wage of from ten to twelve shillings a week. Legions of shop hands and clerks are obtainable at wages very little above that figure, while the annals of the domestic workshop and of home industries mark no bottom to the degradation of the wage system as it presses on the weakest competitors.

The economic causes responsible for this plight are well known: the smaller normal efficiency of women, their fewer and less expensive "wants," the dominion of custom, inability to organise, want of technical instruction, the subsidisation of their wage from other sources, are separate and cumulative sources of weakness. Some of these defects seem well nigh incurable. Trade Unionism, which has done so much for men, apparently can do very little for women, except in certain textile and a few other special trades; organisation is most difficult precisely in those cases where it is needed most. Nor is it quite clear that technical instruction, however valuable for certain trade purposes, can very much avail to raise the general level of women's wages; for we find, in Birmingham and elsewhere, not a few instances of trades where considerable skill and experience have very little influence upon the rate of pay. It seems to be an established fact that the same level of skill and efficiency can be bought from women in the labour market at about half the price which must be paid to men. Two related facts lie at the root of the matter, the chronic oversupply of female labour for nearly all employments that are open to them, and the fact that, while a normal male wage is based on the presumption that it must support a family, the normal female wage presumes that its recipient is partly kept out of some male wage. If redress for the low wage of women is to be confined to the ordinary operation of economic forces, it can only operate by altering these facts. If the rising standard of the family wage, due mainly to the higher pay for men, induces the male earner to keep his wife and daughters at home, instead of allowing or encouraging them to supplement his wages, the excessive competition of women can be checked: to some extent, though not adequately, this check is active among the more self-respecting classes of skilled operatives. But so long as the independent woman wage-earner is confronted by the cut-throat competition of her subsidised sisters, her struggle must remain terribly acute, while the woman who has others to support besides herself has no ultimate escape from starvation save the poor-houses. Thrift, industry, and other personal virtues, are obviously impotent to deal with these deplorable conditions, nor can the scrupulosity of employers or private charity offer any sufficient remedy. Even if it be admitted that economic forces are gradually raising the industrial status of women, such movement is extremely slow, and meantime our whole social system is suffering in the physique and the morale of its members.

These are not merely the sufferings of weak individuals, they are diseases of the body politic. It is, therefore, natural enough that women, deprived of the efficacy of private co-operative action, should look for some measure of remedy to the larger co-operation of the State, of which, though not endowed with the formal

rights of citizenship, they are real members. Wages Boards, to enforce upon all employers a minimum rate of wages, and other humane conditions of labour, constitute one of the proposals which is being widely canvassed, though we observe that the active spokesmen for women workers are not unanimous as to its efficacy. How far such Boards, already existing in our Australasian Colonies, can be successfully adapted to the more complex conditions of our city industries, is legitimate matter for debate, and we hope, for experiment. But seeing that one necessary effect of such a measure would certainly be the destruction of some of those low trades which are "morbid survivals" in our modern industrial system, and the forcible ejection of the workers engaged in them, many of whom could not find employment in the newly constituted trades, such a drastic interference could not stand alone. The low wages and long hours are inseparably connected with insecurity and insufficiency of employment. Any effective organic remedy, such as is proposed, therefore, brings up the root issue of unemployment. The adoption of Wages Boards, or of any other interference with the current system, involves a definite provision for the increased unemployment among women which it would entail. At present both our Unemployed Acts and our Old Age Pension schemes look more to the men than to the women workers. It should, however, be plainly recognised that any serious and vigorous attempt by new legislation, or otherwise, to tackle the grave problem of the deficient wages paid to women, not only in the so-styled sweated industries, but in many employments which would feel themselves insulted by the application of that term, can only be undertaken as part of a larger programme, which must include a sufficient public provision against unemployment among women.

INVENTION AND PROGRESS.

MANY years have passed since the principle of the storage of electrical energy was first introduced. Hailed at the time as opening a new epoch in mechanics, an epoch wherein we should exploit the energy of the great forces of Nature, harnessing rivers, tides, and winds, store their work, and distribute it at leisure, to use when and where we pleased, the principle has, in fact, had but a very limited application. In the course of the week, however, Mr. Edison has shown that he has been able to introduce improvements into the electrical storage battery which will make it available as an efficient and economical engine for motor traffic, and thereby bring the motor car within the reach of thousands who cannot now afford it. Mr. Edison is a sanguine man, and we should like to hear the verdict of some cold-blooded critic on the workings of his new device before committing ourselves to any prophecies. But taken in conjunction with the quite recent establishment of the regular Transatlantic wireless telegraphic service, and with the triumphs of the turbine in the "record" voyage of the "Lusitania," it does suggest reflections on that rapid march of invention, which for many people seems to be the be-all and end-all of progress.

The first great epoch of mechanical inventions extends, roughly speaking, over the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. This epoch covers the period of Watt, Fulton, Trevi-

thick, and Stevenson; of Arkwright, Cartwright, and Hargreaves, of Volta, Faraday, Wheatstone, and Cooke. It witnessed the birth of the steam engine—as distinct from the “atmospheric” engines of an earlier period; its application to railways, and to navigation; the rise of the science of electricity and its application to telegraphy; and the transformation of the textile industries from hand to machine work. These changes, vast as they are, are but a fraction of the transformations effected within two or three generations of the first great age of applied science. Their effect upon the externals of life is still matter of everyday comment. All know that so far as the arts of life are concerned, the changes effected in that single century are greater than those of twenty or thirty centuries preceding. The increment of human power over external Nature was greater than anything that had been seen since the discovery of those primitive arts which gave man the command of fire, of the metals, and of spinning and weaving by hand. The invention of printing, of gunpowder, and of the mariner’s compass are perhaps the only discoveries of the intervening period that can challenge comparison with them, and those were scattered over many centuries, and the honour of them is divided among many peoples. Praise the great inventors of the Watts-Stevenson period as we may, we shall hardly over-estimate the greatness of their combined achievements.

With the perfection of the steam engine and the electric telegraph, there seemed for a moment to be a pause in the movement of invention. It seemed likely, at least, that the mechanical problems of the future would consist in a gradual development and extension of the fundamental inventions already in existence, and that the pace both of scientific discovery and of mechanical invention might be slackened. But in our own time this appears to be a mistaken view. We are witnessing a transformation of the externals of life more rapid and probably more far-reaching even than that which startled our great-grandfathers. The new applications of electricity, the perfection of the turbine, the introduction of internal-combustion engines, are once more revolutionising locomotion. The difference between the “*Lusitania*” and the “*Great Western*” is fairly comparable to that between the “*Great Western*” and the “clippers” that for a time held their own against steam. The telephone, from being a toy, has within a generation become a matter of everyday usage. What is more, the opening up of new fields of scientific research—and it is science which gives the stimulus and marks the limit of inventive activity—proceeds with even accelerated pace. The new physics reveal vistas of discovery as vast and as strange as those of the seventeenth century. There is every indication that the main work of the new century will lie not in following up and applying the ideas of an older generation, but in exploring fresh and undreamt-of fields of work. Far from approaching the end of physical discovery, we seem to have reached the horizon only to discover that the country beyond is vaster than that already traversed.

In all this there is much that is stimulating, much to strengthen hopes for the ultimate future and faith in the mission of humanity, much to suggest that the world is not old but young, that civilisation, far from being decadent, is rather in the first vigour of assured strength. But there is another side to the picture. The control of nature—the distinguishing feature of our

civilisation as compared with all that has gone before—needs one condition only to make it a source of real happiness and essential betterment. But that condition is a hard one. To the control of physical nature needs to be added the control of human nature—or, if the phrase be preferred, of the social forces on which the life of humanity depends. Apart from such control, the gigantic forces liberated by mechanical invention may be useless or worse than useless to mankind. They may become engines of tyranny, enslaving the men who seem to use them. It was not without force that John Mill, writing at the end of the first great period which we have described, expressed a grave doubt whether all the machines yet invented had lightened the day’s toil of a single human being. Mill, of course, did not ignore the obvious fact that they had brought wealth to thousands, and treasures beyond the dreams of avarice to hundreds. But he meant that the gains of the few were overweighted in the scale by the economic depression of the many. This great inventive period was also for the country and the provinces, which were the special homes of invention, a period of perhaps the greatest economic misery that had been known since England settled down after the close of the invasions. The steam monster was an invader of happy homes and a destroyer of prosperous industry such as had hardly been known since the “harrying of the North.” War itself might produce a more acute but hardly so continuous and far-reaching a dislocation.

The social reform of the mid-Victorian age, Free Trade and the Factory Acts, came as a tardy remedy, and from that time onwards a new period of social progress began. Yet the social reformer may well sigh for a few years’ respite from mechanical improvements when he considers how far simpler it would be to achieve social progress with more stable industrial conditions. The democrat who finds political freedom nullified by the ever-extended power of concentrated capital, the economist who follows up the sources of taxable wealth only to find that they are changing during the very course of his investigation, might breathe a similar aspiration. We might conceivably solve the social problem if it were not for ever changing under our hands. For the bare question whether the indefinite progress of mechanical invention is necessarily good for society has hardly yet entered into the general consciousness. Here and there we have had futile denunciations of machinery at large. Now and again we hear laments over the decay of handicraft. We are tolerably familiar with denunciations of the depression of the artisan by the machine power. But of any organised attempt on the part of society to guide the progress of invention, to turn it to its own uses, to bend this vast increase of human power to the real service of humanity, modern history will show us scarcely a trace. We have not even begun to cope with the tragedy now repeated yearly for four generations of the skilled mechanic who finds himself thrust upon the street by the competing machine. All “vested” interests we compensate, but over this great human interest we shrug our shoulders, pay it the tribute of a passing sigh, and console ourselves with some phrase about the incidental drawbacks of the great march of progress. How little do we stay to ask ourselves whither this progress is taking us, whether it is really “progress”—forward movement—at all, or merely movement, random, undirected, or even in the wrong direction!

Life and Letters.

THE OLD ORDER.

THE motor cars were crossing the Downs to Goodwood races. Slowly they mounted, sending forth an oily reek, a jerky grinding sound; and a cloud of dust hung over the white road. Since ten o'clock they had been mounting, one by one, each freighted with the pale conquerors of time and space; each steely entrained, fiery lunged; each with a strenuous hurried soul. None paused on the top of the green heights, but with a convulsive shaking leaped and glided swiftly down; and the tooting of their valves and the whirring of their wheels spread on either hand along the hills.

But from the clump of beech trees on the very top nothing of their progress could be heard, and nothing seen, but the haze of dust trailing behind them like a hurried ghost.

Amongst the smooth grey beech stems of that grove were the pallid forms of sheep, and it was cool and still as in a temple. Outside the day was bright, and a hundred yards away in the hot sun, the shepherd of the sheep, an old bent man, in an ancient coat, was leaning on his stick. His brown face, all wrinkled like a walnut, was fringed round with a stubble of grey beard. He stood there very still, and waited to be spoken to.

"A fine day?"

"Aye, fine enough; a little sun won't do no harm. 'Twon't last!"

"How can you tell that?"

"Tell? I been upon these Downs for sixty year!"

"You must have seen some changes?"

He knelt upon one knee before he made reply.

"Changes in men—an' sheep!"

"And wages, too, I suppose; what were they when you were twenty?"

"Eight shillin' a week!"

"But living was surely more expensive?"

"So 'twas; the bread was mortal dear, I know, an' the flour that black! An' pie-crust, why! 'twas 'ard as wood."

"And what are wages now?"

"There's not a man about the Downs don't get his sixteen shillin'; some gets a pound, some more. . . . There they go! Shan't get 'em out now till tew o'clock!" His sheep, indeed, were slipping one by one into the grove of beech trees, where, in the pale light and cool, no flies tormented them. His little blue eyes seemed to rebuke his sheep because they would not feed the whole day long.

"It's cool in there. Some says that sheep is silly. 'Tain't so very much that they don't know."

"So you think the times have changed a lot?"

"Well! There's a mint more money in the country."

"And education?"

"Ah! Ejucation—'s far's I can see, they spends all day about it. Look at the railways, too, an' telegraphs! See! That's bound to make a difference."

"So, things are better, on the whole?"

He smiled.

"I was married at twenty on eight shillin' a week; you won't find 'em doin' such a thing as that these days—they want their comforts now. There's not the spirit of content about of forty or fifty year ago. All's for movin' away, an' goin' to the towns; an' when they get there, from what I've heard, they wishes they was back; but they don't never come."

There was no complaining in his voice; rather a matter-of-fact and slightly mocking tolerance.

"You'll see none now that live their lives up on the Downs an' never want to change. The more they get the more they want. They smell the money that these millioners is spendin'—seems to make 'em think they can do just anythin' s' long as they get some of it themselves. Times past, a man would do his job, an' never think because 'is master wus rich that he could cheat 'im; he gave a value for his wages, to keep well with 'imself. Now a man thinks that 'cos he's poor, 'e ought to ha' been rich, and goes about complainin', doin' just as little as he can. It's my belief they get their notions from the daily papers; hear too much of all that's goin' on—it unsettles them; they read

about this Sawcialism, an' these millioners; it makes a pudden' in their 'eads. Look at the beer that's drunk about it. For one gallon that was drunk when I were young, there's twenty gallon now. The very sheep a' changed since I remember; not one o' them ewes you see before you there that isn't pedigree, and the care that's taken o' them! They'd have me think that men's improvin', too; richer they may be, but what's the yuse o' riches if your wants are bigger than your purse? A man's riches is the things 'e does without an' never misses."

Still crouching on his knee, he added:

"Ther' goes the last o' them; shan't get 'em out now till tew o'clock. One gone—all go."

And squatting down as though responsibility were at an end, he leaned one elbow on the grass, his eyes screwed up against the sun. And in his brown old face, with its myriad wrinkles and square chin, there was a queer contentment, as though approving the perversity of sheep.

"So riches don't consist in man's possessions, but in what he doesn't want? You are an enemy of progress?"

"These Downs don't change—'tis only man that changes; what good's he doin', that's what I ask—he's makin' wants as fast as ever 'e makes riches."

"Won't a time come when he will see that to be really rich his supply must be in excess of his demand? When he sees that, he will go on making riches, but control his wants."

He paused, to see if there were any meaning in such words, then answered:

"On these Downs I been, man an' boy, for sixty year."

"And are you happy?"

He wrinkled up his brows.

"What age d'you think I am? Seventy-six!"

"You look as if you'd live to be a hundred."

"Can't expect it. My 'ealth's good, though, 'cept for these."

All the fingers of both hands from the top joint to the tip were warped towards the thumb, like the wind-warped branches of a tree.

"Looks funny? I don't feel 'em, though; an' what you don't feel don't trouble you!"

"But what has caused it?"

"They tell me rheumatiz; I don't make nothin' of it. Where there's doctors there's disease."

"So, then, you think we make our ailments, too, as fast as we make remedies?"

He slowly passed his old gnarled hand over the short grass that was worn to the palms of the hand.

"My old missus had the doctor when she died. . . . See that dust? That's motor cars bringin' folks to Goodwood races. Wonderful quick travellin' things."

"A fine invention?"

"There's some believes in them. But if they folk weren't doin' everything, and goin' everywhere at once, ther'd be no need for them rampagin' motors."

"Have you ever been in one yourself?"

His little patient eyes began to twinkle mockingly. He shook his head.

"I'd like to get one here on a snowy winter's day, when ye've to find yer way by sound and smell; there's things up here they wouldn't make so free with. Downs'll be left when they're all gone. There's things no man can ride away from. . . . They say from London ye can get to anywhere. Never been off the Downs meself."

"But don't you ever feel you'd like to go?"

"There isn't not hardly one as knows what these Downs are. I see the young men growin' up, and off they go. I see folk comin' down, same as yourself, to look at 'em."

"And the Downs, what are they then?"

His little eyes, that saw so vastly better than my eyes, deepened in his walnut-coloured face. Fixed on those grey-green Downs, that reigned serene above the country spread below in all its little fields, and woods, and villages, they answered for him. It was long before he spoke:

"'Ealthiest spot in England! Talkin' you was of comfort; well, look at bacon—four times the price now that ever it was when I were young. And families—thirteen we 'ad, my missus and meself; but nowadays if they 'ave three or four it's as much as ever they'll put up with. The country's changed."

"Does that surprise you? When you came up here

this morning the sun was just behind that clump of beech—it's travelled on since then!"

He looked at it.

"There's no puttin' of it back, I guess, if that's your meanin'? It were risin' then, an' now it's gone past noon."

"Joshua made the sun stand still; it was a great achievement."

"May well say that; won't never be done again, I'm thinkin'. And as to knowin' o' the time o' day, them ewes they know it better than ever humans do; at tew o'clock you'll see them comin' out again to feed."

"Ah! well, I must be getting on. Good-bye!"

His little eyes began to twinkle with a sort of friendly mockery.

"Ye're like the country, all for movin' on your way! Well, keep on, along the tops, ye can't make no mistake!"

He gave me his old gnarled hand, whose finger tips were all so strangely warped. Then, leaning on his stick, he fixed his eyes upon the beech grove where his ewes were lying in the cool.

Beyond him in the sun the hazy line of dust trailed across the grey-green Downs, and on the rising breeze came the far-off music of the motor cars.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE USES OF THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN.

PARTY politics aside, and regarded merely as an instrument of political education, the annual flood of speech-making which we call the autumn campaign is a great and valuable asset. It is doubtful whether any nation gets quite so good and so abundant an education in politics as the people of this country. Whether they profit by it as much as they should and might is another question. The fact remains that the ordinary Englishman's chances of receiving instruction from the fountain head on the public questions of the day are at least three or four times more numerous than the German's, perhaps double the Frenchman's, and beyond comparison greater than the American's. This is very largely due to the practice that at least once a year sends nearly every Member of Parliament on the tour of his constituency. Almost since Burke's time it has been our custom to regard these annual meetings between representatives and voters as one of the essential duties of public life in Britain. Their function in the general scheme of popular government has an importance it would be hard to exaggerate. Oratory, after all, is the most impressive, and in the long run the most adequate, way of educating the democracy. The fundamental reason why "correspondence colleges" are such poor things is that instruction doled out in writing is never so lasting and effectual as instruction by word of mouth. People remember what they hear far more firmly than what they read, and an electioneering agent who knew his business would far sooner have at his disposal one really good speaker than whole tons of "campaign literature." Even the Press, as an agent of political proselytism, has to yield in persuasiveness and influence to the orator. At the back of their minds people never quite forget that the journalist, however able, is, after all, but an outside critic or expounder, and that the actual guidance of affairs is in other hands. The Press emphasises and confirms rather than leads. But when a Member of Parliament speaks, he is deferred to as one having the authority of practical experience, and, as such, not only entitled but expected to point the way.

And on the whole the average British Member of Parliament is very well qualified for this task of giving the nation a lead. For one thing, he represents the intelligence of the electorate—far more adequately at any rate than French or Italian or Spanish Deputies or American Congressmen represent their countrymen. For another, he is naturally didactic. All Englishmen are. If they are not preaching themselves they like to listen to someone who is; and this is a characteristic that enormously contributes, both among the teachers and the taught, to the smooth working of the political curriculum. Our

Parliamentary orators have their faults and shortcomings. They lack, as a rule, the flexibility of French speakers, the freshness, ease, and colloquial pungency of the Americans, the superb grace of the Spaniards. They are rarely well versed in the mechanics of their craft, and they often singularly fail to feel the pulse of the audience they are addressing. Foreigners declare that you may hear at Westminster more sound thoughts spoilt by a prosy and pointless way of putting them than in any Chamber in the world. Perhaps so. Americans especially complain of a note of pomposity and condescension in the bearing of Englishmen on public platforms. They say they address a popular audience as though they were professors lecturing a class. But these charges hint obliquely at what is the real strength of English oratory—its extreme practicality, its gift for exposition. The House itself never shows to better advantage than when hammering out the details of a Bill in Committee, and members carry from the House to the platform the habit of coming to close quarters with their subject. They excel in concrete *précis* work, and are not afraid of dry details in laying their case before the people. Their speeches have substance. They rarely generalise and are hardly ever florid or bombastic. Being party men, they, of course, exaggerate, try to make out that the second-best is the absolute best, and never deal quite honestly either with themselves or their audiences. But, on the whole, there is more argument in English public speaking and less "clap-trap," more sober reasoning and less appeal to prejudice, more attempts at practical elucidation and less casuistry, than in any country we know of.

These are qualities that are seen at their best during the autumn campaign. The circumstances that surround these annual meetings give them a special value. They are held at a time when electioneering is in abeyance, and when nothing worse than a merely human partisanship is required of the speaker. An M.P. who has no immediate need to worry about his seat may condescend to an impartiality that a candidate can hardly afford. He has no personal points to score, no opponent more formidable than a stray heckler to encounter, and no stress is put upon him to enforce more than the normal party view. And even that he need not press too eagerly, the average Englishman in his heart of hearts rather disliking political zealots. In short, he has a chance of treating the topics of the day with a clarity and breadth that neither Parliament nor the hustings quite compass. And the chance as often as not is admirably seized. The speeches made during the autumn campaign are, as a rule, far more informing than those which the same speaker delivers at election time or from the floor of the House. These meetings, again, fulfil another function of even greater moment. They help to concentrate attention on the actual work of administration and the broader aspects of policy. This is to render a most important service, for democracies everywhere are too apt to think that they have solved the problems of government when they elect one set of candidates to office in preference to another set. Too much thought is given to who is to do the work and too little to how it is being done, and the temptation is always a pressing one to regard the ballot-box not as a means to an end but as an end in itself. Against such an attitude towards politics and political questions the constant appearances of M.P.s on the platform is a sure preventive. It serves to put elections in their proper place, and makes the people see that success at the polls is of less consequence than efficiency in office. In other words, these meetings supply that incessant stream of criticism which is the condition of all satisfactory working of the democratic system. They keep the nation informed of the rights and wrongs of public questions, not spasmodically or for the purposes of a single election, but regularly and continuously. No one can carry on this work so fruitfully as the representatives of the people themselves, and in all countries where they have neglected or abandoned the duty of instructing the electorate, you find that fads and "crazes" flourish, and that politics have degenerated into mere problems of organisation, are controlled by caucuses, professionals, and machines, and are manipulated in the interests of cliques and bosses. The autumn campaign, as we have it in Britain, is at least a great saving-clause.

A NOVEMBER PIKE.

UNDER the willows, stripped of their leaves, except for a few fluttering pennons, the river runs full and deep and mellow. The sedges have died into every kind of bronze and golden glory, and below water a good part of the vegetation has yielded to the flood and got itself tucked out of sight or carried away. Right across the river a wall of gloomy bullrushes stands four feet deep in the water and never were neighboured by lesser weeds. Their shade swallows the yellow tone of the water, and gives us from where we stand a pool of deep, unfathomable steel. It is splashed into silver ripples as our sprat, thrown to catch a pike, falls gently in at the end of a taut line some thirty yards in length. The first cast of the season is often a perfect one, as the first visit to the golf links after a long rest produces a stroke that fills us with wonder. As we work the lure towards us on a long slant across the stream, we see it from the mind's eye flashing and hobbling like a wounded fish. We see also a great pike pivot round to watch its course, grinning at it with all his teeth and gathering his springs for a rush at the escaping prey. However, the flashing sprat comes home to us without that rush having been made.

Along the hollow bank guarded by alder trees, right across the broad reach rippled by a bit of wind, in and out the deep, dark trench between osier beds, round the perch-haunted "Swan's Neck" bend, swims the apparently adventurous sprat. The perch are game enough to worry the tail of the bait, which is not to-day guarded by a triangle, but nowhere except between the osiers is there a pike that happens to be in the mood for fight or feed. And when the solitary rise comes, it results only in a mere foot-long jack that we gladly release to grow big and fight a better battle another day. But this spinning with a two-handed greenheart rod is excellent practice for a far colder day than this. Some claim for rowing, others for walking, others for cycling, exercise that benefits the maximum number of our four hundred named muscles. Spinning, of course, includes walking, and it gives extra work besides for some muscles, including the important ones that clothe the lumbar region, as next day's stiffness abundantly shows. When we have gone a mile or two, we are amply inclined to rest and passively receive the benefits of a beautiful day.

Our stream occupies a mere trench in a valley that must once have been a river-bed more than a mile wide. Some of the greenest meadows in England stretch over the gentle slope that ends in hills barely a hundred feet higher than the centre of the valley. Then come snow-clad mountains, as they seem, really clouds moulded and lighted in an exquisite manner that extracts admiration though they are seen everywhere and every day just now. The zenith is clear, fleckless blue, yet there is no reason to suppose that the air overhead is clearer of vapour than that between us and the horizon. In fact, the clouds we see away there are, if anywhere, over the heads of some other people, who, nevertheless, like us, see blue sky. Those beautiful, curdlike, everchanging masses are only visions. So is the solitary beech blazing with splendour in the midst of a rising field. Field and beech are both visions. We can catch and analyse the blades of grass and the orange-scarlet leaves, as we can catch spots of the water that go to make up the clouds, but field and tree and cloud or mountain, as we see them, must disappear as we walk up to them. Rod and line and we ourselves are a little more real, or we think we are.

A big flight of plover passes from the invisibility of the blue to show every flying dot against the cloud peaks, to be lost again as they come between us and the sepia masses nearer the horizon, then to show like a snowstorm as they all turn their white breasts before sinking below the line of the hills. A mallard and two ducks rise with clangour from the reeds at our feet and fly off in a long sweep that may or may not become a complete circle.

Moorhens are clucking uneasily in the dark shadows beneath the osiers. A weasel, slipping eagerly through an outlying fringe of withered meadow-sweet, reveals sufficient cause for their anxiety. It is here that we saw in the summer a tiny moorhen disappear in a flurry of ripples as a pike, doubtless, came by a meal not found in his strictly regular bill of fare. The memory sets our sprat spinning with new hope, but we comb the suspected lair of the monster without tangible result.

Below the mill and lock, the river comes down in two streams, one scarcely running, for the mill is not working to-day, the other hastening in little waves that leap over one another in their haste to leave the wide pool behind the island. Oaks and a wild pear tree all in scarlet stand there, great blotches of indigo shadow caught in the yet well-foliaged branches of the former. Across them an insect flying in the sun traces a lazy golden line, for it is flying with the languor of almost its last day. We trace it to a hole almost at our feet, whence peers out the sleepy face of another wasp pretending to keep guard, as was done in summer days. We can poke a stick into the doorway, stamp overhead, and tickle the door-keeper with impunity. The great round cave down there is empty of wasp valuables, its paper cubicles sinking down into one shapeless, bulkless ruin. Overhead, the last brood of the buff-tip caterpillars are endeavouring to find food enough to enable them to get into chrysalis before the winter begins. Ten of them are eating at once almost the last leaf on the tree, and that little more than juiceless fibre. It has handed in its little store of starch to the community, and is being slowly but surely cut adrift by the bud that will take its place next year. And the buff-tips will be cast away in their youth, instances of Nature's carelessness of the individual, so long as the type is preserved.

From above the island, the broad pool shows white and vast. Here the green cloth of the meadow curves over to meet it, hiding caves in which the water voles and an occasional otter can drowse in dry security, their favourite element within reach at a spring. There the warm-tinted red willow shoots fling their reflection in the mirror and show that it is faintly lumped and streaked as it hurries through the narrowing channel at the lower end of the pool. The oaks from this sunny side are points of rosy light, partly by reason of their own tints, partly because the sun is westering. In the amber mass of their reflection, a bright harsh note is struck by our scarlet float travelling to and fro in little jerks as the captive gudgeon directs. For we have had to acknowledge our failure to-day in the art of spinning and are bidding for our pike in a less sportsmanlike way.

The pool is stirred on our side now and then by a little V-shaped wave running rapidly towards the shore, then turning and running obliquely out again. Evidently, the perch are on the feed, and it behoves certain small fry to be very much on the alert. Then, far out, towards the apron of falling water, two bright silver fish leap hurriedly to right and left, as some pike makes his rush at them from below. He does not deign to chase his prey as the perch do, but bides his time to make his rush again at them or some other quarry. Of course, we imagine him steering straight for the place where our lure awaits him. But we have so often imagined such a thing in vain that it is a matter for startled wonder when we see the scarlet float make a dive as though into an unfathomable depth. It is astonishing what depth a float seems to find under such circumstances, even in no more than a yard of water. The tautening of the tackle makes it dimly visible for an instant before the pike dashes off with the snap hook fast in his jaw. Twenty minutes' fight makes it clear that his lordship of the pool is at an end, though when he leaps up and tries to fall backward on the line, he strikes us as a monster of at least ten pounds. We will not say what the scales make of him. His weight is destined to vanish under that test as his silver and old ivory marked with splashes and stripes of deep olive green and the golden bronze of his gills vanish when the life goes out of him. So, much as he is to be admired when, an hour after dark, he is shown to those who had ordered his capture, none but ourselves can know the full glory of our October pike.

The Drama.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S SECRET.

SARDOU'S "La Sorcière," with which the great actress opened her season at the New Royalty Theatre, is poor, pretentious melodrama, tinselled over with glittering patches of theatrical effectiveness. It was designed for Sarah Bernhardt, and is played by her as if it were a great classic. No actor or actress could have written a piece better calculated to sound the full gamut of emotional acting. The musical playgoer is reminded of the fireworks of Paganini and other violinists and pianists who have written for their instruments. In a sense Sardou's "La Sorcière" is Sarah Bernhardt, and the play forms an appendix, as it were, to the volume of *Memoirs* just published.* Those memoirs give one the curious feeling that Sarah Bernhardt, a gifted creature in many directions, strong of will, imaginative and passionate, was never an artist. You may search in vain through these pages, crowded with the chronicles of quarrels with managers and actors, and of triumphs and failures, for any illuminating thought on her art or for any opinion on drama apart from herself. The great actress draws herself cleverly, it is true. She dramatises her childhood at a convent school—she acts over again the scenes of her examination at the Conservatoire, of her début at the Comédie Française, of the siege of Paris, of her first appearance in London, and of her exciting tour through America; she tells us how she was always prone to fits of violent temper almost amounting to madness, and we are given portraits of herself from childhood in all kinds of characters, and even in her coffin. We see her as sculptor and in her Paris home. Indeed, the memoirs leave nothing unsaid of Sarah Bernhardt as woman. Of Sarah Bernhardt as an artist they are practically silent. Yet that very silence is eloquent to those who have long known her style of playing.

The psychology of acting is a strange and complex affair. The general idea is that the more characters an actor can portray the finer artist he is. Some worthy playgoers will tell you, for instance, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is a great actor because he has an extraordinary gift of making himself look like someone else, whereas that is only a question of make-up and of mimicry. In the old days actors did not have the advantage of elaborate make-up. The prints of Garrick in Shakespearian characters show us merely a clean-shaved, elderly man, with a mobile face and abnormal, bright eyes. He never troubled to look like a character, and in the well-known picture of himself as Macbeth, and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth, he is garbed in a Georgian uniform. Absurd as it may seem, the want of verisimilitude to which no playgoers objected in the eighteenth century had genuine dramatic truth as its basis. No great actor can ever hide his personality by make-up or by adopting a tone of voice which is not his own; his business in great parts is more the expression of emotion than of external character; and anything that stands in the way of that expression is inartistic. The actor's affair is to express himself, with the modification that the greater his talent the more extended and complex will be his personality. When you think seriously of the matter, no players of renown have been anything but themselves. Ellen Terry was always Ellen Terry; Duse was always Duse; Ada Rehan was always Ada Rehan—with variations. It must not be thought, however, that this means an actress has only to be herself on the stage to be a great artist. She must have the power of expressing all shades of emotions and of portraying subtle states of mind. These again are modified by the character-drawing of the dramatist. The Duse in "La Locandiera" was very different from the Duse in "Magda," or from the Duse in "La Gioconda," and yet there was a common denominator to all the characters. Each expressed some side of the great actress's nature, but all were within the terms of that nature. The acting was really the effect of Duse's vivid imagination calling fictitious emotions into play. That is the basis of real acting. Naturally, the true artist has to go further. She must express herself in settled terms of character, for, however

impressive it might be, the mere pulling out of the emotional stop would give us only absolute emotion. This has to be conditioned by the psychology of the character the actress is playing, and that is the real difficulty of acting. It is easy enough for an actress to indulge in sheer emotion, and there are many ladies on the stage who are capable of making an effect if they are asked to portray the kind of emotion that is natural to them, but there are few who can condition this emotional expression by the subtle working of imagination. The great artist, then, must have an extended emotional nature, a vivid imagination, and a close co-relation between the mind and the body. Her voice, face, and body make the instrument on which her mind must be able to play with the certainty of a great violinist's fingers and bowing arm.

Sarah Bernhardt has all these gifts as a matter of course. She still has a most wonderful voice, capable of a melting tenderness and of the hoarse accent of stifling passion; her body speaks with no less eloquence, and she has a vivid and passionate imagination. In force of individuality she is alone on the modern stage. Duse is not to be compared with her in this. But the Bernhardt has made a fetish of her individuality. Every page of her *Memoirs* brings out this fact clearly. The most interesting character in the world to Sarah Bernhardt is Sarah Bernhardt herself. She is her own drama, and in writing of herself she makes scarce an attempt to disguise her intense interest in herself. As a consequence, her acting for many years has been egotistical acting. She early became a *virtuoso* of the stage, and began to make capital of herself as an astonishing creature. Her school of acting is an exaggeration of the real basis of the art, for instead of expressing her own nature in the terms of a dramatist's character she has sought to express nothing but herself. A Duse and, to a less extent, an Ellen Terry, placed their natures at the service of the dramatist. Sarah Bernhardt, as every player of the egotistical, *virtuoso* school, imposes herself on the author. It becomes his duty to provide the necessary scenes of display, culminating through contrasts to a climax of violence. There is no need for him to invent a character or to search about for ideas. His whole business is to contrive action which shall enable Sarah Bernhardt to give her well-known exhibition of the self which her imagination and brilliant mind have created. Sardou understands this well. His plays provide just the right scenes for the actress. "La Sorcière," with all its banal melodrama, is wonderfully contrived in that respect. Its motives are absurd; its situations trite; its characters figures of cardboard; but it enables Sarah Bernhardt to display her extraordinary gifts in a well-calculated crescendo. And in being able to give life to such a machine-made play the genius of the actress is the more remarkable. There is nothing in the drawing of Zoraya, the Moorish girl accused of being a socreress, for an actress to grasp. In the first act she is merely a simple and tender-hearted girl, gathering herbs in the moonlight; in the second act she has a love scene culminating in a heart-broken cry when she discovers that her lover is on the eve of marriage; the third supplies the actress with a bare sensational situation, and so with the fourth; and in the last she embraces death. Sarah Bernhardt's imagination practically creates the play. The subtlety of her voice and the elusive grace of her gestures surround her with a curious and suggestive poetry in the first act. The love scene is made into a lyrical poem by the actress's restrained passion, and the torturing examination of Zoraya before the inquisition is lifted to the plane of tragedy. Her acting throughout this melodramatically contrived situation is an amazing exhibition of what can be done by histrionic genius. By dint of imagination Sarah Bernhardt is able to convey the impression that Zoraya's restraint when falsely accused is due to her grasp of the fact that mere denial will avail nothing. The scene becomes almost a battle of wit and will between her and the grand inquisitor, although there is really nothing in the actual writing of the play to suggest this. Probably it is what M. Sardou meant, and is the joint product of the brains of the dramatist and the actress, but it is certainly a scene with which an ordinary actress could do absolutely nothing. The whole performance is an extraordinary exhibition of Sarah Bernhardt's personality, imagination, and histrionic plasticity. It actually gives

* "My Double Life." *Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt*. William Heinemann.

one the impression that the art of acting is, in its way, a creative art, but when you are free from the hypnotic influence of the actress and able to think with some freedom, it becomes clear that, after all, Sarah Bernhardt herself has been the heroine, that her acting has been a virtuoso display of absolute emotion expressed in the terms of the theatre, and that the author has purposely written his play so that the actress shall have free play to express herself. It is the triumph of a strong individuality, of a nature gifted beyond the common. Sarah Bernhardt chose to shine as an egotistical tragédienne from the days when she made her first tour in America. She was then the star actress, and has remained that ever since. Into the bare mould of an author's invention she has poured all the brilliance of her mind and all the fascinating variety of her temperament, and has always chosen to act in plays that give her this personal and absolute freedom. Yet—and this is a strange side of her character—when she wrote her version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Sarah Bernhardt threw theatricality to the winds, and contrived a play of subtle thought and characterisation. It might almost be imagined that she had not yet met the dramatist clever enough to create a character which she would have to re-create, and that in lacking the assistance of that dramatist she has been compelled to dramatise herself.

Present-Day Problems.

A DEFENCE OF UNLICENSED PLAYING.

THE difficulty in this question of the censorship is to get the parties to understand one another. A playwright who, after long and serious work at his profession, suddenly finds the result of his work destroyed and himself branded as a purveyor of indecency by the secret decree of an irresponsible official, can hardly be expected to take the matter lightly. And a large part of the public, on the other hand, quite refuse to take it seriously. The suppressing of a play is to them a storm in a tea-cup. They did not want particularly to see the play. They have no reason to think it was a good play. In any case, they argue, the stage is far too much occupied with sex questions as it is. There is scarcely a play in London to which they can take their daughters with the assurance of passing an inoffensive evening. And they wish, on the whole, that there were six censors instead of one.

With much of this I sympathise. Other parts of it I will try to answer later on. But I wish to state emphatically, at the outset, that it is no special interest in sex questions, no desire for a licentious stage, that actuates those who wish to have the censorship of plays abolished. We believe that the proper preservative of decency on the stage is the good feeling of the audience. If that should fail in any given case, there remain the ample safeguards of the ordinary law; the annual licensing of theatres on the recommendation of the County Council; in the last resort, the police. We object to the censorship as a means of protecting morality because it is ineffectual; because it is peculiarly galling, tyrannical, and reminiscent of obsolete methods of government; thirdly, because its lash falls on the wrong shoulders. It misses the vicious man and hits the reformer.

It is ineffectual. Indeed, at first sight, it would seem from the evidence to be rather worse than ineffectual. There is no censor in America, and the American stage is, if anything, rather more severe in morals than the English. There is no censor in Ireland. And we all remember how Dublin audiences expressed an effective disapproval of "Lord Quex." One might add that there are, or were until recently, several censors in France. But I do not suggest that the moral tone of the French stage is directly due to their influence. The French censors have almost given up morality in plays as an unattainable ideal, and content themselves with protecting politics and religion.

In the main, no doubt, the censor has no effect at all. The moral tone of the entertainments in any place depends simply on the tastes of the public. The London music halls, for instance, have in general the same class of

audience as the more frivolous theatres. The music halls have no censor to protect their morals; the theatres have. To compare accurately those two classes of entertainment would be a task for which I have no qualification except impartiality. But I am told that the moral level is about the same in both. No open indecency, but a slight general lowering of all possible moral standards; the distinction, if any, somewhat in favour of the music hall. The general result is the same everywhere. The Americans and the Irish like a reasonably correct stage; and they have it, with no censor to help them. The French like something different, and their censors do not interfere with their taste. A certain part of play-going London likes a sort of timid and veiled immorality, and procures it equally at the uncensored halls and the theatres watched over by Mr. Redford.

But, further, the censorship is not only an instrument which utterly fails to achieve its supposed end, it is also a peculiarly tyrannical and insulting instrument. The history of the institution tells its own tale. It was in 1737 an obsolete office, specially revived by Sir Robert Walpole for the purpose of forbidding public criticism of the corruption of Parliament. Even then it was felt to be of doubtful "civility," and to smack of the Stuarts rather than the House of Hanover. It was connected with the old statute which classed play-actors, except indeed such as were some particular nobleman's servants, among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." And that conception lies in its essence still. As many books as plays are immoral. Many more books than plays are subversive, anarchical, irreligious. But the ordinary author is at least supposed to be a decent citizen till some offence is proved against him. He does not have to send his MS. to the nearest J.P. or sergeant-major to be approved or forbidden. But the playwright, that is a different matter! We know what kind of fellow *he* is! We must set Dogberry to see that the rogue does not use any bad words, or, if he think fit, to confiscate the rogue's property! You must not treat a playwright like an ordinary free citizen! The whole principle of this is iniquitous. Its practice in detail is inevitably almost always ridiculous. When Colman was censor, he always cut out the word "angel" as sailing too close to religion. When Sir William Gilbert used the phrase, "a house fit for a lord," the same censor objected, on the same grounds, to the use of the word "lord." A year or so ago, when Mr. Yeats's poem, "On Baille's Strand," was before the present censor, the play was passed, but two of Mr. Yeats's verses were not satisfactory to his master's refined ear. He deleted certain adjectives and had other adjectives suggested for him to choose from. An official amending Mr. Yeats's verse! To a man of the world surely such a spectacle is a little ridiculous. To an artist it is simply nauseating. How can the present holder of the censorship, a kind man by all accounts, and even by nature a sensible man, really enjoy himself in such an office?

If one collected the plays forbidden by the censor in England at various times during the last twenty years, they would certainly form a most distinguished list. It might begin with "The Cenci," perhaps the greatest dramatic poem in English since Shakespeare; or, better still, with the "Oedipus Tyrannus." It would include "Ghosts," "Monna Vanna," "La Citta Morta," and several of Brieux's most poignant social homilies. It would include, oddly enough, "La Dame aux Camélias," though one might have expected that to escape, since it really has a dash of immorality in it. It would include Rostand's "La Samaritaine," and that most tremendous of religious dramas, Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness." All these works are, or have been, forbidden to the British public. It is sent instead to batten on the "Giddy Goat" and the "Spring Chicken!"

These prohibitions matter little to Sophocles and Shelley; not much more perhaps to Tolstoi. But at this moment we have at least two authors actively wronged. Mr. Garnett's forbidden play, "The Breaking Point," has been published and is being widely read. I need not dwell upon its merits or its possible defects, except to say that it is visibly a sincere and thoughtful piece of literature, with no immoral tendency, which certainly deserved its chance of a hearing. As for Mr. Granville Barker's tra-

gedy, "Waste," I do not know if it will be published. It is at any rate forbidden. If there is to be a censor, and he is to act upon the traditional principles of his unwholesome office, I dare say that he could not help condemning "Waste." But the fact remains that we have Mr. Barker's work confiscated by the act of an irresponsible official. Mr. Barker is beyond question one of the most interesting and most admirable forces at work in the drama of the present time. He has achieved his present position entirely by work tending to elevate the stage. His adverse critics only complain of his being too intellectual, too austere, too much bent on inducing the public to accept a higher style of drama than it really likes. And when such a man as this spends a good year of very hard work in writing a tragedy on a theme which has impressed his mind, we are to be debarred from seeing that play because, forsooth, a part of its subject is not suited for tea-table conversation! What art can flourish under such conditions? What painter, sculptor, novelist, historian, or philosopher is expected to submit to them.

It is a miserable error to judge anything—be it work of art or action or human character—by a standard too low for it. And it is just this miserable error that the censor is always committing, and is bound to commit. The dramatists whom he quarrels with are not "rogues and vagabonds" eagerly trying how close to the edge of indecency they can run without being stopped. They are serious artists, trying to express the best work and thought that is in them, thought sometimes profound in itself, and often about profound subjects, which cannot be treated properly except in clear and sincere language. And before this work can be given to its natural audience, it must be passed by a judge who considers only whether or no its subject and its vocabulary are polite!

It is an old quarrel, this of the seriousness of art, between the artist and the public. The artist needs must take his art as an important thing. It fills his working day; it expresses his most intense ideals and experiences. It matters to him more than anything beside. But to the public it is only an amusement for spare moments, a relaxation, or, at the best, a superfluous piece of "culture." This difference in some degree will always remain. Yet a generous public will surely understand and admit the artist's point of view. A wise public will realise that it is a matter of some national importance whether the amusers of its spare hours are self-respecting men giving of the best work of their brains, or only so many slavish caterers to the tastes of their patrons, slippery fellows who must never be allowed to open their mouths until we have made sure beforehand what they are going to say.

GILBERT MURRAY.

Open Questions.

IS SOCIALISM TYRANNY?

"As public organisation or control of industry advances the real liberty of the private citizen shrinks: the free area of employment for his capital or ability is curtailed, a larger and larger proportion of the workers have no real option to do otherwise than sell their labour to the State: all consumers of many classes of goods and services must buy those furnished by the State, or go without. This means the progressive enslavement of the individual to the State, the virtual tyranny of bodies of officials over an increasing number of trades and groups of public employees. The State or the municipality will impose methods of work and pay, determine what sorts of goods shall be made and at what price they shall be sold and will brook no outside competition. The power wielded now by the imperial Post Office or the Municipal Waterworks will be wielded by a hundred similar central or local authorities; the business man, the worker, the citizen will find himself at every turn in the grip of a bureaucracy."

That this Frankenstein-monster view of "Socialism" inspires genuine dread in many "lovers of liberty" is certain. As soon as the State passes beyond its distinctively defensive functions, its despotic power is conceived as a public peril: if in a few instances this peril must be faced as the lesser of two evils, the narrowest limits should be set on such extension of essential tyranny. This widespread dislike and mistrust of a dictatorial and mechanical bureaucracy is firmly fastened in the mind of travelled Englishmen by experience of countries like France and Germany, where State Socialism is more advanced than here, and furnishes in all classes a strong bulwark of sentiment against encroachments of public power in this country.

Underlying this view and sentiment is the conception of an antagonism not merely between the State and the individual, but also between the State and the community or body of individuals who are said to be its members. The meaning of this antagonism deserves investigation. Let us approach it indirectly. Many of those most strenuous in their hostility to State or municipal collectivism are ardent supporters of co-operative movements, and would set no limits upon the application of the principle of private voluntary co-operation in industry. Now take the case of some great co-operative centre, such as Oldham or Bâle, where consumers' and producers' co-operation has entered and almost monopolised certain branches of local industry and trade. Suppose this co-operative enterprise grew so strong as gradually to absorb all the local industries, so that the co-operative societies owned all the mills, warehouses, shops, and other businesses in the city, and by their building companies got possession of all the houses. What would be the position of a young citizen of such an Oldham, when, after passing through school, he confronted the industrial and social system of his native town, in which he wished to earn his living? It is evident that he would have to work in whatever trade the co-operative committee chose to put him, upon whatever terms that committee chose to employ him, and to live in such house as the same committee chose to let him. It would be a complete "tyranny," with the sole alternative of getting out of Oldham and seeking his bread among strangers in some other place. Here, as the ripe fruit of individual liberty working through free association, we find what is in effect the same sort of public tyranny as that to which completed municipal Socialism is alleged to lead. In such towns as Oldham it would seem to be a mere matter of convenience whether the co-operators should continue to govern themselves industrially through their committee or should by their votes as citizens convert that committee into the town council and give a formal sanction to the public powers they exercise. The substance of their power—the strength and nature of their "tyranny," if so it be deemed—will be the same whether they operate through an elected committee or an elected town council. A little Socialist State would thus be evolved by natural process out of individual liberty of co-operation. In what essential ways would the "slavery" of the individual in such a Socialism differ from that imputed to ordinary municipal or State Socialism? In each case the will of the majority appears to "coerce" the individual; in each case there exists the difficult and painful alternative of secession. Those who oppose private co-operative or profit-sharing movements to Socialism fail to recognise this essential identity because they take for their comparison an inadequate or imperfect co-operation instead of a fully-developed type.

Is the dilemma here suggested a fair one? Those who regard a municipality as at present constituted will reply in the negative. Two differences will suggest themselves: one in the feeling of the individual towards the "government," the other in the mode of exercising control. A co-operator,

it will be claimed, feels a more real sympathy with and responsibility for the acts of the society to which he belongs than the ordinary citizen feels in the case of his town government. True that in both cases the governing body is supposed to be his agent and to be executing his will. But in the one case the sentiment of popular control of democracy is far more real than in the other. The members of a co-operative society are more immediately concerned in the success or failure of their undertaking than the mass of citizens in the municipal undertaking. This difference of sentiment is undeniably important. Whence does it arise? Partly, perhaps, from the fact that most co-operative undertakings are new and their members are personally concerned in their history, and have seen and helped to make them grow. In the second or third generation of a completely co-operative Oldham this spirit might suffer a change. The conservative sense of the authority of an established institution as something separate and superimposed might creep in and weaken the vital relation between the individual will and the collective instrument of action.

Partly, however, the difference lies in this: that a co-operative society generally implies equality of sacrifice and of interest among its members, a sense of equal participation in a common enterprise. Now there is, it will be forcibly urged, no such substantial equality among the ratepayer citizens. It is, indeed, just here that we strike the deepest root of the objection to Municipal or State Socialism. If every citizen contributed an equal quota to the rates and only sought to receive an equal benefit from the public services on which they were expended, most of the sting would be taken out of Socialism. Now, since most opponents of Socialism generally believe that its effect is to saddle the burden of the rates and taxes on the propertied classes and to expend the income taken for the chief or exclusive benefit of the needy, it is natural that they should dread the moral as well as the financial consequences of such a policy. There can, it would appear, be no security for honesty and efficiency of administration here such as is attainable in a co-operative society. Where the minority pay the piper and the majority call the tune, no political harmony is got. This common view of the origin and nature of the public income from rates and taxes I have already exposed. But, even were it clearly accepted that the income taken by taxation is not confiscated but publicly earned and forms the rightful property of the city or the State, it is tolerably certain that a long and slow process of civic education would be required in order to enable the body of citizens to realise fully their responsibility in administering this public income.

The sense of tyranny, nay, the reality of tyranny, in a "Socialistic" municipality or State, survives just so long and so far as the moral sense of democracy remains defective. So long as the ordinary citizen looks upon the city government, its property and the public services it operates, as things which are outside his personality and for which he has no responsibility, the evils of bureaucracy which are charged against Socialism are very real. This is the chief of all reasons why Socialism must be gradual and must at any time be attuned to the civic spirit. The tyranny of Socialism means the weakness of democracy. Every strengthening of the spirit of democracy abates this tyranny, enabling the rational will of a people to express itself more fully in popular institutions operated for the common good. Just in proportion as a group of ordinary citizens, realising the significance of public property, comes to speak naturally of "our" trains, "our" waterworks, "our" parks, "our" schools, and to stamp the meaning of such speech on civic action, does this Municipal Socialism cease to be tyranny and become voluntary co-operation.

J. A. H.

Poetry.

MY GARDEN

No tall and stately palm trees wave
 Their branches high,
 No lilies lift their golden cups,
 No song birds fly
 And call to others far away,
 No shimmering leaves
 In sunny hours may form a shade
 Where fancy weaves
 Through all the golden afternoon
 A glowing tale,
 Before which life's realities
 Grow old and pale.

But though no stately palm trees wave,
 One tall ash tree
 Puts forth its tender leaves in spring,
 And one may see
 Through slanting boughs a pale blue sky.
 In summer time
 The sparrows chirp among its leaves
 From chime to chime.
 Remote the fields of living green
 Where wild flowers tell
 Their secrets to the nodding grass
 In many a dell.

But in a narrow space railed in
 I sit and dream
 Of olive groves and fruitful lands,
 So oft I seem
 Though in a tiny space enclosed,
 To hear the flow
 Of rushing waves on distant shores
 That sob and sigh,
 Or break forth into harmonies
 With rhythmic swell,
 Enlarging all this little space
 Where now I dwell.

But now 'tis winter, and my tree,
 My tall ash tree,
 Stript bare of all its summer leaves,
 Shakes dismally.
 So now I dream of Hebrides
 And islands far,
 Where shines o'er glittering fields of ice
 The polar star,
 Shines over all the gleaming space
 With clear cold ray,
 Where flocks of wild birds wheel about
 On plumage grey.

Through all the happy budding time
 I work and dream,
 And thus when winter strips my tree,
 I catch a gleam
 Of secret things that come and go,
 That move the earth,
 And now beneath their shroud of snow,
 Spring forth to birth,
 With forces ever moving on,
 Strong, glad and free,
 And see the sunrise gild with light
 A distant sea.

ADELINE MARY BANKS

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

IN these days of biographies it is strange that we should have no adequate account of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, whose untiring energy as theologian, politician, and historian aroused so many controversies among his contemporaries. The want is, however, to be supplied by an elaborate volume to be published by the Cambridge University Press in a couple of weeks. It is the joint work of the Rev. T. E. S. Clarke, minister of Saltoun (a living which Burnet once held), and Mr. H. C. Foxcroft, the editor of the Supplement to Burnet's "History of His Own Time." The book should add considerably to our knowledge of the English Revolution, as the authors have been fortunate enough to unearth a number of letters of first-rate importance from the Hanovrian Archives and the Library of the Remonstrants, Amsterdam. Professor Firth contributes an introduction on Burnet as an historian, in which he has a happy comparison between Burnet and Clarendon:—

"Clarendon and Burnet have a totally different way of telling the anecdotes with which they illustrate the character of the times or of the men they describe. Clarendon tells a story in a large, leisurely, oratorical manner, making almost a small epic or a little drama out of it. . . . Burnet's stories are little bits of gossip that drop naturally from his pen, with a sort of artless garrulity, as they used to do from his tongue; he seems to tell them, not so much to produce an effect, but because having heard or seen something of interest, he cannot keep it to himself. His writing has all the qualities of his conversation, which, if report can be trusted, was as full of historical scandal as his book."

This agrees with Horace Walpole's judgment: "It seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers in plain, honest terms what he had seen and heard."

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE has just completed a new work, which Messrs. Macmillan are to publish under the title "Is Mars Habitable?" It has been called forth by Mr. P. Lowell's "Mars and Its Canals," a volume published last year by an American astronomer, whose extreme positiveness excited a storm of discussion. Dr. Russel Wallace disputes Mr. Lowell's conclusions, and puts forward an alternative theory.

THE "Atlantic Monthly," as it was happily christened by James Russell Lowell, was first published in November, 1857. Next month, accordingly, it will celebrate its semi-centennial by a number of exceptional strength. Among the contributors will be W. D. Howells, the "Dean of American Letters," who writes on "Recollections of Atlantic Editorship," the veteran Charles Eliot Norton, J. T. Trowbridge, the brilliant writer of books for boys, Bliss Perry, and a number of other writers already known to readers of the magazine on both sides of the Atlantic. A feature of peculiar interest will be a hitherto unpublished poem by James Russell Lowell.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Arthur Symons is preparing a selection from the poems of John Clare for the "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry." Clare was a Northamptonshire peasant, the son of a pauper, who educated himself by saving the money he earned as a plough-boy. At the age of twenty-five he resolved to publish a volume of verse, and, by hard work, saved a pound to print prospectuses. One of them fell into the hands of a Stamford bookseller, and in 1820 appeared "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant." The book was well received, and Clare found a number of patrons, who placed him on a small farm. His investments turned out badly, and the pressure of care and want wrecked his mind. He died in the Northampton lunatic asylum in 1864. Clare's poems of country life are full of pleasant imagery, drawn first-hand from nature. His pathetic "Lines Written in Northampton County Asylum" may be read in the "Oxford Book of English Verse."

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has been lecturing on Socialism in the United States. He has now collected the lectures

into a volume, which is to be published by Messrs. Harper, under the title "A Critical Examination of Socialism." He aims at showing both the weak and strong points of the doctrine as it is understood in the twentieth century—readers of his previous works on the subject will expect to find more stress laid on the former than on the latter—and the book also contains a close analysis of modern wealth production.

READERS often complain that there is no really good history of Russian literature in English. Perhaps the translation of Professor Brucker's "History of Russian Literature," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation, may meet the want. Professor Brucker's book has been praised by Professor Morfill, of Oxford, who is one of the greatest authorities in this country upon the subject, and as the greater portion of the work is devoted to the more modern writers, it should appeal to general readers as well as students of this newest, and in some respects most interesting, of European literatures. An important feature is to be the free introduction of examples and extracts, which have been rendered with special care by Professor Minns, of Cambridge, who edits the book.

ANOTHER translation to be issued by Mr. Unwin is a new rendering of Seneca's tragedies into English blank verse, with appropriate lyric metres for the choruses by Mr. Frank Justus Miller, an American writer. The value of the work will be enhanced by an introduction on the influence of the tragedies of Seneca upon early English drama, contributed by Professor J. M. Manly, and it will also contain a review of the Roman historical drama, together with comparative analyses of Seneca's tragedies and the corresponding Greek dramas. Seneca's influence on English dramatic literature may be judged from the fact that in the well-known verses prefixed to the first folio of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson speaks of him in the same breath with Æschylus and Euripides.

HAECKEL'S philosophical speculations have been the subject of a good deal of criticism in his native land, and a little brochure published recently by the celebrated botanist, Professor Reinke, on "Haeckel's Monism," is an admirable review of Haeckel's position from a purely scientific standpoint.

THE affinities between Babylonian and Hebrew thought are in some instances remarkably striking, and the selection of Babylonian Hymns and Prayers ("Babylonische Hymnen und Gebete," Leipzig, Heinrichs), which Professor Zimmern has just edited, is an admirable introduction to some of the deeper aspects of Babylonian piety. It may also be of interest to mention that Otto Weber has recently completed his History of the Literature of the Babylonians and Assyrians. The publishers are Heinrichs, of Leipzig.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk." By Thomas Okey. (Dent, 21s. net.)
- "The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt." (Heinemann, 15s. net.)
- "A Swan and Her Friends." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)
- "William Allingham: a Diary." Edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford. (Macmillan, 12s. net.)
- "Drama and Life." By A. B. Walkley. (Methuen, 6s. net.)
- "The Claims of French Poetry." By J. C. Bailey. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)
- "George Meredith." By M. Sturge Henderson. (Methuen, 6s.)
- "The Scot of the Eighteenth Century." By John Watson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)
- "A Soldier of the Legion: An Englishman's Adventures under the French Flag in Algeria and Tonquin." By George Manington. Edited by W. B. Slater and A. J. Sarl. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Across Persia." By E. Crawshaw Williams. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Tales of Two People." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen, 6s.)
- "Causeries d'Egypte." Par G. Maspero. (Paris: Guilmoto, 7fr. 50.)
- "Charles Nodier et le Groupe Romantique." Par Michel Salomon. (Paris: Perrin, 3fr. 50.)
- "La Comtesse de Mirabeau, 1752-1800." Par Dauphin Meunier. (Paris: Perrin, 5fr.)
- "Le Journal d'un Prêtre." Roman. Par Ferdinand Hamelin. (Paris: Stock, 3fr. 50.)
- "Rosen." Von H. Sudermann. (Stuttgart: Costa M.3.)

Letters to the Editor.

IRELAND AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The public in England seems hardly to have grasped the full significance of Cardinal Logue's recent speech at Londonderry, when he denounced Mr. Redmond for advising the Irish voters at Kirkdale to support the Labour candidate. The Cardinal's action does not stand alone; it is only the most prominent of a series of events which have been constantly recurring during the last two or three years, and have provided the Conservative Press with occasional short-sighted paragraphs under the heading of "Nationalist Dissensions." In a word, the significance of Cardinal Logue's speech is that he, like other ecclesiastics of his Church, both in Ireland and elsewhere, has entirely failed to understand the essential nature of a Nationalist policy, or, if he understands, at least declines to accept it. He said that it was the duty of Irish Roman Catholic voters to oppose the Labour candidate, generally as a Socialist and an Atheist, more particularly as an enemy of denominational education. Whether his denunciations were justified or not, need not concern us here; the point to notice is that the Cardinal wished the Nationalist voters in an English election to vote on the merits of the case as they would have presented themselves to an ordinary English elector.

Now it is absolutely essential to a successful Nationalist policy that it should detach itself entirely from the current controversies of English political life. The strength of a small party is wholly dependent on the steadiness and singleness of purpose with which it keeps one clearly-defined object in view. Very little was done for Ireland at Westminster while the majority of the Irish members were divided on the ordinary lines of Liberal and Tory; and the whole strength of the party would be dissipated at once if its members were suffered to be drawn aside from their main object into the innumerable controversies of English legislation. Such a policy as is demanded by Cardinal Logue would be a flat denial of the principle on which the Nationalist party is formed. They are at Westminster, not to legislate for England, but to secure Home Rule for Ireland. Irish electors in Great Britain are in a corresponding position, and to vote for a Unionist candidate against a Home Ruler on grounds which do not concern Ireland at all is equivalent to a repudiation of Home Rule.

In view of the crisis which seems to be imminent in Ireland, the attitude of English Liberals is of supreme importance. It is becoming increasingly evident that the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland have used the Home Rule movement only in so far as it strengthened their own power, and are now beginning to regard it with suspicion. They do not realise that a true Nationalism must prefer Ireland not only to England, but also to Rome. During the past century the short-sighted policy of Dublin Castle and the willingness of the Protestant gentry to be maintained in power by a foreign garrison instead of by their fellow-countrymen have had the natural effect of driving the people into the arms of the priests, who have thus obtained over an uneducated peasantry a domination that all educated Irishmen of any creed must regard as pernicious. The strong Protestant feeling which contributes so largely to the formation of English Liberal opinion must surely recognise by now that Dublin Castle is the bulwark, not of Protestantism, but of Ultramontanism. The irony of historical circumstances has forced every stream of thought in Ireland into a wrong channel; the forces of Protestantism are still being spent in the endeavour to maintain what is left of landlordism and class ascendancy; the forces of educated Roman Catholic opinion are being applied not where they are most needed in Ireland, but in the terribly wasteful campaign against English misgovernment. It is the duty of English Liberals by a generous and statesmanlike policy based upon mutual trust to give all the assistance they can to the growing forces of Liberalism in Ireland.—Yours, &c.,

A PROTESTANT ELECTOR.

October 24th, 1907.

THE CASE FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the review of the "Case for Women's Suffrage," edited by Mr. Broughton Villiers, which appears in the last issue of THE NATION, the contributors to the volume are charged with resisting a measure for Women's Suffrage which would include all adult women. Let me explain that the Women's Social and Political Union, and I believe all the other Women's Suffrage Societies, will accept gladly the most extensive measure of women's enfranchisement which the Government may choose to introduce. What we think we may reasonably expect, however, is a Bill to abolish the political disability of sex. Such a Bill would have the immediate effect of admitting women to the existing Parliamentary Franchise, and the ultimate effect of making every future improvement of the Franchise apply automatically to women. We shall be content to arrive at the goal of universal suffrage in this way.

After all, the duty and responsibility of drafting this and all other legislative measures rests upon the Government. The Prime Minister has it in his power to grant by means of a single measure the Parliamentary vote to every adult man and woman. The question that I should like Liberals to answer is this: Does the Prime Minister intend to take the step of enfranchising the whole adult population of the country? If not, he must at least allow women to share the benefit of the more or less imperfect Franchise which men enjoy at the present time.

Your reviewer asserts that he cannot understand the argument that women Suffragists should be allowed to invade the House of Commons with impunity. We make no such claim. What we do desire is that the political grievance against which we make this kind of protest shall be removed.

Your reviewer proceeds to say: "They (women) may speak in any town in England; they can organise processions, they can present petitions. They can do everything that men can do." He is mistaken. Men can do one other thing more important than all the rest; they can vote. Women, because they have no vote, cannot get votes. They travel in a vicious circle. One way, it seems to us, of breaking through this circle is to adopt certain methods of agitation which, though they have been much condemned have already produced good results.—Yours, &c.,

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

October 23rd, 1907.

"SOCIALISM IN LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After reading the somewhat nebulous articles on Socialism in THE NATION, and the violent diatribes in the Conservative Press, may I be permitted to indicate where, in my opinion, the Liberal will part company with the Socialist.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism preaches the doctrine of equal opportunities for everyone in the race of life, so far as the laws of nature admit: but the Liberal does not propose a radical alteration in the social and economic organisation of society, because he recognises that virtue and vice, idleness and industry, knowledge and ignorance, capacity and incapacity, are functions partly of the individual and only partly of his environment, and that if everyone started in the race under ideal conditions of fairness, the result would not widely differ from that which obtains to-day, that, in short, if all the money in the land were equally divided up to-day, human nature is such that we should have a new plutocracy—possibly worse than the old—within a twelvemonth. The Liberal, therefore, recognises that as each man must fight his own battle in the moral sphere, so he must do in the economic, the function of the State being to supervise the fairness of the conditions. The Liberal, however, is prepared to go a certain distance with the Socialist, and to mitigate the rigour of his individualism in favour of those worsted in the race and especially in favour of women and children, but only in so far as the bare necessities of life are concerned: the humane man of superior ability and superior earning power will not agree to accept bay leaves as the sole reward of his superior services to society. The Socialist, on the other hand, a philanthropist in a hurry,

fails to perceive that the disease is only partly economic, and that a cure of social ills presupposes the moral and intellectual uplifting of the masses, that the cure must be gradual and can never be complete: therefore, he decides to make the race not exactly a handicap, but one of equal prizes and no blanks, and objects to the ideal Liberal method which would automatically adjust a man's rate of pay to the value which the public puts upon his labour and desires to substitute a method by which the recipient indirectly fixes the rate of his own wages—in short, he aims at equality of payment to every individual irrespective of the quality or quantity of his output of work. He also clearly recognises that the conditions preliminary to this end are: (1) nationalisation or municipalisation of all industries; (2) abolition of private capital and interest thereon; (3) nationalisation of all land. This seems to me to be the bed-rock of Socialism, and this is the theory which is so abhorrent to the Liberal Centre as well as to the Conservative Party.

Now all successful political movements have had moral and intellectual force behind them; but this movement in its extreme form is essentially immoral, in that it aims at rectifying one evil by the creation of another, it aims at curing poverty by making the earnings of the capable the spoil of the incapable: therefore, the movement will always have the morality, the industry and the brains of the community, against it, and, under these circumstances, with no drawing force but mere numbers, no agitation has ever succeeded or ever will succeed.

Therefore, because Socialism says "equality" where Nature shouts "inequality," I, who have never in my life before voted for a Tory candidate, will do so at the next election unless his opponent is absolutely untainted by the doctrines of the extreme Socialist.—Yours, &c.,

October 20th, 1907. A LIBERAL OF THE CENTRE.

[The real question raised by this letter is, "What sort of alterations in the social and economic organisation of society are necessary in order to achieve 'equal opportunities for everyone in the race of life'?" No Socialist, so far as we know, has ever proposed that "all the money in the land" should be "equally divided up": some Socialists propose to socialise all industries and to equalise all incomes, but many Socialists do not. In any case, it cannot be assumed that "Socialism," as such, implies these extremities; certainly we should not say that Liberalism is called upon to accept them.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

"TYRANTS OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letters which you are publishing on this subject, strongly-worded as some of them are, form but a faint echo of the murmur of disapproval which arises from town, and suburb, and country. Wherever the motor car passes, it causes danger, discomfort, and inconvenience, and inspires widespread, deep-seated and just feelings of discontent and hostility.

May I be permitted to sum up briefly the reasons for this general condemnation, and suggest a few remedies?

(1) *Danger*: It cannot be contested that the presence on the road of these swift vehicles, often carelessly and clumsily handled, is fraught with peril to all wayfarers. Aged, infirm, and timid persons are driven into byeways, or forced to remain indoors; while the arrogant bearing of the oxygen-intoxicated motorists causes natural feelings of irritation in drivers of carts and carriages, cyclists and pedestrians. Public opinion demands that speed-limits should be much stricter, and more rigidly enforced. Few, if any, motor car riders or drivers are on urgent business which necessitates their covering a given distance in a certain time. It is in pursuit of pleasure and exhilaration only that they whirl along in their mad career. If boys play a dangerous game in the streets they are checked at once; and the same rule should apply to speed-maniacs. Again, anyone who discharges a firearm in the public ways is liable to severe punishment. So, those who delight to turn themselves into human projectiles should be imprisoned, or have their cars confiscated. If necessary, special police should be trained as motor-scouts, and the cost defrayed by a tax on the cars. They cause the expense; it is only fair that they should foot the bill.

(2) *Dust*: This is another nuisance, directly due to the broad, metal-studded tyres of the motor cars, and to their high rates of speed. From it arise injury to health, depreciation of property, ruined gardens, spoilt clothes, and the destruction of delicate wayside and hedgerow plants. The obvious remedy is the special treatment of all road-surfaces on which speeds of eight or more miles per hour are allowed. The cost again, should be met by taxing the cars which render such treatment necessary.

(3) *Dazzling Lights*: No one who has passed a motor car at night and taken a dive into the dark after being blinded by the brilliance of the lamps, will deny the magnitude of this evil. Such lamps would not be needed if only a reasonable speed were maintained. So a low candle-power limit should be fixed and enforced, with all the rigour of the law.

(4) *Smell*: This may be regarded as a minor nuisance, but only because the others are so great. No one possessing the spirit of a Christian or a gentleman would inflict on his fellow-creatures the discomfort of inhaling such abominable odours as are emitted from the majority of motor cars. Heavy fines should be inflicted in the worst cases. This seems to be the only argument understood by those who are deaf to all the appeals of courtesy and chivalry.

It is to be hoped that the centralisation of local taxation will foreshadow a heavy motor-car tax in next year's Budget. This, with the measures suggested above, should afford some relief to the long-suffering people of these islands. If our legislators fail in their duty of defending public rights on public roads, it is much to be feared that motor-baiting will become more common. Our English spirit is slow to rouse, but when roused it is very apt to take the law into its own hands, and then regrettable acts of violence will become prevalent, and a heavy reckoning will be paid in full with bloodshed and broken bones.—Yours, &c.,

"QUERCUS ROBUR."

Watford, Herts.,

October 17th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Sturrock's apology for the "road-hog" is utterly ineffective, for it is against the motor which deserves this opprobrious name that the great and growing detestation of the public is directed. The motorists who were content to go along the public highways at no higher speed than that of an ordinary carriage and pair would be readily tolerated. But where are such motorists to be found?

Residing at a town on the Great Deeside Road during the month of August, I had an ample opportunity of studying the ways of this "Blatant Beast," and I noticed that, excepting some motors belonging to local medical men and town neighbours, all the motors that passed through were worthy to be registered as "road-hogs." If any coachman had flogged his horses up to the average rate of these vagrant automobilists, he would have been summoned before the magistrate for furious driving.

Mr. Sturrock praises the marked benevolence of some motorists. In the management of these swarms of machines that drove through Banchory on their way to the shrine of St. Grouse, the conspicuous thing was an unscrupulous and brutal disregard for the rights of others on the King's highway. If these new locomotives run at railway speed, they must be banished from the highway.—Yours, &c.,

D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

Craigham Manor, Aberdeen.

October 23rd, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With your kind permission, I shall briefly refer to such points in the letter of "Civis Universitatis Edinensis" in your current issue as seem to require an answer.

(1) The businesses of the harness manufacturer and whip maker will be adversely affected by the advent of the automobile only where such men do not so avail themselves of the opportunity to cultivate fresh lines of business in supplying motor accessories and clothing. A glance at the stock-in-trade of the up-to-date leather merchants will indicate that he does what must inevitably be an increasing motor business.

(2) Unfortunately it is a regrettable accompaniment of such mechanical developments that old men are unable to find employment in the trade or labour of their youth. As to middle-aged men, however, they are to be seen driving motor-cars every day.

With all respect to your correspondent's general observations, I do not think that they are strictly relevant to a discussion of the question of motor traffic.—Yours, &c.,

J. LENG STURROCK.

October 22nd, 1907.

A CENSORED PLAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While in hearty sympathy with your protest against the action of the Censor in refusing to license Mr. Garnett's drama, "The Breaking Point," I consider the solution of the present *impasse* lies in putting the Censorship in commission rather than in its abolition. A small committee of three literary men, carefully selected for their knowledge of the drama and for their wide reading generally, would, I am convinced, be the most satisfactory method of meeting an intolerable situation.

There are many practical difficulties in the way of the abolition of the Censorship now so strenuously advocated in certain quarters. The Censorship, with all its faults, undoubtedly serves a useful purpose. Its negative effect must not be overlooked. Everyone knows at present that it is useless to submit to the Censor a flagrantly indecent play, and so plays of this character are not written. Abolish the Censorship, and authors and managers will be tempted to go to the utmost limit they consider the authorities and the public will stand.

It is all very well to advocate reliance on Police action and that of local authorities as a substitute for the Censor, but in practice there is no doubt that the law would hopelessly fail to deal effectively with the moral question.

Take a parallel case. How is it that the law has not been invoked to prosecute the publishers of the novels of the fleshly school now disgracing our bookstalls, and being sold by hundreds of thousands? Simply because it is so difficult to prove indecency, and the failure to do so would give a still greater advertisement to the publications complained of. Is it seriously proposed to give our theatrical managers the same freedom as the publishers of the low-class fiction now being sold as literature?

We require more than ever a Censorship of Plays, but it must be an enlightened censorship. And in view of the epidemic of novels of the fleshly school now pouring from the Press, we want still more an enlightened Censorship of books also.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

Walsall, October 17th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The announcement of the refusal of the Censor to license Mr. Granville Barker's new play, "Waste," coming, as it does, on the heels of an article entitled "A Censored Play," which appeared in your issue of October 12th, must call the attention of the theatre-going public to the danger which menaces our drama.

In an interview which appears in to-day's "Observer," Mr. Granville Barker announces that no play will be produced at the Savoy in the place of "Waste," and he adds significantly, "London is not the only place."

To those who, during the last three years, have enjoyed the Vedrenne-Barker performances at the Court Theatre, the prospect of losing Mr. Granville Barker will appear in the light of an absolute disaster. The matter resolves itself into a choice of one of two alternatives. We must either dispense with the services of the Licensor of Plays, and so conform with the practice of the rest of Europe, or we must be prepared to forego the continuance of what has been not inaptly described as the most notable achievement of modern dramatic production. The choice does not seem a difficult one to—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE G. HOLMES.

Balliol College, Oxford,
October 20th, 1907.

"CASA BLANCA: THE FRENCH CASE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Dell and others appear to be horrified at the discovery that there are some Englishmen bold enough not to let the *entente cordiale* interfere with what they conceive to be the truth concerning the recent French atrocities in Casa Blanca. The evidence of eye-witnesses, one of them a Scotch missionary, another a lady of unimpeachable veracity, not to mention statements made by the "Daily Mail" and "Morning Post" correspondents, is considered as worthless, compared with official denials in Paris, based on information received, as Mr. Cunningham-Graham suggests, from gentlemen who are too patriotic to give themselves away.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

War Coppice, Caterham, Surrey,
October 16th, 1907.

"THE CANT OF MILITARISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to your views on the evils of military service, expressed under the heading, "The Cant of Militarism," I submit that, even if, as you say, many officers are addicted to frivolity and vice, it is unreasonable to regard such failings as the natural products of military life and training. They may be attributed to present conditions of service, but these are not necessarily beyond improvement, nor are they an essential feature of army life. If the average officer does not regard his profession as seriously as the schoolmaster or business man, the reason is that he has not the same stimulus to work. The ordinary man works vigorously because he has to earn his own living, and because he realises that, by industry and enterprise, he can improve his position. The officer has no such incentive. Owing to the low scale of pay and the expenses of regimental life, he is dependent on his private resources, and he does not realise the connection between work and subsistence. In the second place, the system of promotion by seniority removes any spur to industry, in the case of those not keenly interested in soldiering. The young lieutenant knows that, however vigorously he studies his profession, no efforts will bring him his captaincy until his turn arrives, often after a long term of years. At the same time he knows that, when the time comes, promotion is certain, unless he is grossly incompetent. And as captain he has to wait for his majority in the same way, unless some special chance of service offers. It is not surprising that many officers, who enter the Army full of enthusiasm, find their keenness dulled and their zeal cooled as time goes on. Lacking the incentives to work that other professions provide, many officers naturally tend to devote undue attention to amusements and sport. But are the tastes, even of the worst set, different from those distinguishing the young men of the day? A walk round London at night must convince any observer that frivolity and vice attract a very large number of civilians. In any case it is manifestly unfair to draw general inferences, regarding the effect of military life on character, from the failings of soldiers living under the present conditions. Is your prejudice against military service so strong that you would deny the probability that the officer would equal the business man or schoolmaster in keenness and industry if the Army were available as a career to men with their way to make in the world, and if the same opportunities for advancement by merit existed as prevailed in other professions.—Yours, &c.,

A CIVILIAN.

[We agree that some of the evils on which we dwell are not inherent in militarism. The art of killing, however necessary, and we do not here dispute its necessity, has certain degrading reactions which belong to every military system; but it is quite evident that the particular defects on which "A Civilian" dwells have their roots in the special social and economic factors which damage our Army as a serious profession.—EDITOR, THE NATION].

Reviews.

BLAKE AND THE IMAGINATION.*

In the writings of William Blake and in the commentaries of his critics there is one sovereign word which, from its copious and emphatic repetition, must surely possess an equally pre-eminent significance. It is curious that this word, which is in fact the beginning and end of his system, should have met with neither a clear definition in the one place nor a strict analysis in the other. "The nature of my work," he himself has no hesitation in saying, "is visionary or imaginative"; and we are most of us acquainted with the memorable sentence in "Jerusalem," where he explains that "Imagination is the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more." And, besides this one, there are, up and down his writings, a number of similar passages wherein both the efficacy and the manifestations of this supreme power (the essence, as he believed, of all being and the source of all becoming) are disclosed in a language vaguely recalling the Platonic myth. But to the uninitiate intelligence these things are apt to be no more than "tinkling cymbals!" Mr. Arthur Symons, who in a triple capacity of biographer, critic, and editor has everywhere, in his most valuable book, made good use of a refined intuition and an efficient judgment, even if he does not bring the whole matter to light, comes perhaps nearer than anyone else to the true psychological aspect of Blake's invention. He has at least hinted at the purely human and internal origin of the inspiration. "The poetry of Blake," he writes (and the same obtains throughout his art), "is a poetry of the mind, abstract in substance, concrete in form; its passion is the passion of the imagination, its emotion is the emotion of thought, its beauty is the beauty of idea. . . . There are . . . in the world of Blake's poetry, only primal instincts and the energies of the imagination." This imagination, or "vision," it is as well to remember, is the "Poetic Genius" of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"; and it appears elsewhere in a variety of synonyms, of which "the Divine Body of Jesus" is the commonest as well as the most remarkable. In the fourfold division of man's nature, which is the basis of Blake's psychology, it is the primary function of the "Emanation," whose business is with creation, that is to say the exercise of those activities whereby the visible universe puts off its concrete, transitory, fallen state, and resumes through art the unity and beauty of its first infinite and imperishable existence; while the "Spectre," or reasoning faculty, which, in our fallen condition, is its perpetual antagonist, is concerned only with the mere ratio of the pseudo-substances of phenomenal life. A confusion has arisen—doubtless from Blake's own association of himself with the visionaries of the Old Testament, for the material of whose books an external origin is generally claimed—by which he is assumed to pretend to a like revelation, and thus to remove the validity of his art from the normal plane into a superior sphere. But in view of this error it is, in the first place, necessary to remark that in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" he is careful to demolish (in the mouth of one of their number) this idea of an objective visitation, even in the case of the accepted prophets; for the prophet Isaiah, on being reminded by Blake of the popular misunderstanding, is at once ready to confess that he "saw no God" in the ordinary sense of the word, but "discovered the infinite in everything," and thus became "persuaded that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God." Blake's further question, "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so make it so?" and the prophet's answer, "All poets believe that it does," have at once the result of pointing within for the source of inspiration and of levelling "prophecy" with the rest of inspired literature or art. "Art is inspiration," Blake said to Crabb Robinson (whose reminiscences of their discussions together are for the first time accurately and fully printed by Mr. Symons), and, he went on to say (making

it clear by his words that in his own claim to spiritual authority he is only arrogating to himself an authority similar in kind to that belonging to all creative genius), "When Michael Angelo or Raphael, or Mr. Flaxman does any of his fine things, he does them in the spirit." It is the fashion now to class Blake among "spiritualists," but it is abundantly evident from his own very definite statements that the nature of his evocations was wholly free from any taint of the impositions or delusions with which such persons are still able to astonish the middle-class intellect. When he speaks, in his well-known letter to Hayley, of his converse with the spirit of his dead brother, he is careful to explain that it is only in his remembrance, in the regions of his imagination, that he sees him, and if he adds that he now "hears his advice" and "writes from his dictate," we need not surely wonder that one to whom mental images alone were real should be able to quicken this embodiment of his recollection to any degree of reality he might please. It is especially necessary for all readers of Blake's Prophetic Books to realise the purely subjective being of both the characters and machinery of his visions. These books are the soul's autobiography. The scene is the human brain. The person of the myths are the various elements of the soul divided against itself in its fallen state. It is strange that these things should have been so consistently overlooked, although Blake himself leaves us in no doubt. It is sufficient to refer to the opening lines of Milton, where the Muses are invoked and summoned "from out the portals of" his "brain,"

"Where by your ministry
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine [*i.e.*, the imagination] planted
his Paradise.
And in it caus'd the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet form
In likeness of himself."

or to Los's admission (in the first book of "Vala") in regard to himself and his fellow zoas:

"Though in the brain of Man we live and in his circling nerves,
Though this bright world of all our joy is in the human brain
Where Urizen and all his hosts hang their immortal lamps."

"All things exist," for Blake, "in the human imagination"; and he uses the word in its purely normal and human sense, only enlarging its scope. Through it every man must be the creator of his own immortality. *Tu n'es que ce que tu penses; pense-toi donc éternel*, Blake would have said, with Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. "There is no God but Man," and therefore no eternity but that which is within you. "All deities," he wrote in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "reside in the human breast," and "God only acts and is in existing beings and men." It is this act of faith which recognises the separate existence of other beings of a like nature with himself, which alone removes him from absolute solipsism. This religion is a religion of human nature. "Thou art a man: God is no more; thine own humanity learn to adore," is the central doctrine of his everlasting gospel. It was upon this mystery of the coexistence of God in every being that he founded his belief in redemption through the self-annihilation of Love.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.*

THERE are various methods of surveying a district. Your survey may be geological, botanical, zoological, &c. There is no reason why it should not be literary. So it has occurred to Mr. William A. Dutt to ransack Norfolk and Suffolk for the purpose of securing a mixed bag of men of letters. In his "Little Guides" he collected, from the same area, churches and halls and monuments. In "Some Literary Associations of East Anglia," he has followed big game and caught literary lions. Very wisely he took with him a graceful artist, Mr. Walter Dexter, R.B.A., who has enriched his volume with sixteen illustrations of the habitat of his fauna, which make it one of the best of the new "coloured books" of the period. Mr. Dexter works in delicate sub-iridescent tones, which rise to gorgeousness in his "Tomb of Henry Howard, Earl of

* "William Blake." By Arthur Symons. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

* "Some Literary Associations of East Anglia." By William A. Dutt. With sixteen illustrations in colour by Walter Dexter, R.B.A. Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d.

Surrey," or fade to celadon in his "Norwich from Mousehold Heath" and "East Dereham Church." If the originals of this exquisite series are to be purchased, the Arts Committee of the Norwich Museum might do well to add them to their collection. While still upon the outworks of Mr. Dutt's volume, we may remark that it would have been improved by a map, a little map like "The Railways of the County of Norfolk" in his Guide, with the literary localities distinguished. Another small grumble is that Mr. Dutt, though he gives a list of "Works Consulted" at the end of his book, allows no references in his text, and the reader who wishes to locate, verify, or extend the citation is unassisted by the author. The complaint that Mr. Dutt has not exhausted the literary interest of his area would be unfair. He professes to detail only "some" of the associations of East Anglia with the world of letters. His actual selection is pretty ample, and will not leave much to the gleaner in the same fields, but the juridically-minded will not overlook the slighting reference to the Austin circle: "Nor do the associations with Norwich of John Austin, the celebrated jurist and friend of J. Stuart Mill; of his wife Sarah Austin, who was the daughter of a Norwich yarn-maker, and who was as handsome as she was gifted; or of Charles Austin, who was for a time a doctor's assistant in the city, possess much interest for us to-day." That is a matter of taste—but there can be no doubt that Chateaubriand's Christian name should be accented; or that Dr. Kitchin is Dean of Durham, though once of Winchester.

Now to flit about this East Anglia garden. It would be absurd to systematise in a matter essentially episodic. An Oxford philosopher once bemoaned that his mind was "tragically episodic." It would be quite to the point to say that Mr. Dutt's method, if not his mind, is topographically episodic. We must take times and countries as they are and people as we find them. Of course, it would be possible to philosophise in the manner of Taine, and try to demonstrate that Frederick Denison Maurice and James Martineau are specifically products of East Anglican soil, climate and creation; or that the Norwich literary school is an integral part of the Idea, a "moment" in the Lebens-system of the Universe. But that is not Mr. Dutt's way. That is to take the train to some town or village, and ramble about in likely neighbourhoods in search of literary adventures. King's Lynn, for instance, discovers to him Roger L'Estrange, Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney, Eugene Aram, Sir Walter Besant, Captain Marryat. A very good bag for one day. Then Mr. Dutt presents us with a trophy of each. Roger L'Estrange's description, beneath his caricature, in the form of a "Hue and Cry," runs thus:—

"He has a thousand tricks, viz., to fetch for the Papists, carry for the Protestants, whine to the King, dance to Noll's fiddle, fawn on the courtier, wag his tail at all bitches, hunt counter to the plot, tongue-pad the evidence, and cringe to the crucifix, but, above all, he has a damn'd old trick of slipping the halter."

A pretty piece of vernacular, beside which Horace Walpole's sentimental vapourings at Houghton wax pale. But he is able to console himself with the reflection that the "language" of Lynn citizens "is polished since I lived among them," though his father built Houghton "for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over." Fanny Burney at Lynn is a shadow; she was only eight, and backward for her age, when her father removed to London; and when she revisited her native town she found it as dull and gossipy as most country towns—"such a set of tittle-tattle, prittle-prattle visitants! Oh, dear! I am so sick of the ceremony and fuss of these fall-lall people." If Eugene Aram had never visited Heacham Vicarage he might never have been detected; but how many people are aware that according to competent authorities he was the "true father of comparative lexicography," "having lighted upon a truth of the greatest moment, unrecognised in his day by any scholar—the affinity of the Celtic to other European languages." Sir Walter Besant's connection with the town is the very slightest. He came there for the local colour of his "Lady of Lynn"—and left no stone unlimned. As for Captain Marryat, he dwelt at Langham, near Wells, but miles from Lynn, and it is sufficient to record of his domestic manners and customs that when a friend whom he wished to detain insisted on departing, "the Captain despatched his bloodhound after him, causing him to take

to a tree and stay in its branches all night." So much for Lynn's literary worthies, as a sample from bulk.

Mr. Dutt, however, does not merely tear pages from old books. He adds caustic and lively comments of his own. His diagnosis of Borrow is rather neat: "He was good-natured but bad-tempered, and always had a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own importance." He can correct Crabbe's botany. "But he must have been a slow-footed lover who, starting when the ling was flowering, saw the 'snow-white bloom' fall 'flaky from the thorn' before he reached his journey's end; and it was unworthy of so skilled a botanist as Crabbe to take advantage of poetic licence to the extent of making so many spring and autumn wild flowers bloom together as he does in the 'Lover's Journey.'" He indulges in sly humour at Sir Thomas Browne's taste for ancient burial urns, and thinks that a find of such things in a field at Old Walsingham would have put the best or worst of patients at a disadvantage, and doubts whether their preservation would not have been the more urgent "case." But he atones for this gibe in a passage of something like real eloquence:—

"The sight of them suddenly fanned the sinking flame of his imagination, and, after years of literary idleness, it glowed again like a gorgeous pyre, illuminating the darkest recesses of the tomb. By the light of it we see revealed the faces of Homer's heroes and old Norse vikings, of Roman emperors, and Celtic priests; and all the time the walls of the hall of death re-echo the music of a dirge-like march by which the sons of men move onward to the grave."

The reiterated assonance of "walls" and "hall," before the verb "re-echo," reveals the touch of the artist in letters. Mr. Dutt has not lingered among ancient monuments or turned the page of sepulchral eloquence in vain.

CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.*

THE position of M. Gabriel Hanotaux as a member of the French Academy is, it may be frankly admitted, due, rather to his services as a statesman than to his eminence as a man of letters. At the time of his election, indeed, the ponderable bulk of his "literary baggage" was comprised in his monograph on Cardinal Richelieu. His claims as a man of affairs were more substantial. Foreign Minister in the Dupuy, Ribot, and Méline Cabinets between 1894 and 1898, he had been one of the chief agents in the conclusion of the Franco-Russian Alliance. His candidature for the Academy in 1897 therefore involved a question of political expediency. His rejection, it was widely felt, would be something too like a criticism on the value of the *rapprochement* with Russia, to which he had been so largely instrumental.

Since his retirement from public and official life, M. Hanotaux has been best known as a frequent contributor to the Press, both Parisian and Provincial. As a journalist he shows a considerable literary proficiency, and an even more considerable caution, a caution acquired, no doubt, during his career at the Quai d'Orsay, where he was for some years a permanent official before becoming Minister. This latter quality in his work is, however, its only suggestion of the former statesman. It seldom reveals that grasp of, and insight into, political events which we expect of the trained and proved diplomatist.

This defect is especially obvious in the third volume of M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" now under review. His industry has collected an enormous mass of facts, which his want of general ideas and of historical perspective leaves a bewildering chaos, uninformed by any ordering or controlling spirit. For all its bulk, the work is rather the skeleton of a history than a history itself, a compilation of newspaper-cuttings and lifeless data rather than a philosophic and critical survey of events. To English readers a comparison at once suggests itself between the work of M. Hanotaux and that of Mr. Bodley on the same subject. Both authors are masters of a huge amount of material; but whereas Mr. Bodley has grouped his in the light of several "architectonic ideas," has disposed his facts in a manner really constructive, M. Hanotaux has been content to arrange his in an elaborate chronological table and to leave to the reader the task of digestion and discrimination of values. In the whole volume, the only portion seeming to rise above this criticism is the fifth chapter, a review of the Constitution of 1875. It is this Constitution,

* "Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. Vol. III. Translated from the French. A. Constable and Co., Ltd. 15s. net.

scarcely modified, under which the France of to-day exists, and which, in right of mere durability, is the most interesting and valuable of any French constitutional experiment since the Revolution. Here M. Hanotaux is worthy of attention. The chapter, however, is only forty pages in length, the whole volume over six hundred!

The period covered, from May, 1874, to May, 1877, is, of course, excessively complicated and difficult. The merest *résumé* of political events in France between these terms will convince us of that. A year before the earlier date, M. Thiers had been overthrown by the Right, which section of the National Assembly, ignorant how to utilise the power of its majority, had wasted the fruits of conquest. The Duc de Broglie, representing the Right Centre, was, in May, 1874, defeated by a coalition which united the extreme Royalists, supporters of Divine Right, the Bonapartists, beginning to recover some of their lost prestige, and a certain number of Republicans. A reactionary Cabinet, led by General de Cissey, then held office for a year. Meanwhile the National Assembly began to discuss the Constitution. The various sections of the Right, unable to agree on any particular form of monarchical *régime*, rendered inevitable the adoption of a Republican Constitution as a provisional arrangement, the permanence of which was resolved on by the Republicans as the bye-elections strengthened their hands. In 1875 the Constitution was voted by the National Assembly, which continued to govern France till March, 1876, with a Ministry under M. Buffet. The first elections under the new Constitution took place in February of that year, and, under the growing influence of Gambetta, were favourable to the Republicans, the majority in the Chamber being the famous 363, though the Senate was distinctly reactionary. M. Dufaure, first Premier, under the title of President of the Council, was a Liberal of the old school. Born under the Directory, he had lived through all the subsequent phases of the Revolution. His policy of compromise and conciliation, however, left him "caught between the Chamber and the Senate," and having suffered defeat in both, he offered his resignation to the Marshal-President in December, 1876. The latter now called upon Jules Simon to form a Ministry, which was of distinctly moderate composition, the Duc Decazes being retained as Foreign Minister. However, MacMahon had decided to break with the Republican majority, and on May 16th, 1877, a letter from him to Jules Simon announced the latter's dismissal. This was the famous *Coup d'Etat* of the *Seize Mai*. With this important event the volume closes.

The complex history revealed in this barest of outlines is certainly not simplified or elucidated by M. Hanotaux's method of presentation. The essential and unessential, the events and influences pregnant for the future, and those sterile even for the moment, are brought before us on one dead level of colourless accuracy. In its effort to focus so many objects, the eye of the mind becomes first confused, afterwards wholly unresponsive.

Space forbids us to consider M. Hanotaux's treatment of foreign affairs, but it is pleasant to note his grateful recognition of the part played by the Queen and Government of this country in the war scare of 1875, when Bismarck threatened to fall again upon his victim of '70. In view of recent events there is also considerable interest in those portions which deal with Ultramontane pretensions and with the hostility of the Vatican and French bishops to the young Republic. When Jules Simon, one of the best friends of the Catholic Church in France, was, with their usual fatuity, treated by the clericals as an enemy, then were laid the germs of that ardent anti-clericalism of which to-day we see the development.

The English translator surely deserves a better reward than anonymity. His or her work is on the whole done in excellent style. The version is easy and readable, and such errors as we have observed are the result of a too curious fidelity to M. Hanotaux's French. For example, M. Hanotaux speaks of Lord Hartington and Disraeli as in the House of Lords in 1875, and the English translation preserves the misstatement. Again, the French text disfigures the famous editor of the "Times" as M. "Delannes," a slip carefully repeated (p. 251). There are also a number of imperfections in the index.

LIVING SERMONS.*

In the great change that has come about in religious thought in recent years, a feature full of hope for the future is the remarkable way in which representatives of very different schools of theology and ecclesiastical association are found to be drawing nearer to each other in their attempts to restate in the language of to-day the ultimate realities of religion and the relation of faith to life. This is a *rapprochement* which involves something much deeper than the recognition of a common foe in the selfish materialism against which, at its best, all religion is a protest: still less does it imply indifference as to dogma or to the intellectual expression of the inner life. It is rather the outcome at once of a deepening consciousness of the fundamentals of the Christian religion and a growing apprehension of the inadequacy of language and of any individual mind to express them fully, which has led men to see in other systems than their own an honest endeavour to express some aspect of the truths which transcend them all, even though they may to some extent be immanent in all.

This consciousness, and with it a strong sense of the historic importance for the development of thought and for the spiritual life of humanity both of the Catholic Church as a whole and of the schisms and divisions which have arisen along the ages within it and around it, characterises the remarkable volume of sermons by the Rev. A. L. Lilley, which has recently been published under the title of "*Adventus Regni*." The sermons deal with the parables of the Kingdom, one parable forming the theme sometimes of several addresses, and the vigour of thought and depth of insight which mark them bear witness to Mr. Lilley's power as a preacher.

Exposition of the teaching of Christ on the true greatness which expresses itself in service, and on the fellowship of His disciples as an earnest of the fellowship of humanity, characterises the passages in which the preacher deals with relations of the Church to the world and to social reform, in such sermons as those on the draw-net, the labourers in the vineyard, the rich fool and the precedence of the guests; while, as one reads, one is sensible once again of the inexhaustible freshness of the Master's words which form the theme of the discourse.

MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & Co. have done well to publish a pocket, india-paper edition of Froude's brilliant "*Short Studies on Great Subjects*" in five attractively got-up volumes at two shillings each. These studies have stood the test of nearly half a century, and are as fresh and living to-day as when they came from Froude's pen. Granted that the writer was singularly happy in his choice of topics, it is no less true that his vigorous mind and perfect style would have made the dry bones of any subject live. For sheer mastery of words, for ease, lucidity, and strength, Froude is only excelled by Swift, and "*Ireland Since the Union*" or "*On the Uses of a Landed Gentry*" may stand beside "*The Conduct of the Allies*" without shame. The essays, written at intervals between 1852 and 1882, "contain my thoughts, cast in various forms, on the problems with which the present generation has been perplexed." The period was one of immense change—change spiritual, change moral, social, and political. The foundations in every department of thought had broken up, and the disintegration of opinion was so rapid "that wise men and foolish" were equally ignorant where the close of the waning century would find them. The nation, as Froude saw it, was embarked on an irresistible current, and his studies were the observations and experiences of "a single voyager" drawing near the end of his own journey. They contain some of his best and ripest work; nothing sprang more directly from his heart than "*A Fortnight in Kerry*" or is more pregnant with the best wisdom than "*A Siding at a Railway Station*." Those who know the Studies with the intimacy of affection will be glad to have them in this new and attractive form; those who have yet to be introduced to them could not make their acquaintance in pleasanter dress.

* "*Adventus Regni*: Being Sermons, chiefly on the Parables of the Kingdom, preached at St. Mary's, Paddington Green." By A. L. Lilley. 8vo. F. Griffiths. ("English Preachers.")

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THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

SOME years ago Mr. James Prior in "Forest Folk" wrote one of the best novels of country life our generation has produced. It was not especially remarked on by the reviewers, and small wonder. Solid, honest in workmanship, framed with a cunning experience of the hard realities of the countryman's life, it stood among modern novels much as a piece of farmhouse oaken furniture stands among the glued and gimcrack rubbish of these manufacturing days. Its fate was the fate of that finely unconventional novel of Richard Jefferies, "Amaryllis at the Fair," which has been passed over by our tasteless generation. But in "Forest Folk" Mr. James Prior showed himself of the elect, and "A Walking Gentleman" confirms the enthusiasm a few critics felt for the former work six years ago. "A Walking Gentleman" is by no means a perfect thing, but it is the rare genuine thing, which is almost, if not quite, as good.

"Not for the middle classes" would perhaps be the most apt designation of the novel. For what is simply human, frank, direct in observation of life, free from idealistic gilding, and the stucco of patent unrealities, seems to be out of middle-class favour. And Mr. Prior's novel chronicles in most simple and forcible style the racy coarseness, the slang and roadside gibes, of Nottinghamshire labourers, harvesters, pit-hands, tramps, stonebreakers, beanfeasters; chronicles, in short, the humours of the democracy, fasting, feasting, fighting, stomaching everything that comes in the day's work. Mr. Prior is a master of "low life," as the eighteenth century styled it, but let not the reader run away with the idea that his novel is therefore unrefined, unfit for polite reading. Oh, dear, no! His novel is a test of the reader's mental quality, and the Misses Pole, the "Polite Finer Shades" of Meredith's "Sandra Belloni," would have condemned it as unreservedly as Lady Charlotte would have delighted in it. For in "A Walking Gentleman" the author breaks through the flimsy skin of appearances and appeals to the essential man in all of us, to our appetite for adventure, to our depth of heart, to our capacity for wholesome laughter, to our sense of human comradeship. And that is why the novel is not for the man who is ashamed of his own feelings and nervously expert at dodging reality.

The hero of the novel, Lord Bailey, overcome with a feeling of unutterable boredom, and depressed because he is "within twenty-eight hours of wedlock" with a woman, Lady Sarah Sallis, whom he likes but does not love, in a fit of mental vacuity, leaves The Towers one fine morning and faces the open road. To escape from himself, he plunges into companionship with a party of factory hands beanfeasting, passes the night out, and by a series of accidents leaves his bride to face the position of reaching and leaving the church doors without a bridegroom. Finding himself unable to explain, and not wishing to explain anything, he hides his whereabouts from his friends, hobnobs with vagrants, carters, miners, stonebreakers, &c., and enters on the odyssey of hard times which is destined to make a new man of him. Mr. Prior by his treatment of this odd passage in a man's ordinary life, and his breaking-away from the clinging mesh of habit, shows rare psychological insight into the obscure sensations of a suffering spirit in a fatigued body. We believe in Lord Bailey from the first page, not so much in the man's character as in the sequence of sensations which assail him while he is exposed to the abnormal vicissitudes of his wandering life. The author catches with an unerring instinct the eerie feelings of a man's twilight consciousness, and the agitations of obscure and sick terror in the face of complete isolation at night, when, worn out and lost in unknown country, the wanderer tries vainly to escape back to human life. Mr. Prior has a poetic sense of landscape, of the fugitive effects of dawn and dusk that is really quite remarkable. It is this strange mingling of romance and realism that makes his novel, and gives it an individuality all its own. The direct and striking realism of the talk of Nottinghamshire rustics is quite Hogarthian in its force, and nobody in our day, we venture to say, has come so close to the labouring man's density of brain with his shrewd faculty of dealing out home truths.

* "A Walking Gentleman." By James Prior. Constable & Co. 6s.

The coarse surface of rural life, the half-animal passions, the cautious stolidity that amounts to cowardice, the harshness and hardness of the field labourer's view along with all the better instincts that quickly respond on occasion, these are admirably drawn by Mr. Prior, and in the aristocratic Lord Bailey's sensitiveness and truth of feeling, he has found the artistic contrast and measuring standard. With all the praise we give to "A Walking Gentleman," and it is difficult to overpraise the quality of this performance, it must be added that if Mr. Prior has not written a masterpiece it is because his faculty of self-criticism is not particularly strong. Whenever he touches on middle-class life he jars. Whenever he passes from the real life of the country people, which he knows so intimately, to the extravagances of cityfied vagabonds, such as the nigger minstrel Sambo, and Jack the tramp, his work loses sureness of touch, and becomes at times even a little vulgar. The chapters dealing with Lord Bailey's experiences with Sambo are not worthy to stand with the rest. We feel that the humour is forced, the talk not quite natural, the human observation often at fault. Perhaps a fourth of the book could be pruned away, with great advantage to the rest. But in the remainder the play of humour and insight is a perpetual feast. Though no quotation can give much idea of the novel's atmosphere, we quote a passage that describes a quarrel between rustics greedily eager for the hundred pounds reward offered for the discovery of Lord Bailey:—

"That theer hunderd pound's mine," said the middle-aged; "my lad fun' 'im out."

With heavy activity he rose to his feet.

"Twere my paper," said his junior, who, starting later, was on his feet as soon.

"What's the paper got to do wee't?"

"What's your lad got to do wee't?"

The old man came up too, saying:

"It belungs all on's, we're all in co for't, by raison an' by natur'."

"If yo stop an' faight now, fayther," said the boy, "the mester ull mizzle."

Thick-head that he was the father saw the force of the reasoning, and turned his ireful face from opposition to his comrade. Both ran in pursuit. The boy followed, the old man came last; the dog, seeing the prevalent excitement, rushed ahead barking; then stopped and looked back with a what-can-I-do-for-you expression, as if distracted between imaginations of rats, stray sheep, hostile dogs, and felonious strangers. At which, and the loud holloaing of the men, Bailey turned, as the lighter man got within arm's length. But before he had spoken his rival was level with him, so much had greed stood him instead of agility.

"Who be yer?"

"Be yer Lord Bailey?"

As their utterances were simultaneous, so his answer was joint.

"I decline to answer."

The quietude of his speech and bearing abashed them; they stood not knowing what to do except damn the dog for barking; until presently the old man arrived and thrust breathlessly into the conference.

"We mun tek 'im to the pinfo'd," he gasped.

The boy aimed his stone before he aimed his retort.

"He'd ger out; like a scooperell. Fayther, tek 'im to the pleeceman."

Straightway the father's heavy hand was on the peer's right shoulder.

"Yo mun coom wi' me."

As quick was Dick to hook himself to the peer's left arm.

"An' wi' me."

"An' me an' all," squeaked the oldster behind, taking an eager, trembling hold on Bailey's belt. "I may a third."

"How can yer?" said the youngest. "Baint yer on th' parish?"

"That shan't stan' in th' road; I'll goo off the parish."

"Oad Sim Wood'us," said Nat, clenching his fist and gathering his brows, "if yer doan't tek yer damned wezzened oad hand off'n 'im I'll bash yer oad brains out for to muck the ground wee'."

Old Sim Woodhouse shrank back but a very little, so nearly did greed balance fear.

"Dick Pres'on, the man's mine; let 'im goo."

"I wain't," said Dick Preston, with a rising choleric redness. "M'appen, Nat Ragdale, yo think yo're head Sir Rag?"

The two began to threaten and curse, hustle and haul.

"Listen to me, you two dunderheads," said Lord Bailey; and perforce they listened. "I don't particularly object to going to the police-station with you, since you think well to take that urchin's advice; but understand that I'm not obliged to go and that I go in my own way or not at all. Remove your hand." Dick's hand was off even while he meditated refusal. "And yours." Nat Ragdale's grasp was loosened almost before he spoke. "Now then! Do you wish to go?"

"Ay," said Dick.

"Of coorse I do," said Nat.

"We agree to that," said Sim Woodhouse.

"Then keep that dog quiet and lead the way."

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

FOR many readers the most interesting chapter in "Some Dorset Manor Houses: With Their Literary and Historical Associations," by Sidney Heath and W. De C. Prideaux (Bemrose), will be the last. It describes Wool Manor House, the house to which Angel Clare took Tess on the day of their wedding, and in the kitchen of which she made the confession related with such tragic force by Mr. Hardy. The house, we are told in Hutchins's "History of Dorset," anciently belonged to the Abbey of Bindon, and "was granted, 32 Henry VIII., to Sir Thomas Poynings, and thence to his brother, Sir Adrian. Hence it came to the Turbervilles, 20 Eliz. John, son and heir of Thomas Turberville, held it, with the manor Winterburn Musterton and lands in Bere Regis; the same person held it 31 Eliz. This farm, with the manor of Bere, were purchased from the heirs of Turberville by Henry Drax, Esq., and in 1862 belongs to his heirs." Although neither Hutchins nor the authors of the present volume mention the fact, it seems probable that the Poynings referred to was the son of Sir Edward Poynings, who gave his name to the two famous Poynings' Laws which were for nearly three centuries the basis of English rule in Ireland. The most noteworthy of the Turbervilles (excepting Tess) was George Turberville, secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Russia. His description of the manners and customs of the Russian people was published in Hakluyt's "Voyages," and his translation of Ovid into English verse was also celebrated in its day. The other manor houses described in the volume give the authors an opportunity for indulging in much pleasant gossip, but we regret that they have not stretched their net wider and included some of the smaller manors in which Dorset is so rich. As it is, there are only twenty houses dealt with—an absurdly small number considering the resources at the authors' disposal. Within the limits which they have fixed for themselves Mr. Heath and Mr. Prideaux are quite at home, and the pleasantly written accounts of the places they have chosen are delightful reading. The reproductions of memorial brasses from rubbings made by Mr. Prideaux are finely done, and add greatly to the value of the book.

* * *

MRS. ELEANOR C. SMYTH explains that the main facts in her Life of her father, published under the title "Sir Rowland Hill: The Story of a Great Reform" (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), are taken from Dr. Birkbeck Hill's elaborate "Life of Sir Rowland Hill and History of Penny Postage." She had permission from Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who was her cousin, to take from his pages such materials as she cared to incorporate, but her book has a special interest as being written by "the one of my father's children most intimately associated with his home life," and therefore enjoying special opportunities of knowing his life-work. In an excellent introduction she touches upon the literary, artistic, and scientific men with whom her father was intimate, among the former being De Quincey, who, she tells us, was once, while under the influence of opium, discovered by Sir Rowland Hill and a friend hiding in an East End slum, under the wholly erroneous impression that "enemies" were seeking to molest him. The remainder of the book gives an excellent account of the Postal Reform movement, and Sir Rowland Hill's struggles against an opposition which now seems incredible. The difficulties he had to face were enormous, and the influences brought to bear against him may be gathered from the fact that Lord Canning, when Postmaster-General, thought it right to mention that Sir Rowland Hill had "enemies in high places," who made every endeavour to prejudice the Postmaster-General against him. Mrs. Smyth's readable volume is a worthy tribute to her father's memory.

* * *

"NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD PARIS," by Georges Cain, with a preface by Victorien Sardou (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net), is a gossip collection of facts and anecdotes about the famous streets and buildings of one of the most fascinating cities in the world. M. Cain, who is the curator of the Carnavalet Museum, knows his Paris well, and writes about it with gusto. He has a particular fondness for the places now haunted by booksellers, and pays a deserved tribute to the publisher Flammarion, whose gener-

ously displayed volumes in the arcades of the Odéon have attracted countless readers. It is said that an old book-lover of narrow purse owned that he had read the whole of Darwin's "Origin of Species" while standing in front of the stall. Even more interesting than M. Cain's text are the large number of illustrations. There are more than a hundred of them, and although the *raison d'être* of some of them in the book—such, for instance, as the portrait of Alfred de Musset at the age of twenty-three—is not obvious, the greater number will be welcomed by most readers. Unfortunately, the translator's part is not well performed. In many cases he seems unable to render a French idiom by a corresponding English one, while in others he gives irritating renderings of the names of places such as Vosges-square for the Place de Vosges.

* * *

AN exciting book of travel and adventure is "The Long Labrador Trail," by Dillon Wallace (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Wallace, with five companions, started on his expedition in June, 1905 and got back to Eskimo Point in the April of the following year, having traversed in a little over eleven months nearly three thousand miles of unexplored territory. The details of the travelling are profoundly interesting. The explorers had many difficulties to overcome; their provisions fell short, more than once they lost the trail, and the cold was often intense. Mr. Wallace had peculiar opportunities of observing the Indians and Eskimos, and his chapters on their customs and beliefs are among the most interesting in the book. There are a number of illustrations from photographs which give a capital idea of the beauty of the empty land over which Mr. Wallace and his companions journeyed.

* * *

"SIR GAWAIN AND THE LADY OF LYS," translated by Jessie L. Weston (Nutt, 2s. net), is the seventh volume in the series of Arthurian romances not represented in Malory. The stories, "Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys" and "Castle Orguellous," which it contains together with "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," included in the first volume of the series, belong, Miss Weston thinks, to an early collection of poems dealing with the feats of Sir Gawain and his kin. Miss Weston has an enthusiastic admiration for her hero, and wishes that students of Malory would, despite the fascination of his noble style, lay him aside for a short time and, turning back to the true Arthurian legend, learn at last to do justice to one of the most gracious and picturesque figures in literature. Certainly the stories she gives us stir our admiration for the valiant and generous Sir Gawain who is their hero.

* * *

A NUMBER of interesting reprints have recently appeared. Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a finely illustrated edition in two volumes of George Eliot's "Romola" (10s. net), with an introduction and notes by Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Laurentian Library, Florence; Mr. Dent issues Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" in his "English Idylls" series, with beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. C. E. Brock; Messrs. George Bell have added Ranke's "History of the Popes," George Ebers' "An Egyptian Princess," and Hooper's "Waterloo" (2s. net each volume) to their "York Library"—a great improvement in appearance and ease in handling to "Bohn"; and from Messrs. Chapman and Hall comes a welcome reprint in handy form of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" (2s. net). All these are standard works, and the publishers have issued them in a form which can be recommended to those who do not possess copies, or who wisely think that a book is one of the best presents one can make to a friend.

* * *

OF making books about Venice there is no end, but most readers will be glad to have a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's "Studies in Venetian History" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net). His book is inspired by a genuine love of Venice, and is the work of one who is deeply versed in her romantic history. It has already won recognition in a more expensive form, so that there is no need to enlarge upon its merits. We can only recommend to those interested in Venetian history who do not already possess a copy this delightful volume from the pen of a writer who has also won distinction in other fields.

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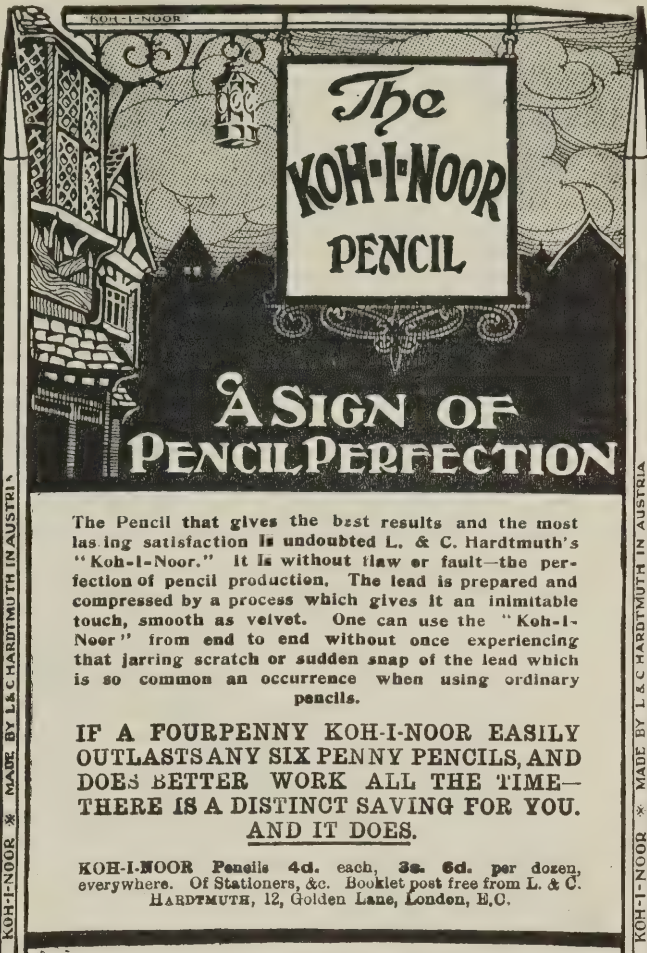
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THIS has been one of the stormiest weeks in modern financial history. I have several times said of late that the monetary position here is far better than last year, if we judge merely by the strength of the Bank of England's gold reserve, which is usually a fair index to the state of the money market. But I have always added that the fair weather might be disturbed by collapses of credit in one of the great financial centres, such as New York or Berlin. The failures in Amsterdam and Hamburg, and the collapse of copper speculation in Boston and New York, were the heralds of the great panic in New York, which began on Tuesday with the run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company. In England a run on a bank means a run for gold. It was by playing on the fears of the Government and advising the people to "go for gold" that Francis Place helped to pass the Reform Bill of 1832. But a "run" on an American Bank means a run for paper and silver. It is just as terrible a thing. It marks the collapse of the fabric of credit. No bank, of course, can hope to keep all its resources liquid; and where the currency is in a chaotic and disorganised condition, as it is in the United States, institutions which incur popular suspicion at a time of crisis are doomed.

A brief description of the situation in New York and of the run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company will be found in the "Notes" at the commencement of THE NATION. I am only concerned here with the probable future, especially as they affect us here. The difficulties in Manchester have been solved, as I intimated last week, by a banking amalgamation, which absorbs the Lancaster Banking Company in the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank. So far as London is concerned, no serious difficulties are anticipated at present. The Stock Exchange is in a very cheerful mood, and I have heard leading brokers congratulating themselves on the emancipation of London from the United States. Certainly the amount of American paper financed in London has been much reduced. But there are many loans whose margins have run off, and certain institutions will have to nurse depreciated securities for a long time to come. It would be too much to hope that London will be unaffected by the crash in New York. Its echoes will be heard soon; but we are not likely to see anything like the *debacle* that is taking place across the Atlantic.

Our great safeguard is our free trade system, which makes it difficult for any concern to bolster itself up on artificial props. Our finance houses live and thrive or pine and die on their merits—on their successes and failures in open competition. We have very few rotten houses of importance that really compete with the banks after the fashion of the trust companies of New York. And all branches of our commerce are kept sound and healthy by the ever-present medicine of foreign competition. They tell me in the City that the Amsterdam crisis is now mending, and that the banks there are beginning to introduce a reformed plan, which will put an end to the system of serving out rubbishy securities to the foolish boors in the country districts. The Hamburg affair is more ominous, and I am afraid that the position in Berlin and some other banking centres of Germany is rather bad. The German banks are partners in all sorts of speculative concerns, and there would have been some open disturbances ere now were it not for the Prussian system of administration. If depositors take fright in Germany, I imagine that the police would be told to arrest them as they ran on the bank, and the bank would be heavily fined if it attempted to pay its depositors in gold! Of course, this artificiality really makes the banking position in Germany more dangerous as a whole; but it also makes it more difficult to predict exactly where and how the mischief will come to the surface. Certainly to the student international finance has never presented so many complex and fascinating problems. If I were asked to point out weak spots at home, I should mention the Kaffir Market, the firms which speculate in metals and in Canadian securities, and Metropolitan railway interests. The firmness of Consols is a mainstay, and reflects

great credit on Mr. Asquith, whose big-sinking fund naturally inspires confidence. The twaddle about Socialism hardly deceives anyone, and even the Tory journals can scarcely bring themselves to support the railway directors in their refusal to confer with the Amalgamated Society.

THE FOOD PROBLEM AND STRIKES IN JAPAN.

According to a Japanese statistician, the cost of living has risen in the last ten years about 36 per cent. in Japan, and 42 per cent. in the United States. The price of rice, the staple food, last month was 20 per cent. higher in Japan than a year ago. Salt, soy, and other necessities of life have also risen, but wages remain unchanged. I commend this to our Tariff Reformers, who seem to imagine that when Protection has raised prices the manufacturers will be able to raise wages. The consequence in Japan is that there has been a serious crop of strikes in the industrial centres. The following account is translated from the "Osaka Mainichi," one of the best Japanese newspapers:—

"On January 14th, 30 employees of tailoring shops in Yamaguchi and a number of story-tellers went on strike for an increase of wages; on the 15th, 500 workers employed in sugar-refining in Osaka struck for an increase of wages and better treatment; on the 17th, the employees of the Takamatsu Electric Light Company left their work; on February 1st, 400 cotton printing operatives in Tokyo demanded an increase of wages by 30 per cent.; and 1,170 operatives in the Miike spinning mill also struck; on the 6th, carpenters and blacksmiths in Miike ceased work; on the 12th, 53 carriers in the Kyoto General Post Office struck; on the 16th, 800 operatives at the Mitsu Bishi Shipbuilding Yard at Nagasaki and 500 workers at the Ikuno mine struck work; on the 21st, the hands of the Horonai colliery struck; on March 3rd, 200 workers at the Shingu colliery in Kishu struck; on the 4th the Ashio copper mines workers struck and created a disturbance; on the 6th, 600 workers at the Ikushunetsu colliery in the Hokkaido struck; about 1,000 men at a gold mine in Niigata Prefecture also struck; on the 11th, all the workers at the Uraga Dock Yard; on June 6th, workers at the Besshi copper mine; on July 1st, 21 workers at the Yubari colliery; and between the 30th ultimo and the 2nd instant the workers at the Ikuno silver mine refused to work."

The grievance of the Ikuno miners is definitely stated to be the high price of rice supplied by the mine office. On the occasion of the last strike the office agreed to supply the men with rice at a low price, but they are charged 16 sen per sho. The men expected that they would have to pay from 8 to 10 sen, as at other mines. The strikers sent in an application accordingly, and, failing to receive satisfaction, went on strike. The market price of rice, it should be added, has risen to 19 or 20 sen per sho for the lower qualities; so the mine owners were naturally impelled to break their bargain. It is a good object lesson on the way in which the cost of food, like the cost of coal or raw material, enters into prices. A rise in the price of food is probably the worst thing that can happen to a manufacturing country.

A THEORY OF EXPORTS.

Another mistake of the Tariff Reformers was in choosing exports as the true test of prosperity. They used to deplore the excess of imports and the slow growth of exports. But for some time this has been reversed. A clever American economist has been pointing out that our Board of Trade returns for September, compared with recent American and German statistics, pointed to a new development in international trade balances, which will sadly perplex Mr. Hewins and his staff. The returns show, he said, an increase in exports over the same month last year of 26,000,000 dol., reducing the excess of imports to 50,000,000 dol., the smallest of any month since before the Boer War. Last year's September excess of imports was 72,717,000 dol.; in 1903 it was 110,675,000 dol. What, he asks, has brought about this extraordinary change? For one thing, he points out, by way of answer, England has not forced prices in her home market to abnormal levels; this has had the double result of keeping imports down—they hardly increased at all over September, 1906, and of getting a foreign market for its manufactures. But this is not all; the extraordinary increase in home consumption of merchandise, elsewhere than in England, and notably in Germany and in the United States, has not only forced the other great manufacturing States to import goods from Great Britain, but has left them unable to maintain their own previous export trade. What they have lost in exports of manufactures to neutral States, England has gained.



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Whisky is for internal application, Soap for external, and here again many curious comparisons might be drawn. To sum the whole matter up into a nutshell: Let your taste for Whisky be what it will, don't forget to use—

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The Nation

VOL. II., No. 5.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

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Diary of the Week.

M. STOLYPIN'S *coup d'état* has given him the Duma he asked for. Imagine that in England more than half the voting power in every constituency were given to peers and justices of the peace, and that the working classes were practically obliterated as voters, and there would be some analogy to the situation created by the revision of the franchise. Out of 327 deputies chosen up to Tuesday last, only 62 belonged to the various progressive parties. Only 25 of these are Cadets, while of the Right 166 are avowed reactionaries, and members of the monarchist and "black hundred" leagues. The Octobrists, who profess to be constitutional Conservatives, but have a way of shedding their best men, numbered 64. It is hard to form an objective judgment of the future. The parties of the Left declare that the Duma might as well not exist, and that henceforth the battle will be outside it, and the issue the complete overthrow of the present régime. Moderate men, on the other hand, point out that this Duma may sit for five years, that few of the parties are really fixed, and that the Octobrists, with the Independents and the Cadets, may perhaps form a sort of Constitutional Centre, which will be allowed to do useful work.

* * *

THE weak point in this calculation is, of course, the fact that the extremists on both sides will work for a violent crisis. The reactionaries want no Duma at all, and the Left demands a free and representative Duma. There can be no peace until the former franchise is restored. Outside the Duma the Social Democrats are working hard to build up a strong trade unionist movement, as a basis for future action. They encounter the fiercest persecution, and their progress is likely to be slow. The terrorists, on the other hand, can still work in secret. A girl of twenty murdered the Chief of the Prison Department in his office on Monday. When she was seized, she was in the act of pulling a wire which would have exploded an immense quantity of dynamite concealed in her clothes, which would have blown up herself and the whole building. On Wednesday the crew

of a destroyer at Vladivostok mutinied, led by a Jewess, and began to bombard the fortress. An engagement with four loyal vessels followed, in which the mutineer was destroyed, losing all on board but three men. The loyal officers also lost heavily. If this sort of thing continues, it is doubtful if the Duma will be allowed to do anything but discuss coercion Acts. The Government, however, assumes that a packed Duma will at once sanction a big foreign loan, and M. Iswolsky, who is in Paris, is supposed to be arranging its flotation in England and France.

* * *

THE voting in the ballot of members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants is completed, and the result will be made known at the Albert Hall demonstration to-morrow. The informal Conference of railway directors and managers with Mr. Lloyd George has been resumed, and again adjourned, which is, in itself, a not unhopeful sign. In the meantime, it is useful to bear in mind the position of trade unions as recognised by Parliament. This was well put by Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P., in a speech to his constituents at Netherfield on Monday evening. The general position of trades unionism had, he properly said, been fixed by the joint action of Conservatives and Liberals. As to the special question of the railways, in 1900 the Conservative Government passed an Act containing a clause beginning: "The Board of Trade shall consider any objection or suggestion made by or on behalf of persons who appear to them to be affected," &c., and the Liberal Act of 1893 relating to the hours of railway servants contained a similar clause. "If it is represented to the Board of Trade by or on behalf of the railway servants or any class of the servants of a railway company," &c. Mr. Ellis was perfectly familiar with all that took place with respect to that Act, and it was specifically stated by the Minister in charge of the Bill that the words "on behalf of the servants employed," meant a trade union. It is difficult, in the face of this, to resist Mr. Ellis's contention that "what is good enough for the Crown, Lords, and Commons, and a public Department of State, ought not to be ignored by a number of gentlemen sitting in the capacity of trustees for their shareholders." We notice, by the way, that the "Morning Post" favours a State Board of Conciliation for railways, and that the "Daily Mail," among other Unionist journals, favours State intervention, and rejects the railway directors' case for refusing recognition to their workers' trade unions.

* * *

THE speech-making of the week has been mostly on the Ministerial side. Mr. Harcourt declared at Rosendale on Monday that he opposed Socialism in the sense of general State ownership and the elimination of "individual effort, competition, and profit," but favoured old-age pensions, as an alternative to the brutality of the poor law. On the Marriage Act, he regretted that the Ministers had accepted the amendment which enabled the clergy to contract themselves out of its obligations, and said that the attitude of the Bishops was a "menace" to the Church which owed its existence to Parliament alone. The Bishops were the joint servants of the "Sovereign and Parliament," "who were jointly the only true and supreme head of the Church."—Mr. Haldane, speaking at Newcastle, condemned Socialism, not because he feared for property, but because its extravagance promoted reaction, and made for a return to Toryism.

ON Tuesday, Mr. Asquith, speaking at Tayport, made a valuable contribution to the case against the House of Lords. Before the Reform Bill of 1832 the Government of the country was founded on a representation of interests, the public being left out. But the Reform Bill established the will of the people as the "predominant power in the State." From that date the House of Lords, as an equal authority with the House of Commons, became a "paradox and an anachronism," and its veto must follow that of the Crown. The danger of encroachment by the Commons could be guarded, under the Government's plan, by the reduction of the duration of Parliaments from seven to five years. The Lords would gain by a limitation of their powers, and then, as the letters of Queen Victoria showed, there remained the revising, suggestive, and critical powers of the Crown, exercised in all Departments of the State. We cannot help thinking that in foreign affairs this power was exercised in excess, and that the famous "Letters" present a case for an increase of the power of the House of Commons over foreign policy.

* * *

ON Saturday last Mr. Haldane presented to the King a brilliant, almost an orchidaceous, array of the Lord-Lieutenants of England, Wales, and Scotland, that his Majesty might expound to them their responsibilities in connection with the Territorial Army. The King explained that in the hands of these gentlemen would lie the raising, equipment, and maintenance of this "second line" of the Army, the provision of rifle ranges, drill halls, and manoeuvring grounds, the guardianship of reservists and old soldiers. To these charges the King added a new duty, namely, the "fostering of a spirit of patriotic and voluntary effort." We are glad to see marked stress laid on the voluntary character of the new organisation, but it is too aristocratic, and we doubt whether the Lord Lieutenants ensure a sufficiently practical basis for it. Does Mr. Haldane realise how largely even the ablest of the Lord-Lieutenants—*e.g.*, Lord Leicester in Norfolk—are divorced from the administrative life of their counties?

* * *

LORD CROMER was presented with the freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall, on Monday, in the presence of Sir Edward Grey and other Cabinet Ministers, and made a powerful but discursive and somewhat unbalanced political speech. He declared in favour of the policy of the Russian agreement, insisting that the question of internal freedom in Russia had a mere "academic" interest for Englishmen, whose foreign policy should depend on material considerations. This dictum, by the way, cuts not merely at Gladstone's conception of the basis of foreign policy, but at Lord Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's idea that, in the main, British action in Europe should be anti-despotic. Lord Cromer also hoped that his successor in Egypt, Sir Eldon Gorst, would pay no heed to "faddists" in London, who were supported by "a numerous tribe" in Egypt. He spoke with just pride of the great engineering achievement on the Nile, which has saved a people from starvation. He inveighed against Nationalist "extremists" in Cairo; "as also in Calcutta and in Dublin," and hoped that "agitators" in India would be kept "well in hand" by Mr. Morley and Lord Minto. This rather crude Bismarckianism is characteristic of Lord Cromer's later speech, but is not, we think, the distinctive mark of his vice-regency in Egypt.

* * *

ON Tuesday, the Berlin Court gave a verdict for the defendant in the libel action brought by Count Kuno von Moltke against Herr Harden, the Editor of "Zukunft." It found that his accusations of perverted tendencies were substantially true, and con-

demned the plaintiff to pay the costs of the action. The real interest of the case lay less in the disgusting revelations of perversion to which it gave publicity, than in the political issue behind it. Herr Harden, whose vigorous pen was often employed by the late Prince Bismarck, had charged Prince Eulenburg and Counts Moltke, Hohenau, and Lynar, with Herr von Tschirschky, and the French diplomatist M. Lecomte as accessory members, with forming a "round table" or camarilla, which surrounded the Emperor, influenced his thinking, and made and unmade Chancellors. That vague revelation produced no effect, and he then went on to accuse all the friends of perverted instincts, and some of them of criminal practices. These articles, brought to the Kaiser's notice by the Crown Prince, led to the prompt disgrace of all four officers. But of the four, Count Moltke alone, undoubtedly the least guilty of them, took any action to defend his honour. The others refused to attend the Court as witnesses, and the case against them may be considered as having gone by default.

* * *

PRINCE BUELOW was originally a protégé of Prince Eulenburg, but they quarrelled during the Moroccan affair. Prince Eulenburg, through a newspaper which often acted as his organ, announced, last November, that Prince Bülow would probably be succeeded shortly by one of the Moltkes as Chancellor. Prince Bülow, realising that the fate of Bismarck and Caprivi, whom Prince Eulenburg had destroyed, was reserved for him, turned to the Bismarckian group for aid. Herr Basermann, the National Liberal leader, began to fulminate against "personal rule," and Herr Harden exposed the Eulenburg Camarilla. How little outraged morality had to do with the campaign we may judge from the fact that Prince Bülow was originally an ally of Prince Eulenburg, and that Herr Harden boasts that all the disgusting facts had been in his possession for five years. Most of the German Press is dissatisfied with the conduct of the trial, and disgusted at this use of personal accusations to serve political ends. The scandal is by no means at an end. Count Moltke has lodged an appeal, and Prince Bülow is himself prosecuting a journalist who has made like charges against himself. This affair deals only with one of the many personal intrigues of which Count Bülow was the butt, and to an outsider it is difficult to follow the part which Count Posadowsky, Herr Holstein, and Herr von Tschirschky—all now fallen—played in them.

* * *

THERE has been nothing from America quite so sensational as the run on the Knickerbocker Trust, which we described last week. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the run on the Knickerbocker Trust exhausted the descriptive powers of the American reporter. We have just received, however, a copy of the "New York Journal of Commerce" for October 24th, which tells how "Trust Company of America Withstands Big Run." We learn how, from early morn till dewy eve, a crowd such as has not been seen in that district for twenty years surged before the palatial home of the Trust Company of America. "Five hundred were depositors—or ostensibly so; the other thousands came to enjoy the spectacle of a full-blooded 'run' on a financial institution." From Trinity Church all the way to the old Custom House was lined with sightseers. Many mounted the steps of the Treasury Building, from which coign of vantage they could not only watch the proceedings at 37, Wall Street, but also "the stream of important visitors to the financial forum, where J. Pierpont Morgan was in masterful command." The Stock Exchange was swayed by the siege farther along the street; if the enemy, *i.e.*, the alarmed depositors, could be successfully met, then stocks were worth holding; if not, they had better be sold. At the end

of the day the citadel had not fallen. Though there has been no single calamity this week so serious as the closing of the Knickerbocker Trust, the news from the States has been anything but reassuring.

* * *

THE Pittsburg Stock Exchange has been closed for days—ever since receivers were appointed for the Westinghouse Companies. From all the great cities, East, South, and West, trouble is reported. On Wednesday the Californian Safe Deposit and Trust Company in San Francisco closed its doors, and on the following day the panic was so great there that the Governor of California proclaimed a legal holiday and intimated that he would do so daily until confidence was restored. This means that he will allow the Banks to remain closed. Reuter states: "It is generally believed that neither all the eighteen banks in the Clearing House nor all the banks outside it will observe the holiday." From a political point of view, the crisis is said to have already injured the reputation of President Roosevelt, who seems to have made a rather foolish speech immediately after the crash began. On the other hand Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, has won golden opinions. Among the financiers the lead has been taken by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

* * *

ON Tuesday a body of writers, who may fairly be said to include all living British dramatic authors of repute and distinction, signed a petition to the Prime Minister in favour of the abolition of the office of Censor of Plays. A deputation from this powerful body is shortly to see Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The authors were not joined by the managers, who are content with the purely commercial drama, usually trivial, and not seldom indelicate in tone, which flourishes under the present system, and under which responsibility is shifted from their shoulders to those of the Censor, while the author works at his peril. But the movement is important, for it marks the first organised intervention of literary England in the affairs of the stage. The signatories lay stress on the unconstitutional character of the Censorship, and on the absence of publicity or appeal, and they declare that in effect, so far from protecting morality, it has "tended to lower the dramatic tone." They do not bar the intervention of a representative body, but they protest against "arbitrary action by an official answerable neither to Parliament nor to the ordinary law." The memorial is signed by the three greatest names in current English literature—Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Hardy—and by the acknowledged representatives of nearly every school of modern British drama.

* * *

ON Saturday last, in a thick fog, a railway accident took place at West Hampstead Station, on the Metropolitan Railway, by which three persons were killed and a number of others injured. The accident, which is the first of the sort to happen on the Metropolitan line since the adoption of electric traction, seems to have been due to a want of proper caution on the part of the signalman, though the evidence at the inquiry also points to a defect in the system of signalling. The Board of Trade very properly decided that the inquiry should be held in public, as the accident took place in London, where there are so many of the travelling public, and also because the accident followed so close after the terrible disaster at Shrewsbury.

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THE project of a Channel ferry, as an alternative to the defeated plan of a Channel tunnel, has been revived during the week, and Lord Weardale, heading deputations to Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, has been

informed by both of them that the idea is unobjectionable, "if feasible." Its essential feature would no doubt be the construction of vessels large enough to carry a train, which would run straight on to the ferry-boat in Dover Harbour, and, on arriving at Calais, steam on to Paris or Basle on the rails of the Northern Company of France without any unshipment of passengers or merchandise. This would imply the gain of about an hour on the journey from London to Paris, and would greatly increase the stream of Continental traffic. But it would give nothing like the enormous impetus to it which a tunnel would create.

* * *

WE commented recently on a case in which a young Bengali student had been judicially flogged for rioting in Calcutta. It was not an isolated case. The "Tribune's" correspondent reports that "the boys concerned in the [recent] disturbances [there] are being condemned to be whipped." Mr. Morley, who told Sir Henry Cotton last session that he was considering the whole subject of public judicial flogging in India, has replied this week to the Humanitarian League that he is still deliberating; but we have complete confidence that he will stop the practice. It is easy to laugh at the political zeal of "boys," but when the Russian police flogged the pupils of high schools in Moscow, the English Press did not laugh: it denounced. Boys who are old enough to care about politics are capable of resentment; and boys become men without losing their memories. In India they mature quickly.

* * *

WE understand that the report in the "Times" of Tuesday last regarding the excommunication of Father Tyrrell is an accurate account of what has happened, and that the modified statements appearing in other journals fall short of the truth. The sentence pronounced is technically known as the lesser excommunication, according to which the person under censure is forbidden to approach the sacraments, though the faithful are still allowed to hold communication with him. By this victory of the party of reaction, the Roman Church is deprived of the services of her greatest master of style and subtlest apologist since Newman. The incident is another event in the obscurantist policy which drove Lamennais and Döllinger out of the Church, persecuted Newman, placed Lord Acton's books upon the Index, and barred out the "Americanist" and now the "Modernist" movements.

* * *

MR. GERALD MASSEY, the poet and Radical writer, died on Tuesday at the age of 79. The present age hardly knew this vigorous and sincere poetic worker, whose best-known lyrics belong to the middle of last century, to the days of Chartism, the Crimean War, and Christian Socialism. His best-remembered work (he came from the people, and worked in a silk factory when he was eight years old) is his defiance of Tsar Nicholas, his "Babe Christabel," his democratic songs, and such easy and appealing pieces of versification as the lines:—

"This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

His long later life illustrated his independence and originality of character—he is said to have been the original of "Felix Holt"—but added little to his once considerable literary fame. He devoted some time to research, and up to the time of his death was engaged on a study of Egyptian mythology, and its bearing on later religious developments.

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With next week's issue of THE NATION there will be issued a Special Literary Supplement.

Politics and Affairs.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

EVERY student of the life and reign of Queen Victoria will, we are sure, be grateful to the editors of the letters which she wrote during her early and middle reign for their entirely frank revelation of her character and mental habit. They show, first of all, what it means to a country to be governed not only by a woman, but by one of the most "womanly" of women who ever lived, and secondly, how large is the share of a British constitutional monarch, close-sheltered from all personal responsibility both for words and for acts, in shaping the foreign policy of the people. These letters*, many of which are in style and thought immeasurably superior to the rather vapid domesticity of the *Highland Journals*, exhibit the Queen in every variety of human relationship, as daughter, niece, lover, wife, mother, friend, woman of feeling, and woman of the world. There are periods during which this inexperienced girl, rich in character, though not in intellect, and linked by many ties to the rulers and ruling families of her time, strikes us as much the most potent personality in the State system of Europe in the middle of last century.

Not that it is possible to say with precision where the Queen's policy, and tendencies of policy, were her own. With all her strong woman's will and tenacity of purpose, she was easily influenced. From the first hour of her reign her oldest adviser, her uncle, the King of the Belgians, an astute, not ill-meaning, but certainly selfish man, hemmed her in with counsellors. It was he who gave her her real Secretary, Baron Stockmar. It was he who promoted the eventful marriage with Prince Albert. It was he who urged, almost commanded, her to retain Melbourne, and it was he who used all his influence, and sometimes used it in vain, to maintain the close relationship with the Orléans dynasty which Louis Philippe's duplicity in the matter of the Spanish marriages destroyed. Later on, the pupil superseded the master. It is clear that many of the ablest State papers and memoranda which appear in these volumes under her name were written not by her, but by the Prince Consort. Stockmar himself dictated almost the words of the famous memorandum on foreign policy which helped to destroy Palmerston, just as Melbourne, though no longer a Minister, most improperly suggested the decisive sentences in which she declared her will on the appointment of the Ladies of the Bed Chamber. Her devotion to Prussia and Austria, her hatred of the Italian movement of liberty, sprang from her family relationships, and Palmerston had reason for his complaint that they "poisoned" her mind against him. Had she had a thorough conception of British constitutionalism she could not have carried on the private correspondence with Melbourne which Stockmar, greatly to his credit, endeavoured to break in a stern, almost impassioned, interview with that charming and not too precise or conscientious personality; nor could she have pursued the embittered warfare with Palmerston and Lord John Russell which the astounding correspondence of 1848-9

and 1859-60 discloses. The Queen was brave almost to rashness, and she was a singularly true, honest, and outspoken woman. Moreover, in the matter of the Crimean War and the dispute with America, she and Prince Albert rendered the country the service of clear-sighted and truth-loving natures. But her attempts to assert the power of the Crown above that of her Constitutional Ministers did, in the nature of things, touch the point of intrigue. It is not pleasant, for example, to find Lord Granville, a Cabinet Minister, writing to Prince Albert in 1860 and describing the doings of the Cabinet in a sense derogatory both to the policy and the personality of his chief. Still worse was Lord Melbourne's advice to the Queen on appointments made by his successor and rival, Peel, and his confession to Stockmar that he was prepared, if necessary, to resist and thwart Peel's policy by means of his underground communications with the Queen. Nor can it be claimed that, with all the Queen's singular and rare gifts of character, her mind was free from impulsive misjudgment and caprice. She leant on Melbourne with almost passionate insistence; she thought him as "perfect" as she afterwards thought Prince Albert. Barely a day could pass without his seeing her and dining with her. There was more excuse for her reliance on this charming and gracious, though faulty, man than for the fascination exercised by two rulers of undeniably sinister character, Nicholas I. and Napoleon III. The visit from Nicholas she thought to be a "great event"—almost a condescension, indeed, from a man whom she describes, in her italicised German style, as "the greatest of all earthly potentates." Her feeling for Napoleon went still further. One visit was enough to convince her that this arch-adventurer, his hands still wet with the blood which he shed in the *coup d'état*, was calm, gentle, straightforward, charming, sincere. She was confident of her power to "keep him in the right course." And yet, four years later, she spoke of the probability of a "regular crusade" against him, as "the universal disturber of the world." She began by hating Peel, and ended with a warm and well-deserved regard for that admirable, though difficult, nature. She treated Disraeli's earlier communications to her with the good-natured contempt which their pompous insincerity deserved: yet she lived to fall completely under his influence. She was open to argument; she was, indeed, essentially a candid and sincere soul. But she made grave errors. On the whole, it was, we think, fortunate that the foreign policy of England in the middle period of last century was directed by Palmerston and Russell to ends far different from those which she and the Leopold-Stockmar-Coburg combination imagined and devised.

But what were the main characteristics of the foreign policy of Queen Victoria so far as these letters reveal it? They were twofold. The Queen was not only no democrat, she was an anti-democrat, and she accepted the constitutional theory of the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament and to the people with reluctance, and with a woman's instinctive rebellion against an idea that she did not fully understand and a practice that was irksome and restraining to her and to her husband. On the latter point she went very far. Her warfare with Palmerston was sustained week after week, month after month, year after year, and her eager woman's nature overtopped Prince Albert's cool phrases and measured arguments. The Minister himself was far from blameless. He had a reckless,

* We publish elsewhere the first instalment of a general review of the character of the letters, by Lord Eversley.

cynical tongue, he was careless of forms, and often loose in written statement, he more than once treated his sensitive and quick-tempered mistress with real disrespect. Both he and Lord John Russell had selfish and, in comparison with the Queen, rather devious characters. But both of them possessed a true feeling for human liberty, and an inherited hatred of oppression. Both knew the British Constitution, and had occasion sharply to remind their Sovereign that there was such a date in English history as 1688. And both of them clearly divined the meaning of the movement for Italian liberty, and were determined to aid its development as a source of strength to liberal Europe, and as a human protest against the secular and spiritual tyranny which it defied. Throughout their ablest and most determined opponent was the Queen. She fought them both, and on the same grounds. Her personal sympathies were first Prussian, and secondly Austrian, and her intimate advisers were of German stock. But, above all, she resented the idea of the right of a nationality to throw off a yoke imposed upon it from without and fixed by European consent, and to assert its will by such means as the plébiscite, the proud record of which adorns many a wall in many a famous town of Italy. For her "the people" had no existence apart from the ruling house. Opinion in the country was strongly pro-Italian; the Queen ignored it. Her letters lump together "Chartists," "rebels," "demagogues," and "agitators." She was horrified at the idea that Cobden should step straight from a public meeting to the Cabinet.

Moreover, she wanted a formal revision of the lines of our foreign policy in the light of the lessons taught by the risings of 1848. "It will," she said to Lord John Russell in that year, "be a calamity for ages to come, if this principle is to become part of the international law, viz., that a people can at any time transfer their allegiance from the Sovereign of one State to that of another by universal suffrage (under momentary excitement)." She denounced the "principle" of Lord Palmerston's policy—that of "Italian Nationality and Independence from a foreign yoke and tyranny." If we maintained such a principle in Lombardy or in Central Italy, how, she asked bluntly, could we meet critics of our Irish policy? "Really," she wrote to her uncle, "it is quite immoral with Ireland quivering in our grasp . . . to force Austria to give up her lawful possessions." She complained that in place of neutrality, Lord Palmerston had "gone a long way in taking up the side of democracy in the fight." She wrote condoling warmly with Pio Nono on his expulsion from Rome, quite ignoring the abuses of government in the Papal States. She bitterly resented Palmerston's proposal to see Kossuth, and stopped the plans for a private interview at his house. The mobbing of the unspeakable Haynau by the draymen of Barclay and Perkins seemed to her a "brutal attack and wanton outrage by a ferocious mob on a distinguished foreigner," and Palmerston's cool reply that the people of England looked on Haynau as "a great moral criminal," and compared him with Mrs. Manning, the murderess, stung her to a vehement retort. Watching for a lapse of etiquette and propriety on the part of the most careless of men, she succeeded at last on a serious question of policy, and used Lord John Russell to procure Palmerston's downfall. Ten years later she worked with equal persistence against Lord John Russell, and was eager and insistent that the peace of Villafranca should not be used to advance the growing Italian kingdom. The Italian disaster at Novara was to her a source of unmixed joy. "I could work myself up to a great excitement about these exploits," she writes to the King of the Belgians, "for there is nothing I admire more than great military exploits and daring." She said nothing warmer of the battle of the Alma.

On the whole, the Queen's policy failed; indeed, it was well for her that it did. For in what position would she have been placed if, on the Italian question, Palmerston and Russell had resigned on the ground that the Queen, though entirely irresponsible, had insisted that British policy should maintain a strong pro-Austrian bias? Considering the sheltered position of the Crown, the Queen went far. She herself hardly pretended to impartiality of view. Starting with a traditional hatred of the Tory Party, she was, in effect, and during the greater part of her reign, the exponent and defender of Tory, or, at least, reactionary views in foreign affairs, and her position was most boldly advanced at the period when the cause of European liberty hung most doubtfully in the balance. Lord Beaconsfield was probably the only Minister with whose foreign policy she was thoroughly in sympathy. She had great moral qualities; a noble candour and deep affectionateness distinguished her from the more shallow and insincere natures that surrounded her. She did not press her views to an extremity; they were, on notable occasions, right and wise. But it is idle to pretend that as a whole they were in harmony with the more generous and enlightened thought and the bolder statesmanship of her age.

THE RAILWAY CRISIS AND ARBITRATION.

A COMPLETE railway strike opens a prospect of national calamity hard to imagine because it transcends experience. Even an incomplete but widespread arrest of railway traffic would soon become an industrial disaster of the first order. If the prospect of such a deadlock has not yet strongly stirred the public apprehension it is because the English imagination is slow to picture utterly novel misfortunes. A general railway strike has never occurred; therefore, say the public, it will not now come about: moreover, it is too dreadful—it can't happen! Nevertheless, it is but sober truth that there is more than a possibility of an industrial conflict breaking out in a few weeks which may throttle commerce and for a space throw back transit in England and Scotland to its condition half a century ago. London may taste the bitterness of semi-blockade: collieries may be shut down and wharves idle: food may go to war prices—at any rate, in urban centres. Railway shareholders and railway servants may suffer—the former, indeed, have been hard hit already—but their self-inflicted losses will be small and their suffering limited compared with the exasperating inconvenience and injury which their civil war will inflict upon an innocent and helpless people. If it were possible to shut directors and railwaymen into an arena and leave them to fight it out, doubtless the entire British middle-class—and not they alone—would hastily isolate the combatants. But as the peculiarity of a railway strike is that it damages all whom it touches, and that it may touch almost everyone, a tranquil neutrality is apt to become suicidal. Therefore, in a position like this, we ask: has the public no rights? In the face of such a national danger does not the Government of the country become by force of circumstances a Committee of Public Safety? Such a committee rightly begins intervention with attempts at peaceful persuasion. But if friendly appeals fail, what then? If ordinary methods of averting civil war are fruitless, ought courageous statesmanship to shrink from extraordinary methods? It would be a novel step for a British Government to interfere with the sacred right of masters and men to suspend industry rather than be reasonable. But then a general railway strike would be a novel thing, and as appalling as novel.

The Government and nation are as fully entitled to insist that railway strikes shall not take place as to declare that highways shall not be blocked or streets barricaded. Railway directors and their servants are

under a paramount duty to the people to keep the iron roads of the kingdom at the public's service. And if that premiss be granted, the public is under a very grave obligation to the railway companies and their men to provide both with the machinery for a fair adjustment of their relations. If the public warns Mr. Bell and his Society that a general railway strike is an undurable catastrophe, then the public has no right to abandon Mr. Bell and his men to the tender mercies of titled directors and irritated shareholders. The public must not only ask for fair play to the men but see that the men get it. If it be asked who is competent to judge of what constitutes fair play, we answer—in the last resort, a State tribunal of arbitration. Those who carry on the great industries of England are familiar enough with the awards of arbitrators to know that this is no air-bubble idealism. Intelligent arbitrators are to be secured well able to see their way through industrial disputes and find out a fair *modus vivendi* neither ruinous to capital nor unjust to labour.

Forcible State intervention in industrial quarrels—even for the purpose of pacific settlement—is so opposed to favourite English theories, that to many its success appears inconceivable. Yet there can be no reasonable doubt that in more than one of our Colonies systematic interference of this kind has proved of great benefit. In Western Australia it has achieved a large measure of success, especially, we believe, in connection with the great gold-fields. In New South Wales it has repeatedly improved industrial conditions, and has well-nigh stamped out sweating. But the best known example of State regulation of industrial disputes is, of course, supplied by New Zealand, for there a very thorough-going system of State arbitration, enacted thirteen years ago, has been in constant use for twelve years. At the present moment the conditions of employment in all the more important industries of the Colony—unless domestic service may be so styled—are regulated by awards of State tribunals, or by agreements made between employers and workmen after conference, and then registered in the Court of Arbitration. These twelve years have been perhaps the most prosperous that the island Colony has ever known. During them the course of industry appears but once to have been interrupted by a strike of any magnitude—and then the disturbance lasted barely a fortnight. The success of the New Zealand law can hardly be better gauged than by the interest and surprise excited by this solitary outbreak. Cable messages were flashed across the world to chronicle its details, and *sequelæ*. Columns of moralising were penned by writers who jumped to the conclusion that the New Zealand system had broken down. The fact that a number of the strikers were fined, and that a substantial sum in penalties was collected from them, has been quite wrongly assumed to have antagonised the colonial labouring class. Furthermore, various mischiefs have been fancifully attributed to the Arbitration Act—as, for instance, that it has been the cause of the rise in prices which has been noted in New Zealand during the last decade. The "Daily Telegraph," for example, assures its readers that the Arbitration Act has made bread dearer in New Zealand; as though the price of wheat had not risen all the world over, making the loaf dearer in communities which have never heard of an Arbitration Act! Sufficient here to point out that New Zealand, like all prosperous Colonies, prospers mainly because the raw materials and food stuffs which it grows command higher prices than formerly in the world's markets. But these very articles are necessities which the Colonial workpeople must buy like other men. The very cause of prosperity, therefore, levies a toll on the workers' share of it. Nevertheless, the condition of the New Zealand workpeople strikes the ordinary visitor to the Antipodes as happy above what is common: while their employers have admittedly reaped larger profits during the era of arbitration.

Again, we are asked to believe that arbitration has introduced trusts and rings into Arcadian New Zealand; as though combinations and understandings between capitalists were not growing and inevitable features of modern economic development. And on one still more common charge, that the constant use of the arbitration machinery has kept the industries of the Antipodes in a state of perpetual uneasiness and discord, the recent favourable testimony of Sir John Gorst, who studied the question on the spot a year ago, may fairly be taken as conclusive.

The truth is that the New Zealand Arbitration Court has provoked criticism, not by failure, but by its success; it has succeeded almost too well. Its union of moderation with effectual authority has caused it to be incessantly appealed to. The Colonial Parliament which allowed it to be set up experimentally believed that both employers and Trade Unions would be very shy of invoking its aid, and would only turn to it in sheer desperation, after attempting to settle their differences outside. The contrary proved to be the case. Industrial disputants cared less than was expected for the freedom of independent conferences, or even for State Boards of Conciliation. As the law insisted that differences should be settled, and conditions adhered to, they preferred the finality of the Arbitration Court, the awards of which controlled all trade competitors alike. Even when voluntary agreements were made, they were by custom registered in the Court, so as to obtain legal force. Thus the Arbitration Court became overloaded with work, and the delays encountered by suitors there swelled into a chronic and a very real grievance. The success of the Court, moreover, attracted political animosity. That individualists should dislike it was unavoidable; but it has also failed to please the more impatient Socialists. These look but sourly on a system whose main achievement has been to cause private industry to work under labour conditions the general fairness of which cannot be gainsaid.

To English onlookers, however, these local grievances and sectional jealousies may go for nothing. The one thing that counts is that New Zealand has shown that State arbitration may work effectually for many years, may improve the condition of both fair employers and employed, and may avert from a country the recurring nuisance of serious strikes and lock-outs. To the objection that because arbitration may work in a small and young colony it does not therefore follow that it would answer here, the reply is two-fold. First, no one, we suppose, would dream of transplanting any colonial system, whole and unmodified, to this country. The suggestion merely is to apply the principle of State arbitration to one great industry—the railways. In the second place, so far from arbitration being more difficult of application in this railway case than in the colonies, the contrary is likely to be true. The better organised, more responsible, larger, and the more financially solid industrial bodies are, the riper and easier they are for the State to deal with. Were Parliament to provide machinery to bring about meetings in conference between railway companies and societies of railway servants, that would be a beginning. Provision for registering agreements concluded at such conferences, and thereby giving them legal force for moderate periods of time, would be simple enough. And, further, a State Court of Arbitration, to be invoked only when conferences had failed, and to be armed with power to dismiss trivial appeals, would be an authority which, in the last resort, would save the country and the disputants themselves from the inferno of a railway war. We agree with those who say that public opinion should sway railway questions. But public opinion requires machinery to enable it to form a fair, deliberate, and instructed judgment, and then to enforce that judgment upon disputants who refuse to settle their differences peaceably and without injury to the country.

A TEST CASE.

LORD CROMER's speech in the City illustrates one of the standing paradoxes of English politics. Here is one of the great servants of the Government, whose business it is not to initiate policy or determine principles, but to carry out loyally the behests of the Foreign Office whatever party be in power. He is speaking on a non-political occasion, in the presence of Sir Edward Grey and other distinguished Liberals. In the forefront of his speech he puts a declaration of the non-party character of his position. And he ends by making a thoroughly partisan attack on Liberal ideas. We do not speak for the moment of his onslaught on those English Liberals who have championed self-government, free speech, and a free Press in India or Egypt. We are thinking more particularly of his attack on those whom he has been pleased to call "extremists" in Dublin. Lord Cromer takes no notice of the position of his late chief, who is, and has always been, a Home Ruler. So steeped is he, like almost all high officials, in the conservatism of the governing classes that he does not seriously regard democratic ideas, humanitarian feelings, nationalist sympathies as entering into the arena of party politics. To condemn all such leanings as foolishness is clearly in his view to make no party speech whatever. It is merely to give utterance to the views of "all sensible men"—that is, of all who live in the atmosphere of officialdom and high finance. The democrats have not even belligerent rights. They are not regarded as a party. That they happen to be in an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons is a detail. That the Prime Minister is their trusted leader, who did not flinch in the darkest days of their fortunes from braving the wrath of that world which Lord Cromer takes for the universe, is a matter of no significance. That the Cabinet, which it has been Lord Cromer's duty to serve, is full of men who have won support and confidence by giving voice to those sympathies which for him lie outside the pale of serious discussion, is a consideration which evidently does not touch him. He moves untroubled in that serene atmosphere of high statesmanship, in that circle of the great who

" . . . lie reclined

On the hills like gods together careless of mankind," gazing with more contempt than pity on the living beings who feel and suffer down below.

It will, of course, always be open for the great officials to treat us Liberals with contempt as long as we on our side are content with political nullity. As long as we acquiesce in the withdrawal of foreign policy from party politics, so long we invite them to ignore and despise us. The question is whether we can permanently acquiesce in the flouting of the sentiments which animate the majority of the party. The Liberal idea in matters of Imperial policy is a very simple one. It is merely that, in dealing with other nations, or with backward races, we are no less bound by the ordinary considerations of fair, just, and humane dealing than in any other relation of life. We are not, in a word, to put off our humanity when we enter upon foreign, colonial, or Indian affairs. This simple rule, to the exposition of which Gladstone devoted all that was best and most brilliant in a long career, which brought about his first breach with Conservatism, and inspired his latest public utterances, was the object of denunciation and derision through the years of reaction which followed on his retirement. Those who stood faithful to it have seen their predictions justified, their efforts crowned with success, their friends and leaders in power. Derided as sentimentalists, they have been shown in the leading case of South Africa to be those who took the longest and soundest view. But of all this high officialism knows nothing. For it the Liberal idea remains the fanati-

cism of a band of sentimentalists, and this is a doctrine which may be enlarged upon, without suggestion of impropriety, in a non-party speech in the presence of the Foreign Secretary.

This state of feeling cannot indefinitely continue; and it happens that Lord Cromer's own statesmanship provides what is likely to be a test case. We need not here enter into the extent of Lord Cromer's responsibility for the Denshawai affair. He has passed from the active scene, and there is no dispute that the present responsibility for keeping the Denshawai fellahs in prison rests with Sir Edward Grey. We can hardly believe that the curt answer sent by the Foreign Secretary to the petition for the release of the prisoners represents his final attitude; and we can only say that if it does so, a very serious situation will arise. We do not underrate Sir E. Grey's difficulties. The act of justice required of him is doubtless tantamount to an admission of the iniquity of the original sentences, the worst of which, being death sentences, are unfortunately irreversible. But two wrongs do not make a right. No words, no pleadings, however skilful, can undo the effect which the official account in the White Papers of the Denshawai trial must make upon the civilised world. It is one of those rare instances in which an act of official injustice has no plausible argument to defend it. It is a case in which every one of the doubtful points may be freely presented to the side of the executive power, without weakening the attack upon it. Sir Edward Grey cannot defend the Egyptian Government in the hearing of anyone who has read the White Papers. The utmost that can be done in mitigation of the judgment which the world has passed on Denshawai is to plead that the officials acted in a panic, in terror of a Nationalist movement which Lord Cromer now tells us it would be a mistake to take too seriously. Acting under this panic, they came down with sledge-hammer force on a village which had been roused to a riot by the shooting of their pigeons. They treated a blow which their own witnesses showed to be at most a contributory cause of death as evidence of premeditated murder. Instead of instituting a calm, judicial enquiry into the attack on the British officers, for which some punishment was doubtless due, they constituted a special committee, bound by no rules of law, which awarded four hangings and four hundred lashes publicly administered. They still keep in prison those of the delinquents who were not hanged, and among them Mohamed Abd-el-Nebi, who acted under the excitement and provocation of seeing his wife wounded, and, as was at first believed, killed. That the executions were carried out with a barbarity which make it impossible to read the cold official account without a shudder must always remain a blot upon British administration.

But there is one thing that can make it much worse, which is to persist in upholding a wrong, and keeping men who were part sufferers and part wrong-doers any longer in prison. For their share in the riot and what was at worst a brutal assault upon the officers, they have now been more than sufficiently punished. To retain them as prisoners any longer, and to decline, above all, to remit the life sentence on Abd-el-Nebi, is to defy civilised opinion. It is impossible for the numerous Liberal Members of Parliament, who have been prominent in denunciation of such things when the last Government were in power, to let this matter go. Whether we like it or not, it will inevitably be raised again and again till justice be done. We trust that Sir Edward Grey will weigh these matters very carefully. If he owes something to Lord Cromer, and to British authority in Egypt, he owes something more to the honour of the British name and the reputation of British justice. He is also responsible to the men who helped to place him in power and made him a trustee for the principles which they cherish.

THE CAMARILLA AND ABSOLUTISM.

No political scandal, since the Panama affair, has raised larger issues than the painful libel case which was tried last week in Berlin, before a junior magistrate, a butcher, and a milkman. The scene, the procedure, and the sordid details of the evidence made a painful contrast to the real magnitude of a campaign which has dragged down the mighty from their seats and destroyed a Prince who made Chancellors, filled embassies, and played with the chequers of peace and war. For, to an English reader, the trial itself was hardly less astonishing than the revelations to which it gave publicity. It was a formless and irregular debate. The important witnesses were the embittered and divorced wife of the plaintiff and a trooper with a record of embezzlement, who convicted himself of the lowest crimes. The medical expert based all his conclusions on the testimony of the wife; of the evidence, which included the sayings of dead men and conversations reported at second hand, only the merest fraction would have been admitted by an English judge. Fair-minded men remembered that, however little Count Moltke deserved their sympathy, he was the least guilty and the least influential member of a perverted circle. It was against Prince Eulenburg that the public had a grievance, and even that grievance was concerned rather with the political power that he had usurped than with the details of his private life. A clever intriguer, who uses his personal ascendancy over a monarch to thwart Ministers and countermines Parliaments, may be ruined if a political opponent can expose his private vices; but his crime against popular government would have been no less gross if his temperament had been ascetic instead of abnormal. If this little group of friends had consisted of average sensual men instead of perverted aesthetes, their power to-day would be unbroken, and their influence as unconstitutional as ever.

The mob which cheered Herr Harden in the streets saw in him only a tribune of the people, and in Count Moltke a type of a hated military caste. The judgment of intelligent Germans shows less unanimity. The plain fact is, of course, that Herr Harden's legal duel with Count Moltke is simply a move in a long game by which the Bismarckian Party reckons on regaining its influence. The Moltkes, the Hohenaus, the Lynars, were simply the satellites of Prince Philip zu Eulenburg, the arch-enemy of the great Bismarck, and it was on them that Herr Harden, a faithful retainer of the First Chancellor, was avenging an ancient feud. Prince Eulenburg—a Count raised to princely rank by the favour of the Kaiser—is a man of great gifts, and even greater fascination, a poet, a musician, and, despite his sybarite tendencies, a considerable soldier. He dominated the Emperor, who drew from him some of his obscurantist inspirations in art, in religion, and in government. He probably overthrew Bismarck; he certainly overthrew Caprivi; he counterworked Hohenlohe; he first nominated and then opposed Prince Bülow. He was, in short, the power behind the Throne, and his influence depended solely on his gifts as a courtier. But in spite of perverted morals and a reactionary view of life, in spite, even, of his anti-constitutional position, the influence which Prince Eulenburg exerted was not wholly evil. There was a natural antagonism between his aesthetic mysticism and the blood-and-iron materialism of the Bismarckian school. The immediate cause of Herr Harden's attacks was, indeed, the fact—though here it is well to take the statements of both sides with caution—that the Camarilla, which included a French diplomatist, had worked against Prince Bülow for peace and a Franco-German *rapprochement* in the early stages of the Moroccan conflict. These cross-currents explain the attitude of the German Press. Only the Bismarckian "Cologne Gazette" expresses triumph and unqualified satisfaction.

The Liberal "Vossische Zeitung" is puzzled, critical, and ashamed. The Socialist "Vorwärts," equally hostile to the Camarilla and to Bismarckianism, and contemptuous of the real irrelevancy of the issue, has been asking in a series of pessimistic articles whether the only alternatives before the German people are the public domination of the brutal Bismarckian Junker, or the secret intrigues of the perverted Eulenburg clique. It sees no hope; it refrains from appropriating the weapon which Herr Harden has sharpened, and it knows that a Bismarckian triumph brings constitutional government no nearer.

It is easy to understand the fastidiousness and the despair of German intellectuals, in the face of such a situation as this. They cannot applaud the hero of the day, and they know that the system may survive the victim. While the Emperor claims to rule by divine right, and Ministers are his officials rather than the people's leaders, there will always be room for a secret Camarilla, a "Nebenregierung." Nor can they throw up their hats for German justice, which leaves a Hohenau and a Lynar, guilty of disgusting crimes, at large, while it imprisons Liebknecht, whose only offence was his warfare against war. But a foreigner, judging the affair from a distance, sees the simple fact, which is revealed to the Berlin crowd, and hidden from the intellectuals. It is a gain that the morals and manners of the ruling military caste should be exposed in this merciless and unforgettable fashion. The tailor of Köpenick taught the people to laugh; Count Moltke has caused the laugh to be succeeded by a shudder of disgust. Popular opinion, which judges a class by samples, may fall into exaggeration and injustice. But it is a social and a political gain that the people should realise what barbarism and what corruption is possible in the singularly unlovable ruling class which dominates Prussia, and through Prussia Germany.

The optimists tell us, of course, that the trial is really a proof of the soundness of the German governing class. "Could anything have been finer," they ask, "than Herr Harden's gallant campaign against immorality, and how firmly the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have stamped on what is, after all, a mere excrescence on German life?" Well, we agree that Herr Harden showed a reckless pamphleteer's daring. But when we remember that he had all the facts and documents in his desk for five years, we have a right to doubt whether his motive was a mere love of virtue. The fact is, of course, that the attacks began only when Prince Eulenburg quarrelled, in October of last year, with his nominee, Prince Bülow, and proposed to raise a second member of the Moltke family to his place. It was only then that Herr Bassermann and the Bismarckians opened a campaign against the Kaiser's "personal rule," a campaign which suddenly ceased with Prince Eulenburg's disgrace. The loyal mob may like to think that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have vindicated German manhood. A little cold reflection may suggest to them, that despite the gratitude he has earned by this service, the Kaiser has shown himself by his twenty years' intimacy with Prince Eulenburg a singularly blind judge of men. The fact is that, as "Vorwärts" puts it, "the Camarilla and Absolutism are inseparable, and to overthrow camarillas is mere Sisyphean-work while Absolutism remains." So long as the power of a Chancellor depends rather on the favour of the Monarch than on the confidence of the Reichstag, the Court remains the real ruler. For the moment we are not at all sure that this scandal has brought responsible government visibly nearer. In the end, however, it must stimulate the process of disillusionment and reflection. The moral effect of this trial—which may not be the last of its kind—must certainly be to undermine personal rule as well as the Prussian "Junker" caste, and to discredit the pretentious theories on which that rule is based.

Life and Letters.

THE CASE AGAINST THE CENSORSHIP.

THE protest against the Censorship of plays, which has been published during the week, signed by no fewer than seventy dramatic authors, is a document which, whatever may result from it, cannot but leave a mark in the history of the drama. It is the prelude to a deputation which the Prime Minister has already consented to receive; and the deputation, whoever its individual members may be, will certainly represent all that is most distinguished in the literature of our time. Among the names appended to the protest are those of George Meredith, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Frederic Harrison, Henry James, W. S. Gilbert, Arthur W. Pinero, William Butler Yeats, H. G. Wells, Henry Arthur Jones, George Bernard Shaw, Israel Zangwill, Gilbert Murray, John Davidson, John Galsworthy, Alfred Sutro, Haddon Chambers, and J. M. Barrie. We have picked out names almost at random, to show that no one school of art or of opinion is represented. The old school, and all the new schools, poetic drama, idyllic drama, and realistic drama, tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and farce, protest, through their leading representatives, against "an office autocratic in procedure, opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, contrary to common justice and to common sense." Not a single dramatist of the first rank has stood aloof from his fellows, and very few of the second rank. One class of playwrights, however—or perhaps we should rather say of theatrical purveyors—is conspicuous by its absence. Captain Basil Hood is the only one of the signatories who has had any connection with the style of entertainment known as "musical comedy." The fact that the librettists of "Gaiety Girls," "Shop Girls," "Girls from Kays," and all their tribe, are the only dramatic authors who feel themselves perfectly comfortable under the tutelage of the Censor, is very significant, and will not, we trust, escape the attention of the Prime Minister.

That a paper signed by such names should be, from the literary point of view, a notable composition, was only to be expected. It compresses into some three hundred words, not, certainly, the whole case against the Censorship, but enough of it to awaken even the man in the street to the anomalous nature of this survival from the days of Tudor autocracy—for Walpole's Act of 1737 did but furbish up an old weapon which had for some time lain neglected in the lumber-room of the royal prerogative. Future generations will find it difficult to believe that, until well into the twentieth century, a self-respecting and respectable class of British citizens, including some men of genius and many men of admirable talent, were exposed to the risk of "having their work and the proceeds of their work destroyed at a pen's stroke, by the arbitrary action of a single official, neither responsible to Parliament nor amenable to Law." The fact that this secret and irresponsible despotism was maintained throughout the nineteenth century affords a measure of the weakness of the English drama during that period. A few cases of individual injustice apart, it cannot be said that, until some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, the Censorship did very much harm. But as soon as the English drama outgrew its period of inanition and vassalage to France, the Censorship (at any rate as at present constituted) became an intolerable clog upon its best energies. As the passivity of the nineteenth century was a measure of the weakness of the drama, so this remarkable protest is a measure of the new strength which has come to it with a new era and a new reign.

It is interesting, but far from surprising, to note that while the dramatists are practically unanimous in opposing the Censorship, the managers are practically unanimous in supporting it. This fact, too, we trust that the Prime Minister will know how to appreciate. It ought to be illuminating, moreover, to the thousands of excellent people who, without having given much thought to the matter, vaguely conceive the Censorship to be a bulwark of public morality. What can be the motive of the managers? They cannot fear that, were the Censorship abolished, they would be forced to produce immoral plays. Each of them would

be perfectly free to conduct his theatre according to the dictates of his conscience and his taste. Not one of them, certainly, has so little faith in his own judgment as to feel that he requires the guidance of a despotic official in determining what is fit and what is unfit for presentation on the stage. What, then, do they fear? Some of them fear a general screwing-up of moral standards, against which they feel that, at present, the Censor effectually protects them; and all of them dread the possibility of officious interference from what they call the "Puritan" party. "L'Empire, c'est la paix" is their motto; or, in the vernacular, "Anything for a quiet life." Even if their fears were well-founded, the obvious reply would be that peace would be too dearly purchased if it meant crushing the life out of our dramatic literature. But we believe that no manager who conducts his theatre reputably need fear the letting loose of so-called "Puritanism." The music-halls are under no Censorship save that which lies in the necessity of having their licenses periodically renewed; have they any reason to complain of "Puritan" tyranny? But the managers may find a still stronger reassurance in the fact—which many people do not realise—that, of the whole English-speaking world, this island is the only spot where any Censorship exists. Ireland is free; Canada, Australia, South Africa are free; the United States are free. From any of these nations do we hear complaints either of licentiousness or of paralysing "Puritanism"? Even the "Comstockery" of the State of New York has entirely failed to restrict the reasonable freedom of the stage. The panic of the managers is wholly visionary, and should do much to open the eyes of those who believe in the Censorship as a necessary guarantee for the morals of the stage. If it is thought, and it probably will be thought, that some supervision of the theatres by a representative body is necessary or wise, we believe that the majority of the authors who have signed the protest would accept the intervention of the County or Town Councils. It has greatly improved the music-halls; why should it have a reverse effect on the theatres?

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

THERE is usually something in the career of an American public man, some fighting elemental strain, some suggestion of unhampered spaciousness, that appeals to the convention-ridden Englishman. It may be merely that politics in America being more personal than with us—the politics of ambition as opposed to the politics of ideas—seem more immediately dramatic; or that in a land of ebullient publicity we see more of what is going on behind the scenes; or that the stage over there is really clearer, the career more fully open to talent, the locked doors and blind alleys fewer than amongst ourselves. We seem at any rate to be in closer touch with the actors and near spectators of their failures or successes; and we watch their progress with the certainty of finding, even amid the prosiest surroundings, a note of pronounced individuality in themselves and in their career. Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose handling of the credit crisis in Wall Street has won for him the public and hearty thanks of the President and of the American people, abundantly satisfies this expectancy of freshness. His present position and the steps by which he has reached it, while in one sense unique, are in another so far typical of America as to be impossible outside of it. He is still only forty-five years old, and it is barely sixteen years since he entered the Government service in the extremely modest capacity of stenographer to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. There are touches in his youth of that venturesome curiosity which seems to be one of nature's gifts to Americans. The son of a New York business man, he was educated in one of the local public schools, passing thence to a Normal School in Massachusetts. Instead of going to Harvard, he decided to study music. With music he combined shorthand writing and a course in the clinical schools at the New York Hospital. He became a first-rate stenographer, and held a variety of small political posts—political in the sense that he lost them when his party went out—as private secretary to some of the port and post-office officials of New York, and for a while as assistant reporter to the Supreme Court of the State. It was in 1891 that he was appointed

to a subordinate clerical post in the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. This, too, was not a permanent post but a part, luckily for him an insignificant part, of the spoils that belonged to the victors. It was probably its insignificance that saved Mr. Cortelyou from following the rest of the Republican office-holders into exile when Mr. Cleveland came into power after the election of 1892.

That passion for self-improvement which is at the root of American strength led Mr. Cortelyou to spend his evenings studying law. He became a fully-qualified advocate, but it was chance and his proficiency in shorthand, and not his degree of Master of Laws, that first put him on the high road to distinction. Mr. Cleveland in 1895 found himself in need of a stenographer. The Postmaster-General had heard of Mr. Cortelyou, and at once recommended him. He was promptly transferred to the White House, the first Republican probably who ever found himself in the immediate official entourage of a Democratic President. Mr. Cleveland formed so high an opinion of his secretarial abilities that he recommended him to Mr. McKinley, who at once appointed him chief assistant to his private secretary. Ill-health compelled the private secretary's resignation in 1900, and Mr. Cortelyou stepped into his shoes. Thus it came about that a man who had never served any apprenticeship in "politics," who had never manipulated a machine or bossed a single electoral district, who possessed neither backing nor influence, and whose name was utterly unknown to the vast bulk of his countrymen, became secretary to the President. It is a post scarcely less exhausting and difficult than that of the Presidency itself. Whoever holds it must be prepared to act as a buffer between the Chief Magistrate and the public. Nine times out of ten he is the President's *alter ego*. On his tact in handling every member of the multitudes who over-run the White House, senators, congressmen, office-seekers, journalists, and casual callers, depends to a very large degree the President's popularity. He has to direct a large clerical staff and a stupendous volume of routine business; to arrange all the details of the President's journeyings and engagements; to act not merely as his secretary but as his eyes and ears in all matters of political moment; to judge men quickly and accurately; to refuse requests and information without offending; to relieve the President of all possible burdens without seeming in the eyes of a suspicious democracy to be usurping his place or fencing the Chief Magistrate in a regal seclusion. An adequate discharge of all these duties would tax the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon. But the reward is great. A secretary with the right capacities becomes a sort of ninth member of the Cabinet, and is at all times far better placed than the official Ministers for influencing the Presidential mind. Throughout the great strain of the Spanish, Philippine, and Boxer wars, and especially during the racking week that followed the assassination of Mr. McKinley, Mr. Cortelyou showed himself a master of his calling. The White House under his administration became as well organised as the most efficient private business. He could work for twelve and fifteen hours a day for months on end; he was never hurried or excited; he met every emergency with a quick understanding, complete self-possession and a capacity for the common-sense decision that became with experience almost an instinct; his reticence, which Mr. Roosevelt has been known to compare with Moltke's, went with so much candour and modesty that, though the last quality Americans like to find in their public men, it never brought him a moment's unpopularity; his unruffled competency, thoroughness, and discretion took on something of the unerringness of a humanised machine.

Mr. Roosevelt had the sense to ask Mr. Cortelyou to remain as his secretary, and Mr. Cortelyou, though not a man of private means, and bombarded by business offers worth from five to eight times as much as his niggardly official salary, had the character to consent. The inevitable promotion was not long delayed. The President created a new Government Department of Commerce and Labour, and appointed Mr. Cortelyou its chief, with a seat in the Cabinet. Though the youngest of the Government offices, there is none that exceeds it in the variety, interest, and importance of its work. A score of scattered bureaus were placed under its jurisdiction, reorganised and simplified. Everything that concerns labour interests throughout the

world, lighthouses, coast survey, statistics of foreign and domestic commerce, inspection of merchant vessels and steamboats, the control of immigration, the taking of the census, the supervision of fisheries, weights and measures, all come within its scope. And in addition, two new and vital bureaus were established, one for investigating all the corporations, except the railroads, engaged in inter-state or foreign commerce, and the other for gathering information for the expansion of manufactures. To the administration of this vast Department, with its ten thousand employees, and its yearly expenditure of two million pounds, Mr. Cortelyou brought the same organising faculty and pertinent energy that had won him the confidence of three such dissimilar men as Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. He laid the foundations firm and sure, weeded out "politics" and red tape, eliminated the duplication of labour among the old bureaus, and showed in his planning of the mechanism and policy of the new ones that he possessed the rarer faculty of initiative. Mr. Roosevelt, wisely or unwisely, took him away from his Department to make him the Republican campaign manager in the Presidential Election of 1904—a post that had hitherto been filled only by "practical" politicians. It was a one-sided contest, and needed, on the whole, comparatively little management; but Mr. Cortelyou had no difficulty in showing that executive talents, level-headedness, and tact were sufficient, even without an experience of the underworld of politics, to carry it through successfully. The President rewarded his lieutenant by making him Postmaster-General. Here, again, Mr. Cortelyou displayed his turn for rising with absolute adequacy to the requirements of whatever office he may happen to be holding. In March of the present year he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. It is improbable that six months ago he knew anything about banking and finance. It is more than likely that by now his patient and systematic brain has mastered all the principles and most of the details. He has, at any rate, succeeded in passing a much-needed law, releasing the funds that the Tariff accumulates in the Treasury, and his handling of the Wall Street panic of last week showed decision and calmness. The clumsy currency system of the country may yet find in this quiet and concentrated man the agent of its wholesale reform. He is one of those Americans who make the business of Government seem almost ludicrously easy.

HOW TO MAKE A ROSE GARDEN.

THERE are few more popular functions among flower-lovers than the great shows of the National Rose Society, which have grown greatly in educational value since the beautiful, free-flowering, cluster roses have been made a feature of them. In former days we saw nothing at the shows but long lines of green boxes, filled with blooms that were rarely seen in ordinary gardens, and were useless for making them beautiful. They were prize-winning roses, and nothing more.

The "rosarian," as distinguished from the rose grower, thinks in first prizes and silver cups. He does not contemplate a rose garden as a beautiful creation, sufficient in itself for human satisfaction, but as a something from which a certain number of what he calls "good" flowers can be cut. A "good" flower, of course, is one which, with a little dressing from the skilled fingers of an old exhibiting hand, conforms to the standard that prevails in the show tents. This is desecration, and the rose lover must beware of its malign influence. The rose garden must not be a mere breeding place for silver medals. If prize flowers can be cut from it, well and good; but they must be only a secondary consideration. It must be as much the expression of pure art as a great picture or musical composition. In planning and planting a rose garden, one should no more be dominated by the idea of ultimate money-making than was Richard Wagner when he wrote the music which flows from the lips of Elsa.

At a period of the year when the rose nurseries are gorged with plants awaiting customers, it is worth while for flower lovers to consider whether they cannot attempt a special rose garden. What more delightful an addition to

the surroundings of the home? Think of the pillars of ramblers, the arches with their dangling sprays, the glowing beds, the scented paths! Think of the great clusters for the home vases, for the Church!

The famous gardens of the country—Lord Gerard's at Eastwell Park, Mr. Alfred Tate's at Leatherhead, Lord Falmouth's at Mereworth, Mr. H. V. Machin's at Worksop, are surely only the forerunners of a host of others. The Eastwell pleasure is built upon an old kitchen garden. Lord Falmouth's is a specimen of the best work of Dean Hole. The latter is the more interesting, not so much because of its famous designer, but because it is comparatively small, and gives encouragement to those who have not the many acres of places like Eastwell. The rose garden need not be large; it need not entail a heavy sum in construction or upkeep. A delightful design is possible within the compass of a few square rods, and there is many a waste corner that costs the owner as much in the labour entailed in keeping down the weeds which it propagates as it would in maintenance as a rose garden.

That the influence of Dean Hole in gardening is likely to live through his writings, the reception of his recently published biography conclusively proves. But it will live in a more tangible form. Scattered up and down the country there are rose gardens laid out under his personal direction in the days when he held the Deanery of Rochester, and they have formed the model for many others.

To any one who is familiar with his handiwork, the rose gardens which came into being through his influence are recognised as readily as his writings. It needs no notice over the entrance, "Rose garden laid out after Dean Hole's design" to tell the visitor whence they have sprung. They have style; they have character. There are the various main walks, each entered through a rustic arch covered with a selected rose, such as Carmine Pillar or Longworth Rambler, and all converging on a common centre, where is to be found an arbour, pool, or fountain. Round the central object are grouped a series of small beds, each containing only one variety of rose. The by-paths, like the main ones, have arches, each with its Rambler.

The Dean Hole rose garden is a happy combination of the formal and the informal. The stiffness of the beds is relieved by the liberal use of arches. Some rosarians criticise the one-bed-one-variety system, on the ground that the happy effects secured by a judicious blending of colours are lost, but there is much to be said on the other side. The system has undeniable power. Bold groups of such distinctive roses as Grüss an Teplitz, Caroline Testout, Mrs. John Laing, Frau Karl Druschki, and Madame Abel Chatenay—varieties which have great vigour of growth combined with clear and decided colours—produce an effect which no mixing of varieties is capable of producing.

The increase of special rose gardens is due in a very considerable measure to the success of Dean Hole's designs, and it would seem that the time is not far distant when such a "garden within a garden" will form a feature of most large and many small places. It is this, far more than the exhibition rose, that has brought such a great accession of strength to the National Rose Society, and which made the recent autumn show of that flourishing body so triumphant a success.

Without plunging deeply into technicalities, which any of the many excellent books on rose culture will furnish, the writer may be pardoned if he gives suggestions for a simple but beautiful rose garden. Given a square, it may be robbed of its stiffness by forming at each corner a bed which will present a concave outline to the centre of the garden. At each corner of each bed there shall be a pillar, which shall be connected by chains with a series of pillars along each side of the square, completely enclosing the garden. Carmine Pillar, Crimson Rambler, Dorothy Perkins, Hiawatha, Félicité Perpétue, and other beautiful climbing varieties will cover the pillars and ramble along the chains.

The central object of the garden shall be a hexagonal bower, a tall central pillar being connected by light poles with the eight outer pillars. Each pillar will have its rose. A set of eight heart-shaped beds shall surround the bower, the point of each heart facing the centre of the eight bays of the central hexagon. Each of these beds have one selected variety of rose. The design may be completed

by four crescent-shaped beds, one at the back of each pair of hearts.

This is by no means a difficult design to follow, and it is a very beautiful one, equally good on a large or a small scale. It combines the formal with the informal in the approved Hole style. It is harmonious, and it provides abundance of scope for the use of the lovely pillar roses which are now so popular.

To many, a beautiful rose garden, with its brilliant pillars, floral chains, and scented sprays is merely an alluring vision. But, with decisive action now, it may become a reality within the space of a few short months.

IN PRAISE OF MUSHROOMS.

OVER the eastern hills there is full sunrise, but here in the valley one is conscious only of a growing life in the great arch of sky momentarily deepening and thrilling with intense colour. And earth as well as heaven is quickening with waxing light. There is a light everywhere; light in the films of mist that billow and break and scatter in the dawn wind, changing from dull body white to iridescent amber. Through a gap in the surrounding hills the breeze comes creeping along the course of the river, and before it the vapours roll and sway in lumbering retreat up the sloping meadows, hanging, like obstinate defeated squadrons, at every hedgerow and clump of trees or bushes. There is light on the drenched grass of the fields and the yellow stubble. Grey in the dusk of dawn, as the day grows, the veil of dew intensifies and cleanses the hues of pasture and reaped land. Light, too, lies on the circle of wood all around us, silvering the stems of birch and ash and elm, reddening those of the firs and cedars, slipping in among the leafage, and showing the first signs of the red ruin of autumn.

In the brisk autumn air, as well as light, are perfume and sound; not the heavy wine-like scents of a summer morning, though the sweetness of the roses is still distinctly perceptible; but a bracing, half bitter, wholly pleasant odour that is born of fading bracken, changing grass and creepers, and the first layer of fallen leaves. From overhead drops the cry of passing rooks, most autumnal of music, and down in the undergrowth of the woods partridges are calling. On the hedges are long yellowing sprays of bryony, patches of frothy clematis, clusters of blackberries, all tints from reddish green to violet brown, dainty blossoms of bramble, bunches of scarlet haws. In the field we are crossing that has not been used this summer for hay, the longer grass is beginning to lose colour and to grow the whitey brown of winter. Above it scabious raises its lavender blossoms, and the cow-parsley, bare of flower and tanned of leaf, rises here and there in miniature forests. Everywhere are nettles of spiders' webs radiant with dewdrops; they are thrown in swaying gauzey bridges from one plant to another; they mesh together the blades of grass; they fly loose in the air and touch your face and hands with the pressure of spirit fingers. Where the ground begins to be broken and to slope sharply downwards, a couple of rabbits, surprised at frisking play, jump off towards their holes, and from under the leaves of burdock by the hedge, the bright eye of a pheasant glimpses us a moment before the bird rises with a whirr.

Tread slowly now and keep your eyes about you. There are mushroomers and mushroomers, and some few of them seem to have a kind of intuition for their spoil; but for the rest of us unendowed with such a sixth sense, it is well to keep a sharp look out and to walk warily. You may all too easily tread on a patch unheeding, and only know your mistake too late for any remedy but ill language. Nor must you ever neglect a spot because it looks unlikely. Half the charm of a discovery lies in its unexpectedness as you light on a little covey of buttons nestling down in the turf of some corner or bankside you had all but passed over. The spirit of emulation leaps into flame to warm your natural zeal. Ten to one your companions have scorned the place before you, or, if not

they, some other wayfarer. I don't think a field white with mushrooms ever affords delight equal to one where you must glean the scattered colonies, six here and a dozen yonder, all the result of heedful observation; and I never, for my own part, rejoice in the huge discoloured umbrellas of the giants as I do in the tiny white balls, looking almost like eggs in the grass and coming into your hand at a touch as sweetly and easily as a ripe "pear late basking over a wall." There is always something of romance about the actual and primitive, and what more natural and primitive than the search for your own food-stuffs? Hands and knees down in the grass, what else are you doing than what men and women have been doing since days infinitely antediluvian? Excepting some half-dozen processes, all purely physical and some of them nearly unconscious, there is no action of our daily life can boast a really hoary antiquity. The very wares for sale in a greengrocer's window tell the same story of artificial cultivation and ruined simplicity. A basket of strawberries, for instance: charming in colour and alluring in taste and smell; but in the early year they always suggest to me the stifling sickly air of forcing houses, and in summer tell me of peasant folk bowed and sweating in the sunshine over the labour of plucking them. The only things, indeed, I can contemplate without scenting some taint of the primal curse about them are the great piles of mushrooms and baskets of blackberries and whortles, for I know that in most cases they are there as the result of the happy toil of children and young people abroad in the lanes and fields at sunrise.

"In most cases" I write advisedly, for an exception, and not a very honest one, is under our eyes even now in the form of a tatterdemalion male figure slinking out of sight among the trees of a neighbouring coppice. A great basket is slung to his side. The ruffian! he was probably out before daybreak, and our own very moderate baskets are most likely due to his diligence. He might well seem the last belated reveller of some *sabbat nocturne*, or other unholy mystery, creeping off among the trunks with the last torn rags of mist and shortening shadows.

Open Questions.

IS SOCIALISM A SPOILS SYSTEM?

WOULD Socialism, total or partial, settle the eternal conflict between capital and labour, or would it merely shift the struggle from the industrial on to the political stage, introducing new elements of danger and corruption into politics while affording no real security for industrial peace? If, for instance, the railways or the mining industry in this country passed into the hands of the State, would not the railwaymen and the miners, who, even under present circumstances, organise in electoral areas where they are strong and use their voting power to secure legislation and administration favourable to their conditions of employment, concentrate all their organised energy upon party politics and Parliamentary government to extort higher wages, shorter hours, and other preferential conditions, without any regard to the interests of the taxpayers? The great mining districts of the North, the Midlands, and of South Wales; such railroad towns as Rugby, Crewe, and Derby would no longer return members of Parliament to assist in the general work of making and administering laws in the general interests of the nation: even the interests of party would yield place to the narrower form of trade individualism, and knots of men would sit in Parliament pledged to devote themselves to the supreme end of securing for the workers in a particu-

lar industry a bigger pull upon the public purse in pay, pensions, or other advantages. As Socialism advanced further, politics would more and more degenerate into the cockpit of sectional industrial strife, each national trade seeking to advance itself at the expense of the nation as a whole. Every town would be a Chatham or a Plymouth: the menace offered to-day by organisations of postal employees and school teachers would be far more formidable in the case of large localised trades employing a majority of the workers in whole districts: the House of Commons, and the miners' elective bodies, would be composed chiefly of members pledged to subordinate all other public considerations to the particular economic needs or demands of their constituents. The public good, it is urged, would disappear in favour of a number of competing private goods. Incidentally, the re-alignment of political forces and issues would lend itself to a fiscal policy of Protection, as politics became more and more a game of pulls between groups of producers, each of which would be urgent to maintain the largest volume of employment for its members at the highest rate of pay and would insist on taxing or prohibiting imports which might impair this policy.

That this is a real difficulty there can be no doubt. But is it inherent and inseparable in all forms and degrees of Socialism? In a completely Socialistic State, where all consumers, all taxpayers—in fact, all citizens—were servants of the State, and the entire product of the national activity was divided in payment for public services, fierce political conflicts might well arise between the several services: miners trying to secure higher wages and shorter hours than cotton-workers by superior manipulation of votes, and the like. In a word, trade individualism might be rampant in a nominally Socialist State. Until an ideal of social solidarity was reached the collectivist State would be rent by such dissensions.

But this is not our problem. The Socialism which here concerns us is an extension of the existing industrial functions of the State, where not the entire body of workers, but a large and growing percentage, are public employees. Will they be able to tyrannise over the general body of citizens in the sense of extorting an excessive pay for an insufficient amount of effective service? That they will tend and try to do so may be well admitted. How far will they succeed? Do our post-office employees and our public teachers already get too much and give too little? It is not obvious that they do, or that their trade organisations as an economical and political instrument can and will enable them to do so. "Yes," it may be said, "but it will be very different if, instead of employing some 5 per cent. of the wage-earners, the State employed 20 or 40 per cent.: these would then become the dominant force in party politics and would work the public machine for their private gain."

Now, how much weight is there in this argument? Let us suppose the main steps in "practicable Socialism" to have been taken. One of two things would happen: Either the public services would form separate organisations for their several protection and advancement, or they would federate. In the former event the jealousy of other services would furnish a real, even if not an adequate, check upon the political pull of any single service. If, however, as is, perhaps, more reasonable to suppose, the various public services or-

ganised for common pressure on the public purse, seeking to get high wages, short hours, and other advantages for all public employees, would such a policy necessarily bring the State to ruin?

Two checks, or qualifications, must be taken into consideration. In the first place, the conditions of most wage-earners engaged in private competitive industry will leave a large margin for legitimate improvement when an industry passes into public hands. Taking a concrete instance, it would "pay" the State, on taking over the railways, to raise the wages and lower the hours for many, if not most, railway employees: for public safety, longer and more efficient working lives, better homes, and sound provision for old age are more valuable assets from the standpoint of the public than from that of any private company. This economy is of very wide application. It signifies that a large part of the increased expense of the higher wage-bill under public employment would be a public profit, not a loss, a wise social economy, and not a dole.

But would the demands of State employees stop at this or any other point? Probably not. There is, however, another check, *viz.*, the growing unwillingness of the body of free citizens and taxpayers to be "bled" by the organisation of public employees. Even in America the ordinary citizen kicks when the extortion of the "bosses" and their "gangs" passes a certain limit. In proportion as the system of "graft" here imputed to public employees became more formidable and voracious, the organised resentment of the lay public might be expected to express itself more effectively. But it is reasonable to admit that neither of these qualifying circumstances disposes of the danger. If the national government owned and operated the railways and the mines, while the local government similarly enlarged its sphere of operations, there would be a real and a grave risk of abuses such as I have indicated, if politics continued to run upon the lines with which we are familiar.

Such abuses can only be remedied in one of two ways: either the real power must be entrusted to an expert bureaucracy who shall impose conditions of work and pay upon the rank and file of the public services, the State Socialism of Germany, or else our political machinery must be radically changed so as to furnish an adequate protection to the lay majority of citizens against any extortionate proclivities of the public services. The former is, however, no ultimate solution; it merely narrows and intensifies the tyranny, raising a further question which I shall discuss later, *viz.*, the possibility of a popular control over the expert official.

In a nation committed to popular self-government, the sole method of safety lies in correcting the excess of political power vested in small determined minorities under our existing party system. The nature of that excess is very apparent. At present a small, compact group of voters, who set their heart on some particular reform—local veto, anti-vaccination, or what not—can, by forcing candidates to bid for their support, exact pledges and exert an influence on legislation out of all proportion to their numbers. These groups are usually composed of disinterested citizens. How much more keenly and effectively would this power be exercised by local groups of railwaymen, miners, or municipal employees, animated by strong hopes of personal gain and fully conscious of their size and solidarity? It is idle to assume that public spirit, or contentment with the good conditions of public employment, would prevent them from asking for more or from organising to obtain it. Under our present electoral methods a "spoils system" would be inevitable. But this crucial test

only discloses the signal deficiency of our democratic machinery. At present a compact minority may make our elective bodies misrepresentative. There are some who, alive to the danger of a large civil service, would disqualify all public servants, curing one disease by its opposite. Such mutilation of representative government is, however, unnecessary. All that is needed is proportionate representation, which will reduce the political strength of public employees to its right dimensions. It is quite proper that these should be represented, as they doubtless would, in Parliament and other electoral bodies, by men chosen chiefly to safeguard their professional interests. These interests form an important factor of the commonwealth and deserve their full share of consideration. Under proportional representation, however, no body of public servants, owning special interests, could impose upon the Government a policy unduly favouring these interests.

One final word: strikes, as a method of securing concessions to labour, would become of necessity a weaker and weaker weapon as this "Socialism" advanced. As employment grew practically permanent, with long terms of contract, wages and other conditions better than those prevailing in the outside labour market, a strike would react more injuriously than now upon the strikers and could only legally occur upon conditions which gave ample time for replacement from outside. For it would, of course, be right and necessary for Government to protect the public interest by a firm enforcement of the labour contract between its employees and itself. I do not contend that these considerations entirely and finally dispose of the danger of public servants using politics for "spoils"; but they certainly reduce the magnitude of this menace.

J. A. H.

Poetry.

VOX MARIUM.

WHENCE comes, O Moon, thy path upon the sea,
Out from the dreamer's land of what shall be,
From out eternity?

Beyond that glimmering path what regions lie,
Through those blanched portals where the seas touch sky,
What land of mystery?

The pallid waters burdened with strange lore
Whisper the ancient secret on this shore,
Will whisper evermore.

We hear their speech, yet do not understand
The murmurous utterance of their distant land
Borne to this alien strand:

And through the hissing spray one voice alone
We recognise, laden with human moan,
The sullen undertone.

Hoarse waters striving to articulate,
To all your voices charged with hints of fate
Our hearts reverberate;
For once it seems we knew the darkened spell,
Dim memories stir, we can—we cannot tell;
You guard your secret well.

Where leads that glimmering path upon the sea?
Into the dreamer's land of what shall be,
Beyond Mortality?
Past the wan margin where the clouds of Death
Bend down to cut the shadowy tide of breath—
What land of mystery?

J. W. FEAVER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

LORD CROMER has placed in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan, for publication early next year, a work on modern Egypt, the result of his long official connection with the country. The work will be interesting, not only because of Lord Cromer's striking and strongly marked personality, and the solidity of his achievement in Egypt, but from the literary powers which he has shown, not least effectively in a series of the most brilliant reports that have ever adorned a Blue Book.

* * *

WE are also to have a new edition of the "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, one of Lord Cromer's most vigorous critics. Sir William Butler has written an introduction, and Mr. Blunt adds a memorandum, in which he deals at some length with the treatment of Egyptian questions by the "Times," and answers the criticisms made on the earlier edition of his work by that journal.

* * *

FROM the New York "Nation" we learn that a memorial volume, containing essays and letters by the late Wendell Phillips Garrison, will be published as soon as the materials can be collected and arranged. Garrison's reputation has been rather overshadowed by that of his friend and chief, E. L. Godkin, the greatest of American journalists, whose "Life" was reviewed some time ago in our columns. But although by no means as brilliant a writer as Godkin, the reviews which he contributed to "The Nation" were almost as remarkable in their own way as Godkin's keen and effective political comment. The coming volume is to be edited by Mr. P. M. Garrison. He will be grateful for the loan of any characteristic letters, and promises to return them with as little delay as possible.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. Constable's announcements is a volume called "Letters from the Raven," containing the correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Walkin. The book should prove a brilliant addition to the literature of letter-writing, for Hearn's published letters are marked by great charm and freshness. Mr. Milton Bronner, who edits the volume, tells us the curious fact that "the mere labour of writing was a physical task with Hearn, demanding hours for the composition of a single letter." This is certainly an example of the difficult writing which makes easy reading. Mr. Bronner's general estimate of Hearn is close to the truth. "He seems to have every attribute of a great writer," he says, "save humour. There is hardly a smile in any of his books on Japan. One would say that the author was a man who never knew what gaiety was."

* * *

IN the meantime, English readers have an opportunity of reading some other letters by Hearn addressed to Mr. Osman Edwards, the second instalment of which appears in the current number of "The Albany Review." They deal for the most part with modern French writers, and contain some excellent criticisms. He is enthusiastic about Pierre Loti, for whom he says his feeling "is that of fanatical, furious adoration." "Loti is certainly to my thinking the greatest writer in the world." The following passage is more measured in tone, but shows the same admiration:—

"There is not much heart in Loti; but there is a fine brain; and there is a nervous system so extraordinary that it forces imagination back to the conditions of old Greek life, when men had senses more perfect than now. Very possibly this Julien Viaud has in his veins old blood of Magna Græcia. No other literary man living sees and hears and smell and thrills so finely as he; we are in presence of a being of immeasurably superior organisation—therefore, exceedingly unhappy in this world of the nineteenth century. I doubt whether he has ever loved, or could love in our sense. But I think we must study him as a creature apart."

His other admirations were for Anatole France, the best of whom he re-read every year, and the poets of the Romantic Movement, especially Gautier. His view of the Decadent School of French poetry may be judged from this verdict passed upon a recent anthology:—

"The new poetry is simply rotten! morally and otherwise. I am not prudish; I still think Gautier's 'Musée Secret' (in the 'Souvenirs' of Emile Bergerat) the finest poem of an artistic kind in the French or any other language. But there is in it a splendid something entirely absent from the new poetry—the joy of life. There is no joy in this new world—and scarcely any tenderness: the language is the language of art, but the spirit is of Holbein and the Gothic ages of religious madness. I do not know that poetry ought to be joyous, in a general way; there is beauty in pain and sorrow. Only—is ugliness or pain, without beauty, a subject worthy of poetry? (I am not including subjects of cosmic emotion in the question.) 'Ionica'—a rare English example of exquisite grace and loveliness in melancholy—contains a dozen little pieces, any one of which is worth all the pieces in 'Poètes d'Aujourd'hui'; I think it illustrates what I mean. What has neither joy nor beauty, nor the power of bestirring any great quality or volume of emotion—any cosmic feeling or generous feeling—ought not such a matter to be excluded from poetry proper?"

* * *

THERE is still room for the activities of the Board Schools. Mr. Fisher Unwin, who recently published a finely illustrated edition of "Romola," has received a letter addressed "G. Eliot, Esq., c/o Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace." On opening the envelope it was seen to contain a circular inviting George Eliot to subscribe to a press-cutting agency.

* * *

PROFESSOR VINOGRADOFF is probably the greatest living authority on medieval English history, and scholars are eagerly waiting for the publication of a volume on "English Society in the Eleventh Century," which he has just completed. For some time Professor Vinogradoff held the chair of history in the University of Moscow, but his liberal ideas brought him into collision with the bureaucratic authorities, and he resigned his position and came to England. His studies of "The Growth of the English Manor" and "Villainage in England" are wonderfully learned and suggestive contributions towards the elucidation of one of the most obscure and perplexing problems of English history.

* * *

MR. G. L. GOMME has completed the "Index of Archæological Papers, 1665-1890," upon which he has been engaged for over twenty-five years, and the work will be issued this season by Messrs. Constable. A great deal of valuable work done by the archæological and historical societies has been hitherto extremely difficult of access, through the want of a complete index of their various volumes of "Transactions." Mr. Gomme's work, together with the annual index published by the Congress of Archæological Societies, covers the whole ground, from the first publications in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society, down to the present time. He is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his valuable and laborious undertaking.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends." By A. M. W. Stirling. (Lane, 32s. net.)
- "Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton." By L. Pearsall Smith. (Clarendon Press, 25s. net.)
- "The Queen of Letter Writers." By Janet Aldis. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Lucretius: Epicurean and Poet." By John Masson. (Murray, 12s. net.)
- "Leaves from the Note-books of Lady Dorothy Nevill." Edited by her son, Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)
- "The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The France of To-day." By Professor Barrett Wendell. (Constable, 6s. net.)
- "My Memoirs," Vol. II. By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen, 6s. net.)
- "The Canon and Text of the New Testament." By Professor C. R. Gregory. (T. & T. Clark, 12s. net.)
- "Two-Legs, and Other Stories." By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (Methuen, 6s.)
- "La Bourgeoisie française au XVIIe Siècle—Etude Sociale." Par Charles Normand. (Paris: Alcan, 12fr.)
- "Questions et Figures Politiques." Par Raymond Poincaré. (Paris: Fasquelle, 3fr. 50.)
- "L'Ombre du Soir." Nouvelles. Par Renée d'Ulmès. (Paris: Lemerre, 3fr. 50.)
- "Der Amerikaner." Roman. Von Gabriele Reuter. (Berlin: Fischer, M.4.)
- "Donizetti a Roma. Con lettere e documenti inediti." Di Alberto Cametti. (Torino: Bocca, L.6.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT AND THE BISHOPS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Bishops have met *in camera*, after the fashion of a congress of Cardinals, and found lying on the council board a memorial, with nearly ten thousand signatures, expressive of the clerical mind on the question of the new Marriage Act. Curiously enough, that clerical mind was found to be voiced, both as to the wording of the memorial itself, and the covering letter which went with it, by a single layman. It shows that, after all, the genius of Papal power has survived in England, and its mantle, on this occasion, has fallen upon Lord Halifax, and thereby created him a lay Pope. And in order that we may clearly perceive the intention of "clericalism," it is most necessary that we should thoroughly take in the contexts of this address. The memorialists not only express their thanks for the past action of the Primate of All England in the House of Lords in defence of the "Marriage Laws of the Universal Church," but stand in marshalled lines, under the command of their newly appointed lay-head, in readiness, when the word is given, to support steps which the Archbishop is practically asked to take "to assert the right of the Church of England to enforce that law (of the Universal Church) upon its own members."

Who are members of the Church of England? Constitutionally, by right of being the established National Church, all subjects of the King in England and Wales, every member of the State still being, in the eye of the law, a member of the State Church, whose one statutable governing body of laymen is Parliament. But we do not wish, in the face of altered circumstances, to unduly press our legal rights of membership. We are content, for the moment, to accept the truly Catholic test, and to affirm that all baptised Christians are members of the one authorised and legally recognised National Church. Some may be conforming members, others non-conforming; but that is not the point at issue. Hence it follows that not only are the clergy who themselves contract a lawful marriage, who either solemnise such or grant the use of the church of which they are the responsible ministers, but also all persons having any right of membership who contract such a marriage, are to be deprived of their membership and placed under ecclesiastical censure. Parishioners are to be deprived, at the autocratic will of the incumbent, of the use of their parish church, and denied approach to the Lord's Table. So far as the Sacraments of the Church are concerned, they are placed under an interdict carrying with it, whether they be clergy or laity, a spiritual boycott. Lord Halifax's language at the meeting of the English Church Union at Yarmouth leaves no doubt as to the intention of the memorialists of whom he is the accredited Aaron. Indeed, with or without the Bishops, it looks as though the memorialists had committed themselves to close two-thirds of the 14,700 and odd churches in England and Wales against any parishioners who desire such marriage as the new Act makes lawful, and, if so married, to deprive them of their spiritual rights. It is in this direction that the seriousness of the situation lies. It shows also the grievous error in judgment made by the Government when they not only granted liberty of action to the incumbent, but empowered him (if he so willed) to close the parish or district church of which he was minister against those persons who were desirous of taking the benefit of the Act.

It is needless to say that the politic Archbishop has done his best to keep the Ship of the Church off Scylla, and then, to avoid running into Charybdis, his Grace tacks again. All idea (as held by the ten thousand) of marriage with a deceased wife's sister being contrary to divine law is given up. The appeal to Scripture cannot be sustained. Leviticus xviii., 18, has to be given up. The revised version gives the plain meaning of the Hebrew text, which is supported by a continuous flow of ancient versions and commentators from 280 B.C. to 1560 A.D. Jew and Christian, Romanist and Protestant, are of one mind.

Nor, when it is remembered that we are standing on Jewish ground, does the inference from affinity help the

objector. According to the Mosaic law, the husband's relations by marriage became the wife's relations, but not her relations his. The "flesh of his flesh" does not comprehend the relations of the wife, who has left her own family and become incorporated into that of her husband. And, as regards Church law, we have to wait till the beginning of the fourth century before we discover that a local Spanish Council undertook to forbid these marriages and to reverse the ancient law of Rome. A learned writer (the late Prebendary McCaul, D.D.), has shown that there is not a Canon of Eastern or Western, Greek or Syrian, Roman or African Council that bears on the subject. It is true that Canon Law in the pre-Reformation Church of England included these marriages as within the forbidden degrees; but then the degrees were extended to the seventh generation (including not only first, but second and third cousins), for the purpose of the money obtained from papal dispensations. Archbishop Parker's Table of Kindred and Affinity (not part of the Prayers proper) merely summarised "our laws" in regard to persons forbidden to marry. The Canons of 1604 were put forth by royal prerogative only, and it is open to question how far they are now binding on the laity. At any rate, they only hold good till superseded by subsequent Canons or provisions of an Act of Parliament. In the matter of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, Canon 99 has been thus superseded. As to the setting up of the law of the State Church against that of the State, the Bishop of Hereford gave wholesome warning to his Diocesan Conference. And the Archbishop of Canterbury himself has declined to take up the position of the memorialists, and will enforce nothing, leaving his clergy the freedom which the Act gives them to decide either way. His Grace further throws his protecting shield over any responsible minister who either performs the marriage now legalised or allows the church of which he is incumbent to be used for that purpose. It looks as if the Bishop of Exeter will have to do the same in the case of the Vicar of Dartmouth.

At all events, it is highly desirable that the vast majority of the laity who approve the new Act should raise their voices against the tyranny of a "clericalism" that seeks to make of no effect in the Established Church an Act of Parliament which they have demanded for many years past. Is it, also, too much to ask that the majority of the clergy will bear in mind the attitude of the Archbishop they memorialised towards a clerical brother who has decided otherwise? "I shall," his Grace says, "in no way regard him as disloyal or disrespectful because of the decision to which he has come." Such a one is of the company of such great Churchmen as Dean Hook and Dean Vaughan, and of such a distinguished son of the faith as William Ewart Gladstone.—Yours &c.,

October 28th, 1907.

J. F. W.

"IRELAND AND LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“A Protestant Elector,” under above heading, says that during the past century Dublin Castle policy and the attitude of the Protestant gentry have had the natural effect of driving the people into the arms of the priests, “who have thus obtained over the uneducated peasantry a domination that all educated Irishmen of any creed must regard as pernicious.” Surely, in matters of morals and religion, it is right that the people should be advised and guided by their clergy. Is such guidance pernicious? But the suggestion that the people are dominated in political and social matters by the clergy is so opposed to all the facts of history that I ask leave to offer some evidence to the contrary.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy are, of course, unanimous when they meet in council and promulgate manifestos, just as any other board or the Cabinet is. The majority decides. But, as individuals, in matters outside faith and doctrine, they are not so. When Archbishop McCabe denounced the Ladies' Land League, Archbishop Croke replied that “his Grace's political likings and dislikings carry very little weight or significance.”

But, as to the influence of the hierarchy generally, in 1799 the Archbishop of Cashel, asked to use his influence to procure signatures in favour of the Union, wrote to a brother Archbishop, “you know how little influence we

have over them in political matters." The Archbishop of Tuam wrote at the same time that if he signed the resolutions, "I would draw down upon myself the censure of a large portion of the inhabitants of this diocese."

O'Connell said that while he would accept his faith from Rome, he would no more take his politics from there than from Stamboul. This sentiment has been repeated over and over during recent times by political leaders when their action has been condemned by ecclesiastics. A committee of the House of Commons was told by Richard Sheil in 1825 that "if a priest at an election directed the people not to vote for any man who would not support reform, the people would not listen to him"; and, "if there were two candidates, a Protestant and a Catholic, and the priest made a strong appeal in favour of the Catholic, it would be unavailing."

This has been borne out by the whole history of the modern national movement. Protestant Home Rulers opposed by the clergy have been elected by overwhelmingly Catholic constituencies, as in Kerry and in Tipperary, where their opponents had the support of both the Catholic clergy and the landlords.

Many Catholic constituencies are at present represented by Protestants, and the rejection of a candidate on account of his religious belief, if acceptable in other respects, is a thing unknown.

The Land League movement was condemned in its inception by Archbishop McHale; the clergy were enjoined to warn their flocks against the leaders described as unknown strollers seeking to mount to place and preferment on the shoulders of the people. Clerical opposition was soon silenced by a large meeting close to the Archbishop's residence, and in spite of the condemnation of the League by Archbishop McCabe of Dublin, the League established its headquarters there, and soon became a power in the land. The first Land League meeting was held to denounce a priest who, as executor to his brother, was supposed to be acting harshly to his tenants.

There is no indication of priestly dominance in these occurrences or in the long list of Protestants—Fitzgerald, Tone, Emmett, Martin, Mitchell, Davis, and others, down to Parnell—whose names are held in honour, whose writings are eagerly read, whose memory is preserved in monuments, street names, statues, and every other way in which they can be honoured.

From the point of view of some Protestants, any influence exercised by the Catholic clergy is pernicious, but what I claim is that the history of the last hundred years shows that their political influence as priests has been small, and did not depend on their clerical calling, and that it is opposed to all the facts of history to say that the clergy have directed or dominated an uneducated peasantry in such matters, or are likely to do so in future.

"Protestant Elector" does not explain what the perniciousness of the clergy's influence consists in, nor what is the wrong channel into which every Irish stream of thought has been turned, nor what he means by the generous and statesmanlike policy he enjoins on English Liberals. These are vague and empty phrases. One thing educated and uneducated electors have learnt, *viz.*, that no more trust can be placed in Liberal than in Conservative promises, and that from neither of the great English parties can generous or statesmanlike policy be expected.—Yours, &c.,

October 28th, 1907. A NON-CATHOLIC ELECTOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter signed "A Protestant elector," cannot be very clear to people who desire a settlement of the Irish difficulty. It is all very well to say, that "a true Nationalism must prefer Ireland not only to England, but also to Rome." We know very well that the Clerical party over here are looking to one result at the General Election. They are expecting the help of the Irish vote in the House of Commons in smashing a fair settlement of the Education question. The alliance between Mr. Balfour and the Irish Party on Education did a great deal towards the result of the General Election of 1906. In opposition to the statement that "it is absolutely essential to a successful Nationalist policy that it should detach itself entirely from

the current controversies of English life," I venture to say that it was never more necessary for Mr. Redmond to understand the difficulties in which British Liberal Nonconformists find themselves. If Mr. Redmond desires support from the rising labour forces, he must understand that a secular solution is considered the only fair and logical issue of the controversy. And if the time has not arrived for that, it must be fatal to the Home Rule cause to advocate denominationalism in defiance of Liberalism. We Nonconformists are looking to France, as a model for dealing with questions of Church and State. The fate of Home Rule depends on the degree of cynical indifference shown by the Irish Catholics in Parliament to English Protestantism.—Yours, &c., X.

Leamington, October 26th, 1907.

"THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last week's issue Mr. Gilbert Murray, in his interesting article, "A Defence of Unlicensed Playing," includes Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" among the list of plays forbidden by the Censor. May I, with your kind permission, be allowed to say that this play was licensed by the Censor before its production by the Incorporated Stage Society in December, 1904.

The plays produced by the Society, for which the Censor refused a license, are:—

"Mrs. Warren's Profession." By Bernard Shaw.

"Monna Vanna." By Maurice Maeterlinck.

"Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont." By Brieux.

"Maternité." By Brieux.

"Les Hanneçons." By Brieux.

The forthcoming production of the Society is Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste." It is notorious that this play has also been refused a license by the Censor.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK WELLEN.

The Incorporated Stage Society.

9, Arundel Street, Strand,

October 30th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my article on the Censorship last week I stated that an audience in Dublin "showed in an effective way" its disapproval of Mr. Pinero's play "The Gay Lord Quex." This seems, on investigation, not to have been the case. I was misled by the story—a long and most entertaining story—of an Irish gentleman who professed to have been one of the rioters on the occasion; but further inquiries in Dublin show me that other people who were present at the performances of "Lord Quex" are not aware of any heroic disturbance having taken place. I tender my apologies both to Mr. Pinero and to the population of Dublin.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

131, Banbury Road, Oxford,

October 25th, 1907.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one of those who are in favour of a limited Bill for women's suffrage, may I point out that the writer of your review on "The Case for Women's Suffrage" is not fair or quite accurate when he classes all such supporters as "champions of a middle-class suffrage"? He is not fair, because, as he might have gathered from the essays he criticises, our willingness to accept a small measure of enfranchisement is based upon our determination to keep the matter within the limits of practical politics, and not upon any desire to "enfranchise the rich and well-to-do"; and he is not accurate, because even the limited Bill would enfranchise a large proportion of working women—both professional and wage-earning women. It is true that no poor married woman would benefit under it, unless she were a widow—and widows form a large class among working women—but then, no married woman benefits under the Qualification of Women (Borough and County Councils) Bill, recently passed by a Government that claims to be too democratic to extend the franchise within similar limitations. The disability of marriage is only one of the results

of the political outlawry of women, which, being an unnatural element in the State, has caused a slight to be placed upon the very woman who ought to be first among women. Our point is that neither this nor any similar anomaly can be satisfactorily removed until the sex disability is removed; so we concentrate our efforts upon what we believe to be the simplest way of removing the sex disability. Is not this the course of procedure adopted by the Government in the Qualification of Women Bill? No reasonable person supposes that marriage will be allowed to remain a disqualification for sitting upon the Councils. If, however, the Government prefers to skip the intermediate stage in dealing with women's suffrage, let it by all means bring in a measure to enfranchise all women. So far, it has shown no sign of wishing to do this.

May I also suggest to your reviewer that women who ask for the franchise on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men, cannot exactly be said to "ignore the injustices between classes in their attempt to remedy injustices between sexes," though women may well retort that they would not be voteless now if our legislators, in remedying injustices between classes, had not hitherto ignored injustices between sexes. The hypothetical limitation of the franchise to bachelors and rich married men is, by the way, not a fair analogy; for at no time in our history have all men lacked political rights. If no men had votes, I think the most democratic among them would hesitate to postpone the enfranchisement of his sex until the whole of it stood to gain votes, but would rather remove the sex disability, as he has removed the class disability, by degrees. Your reviewer admits as much when he says that "every Reform Bill has gone further than people at the time thought possible." That is our contention in a nutshell. If we ask for less than we want, we may get more than we ask; by asking too much we should probably get nothing. But that, Sir, is not the same thing as saying that we advocate a middle-class suffrage, unless you are prepared to admit that the present male suffrage is a middle-class one. You might as well say that a temperance reformer advocates drunkenness because he accepts a moderate measure of temperance reform.—Yours, &c.,

October 21st, 1907.

EVELYN SHARP.

[Our point was that this partial Suffrage Bill, by enfranchising a comparatively large proportion of propertied women and a comparatively small proportion of unpropertied women, would weight the total strength of the classes in issues where they were at conflict with the masses.—Editor, THE NATION.]

"SOCIALISM IN LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I find in my previous letter the assertion that the Liberal Party is definitely committed to anti-destitutionism. This is probably due to a slip of the pen on my part. It is the Labour Party which, by its Unemployed Bill, is definitely committed to the establishment of universal security against destitution. The Liberal Party is committed only to old age pensions, a measure which is the far less important part of the anti-destitution programme. In favour of the formal adoption of this programme in its entirety by the Liberal Party, I beg leave to urge the following considerations:—

1. Justice is the rule of saving the greater hardship of one man in preference to the lesser hardship of any other man, while destitution is a hardship greater than any of the hardships which are unfortunately involved in its elimination. At the same time, it is true that the number of persons suffering from destitution is much smaller than that of those who will be taxed in order to find the cost of universal security against destitution, and the question arises whether an aggregate of several lesser hardships can ever outweigh one solidly greater hardship; whether it is just to torture one man in order to save thousands, or millions, or billions, or, indeed, any number of men from, say, toothache. If we reject the principle of aggregation, then destitutionism stands without further ado condemned as contrary to justice. If we accept aggregation as a sound principle, there still remains the consideration that insecurity against destitution is the cause of a great mass of hardships, fear of destitution for most

families, dread of social upheaval for the remaining families, and, above all, the mutual rancour which grows on men as they come to know that their fellows will stand by and let them and theirs sink into destitution, with all the mutually inflicted injuries flowing from such rancour. In order to defend destitutionism, it is thus necessary not only to accept the principle of aggregation, but also to maintain that this mass of hardships is exceeded by the sum of hardships involved in such increased taxation, as is involved in the elimination of destitution. Another way of defending destitutionism is to contend that it is just to save one man from a lesser hardship at the cost of a greater hardship to another. Now, if Liberalism becomes definitely anti-destitutionist in character, Conservatism is sure to champion openly the destitutionist policy now pursued, using the above-mentioned methods of defence singly or jointly. As a matter of consequence, the stigma of destitutionism will cling for many years to Conservatives; for after the establishment of security against destitution some Conservatives will attempt to administer anti-destitutionist legislation in the spirit of a destitutionist poor law, while all Conservatives will be justly suspected of such a design because the official Conservative position will be that the anti-destitution programme is but a poor law in disguise. During the ensuing weakness of Conservative interests, Liberalism will be able to remove one by one the remnants of feudal and clerical domination.

2. The absence of security against destitution is the cause of a fundamental inequality in bargaining between labour-buyers and labour-vendors. The risk of destitution is so much more urgent for labour-vendors that labour-buyers have an excessive bargaining advantage which no factory legislation can ever remove. To organise all labour-vendors into one sole labour-buying corporation may indeed remove the oppressive hardships flowing from this advantage, but this is a remedy which Liberalism cannot adopt. Another remedy, at once surer of effect and of far easier execution, is to turn the State into a mutual insurance society against destitution, and thus eliminate the risk of destitution altogether, for labour-buyers and labour-vendors alike. For this remedy organised labour is ripe; witness the resolutions of the Bath Congress asserting the urgency of both parts of the anti-destitution programme, which, moreover, Liberalism may adopt with complete safety.

The adoption may perhaps cause the defection of some Whigs from the Liberal camp. However, this defection, in any case inevitable, will be more, far more, than compensated by the genuine alliance which will then become possible between Liberalism and Labour, an alliance which is impossible as long as Liberalism has not been thoroughly purged from the taint of destitutionism. Even extreme Collectivists will find it very difficult to oppose such an alliance while the allied parties are engaged in the task of enacting and administering anti-destitution laws, and of defending these laws against attempts at circumvention on the part of Conservatives, the natural defenders of destitutionism as long as defence is possible. What will happen when destitutionism has been, as it will before long be, branded with the kind of infamy that now clings to the advocacy of slavery or torture, when all good Conservatives are, in profession at least, zealous defenders of the birthright of British subjects to security against destitution, this is a question with which anti-destitutionists need not concern themselves at present. New issues will arise and be fought out, we may reasonably expect, with less bitterness than the chief issue of our times will be fought out with, for the conversion of the State into a mutual insurance society against destitution as well as against slavery and torture will greatly reduce mutual rancour among men.

To test the position of parties, and force Tories and Whigs to show their hand, some Radical or Labour member favoured by the ballot ought, at the beginning of next session, to bring forward a suitably worded resolution to the effect that, in the belief of the House of Commons, the time has come for the British State to secure all its members against the risk of destitution as completely as they are already secured by law against torture and slavery.—Yours, &c.,

O. E. POST.

38, Holywell Street, Oxford,
October 21st, 1907.

Reviews.

LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1837-1861.*

THIS most interesting work, containing selections from the stupendous mass of correspondence of the late Queen, which up to 1861 only—that is, for little more than one-third of her reign—is said to fill between five and six hundred volumes, is not to be regarded as a biography, still less as a history of her reign. It supplies a mass of material for a more complete record of the Queen's Life, and a full appreciation of her character, when the time comes for the publication of the residue of her correspondence.

The letters here selected are mainly political. Most of them are of a formal character, written in the third person, as is the stiff convention between Sovereigns and their Ministers. The exceptions, very grateful to the reader, are those which passed between the Queen and her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians. There are no letters to her mother, the Duchess of Kent, or to her eldest daughter after marriage to the Crown Prince of Germany, or to any of her intimate friends, such as the Duchess of Sutherland. There are indications that many letters have been purposely withheld, for political or other reasons. Lord Esher, it may be presumed, was associated with Mr. Benson as editor for this purpose. In the case of Lord Melbourne, the intimate correspondence with whom, after he ceased to be Prime Minister, was open to grave constitutional objection, and is the more interesting on that account, there are no fewer than sixty letters on his part, every one of which purports to be an answer to one from the Queen; only five of the Queen's letters are printed, and these are of little interest. Some of Lord Melbourne's letters, with flashes of cynical humour, are good reading; but many of them are mere twaddle, which might well have been omitted. They seem to be inserted only for the purpose of showing that there was no political indiscretion on his part. The question naturally arises whether the Queen's letters were of the same character, or whether she commented in them on her new Ministers or their policy. No explanation is afforded for not printing them.

So, again, in the correspondence with Leopold there are many gaps. Some of his letters, as printed, are in answer to those of the Queen, which are not given, and *vice versa*, many of hers, in answer to those of her uncle, which are withheld. No explanation is given. There is, for instance, an early letter of Leopold to the Queen in 1838, in which he says: "I wish very much you would speak to Melbourne on the subject of what might be done to keep for the Crown what little influence it may still possess." The answer to this letter is not given. It seems unlikely that the Queen neglected to act on this suggestion, and to consult with Melbourne, or that she failed to report the result to her uncle. Another illustration of this reserve is to be found in 1850, when the Queen, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, complained that letters addressed to her from abroad, and forwarded in the official Foreign Office bag, had been opened. In very peremptory terms she insisted that this must cease. There is no answer given on the part of Palmerston to this serious complaint. There must have been many letters coming to the Queen from the numerous relatives in Germany, of herself and the Prince, and from other Royalties. It may be presumed that they were full of complaints of Palmerston's policy. It would be interesting to know who were the writers and the nature of their charges; but not one of these letters are printed. There are two letters given from Lady Normanby, the wife of the British Ambassador at Paris, to her brother-in-law, Colonel Phipps, the Queen's private secretary. They were written immediately after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. They complain, in very indignant terms, of Palmerston's correspondence with the Ambassador. They were evidently intended to be shown to the Queen—a backstairs procedure of a very reprehensible kind. They gave the first intimation to the Queen that Palmerston had informed the French Ambassador in London that he approved of the *coup d'état*, which a few days later was the cause of his dismissal. They were conveyed to England by a friend, with the intimation that neither by the ordinary post nor

in the official bag were they safe from being read by the Foreign Office, thus confirming the complaints of the Queen I have already alluded to. They are printed apparently for the purpose of accentuating the case against Lord Palmerston.

Whatever the extent and object of the reservations I have referred to, the letters which are given contain matter of the greatest interest. They do not, indeed, lead to any new views of the history of the time. They amplify and confirm those already formed. They show at every stage the great qualities of the Queen, her patriotism, courage, and tact, her devotion to public business, her independence of political parties, the purity of her family life, her deep sympathy with the sorrows of others, and the broadness of her religious views.

Among other topics, two seem to me to stand out conspicuously as of permanent interest—the one, the gradual development of the Queen as a constitutional Sovereign, the other, the long battle between her and Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell in relation to despatches on foreign affairs. On the first of these, the correspondence shows how much the Queen owed in her early days to her uncle Leopold, to Baron Stockmar, and to Lord Melbourne. Foremost of these was undoubtedly Leopold. His letters to the Queen are full of sage advice, and of maxims of kingcraft. They must have been supplementary to much more of the same kind given orally in his numerous visits to England. Writing to the Queen a few weeks before her accession to the throne, he said:—

"The fundamental rule is to be courageous, firm, and honest, as you have been till now. . . . Be no man's tool. . . . The great thing for you is not to be hurried into important measures, and to gain time. A new reign is always a time of hope: everybody is disposed to seek something for his own wishes and prospects. The policy of a new sovereign must therefore be to act in such a manner as to hurt as little as possible the *amour propre* of people, to let circumstances and the force of things bring about the disappointments which no human power could prevent coming sooner or later."

And again, a few days after her accession:—

"Whenever a question is of some importance it should not be discussed on the day when it is submitted to you. Whenever it is not an urgent one, I make it a rule not to let any question be forced upon my immediate decision. It is really not doing oneself justice to *le décider sur le pouce*. I always have the papers with me some little time before I decide."

Later, again:—

"A rule I cannot sufficiently recommend is never to permit people to speak on subjects concerning yourself or your affairs without your having desired them to do so. The moment a person behaves improperly on this subject change the conversation, and make him feel that he has made a mistake."

"In politics a great rule ought to be to rule with the things one knows already, and not to jump into something entirely new, of which no one can do more than guess the consequences."

"The heart and not the head is the safest guide in a position such as yours."

"All trades must be learnt nowadays, and the trade of a constitutional monarch, to do it well, is a most difficult one."

"In such a colossal machinery as the British Empire a Ministerial crisis shakes the whole world."

Apart from any advice which she received, the Queen seems to have had an intuitive sense of the duties and position of a constitutional monarch. Nothing is more remarkable than the ease and aplomb with which, while still in her teens, she assumed the position of head of the State, identified herself with the nation, treated the highest Ministers as her servants, and insisted on the full recognition of her prerogative. Even before her accession she wrote to Leopold:—

"I never showed myself openly to belong to any party, and do not belong to any party. The administration will be well received by me the more so as I have confidence in them, and, in particular, in Lord Melbourne, who is a straightforward, honest, clever, and good man."

Within two years of her accession, and before her marriage, we find her rating the Prime Minister for not having kept her informed of Ministerial arrangements:—

"The Queen," she wrote to Lord Melbourne, "has been a good deal annoyed this evening at Normanby's telling her that John Russell was coming to town next Monday in order to change offices with him. Lord Melbourne never told the Queen that this was definitely settled; on the contrary, he said it could remain in our hands, to use Lord Melbourne's own words, and only be settled during the Vacation; con-

*"The Letters of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence, 1837-1861." Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. Murray, 3 vols., 63s. net.

sidering all that the Queen has said on the subject to Lord Melbourne, and considering the great confidence the Queen had in Lord Melbourne, she thinks and feels he ought to have told her that this was settled, and not let the Queen be the last person to hear what is settled and done in her own name; Lord Melbourne will excuse the Queen's being a little eager about this, but it has happened once before that she learned from other people what had been decided on."

Writing again, after her engagement to Prince Albert and before her marriage, she said:—

"I have received to-day an ungracious letter from Uncle Leopold. He appears to me to be nettled because I no longer ask for his advice, but dear uncle is given to believe that he must rule the roost everywhere. However, that is not a necessity."

Even before this, in 1838, within a year of her accession, we find her writing with the greatest tact to Leopold an answer to a letter from him with reference to the questions still in dispute between Belgium and Holland, expressing the hope that she would occasionally express to her Ministers, and particularly to "good Lord Melbourne," her wish that as far as compatible with the interests of her own domains, her Government would take the lead in such measures as might be favourable to her country. Her reply is conceived in the best possible spirit, without committing herself or her Government:—

"You may be assured, my beloved uncle, that both Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston are most anxious at all times for the prosperity and welfare of Belgium, and are consequently most desirous of seeing this difficult question brought to a conclusion which may be satisfactory to you. Allow me once more, therefore, dearest uncle, to beseech you to use your powerful influence over your subjects and to strive to moderate their excited feelings on these matters. Your situation is a very difficult one and nobody feels more for you than I do."

Again, as an illustration of her deep interest in public affairs, we find the Queen writing to her husband within a year after their marriage, in answer, apparently, to a wish he had expressed as to going to Windsor:—

"You forget, my dearest love, that I am the Sovereign, and that business can stop or wait for nobody. Parliament is sitting, or something occurs almost every day for which I may be required, and it is quite impossible for me to be absent from London. . . . I am never easy a moment if I am not on the spot to see and hear what is going on."

It is, I think, impossible to distinguish between her views and her conduct before and after marriage. It is true that Prince Albert by degrees assumed a more active part, and relieved her of much work, but there was evidently no difference whatever between them. They were one and indivisible. They had both been trained under the same masters, Leopold and Stockmar; they had the same notions as to the royal prerogative, the same determination that everything should be done in the name of the sovereign; that they should be kept informed of everything, and that every despatch to foreign Governments should be submitted to the Queen—that is, to both, for approval, before being issued.

In 1841, two years after marriage, the Queen, writing to Leopold, said:—

"My dearest angel is indeed a great comfort to me. He takes the greatest interest in what goes on, feeling with and for me, and yet abstains, as he ought, from biasing me either way, though we talk much on the subject and his judgment is, as you say, good and mild."

The greater part which Prince Albert took in interviews with Ministers is best evidenced by what occurred in 1846. It appears that the Prince had written a long memorandum of a recent conversation between the Queen, himself, and Sir Robert Peel. Peel, when it was shown to him, was annoyed, and said that if he knew that what he said would be committed to paper he would speak differently, and give his opinion with all the circumspection and reserve which a Minister ought to employ when he gave responsible advice. He viewed the existence of such a paper with much uneasiness. It might cause great embarrassment to the Queen with some future Minister. The conversation ended by the Prince burning the paper. Nevertheless, on numerous future occasions, the Prince appears to have written long memoranda as to interviews with Ministers, giving *précis* of their conversations.

We find many indications as to the views and contentions of the Queen as to her powers in the appointment of Ministers. In 1851, on the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, we have it on the authority of a memorandum of Prince Albert

that Lord John Russell told the Queen that the subject had been discussed by the Cabinet, and that his action had been unanimously approved. The Cabinet, he said, then proceeded to discuss the successor to Palmerston, and Lord John Russell stated that in his view Lord Granville was the person whom he would best like to see fill the post of Foreign Secretary. The Cabinet, however, considered that the post should be offered in the first place to Lord Clarendon. The Queen on this interrupted Lord John, and protested against the Cabinet's taking upon itself the appointment of its own members, which, she said, rested entirely with the Prime Minister, and with the Sovereign, under whose approval the former constituted her Government. Lord John replied that he thought Lord Clarendon would not accept the offer, and therefore there would be little danger in satisfying the desires of the Cabinet. We find other instances of the Queen claiming a chief voice in the appointment of Ministers. Thus in 1848, on the defeat of Peel's Government, and the appointment of Lord John Russell as Prime Minister, he recommended Mr. Cobden for admission to the Cabinet; but the Queen objected. She thought he ought not to be admitted at once to the Cabinet without passing through some inferior position in the Government. She did not like rewarding an agitator in this way. Lord John Russell gave way, and offer was not then made to Cobden.

In the same way, when Lord Derby resigned in 1852, he discussed with the Queen and Prince Albert the question of his successor, and advised that Lord Aberdeen should be offered the post of Prime Minister. The Prince interrupted him, saying that the responsibility of choosing a new Minister rested with the Queen alone. It seems that the Queen claimed the absolute right of conferring all the honours of the Crown, or, rather, an absolute veto on proposals made by her Ministers. She negatived the proposal to make Bright a Privy Councillor. She also claimed a veto, subject only to the decision of the Cabinet, of any appointment. Thus she refused to appoint Sir James Hudson as an associate with Lord Aberdeen at the Congress of Paris after the Crimean War. Palmerston and Russell were in favour of this, but, on appeal to the Cabinet, the Queen's view carried the day. She vetoed the appointment of Sir Henry Layard as Under-Secretary of State, but had eventually to give way. She claimed, above all, the right of having every despatch to a foreign Government submitted to her before being issued. I must defer, however, till next week dealing with this matter.

EVERSLEY.

(To be concluded.)

THE RELIGION OF A LAYMAN.*

HAPPY is the house that has a philosopher to its head. In the succession of wise men who have been masters of Balliol, Dr. Caird will not take the least place. Layman though he be, his studies in Christianity have been very deep, and his faith is the stronger, his religion the quicker, for the philosophic basis on which they rest. In the present volume he shows that the most profound problems of life can be presented in a simple form. Nor does he attain simplicity by that easy road which avoids the thorns of difficulty and leads only to the desert. Addressing an audience of undergraduates, he sets before them in a plain form the questions which occupy their minds. There are some young men who have no desire to think, who have got a desire to get some catchwords or formulæ which may serve them in place of thought. Such men will get little profit from Dr. Caird's book, or indeed from any other. In Balliol the ecclesiastical mind will not discover the hermetic seal which is its sole aim. The true function of the teacher is to instruct not in the results but in the method and spirit of thought. For the mind there is no such process as vicarious digestion, and Dr. Caird does not pander to those who suppose that there is. They who seek wholesome food will find it here, and many thrive on it.

The main line of modern thought follows the doctrine of evolution. To the man in the street the word perhaps presents little more than one side of a generalisation of

*"Lay Sermons and Addresses." Delivered in the Hall of Balliol College, Oxford, by Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L., late Master. Maclehose, 6s. net.

Darwin's, and that side imperfectly understood. In fact, it is the only light in which we can see the process of the ages and gain some knowledge of our own generation from the study of the generations that are gone. Man cannot start again with a clean sheet, and any revolution that should make this its object would inevitably defeat itself. Christianity, says Dr. Caird, was the greatest of all awakenings of mankind to the true meaning of life.

"It is the more remarkable that Jesus Christ, who is in one sense the greatest revolutionist the world ever saw, should so constantly present spiritual life to us, not as the inroad upon our being of something entirely new, but simply as an awakening to something that was always there; not as a sudden revolutionary change by which the link between the past and present was snapped, but simply as a further development and manifestation of a principle which was working in human life and history from its first beginning. Thus, while St. Paul, though not without a thought of the progress from the old dispensation to the new, dwells by preference on the difference of the Law and the Gospel, Christ dwells by preference on their unity and connexion. He declares that He Himself came not to destroy the Law and the prophets, but to fulfil them; and He presents His commands, not as a substitute for what was said by them of old time, but simply as deepening, widening, reinterpreting the old letter, till the spirit that was half concealed in it becomes revealed."

So far it is likely that Dr. Caird will find few to disagree with him. It is otherwise when he further points out that the process still continues. The Church of Rome is likely to divide, though it be without a complete schism, into the thinkers who follow it and the authorities who gainsay this doctrine. Even in our own High Churchmen the doctrine of evolution finds supporters, however reluctant, however unwilling to see the full meaning of what they hold, to admit the conclusions to which it must logically carry them. Among educated and intelligent laymen there is a large majority, among all laymen perhaps not a minority, on the same side. It is true that theirs is not the voice which is heard loudest at Church Congresses. Such men are apt to shrink from idle contentions, to feel that *disputandi pruritus* is *ecclesiae scabies*. To them the temper and the methods of the modern curate, still more of the ecclesiastical layman, seem to savour little of the things that are Christ's. Indeed, when Lord Halifax calls upon his obsequious followers to apply a spiritual boycott to a benficed clerk, we look in vain for the spirit of the Galilean. When this boycott is applied only because the clerk is ready to obey a law which has been approved by a large majority of Churchmen in our Houses of Parliament, we may well ask whether Lord Halifax and his following are not within perilous distance of what Plato calls "the lie in the soul," of the inability to distinguish between right and wrong. This is the school which will not dance to Dr. Caird's pipe. Neither would they hearken though one rose from the dead.

In several of his sermons Dr. Caird lays some stress on the idea of nationality as a religious principle. It may be said that this idea is not prominent either in the New Testament or in the history of the early Church. It is needless to point out the temporary circumstances which made such a prominence impossible. The restoration of a Jewish kingdom, even had it been humanly possible, would not have given a second birth to the world. The purification of the Roman Empire could not have been accomplished by political means. Hence no such attempt was made by the founder of Christianity. Still less would it have seemed reasonable to his immediate followers, who believed themselves to be living in the last days. Those who hold that the Church cannot err must be asked to listen to the divine who, in the English Church, carried the High Church doctrine to its highest point. Charles Leslie, the nonjuror, the reasoner who, in Dr. Johnson's view, could not be reasoned against, points out that the Church at its beginning was under the greatest of all errors, for it believed that He who had been crucified upon Calvary was indeed dead beyond the power of resurrection, and the Church itself, in fact, nay, even in form, came to recognise its errors. Dr. Caird points out one matter in which the change was conspicuous.

"The passion of cosmopolitan charity which animated the early Church and kindled a pure flame of zeal in the hearts of saints and martyrs could not really regenerate the life of the modern world or fill the new civilisation with its idealising power except by consecrating and giving its sanction to that natural and historical process by which the nations of Europe

have gradually organised themselves, each with its own peculiar instincts and traditions, each interested with a special task in the complex work of human progress. Thus our Christianity, with its universal gospel of love and its enthusiasm of humanity, may be said both to spring from national life and to reproduce it from itself in a higher form."

In a few clear phrases Dr. Caird points out the real meaning and force of patriotism. Not for the first time in our history the word has of late years been prostituted to base uses, until many of us must have been ready to cry out with the stern old Tory, whose commendation of Leslie we have quoted, that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. It is not the least merit of Dr. Caird's work that he lays his finger on misuses of words which both spring from and lead to confusion of thought. We will end with a passage which may show the right way to distinguish, and there are many wrong ways in vogue, between the sacred and the profane.

"Christ indeed sought to break down all divisions between men, or to make them secondary to their unity; but the worst of all these divisions is the division between the Church and the world, which must arise when any element of human nature is regarded as common or unclean. In this sense we may say that Christ died upon the cross to assert the principle that there is no passion or affection within us which may not be purified and turned into a vehicle of the divine life; no natural relation of men, domestic or national, which may not be filled with the divine spirit. It was natural that the early Church should think mainly of the new tie of brotherhood, which it was seeking to establish among men, and should let all other narrower bonds or relationships fall into the background. And it was equally natural that it should give special prominence to the new ideas of self-sacrifice, patience, endurance of wrong, and should even exalt the martyr's crown as the only manifestation of courage. But if this were the whole lesson of Christianity, it would not have healed the divisions of the ancient world, or reconciled man with God, the human with the divine."

THE JOURNALS OF A SCHOLAR.*

THIS is one of that fortunate class of book, which gives us the personal record of a great writer, formerly known only by his accomplished work, and shows him to us as a man, brave, kindly, lovable, and, in the case of Gregorovius, full of the nobler kind of patriotism, and of the nobler kind of cosmopolitan sympathy. English readers must be grateful to Mrs. Hamilton for opening to them these pages. It is the autobiographical daily record of the twenty years spent by the German scholar in Rome, during which he wrote his great work ("The City of Rome in the Middle Ages"), and established his enduring fame. The period of his residence in Rome coincided with the great events that freed and united Italy, and ended the medieval priest-rule of the Popes over the centre of the Peninsula and the city of Rome. How heartily this student of the Middle Ages wished the last relics of medieval rule swept away, how fully this patriotic German took the cause of Italy to his own heart, may be read with advantage by those who think that antiquarian studies involve reactionary views, or that a burning enthusiasm for the freedom, unity, and power of one's own country, prevents sympathy with other nations, and a desire to see them also strong and free.

The Journal, which begins with his removal to Italy in 1852, opens under a cloud of gloom, the present sad, the future uncertain, the success of his ambitious undertaking most doubtful:—

"Left the town of Königsberg on April 2nd, 1852. On the previous day my eldest brother Rudolf had lost his youngest son Richard, a splendid boy of thirteen. . . . The weather had become very hot. I had previously imagined that all the inspiring influences of my life would expand in Italy, awaking within me a wealth of new ideas; but my mind remained dormant, and this state of blank inertia greatly troubled me. I doubted whether I was capable of producing anything that would live. I almost despaired of my future." (p. 1-2.)

The Journal ends with his departure, in July, 1874, with the laurels he had won, his long twenty years' work accomplished:—

"My resolve is fixed; shall go back and join my brother and sister again in Germany. My mission is accomplished. I was an envoy here—in the most modest guise, yet, perhaps,

* "The Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius, 1852-1874." Translated from the 2nd German Edition by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, Translator of "The History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages." Bell. 10s. 6d. net.

in a higher sense than a diplomatic Minister. Can say of myself what Flavius Blondus said of himself, 'I created that which did not exist'; threw light on eleven dark centuries in the city, and gave the Romans the history of their Middle Ages. This is my monument here. Can therefore go away with a mind at ease. . . . Nevertheless, it is appalling that all the most intimate and vital part of my own life should now become a thing of the past. Often waken from my sleep at night, roused and distracted by the terrifying thought that I shall leave Rome. And no one here believes it possible! It is a sudden severance, like that of a tree uprooted by a storm.

"On coming down from the Capitol yesterday, it seemed as if buildings, monuments, and stones called me aloud by name." (p. 458.)

He loved the records of medieval Rome, written in stone and parchment; but he did not love the remnants of that system incarnated in the men who ruled the city until September 20th, 1870. "The air," he writes, during the famous Council that declared the Infallibility,

"is morally poisoned. Am disgusted at the sight of this idolatry, of these old and new idols, and this perpetual condition of falsehood, hypocrisy, and the crassest superstition. Could almost despair of mankind, not alone on account of the priests, who are obliged to continue their handiwork, but on account of their vassals.

"Lord Acton has gone away." (p. 368.)

His sympathy with the desire of Italy for union and freedom was intense. Italy and his own beloved Germany were, as he saw, in the same case, striving each for unity and freedom against the Clerical power which then had for its instrument the French and Austrian armies. "May the New Year" (1861), "be friendly to me! May it bestow freedom on Italy, and the strength of union on my native country!" This two-fold prayer is the key to the sentiment of the whole book.

On June 7th, 1860, he writes:—

"The whole of Sicily is free except Messina. . . . However we may regard Garibaldi's expedition, it will always remain one of the most attractive acts of heroism.

"The 'Siècle' asserts that it is now time to annex the Rhine. War is at our doors. I trust, however, to the immensely increased moral vigour of the German people; and Prussia has a free constitution—it is no longer the country of the dandified squirearchy of 1805." (p. 90.)

And this double prayer, for Italy and Germany together, was answered. In 1866 Moltke struck his blow, and the world saw

"proud Austria rammed to wreck,
Where Chlum drove deep in smoky jets";

and Venice was thereby added to the new Italian Kingdom. Then, in 1870, just three months after that despairing cry of Gregorovius against the horror of Papal Rome during the Infallibility Council, the last act of the drama was unrolled, and Clerical France and its armies went the way of Austria, under the blow of the same iron hand. So Germany was made, and Italy won her capital.

"To-day," writes Gregorovius, when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome,

"is the close of the thousand years' dominion of the Papacy in Rome.

"Had we Germans not shattered the French power, Victor Emmanuel would not have entered Rome to-day. The Italian nation, ruled so long by our ancient emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, received its new future, in conformity with the continuity of history, at the hand of the new German national kingdom." (p. 404.)

His anxiety for country drew Gregorovius north of the Alps during the last great struggle. His was the true German patriotism of Arminius, as portrayed by Matthew Arnold in "Friendship's Garland"; it was not the debased "pan-German" currency, somewhat too common at the present day among our Teutonic friends. Gregorovius knew no feeling of brutal rage, for his love of his country was moral and intellectual, and his heart was not closed to sympathy with Frenchmen. "To-day," he writes at Munich, on August 10th, 1870,

"saw a company of eight hundred French prisoners at the railway station. . . . Saw only one officer; the others, about twenty, kept hidden. Was told that they were sitting on the floors, in order that they might not be seen. So passes all earthly grandeur! Thought of the French friends, and especially of Ampère, who is happy, because dead.

"Several people of the lower class went to the carriages and handed the prisoners provisions and cigars. Watched one woman with a large basket on her arm, out of which, going backwards and forwards, she indefatigably handed bread. One of the prisoners wiped his eyes." (p. 374-5.)

He did not hate Frenchmen, he did not hate France, but

he desired the overthrow of the policy which had, for ten years past, been using France to deny to Germany and Italy the right to be nations.

And so Victor Emmanuel entered Rome. In 1874 Gregorovius published the last volume of his great work, which was thereupon put upon the Index by the now powerless occupants of the Vatican. "Went to St. Peter's," he writes,

"where I read the decree posted up on the first marble column of the outer entrance. The honoured Cathedral suddenly acquired a personal relation to myself. Never before did I traverse it in such an exalted frame of mind. Reflected on all my efforts, my troubles and joys, on my great enthusiasm; on all, in fact, that I had put into my work; and thanked the good genius that seemed to have watched over it, allowing me to finish it undisturbed, and that at the same moment that the papal power fell to pieces in Rome. Had the priests laid the 'History' under the interdict when the first volume appeared, my work could not have existed to-day, for every library in Rome would have been closed against me. . . . My work is finished and circulated throughout the world; the Pope now provides it with an advertisement." p. 449-50.)

One point we note with pleasure in his *Journal* of 1860, when the Papal States (except the districts close round Rome) were set free. "The lower clergy are favourable to the national cause, even in the States of the Church. . . . Priests with banners lead the processions." Though not invariably, this was often the case in 1860. In Sicily it was practically universal.

TOM MORRIS.*

NEARLY half a century ago Tom Morris, maker of golf gear and professional player, was appointed by the Royal and Ancient Club green-keeper at St. Andrews. He has been famous ever since. He bears his eighty-six years lightly, and is still to be seen upon the links. He is revered by all who know him personally and by thousands who know him otherwise. It seems impossible to write or to speak about him in anything like moderate terms. Hark to Dr. Tulloch, a favourite chaplain of Queen Victoria, who wrote a *Life of Her Majesty* and one of the *Prince Consort*. "Well pleased, dear Old Tom, will they be to know that on these links of St. Andrews you are alive for evermore, and that your memory will never be forgotten. Well pleased, too, shall I be if in the course of time my memory may be linked, in however small a way, with your immortal one—as he who, amid labours and honours not a few, valued by the many perhaps more than by himself, is happy in having found the leisure and the opportunity to be the humble chronicler of deeds so great as yours, and of a life so true, so honest, so noble, and so loving as your own." Even after reading the book before us, a detached observer of the world's affairs may well be puzzled by the widespread idolatry with which Tom Morris is esteemed. It is true that he won the Open Championship four times, which is more than anyone else has done; but, apart from this, as far as you can perceive on superficial study, Tom is no more than a respectable citizen. He has a subtle humour, which flashes as the gentle wild-fire on a summer night; but all educated Scots have that. He has indomitable courage in the management of life; but that is no rarity either in the North or in the South.

Why, then, do we worship Tom? Why, after a time of exile, do we run to bring ourselves to his remembrance whenever we catch sight of him on the links? Why, on such an occasion, did one of His Majesty's Judges gravely stop a properly quarrelsome game and beg us to take His Honour to be presented? Why does Lord Roberts make haste to pay his respects to Old Tom whenever he is finished with a war? Why do Princes of the Blood treat him with a deferential affection such as many an ordinary notable yearns for in vain? It is not easy to tell. Some part of Tom's privilege may be attributable to the accident of birth. He is a St. Andrews man, and St. Andrews is a peculiar place. For many generations the little city has had among its residents a larger than ordinary proportion of ecclesiasts, dons, and men of current letters.

* "The Life of Tom Morris. With Glimpses of St. Andrews and its Golfing Celebrities." By W. W. Tulloch, D.D. Twenty-seven illustrations. T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.

These have formed a coterie which elevated the city and the consciousness of their own importance. That the quantitatively great world outside Fife might know all about them, it was necessary that they should have a sounding board. Who better for this purpose than Tom Morris? Would not the barbarians beyond the Tay on the one hand and the Forth on the other be most beneficently affected by the spectacle of scholars, essayists, philosophers, eminent clergymen, and other intellectuals derogating their own significance by exalting the horn of Tom? Still, that does not suffice to explain. As every expansive trader knows, the most extravagant advertising will not be permanently successful unless the thing advertised is in itself meritorious. The praises bestowed upon Tom have not been in excess of his deserts. 'Tis when we come to the analysis of these that we find ourselves at a loss. Why was Mr. Gladstone venerated by all who knew him well, including unregenerate savages such as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and by at least half of those who knew him only by hearsay? If anyone can tell us that, we shall be able to tell why Tom is among the immortals.

Until then we must be content on remarking that Tom is one of those men in whom mankind instinctively perceive a preternatural sagacity which is both moral and intellectual. The gift, for the moment at least, defies the analytical imagination. It is that any man who was good at a sport or pastime involving skill of eye and hand is, on that account, likely to be talented in relation to higher matters of the mind. The proposition becomes self-evident when you realise that every really great man was primarily a man who found leisure to gratify the instinct for some sport or pastime. Were not Shakespeare and Sir Walter good all-round men at field sports? Is not Mr. Andrew Lang in the same class? Was not Lord Salisbury an amateur chemist? Did not Mr. Herbert Spencer find his most effective stimulant in angling. Think, on the other hand, of those intellectuals who, whilst the most strenuous of people, make a hash of their ambitions. Are not all of them persons whose leisure is spent in talking or writing shop? There's a moral for you. There, too, is the secret of Hegel and Tom Morris.

THE CENSORSHIP OF ROME.*

THE title of this work, to which the excommunication of Father Tyrrell gives point, serves to indicate its importance to every student of history. The tendency of the story is to show the growing emancipation of the world's intellect from the spiritual bondage in which it was held by the Church—the story of the Renaissance, in short, not as writers on art have told it, nor writers on literature generally, but as it is revealed in these records of the attempts on the part of the Church to stop the publication of unorthodox works altogether, or by process of expurgation to make them appear as if their authors were its servants.

The "Indexes" herein referred to are the expurgatorial lists which, under the authority of the Church of Rome, were issued from 1526 to 1900 A.D., and the following are only a few of the names which appear in the latest of them.

Lord Acton.	Dumas, father and son—
Joseph Addison—"Remarks on Italy."	"Love Fables."
Peter Bayle—Opera Omnia.	Gibbon—"Decline and Fall."
Jeremy Bentham—Four works.	Goldsmith—"History of England."
Beranger—"Chansons."	Grotius—Opera Omnia.
Thomas Browne—"Religio Medici."	Hallam—His principal works.
Erasmus Darwin—"Zöonomia."	Lord Herbert of Cherbury.
Diderot—"Encyclopædia."	Thomas Hobbes.
	Victor Hugo.

* "The Censorship of the Church of Rome, and its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Literature." By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Andrew Lang—"Myth, Ritual, Religion."	H. A. Taine—"English Literature."
J. S. Mill.	Rd. Whately—"Elements of Logic."
Renan—Opera Omnia.	Voltaire—Opera Omnia.
Samuel Richardson—"Pamela."	Zola—Opera Omnia.

There we have samples enough, and indeed, as the author says, "there is something almost pathetic in the long series of attempts made by popes, councils, bishops, congregations, and inquisitors, to protect the souls of the faithful against the baneful influence of the ever-increasing tide of literature that was pouring forth from the various centres, so much of which was calculated to lead men astray from the true doctrines, and to bring them into risk of everlasting perdition."

We have anticipated somewhat by taking names from so late a list, but in the earliest there are equally striking anomalies, and the first would resemble the last but for the fact that the proportion of theological works to others was enormously large when the nations of Europe were younger. There was scribbling, especially among theologians, from the earliest years of the Christian era, but the censorship of the Press with which the author is chiefly concerned, dates from the invention of printing.

"In 1559 the responsibility for the censorship of literature was first directly assumed by the Papal Authority, through the publication of the 'Index of Authors and Prohibited Books,' which was the first of a series of Indices aggregating up to 1899, forty-two altogether." But the "Tridentine Index" of the Council of Trent (1564) constituted the most authoritative guide that up to that date had been issued. Its lists formed the basis of all subsequent indexes, and its rules were adopted by all later censors.

With regard to the work of that Council, the late Mr. Freeman said that while it reformed some abuses within its own body, it only widened the breach with Rome. True this applies in particular to the attempts of the Council of Trent to limit the issue of books, for outside the domain of the Church its authority was not acknowledged, and though there was censorship in Protestant countries, it was under another authority.

"Such censorship as came into action in England proved to be more important in connection with political literature than with works on religion or theology. In 1664 the Long Parliament enacted certain regulations for the control of printing, which provided that "no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be hereafter printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by censors that shall be hereafter appointed."

In conclusion, it may be well to direct the reader's attention to the value those indexes have for the man of letters, whose religion is his own secret. "The record of the index," says Mr. Putnam, "is also to be considered as an important contribution to the history of literature," and quotes in support of this view the opinions of older writers. The treatise (1627) by Thomas James, librarian of the Bodleian, on the "Index Generalis Librorum Prohibitorum" was addressed particularly to its curators, "to whom it should serve as a guide concerning the books which it was particularly desirable to collect and to preserve"; only the curators, he said, must be sure to secure the earlier and unexpurgated editions!

In 1629 Sir Edwin Sandys, in "Europæ Speculum" said: "This Papacy brought forth the Indices Expurgatorii, whereof I suppose they are now not a little ashamed, they having by misfortune fallen into their adversaries' hand, from whom they desired by all means to conceal them." To the same effect Bishop Barlow: "In these Indices we are directed to the book, chapter and line, where anything is spoken against any superstition or error of Rome, so that he who has the said Indices cannot want testimony against Rome."

This statement must suffice to give an idea of the scope of a work which has long been wanted, and criticism of it must be left to the few who could pretend to the author's knowledge. A conception can hardly be formed of the amount of labour it has required, and there is not a student of history, as it is dealt with here, who will not recognise the value of Mr. Putnam's book.

¶ One of the chief difficulties of collectors of Japanese *objets d'art* is the difficulty which frequently occurs in recognising the myth or legend dealt with in Prints, Netsuke, Tsuba, &c., all of which have their origin in the legendary lore of the Mongolian race. Mr. HENRI L. JOLY'S *LEGEND IN JAPANESE ART* is a work which no collector can afford to be without. Turning from a Print or Netsuke the collector is able at once to identify the myth illustrated, so simple is the method of classification adopted. The book contains a description of the Historical Episodes, Legendary Characters, Folk-Lore, Myths, Religious Symbolism, illustrated in the art of Old Japan, and contains upwards of 700 Illustrations, 16 Full-Page Colour Plates, and 500 Pages of Text. The price is four guineas net, and it will be ready on November 6. One of the best-known Collectors in this country, who has had an opportunity of examining an advance copy, characterizes the book A GREAT WORK.

¶ Another important art book, and one which is practically the result of fifty years' study, is HUBERT AND JOHN VAN EYCK: *THEIR LIFE AND WORK*, by W. H. JAMES WEALE. Not only does it contain an infinite amount of original research, but indeed leaves little or nothing for the future biographer-critic to tell. Mr. WEALE discovered Gerard David and disentangled his principal works from Memlinc's, with which they were then confused. The book contains 41 Photogravure and 95 other Reproductions. Ready November 14.

¶ At a period when the office of Censor is occupying the attention not only of the public, but of the Government, an unbiased opinion from abroad will be of peculiar interest to all who are interested in theatrical matters. The recent startling development of dramatic art, a development which has taken us from ROBERTSON and TAYLOR to WILDE and SHAW—from 'Caste' to 'Man and Superman,' is a matter almost of international interest. Dr. MARIO BORSA'S great book *THE ENGLISH STAGE OF TO-DAY* has been excellently translated by Mr. SELWYN BRINTON, and will probably be considered a standard work for very many years to come. The price is 7s. 6d. net. Ready November 6.

¶ On November 14 I propose publishing a fascinating book, by S. BARING-GOULD, entitled *DEVONSHIRE CHARACTERS AND STRANGE EVENTS*. The work will contain 58 Illustrations, including many Portraits from unique paintings, and 62 chapters dealing with subjects so varied as 'Wife Sales,' 'White Witches,' 'Pirates,' 'Smugglers,' 'Jack Russell,' 'Dr. Budd of Plymouth,' 'Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester,' 'Prout,' and 'Haydon.' Many of the strange, daring characters in this Collection are not to be found in any other place, not even in Prince's 'Worthies,' to which famous volume it practically becomes an indispensable supplement. It is even more, for many of the subjects dealt with in its 832 octavo pages are events rather than worthies. It is claimed that Mr. Baring-Gould has far exceeded all past records in producing an entertaining volume. The price will be 21s. net.

¶ Hitherto no illustrated edition of *THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE* has appeared. The new edition I have prepared has been carefully edited and annotated for the press by the Poet's Grandson, E. H. COLERIDGE, who also contributes an Introduction. The feature of this volume is a series of upwards of 100 Illustrations by a new artist, GERALD METCALFE. There are over 500 pages of text of what may be called *THE* edition of Coleridge. The price is 10s. 6d. net.

¶ On November 6 will be issued *THE HEART OF GAMBETTA*, from the French of FRANCIS LAUR, in which is narrated the influence of *MADemoiselle Léonie Léon* upon the destinies of an unhappy country through her unflinching love and comradeship for the statesman who may be said to have saved France. The book contains many dramatic and touching episodes of the devotion of the lovers, and brilliant side-lights are thrown upon that period so critical to France. The question of *GAMBETTA'S* interview with *BISMARCK*, the subject of the recent controversy, is thoroughly dealt with, and a special feature of the English Version will be Mr. JOHN MACDONALD'S remarkable Introduction. There are Portraits and other Illustrations, and the price is 7s. 6d. net.

¶ Following on the publication of *EMILIA PARDO BAZAN'S* powerful novel *THE SON OF THE BONDWOMAN*, I announce another story which a reader, to whom I first sent it, decided that was a work of a famous novelist sent to me under a *nom de guerre*. The author, however, is E. W. DE GUERIN, and the title of the book is *THE MALICE OF THE STARS*, and the price 6s.

¶ *THE ISLE OF PURBECK* by IDA WOODWARD, with 36 Coloured Illustrations by JOHN W. G. BOND, which I announced a fortnight ago, will be ready on November 6. Price 21s. net.

JOHN LANE.

THE BODLEY HEAD,

LONDON & NEW YORK.

THE METHOD OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE.*

By his admirable "Dolly Dialogues" Mr. Anthony Hope first caught the public ear; by "Rupert of Hentzau" he extended his conquest, over the wide suburbs to the far provinces; and in "Quisanté" and "A Servant of the Public" he showed us to what finer uses he could put his talent. By "A Servant of the Public" he did not, indeed, increase his popularity, which was a good sign, for, in matters artistic, the public is a good servant but a bad master. If the pure artist be always a little suspect of the public, it is that his work necessarily tends to disturb its equanimity by disclosing new standpoints and disturbing current valuations. And in "A Servant of the Public" the author showed signs of breaking out of the ranks of the popular favourites whose work rests on the basis of accepting and emphasising the tastes and outlook of the majority. Popularity, it may be added, is quite an impossible achievement for those distinguished artists who have neither the instinct nor the ability of interesting the plain man in himself. Imagine Mr. Henry James or Mr. Conrad, for example, becoming popular! Fame may, of course, bring popularity without the author's being in any sense a popular favourite with his readers. But, after reading "Tales of Two People," it is clear to us that Mr. Anthony Hope does not intend to pass the cross roads and venture down the narrow path which leads to distinction—and, incidentally, to the tailing off of one's supporters. He has chosen his part, and it is on the basis of his popular appeal to the majority that we must accept him.

Mr. Anthony Hope, in fact, has legitimately earned his popular place by crystallising and personifying in his heroes a definite frame of mind in the modern Englishman, which has never been put in black and white so completely before. The hero of his novels is ever the quiet and unobtrusive young Englishman who, while he is too diffident to take himself seriously, always turns up trumps at the crisis by his power of effacing himself for the benefit of others—not infrequently for the gracious eyes of a Princess in distress. The modern Englishman's conception of "good form," to hold oneself in reserve and not to show oneself an ass, along with his belief in practical action and his carefully guarded ideals, all that this frame of mind implies is so dexterously wrought by Mr. Anthony Hope into the living presentment of his matter-of-fact cautious Englishmen, that his heroes stand as the type of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen in the middle class. It is a national habit of mind along with a class ideal that Mr. Anthony Hope portrays in "Rupert of Hentzau," and the secret of his popularity is simply that the ordinary commonplace Englishman sees himself, his own reserve, his own outlook, his own aspirations, and his own delight in his own limitations, expressed in a portrait of which he can cordially approve. Whether they be barristers, stockbrokers, parsons, bank clerks, or soldiers, Mr. Anthony Hope's readers are bound to be satisfied with his heroes' morals and manners; and to have established this agreement by a series of novels that are clever, entertaining, and picturesque should surely be recognised as an instinctive feat deserving of the widest popularity.

There remains, of course, the point of art. And the art of Mr. Anthony Hope's best stories is not, well, remarkable. It is neat and well bred, and, after all, the art that finds favour in the drawing-rooms and is much in request at the libraries is that which knows its place. The old quarrel between the public at large and the artist is that the latter, following nature and revealing her, is apt to be disconcerting. And Mr. Anthony Hope, like nearly all popular favourites, allows nature about as much discretion as she is allowed at a dinner party. The story is well

turned, the manner kindly, and the narrator, with the light touch of the skilful host, feels how uncomfortable it would be if one of his guests were to startle the others. After all, art must know its place. There is, moreover, an art of drawing-room comedy, discreet and gentlemanly in its irony, and where Mr. Anthony Hope's originality and charming touch have found successful expression is in stories such as "What Was Expected of Miss Constantine," in the volume before us. The beautiful Miss Constantine is expected to marry the brilliant Valentine Hare, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who has birth, beauty, and brains, "shop-window brains," as the irreverent declare. Miss Constantine detects the false metal in the man and throws herself away on Oliver Kirby, a nobody in the Colonial Office, who has, however, a splendidly open and candid mind. On subjects such as this we have Mr. Anthony Hope at his best, for it is in the shades of humorous understanding, or misunderstanding, between the sexes that his quality is disclosed. And, here again, he always reproduces instinctively and admirably the frame of mind in which the modern Englishman prefers to approach woman. He likes to laugh at her and feel her incomprehensible with one side of his nature, and to idealise her with the other. The natural separation between the sexes, so much more marked, in most aspects, in the Teutonic than in the Latin races, is bridged after a fashion, here, by the Englishman's instinct of chivalry. And Mr. Anthony Hope's heroes are all instinctively and daringly chivalrous, even while they are chaffing their masculine friends for their individual infatuations. It is the Englishman's carefully guarded idealism breaking out through the matter-of-fact surface of his practical life that our author hits off with a neat effectiveness, always pleasing. And it is by following this sure instinct of his that Mr. Anthony Hope arrived at fashioning in the person of his ideal Princess a bewitching, candid, gracious, dainty creature, an image of the eternal feminine that directly and exactly corresponds to the image which every true Englishman, whether he be a bank clerk or a barrister, carries within his breast. This ideal heroine satisfies our sense of chivalry, our idea of devotion, our demand for daintiness, our worship of "blood," and she plays upon the whole gamut of our secret desires and yearnings for the woman our finer instincts are in search of.

In the clever little story, "Mr. Thistleton's Princess," Mr. Anthony Hope hits off with much dexterity this double-sidedness in the ordinary Englishman's nature, and while he scores off his snobbishness, latent or active, he contrives to satisfy our deepest sense of "good form," which, again, is inseparable from his desire "not to make an ass of himself." The Princess Vera of Bavaria comes to stay at the Manor House, Southam Parva, where she is entertained by her solicitor, Mr. Thistleton, who has "taken up her claim" against the Royal House of Bavaria. But Mr. Thistleton's legal missives are met with a crushing silence, and the Princess's money being quickly exhausted, she descends with rapid steps the social scale in Southam Parva, passing from "Her Royal Highness" to "The Countess Vera," then to "Poor Countess Vera," then to "Fräulein Friedenburg," and then to "Fräulein," as the humble governess in the Thistleton household! She is penniless, has nowhere to go, and moreover, owes Mr. Thistleton two hundred pounds. The hero, the quiet, unobtrusive narrator, a typical young Englishman, who has the good sense not to take himself seriously, of course, acts the part of patient, loyal, and discreet friend to the Princess in her distress, and does not commit the *faux pas* of proposing to her after the vulgarian, Charley Miles, has reluctantly admitted that he had "better not invite her to become Mrs. Charley Miles!" Naturally, there is a revolution in Bavaria, and the Princess Vera, by the help of her English friend, departs post haste to her own country, where she soon ascends the throne instead of taking a new situation as nursery governess to a Mrs. Perkyns of Maida Hill. This story well illustrates the sort of half-way house Mr. Anthony Hope occupies to-day between the artists and the fashionable favourites. If he could have brought himself to shock our feeling for the purple, if he did not accept and emphasise the tastes and outlook of the majority of his countrymen he might—but let us be grateful that he has given us "The Dolly Dialogues" and "A Servant of the Public."

* "Tales of Two People." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen) 6s.

OCCULTISM and COMMON-SENSE

The Westminster Gazette

is now publishing a series of twelve articles which are the result of an inquiry by an impartial investigator into the phenomena usually called "psychical." The subject will be dealt with on the following plan:

Science and the "Supernatural"—The Induced Hypnotic Trance—Phantasms of the Living—Dreams—Hallucinations—Phantasms of the Dead.

* * * The series began October 21st, and three articles are appearing weekly. The twelve papers containing them will be sent to any address inland by post for 1s. 6d.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MR. R. B. HALDANE AND "PUBLIC OPINION."

THE Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

WAR OFFICE, 1st October, 1907.

Dear Mr. Parker,

I think that in the new form of "Public Opinion" under your editorship, you do well to make prominent what is concrete and living in the shape of the opinions maturely formed of men who are trying to do the work of the nation and of journalists the standard of whose criticism is high. What interests people is that which is expressed in a concrete form and has in it the touch of humanity. The views of strenuous spirits and the criticisms of really competent critics given in their own words comply with this condition. Your paper will succeed if it can only keep up to this standard, and I think you have brought it on to the right lines.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. HALDANE.

Percy L. Parker, Esq.,

Office of "Public Opinion,"

Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

ALMOST the only fault in Mr. Street's gossip volume, "The Ghosts of Piccadilly" (Constable, 10s. 6d. net), is that the author is a trifle too conscious of his style. However, the reader who strolls along Piccadilly under Mr. Street's guidance can hardly fail of entertainment. After a brief discussion of the origin of the name—the most likely explanation is that it came from the nickname given to a barber's shop and gaming-house which existed at the top of the Haymarket in the beginning of the seventeenth century—Mr. Street takes his reader along Piccadilly, pouring out a stream of anecdote about the notabilities who have lived in the various houses. The plan is an excellent one, for Piccadilly is rich in associations, and Mr. Street's knowledge of the memoirs of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries enables him to retail his gossip with the allusiveness and ease of a contemporary. We meet in his pages the great Lord Clarendon; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, for whom Mr. Street has a special liking; "Old Q"; Beau Brummel; Lady Ashburton, of course with Carlyle in attendance; Byron, Macaulay, the Palmerstons, George Selwyn, Nelson, Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Wellington, and a crowd of others. Mr. Street is at his best when writing of Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Of Macaulay he does not conceal his dislike, which is a pity, for Macaulay as a breakfast-out would have given him some good anecdotes. The book is, indeed, much more than a mere collection of good stories. Mr. Street has a keen eye for character, and now and then he sums up the subject under discussion in a telling sentence, as when he describes George Selwyn as "a graver ghost than the general for Piccadilly, even in his earlier days when he lived there—a benevolent figure, greatly loved, full of humour, and yet having about him withal a faint, vague, intangible suggestion of the sinister."

* * *

MESSRS. PUTNAM have published "Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant" (5s. net.), a small volume containing a number of new letters by Madame de Staël, together with other documents from the papers left by Madame Charlotte de Constant. The letters belong to the period when the devotion of "the inconstant Constant" was beginning to decline. They have been made use of, we believe, by Mr. Francis Gribble in his book, "Madame de Staël and Her Lovers," published early this year, and they add little to the picture there painted of Constant's disloyalty, and Madame de Staël's vain efforts to win him back. The editor, a great-granddaughter of Madame de Constant, has interwoven the letters in a narrative in which she gives short biographical accounts of the persons mentioned in the correspondence. The book contains a number of interesting portraits.

* * *

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN has edited and arranged a selection of "Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay" (Longmans, 2s. net), chosen from the comments made by Macaulay upon the margins of the books he read. The habit of defacing books in this way is a reprehensible one, but when the annotator is a Coleridge, a Sainte-Beuve, or a Macaulay, it becomes a splendid sin. The notes chosen by Sir George Trevelyan deal with Anna Seward, Shakespeare, Cicero, and Plato. A special interest attaches to the criticisms of Anna Seward from the fact that Mr. E. V. Lucas has just made her the subject of a lengthy biography. Macaulay's comments upon her letters are severe. Writing of the Inferno, Miss Seward observes that "the plan is most clumsily arranged: Virgil, and the three talking quadrupeds, as guides!" "What can she mean?" said Macaulay. "She must allude to the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf in

the First Canto. But they are not guides and they do not talk." Speaking of her habit of describing her sonnets as "centennial" because there were a hundred of them, he exclaims, "Was ever such pedantry found in company with such ignorance?" The notes on Shakespeare and Cicero are deeply interesting, and show the thorough way in which Macaulay faced every difficulty, textual or otherwise, in the works of his favourite authors.

* * *

"OVER-SEA BRITAIN" by Mr. E. F. Knight (Murray, 6s. net), is the first volume of a work in which the author aims at giving, in a moderate compass, a comprehensive account of the British possessions beyond the seas, "to explain what the British Empire is; how it came to be; the history of its growth; the physical, political, and commercial geography of its various parts." Mr. Knight is a famous war correspondent, and he has travelled in most of the countries of which he writes, so that his facts are, in many cases, the result of direct observation. The present volume deals with the Mediterranean, British Africa, and British America, leaving Australia and India for a second part. The book must have entailed great labour, and is most conscientiously done. It is, of course, impossible to deal with the vast array of facts and statistics which it contains, but we can recommend it as a useful gazetteer of the British Colonies. The point of view taken up by Mr. Knight is frankly Imperialistic, though this bias is mainly confined to his introductory chapter.

* * *

A NUMBER of readers will remember the name, at least, of "Amy Herbert," though perhaps few will now be sufficiently interested in it to read "The Autobiography of Elizabeth M. Sewell," edited by her niece, Miss Eleanor Sewell, and recently published by Messrs. Longman (4s. 6d. net.). Miss Sewell enjoyed a great reputation in the middle of last century as a writer of High Church novels, something in the style of Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe." She came under the influence of the Tractarian movement through her brother, William Sewell, the eccentric Head Master of Radley. Her earliest book, "Stories on the Lord's Prayer," appeared in 1840, but she first became prominent by "Amy Herbert," the opening volume of a series intended to inculcate Anglo-Catholic principles. In middle age Miss Sewell took up the occupation of teaching, and had a successful school for girls in the Isle of Wight. She died in August, 1906, at the age of ninety-one. The autobiography gives us the picture of a sheltered but courageous and deeply religious life. A winning feature in Miss Sewell's character is the absence of any feeling of vexation or pique when the public ceased to take an interest in her books.

* * *

MESSRS. JACK begin their new series, "The Romance of Empire," with a volume on "Canada" (6s. net), by Mr. Beckles Willson. Mr. Beckles Willson, who is a Canadian, has both enthusiasm and knowledge. His graphic pictures of the stirring events in Canadian history, from the time when Cartier unfurled the flag of the lilies up to the American war of 1812, are certain to be enjoyed by the boys for whom the series is primarily intended. We are apt to forget the heroic deeds and thrilling struggles which went to the winning of this portion of our Empire, but no boy who reads the book can remain unmoved by the stories so well told by Mr. Willson. More mature readers will perhaps complain that the colours are laid on a trifle crudely, but it certainly fulfils the purpose for which it is intended. The book is illustrated in colour from drawings by Mr. Henry Sandham.

* * *

A VOLUME of "Dramatic, Lyrical, and Idyllic Poems," by Mr. Thomas Tilston (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), shows a certain amount of facility in rhyme and metre, but lacks any note of distinction. Mr. Tilston is at his best in lyrical verse. We have read his poem called "Hope" with pleasure. The longer poems in the collection do not come up to the same standard.

Ah, fill the Pipe:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is flying underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!

Omar-Khayyám (modernised).



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The Week in the City.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

It is quite as difficult as it was last week to gauge the financial situation, but it is still certainly critical. Advices from America point to a continuance of severe stringency there. All over the States depositors have taken alarm, in some cases no doubt justifiably, for the banks and trust companies have been playing a dangerously speculative game for a very long time, and some of them must be quite unsound. Mr. Cortelyou has distinguished himself, and has undoubtedly done much to relieve the situation in New York, but the gravity of the crisis is thrown into clear light by the difficulty of importing gold. Of the large engagements notified at the beginning of the week, several have been cancelled owing to the want of funds or credit, and to the loss involved in importation with the exchange unfavourable. The Americans actually had to pay 78 shillings for the gold purchased in the open market on Monday.

The best opinion in the City is that the financial misery throughout the States will last for a long time. The trust failure in San Francisco on Thursday, and the proclamation of a legal holiday by the Governor of California, were bad symptoms, like the closing of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange, and the difficulties experienced in providing credit and cash for moving the crops. Some people expect that the collapse of speculation in wheat will bring about a welcome fall of prices, and certainly the want of money may bring forward grain more rapidly than had been anticipated. But if the world's crop deficiency turns out to be serious, the fall in prices can only be temporary. From the London point of view the best features this week have been the comparative steadiness of Consols, and the recovery in home railways owing to the belief gaining ground that Mr. Lloyd George's efforts to prevent a railway strike will be successful. It is to be hoped that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will take advantage of the critical situation to enforce public economy, so that savings may go to the Sinking Fund for the support of national credit. The rise of the bank rate on Thursday to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. had, of course, been anticipated, as the rate had already been raised unofficially. It would not have been surprising if the directors had gone to 6 per cent., and it is quite possible that the rate may be forced up before next Thursday if America is able to engage the large amounts of coin of which she is so urgently in need.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

In the dismal nineteen-day account which finished on Monday, home and American railways were the principal sufferers. London and North-Western dropped 4 to 132, Central London 5 to 59, and Metropolitan $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 33. Among American railroads, Union Pacific lead the movement with a fall of $15\frac{1}{4}$ to 114 $\frac{3}{4}$. Illinois Central dropped 13 to 128, Southern Pacific 12 to 71, and Milwaukee 10 to 110 $\frac{1}{2}$. On Wednesday, American stocks crumbled away still further, but the most sensational feature was a sharp break in Canadian railways. Quite a panic was caused by an unexpected decrease in Trunk earnings. Dealers had looked for an increase of eight or ten thousand pounds, and got a decrease of thirteen thousand pounds for September. Values collapsed at once, the Trunks Ordinary falling $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 19 $\frac{3}{8}$, and the Third Preference $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 64 $\frac{1}{4}$. The September statement of the Canadian Pacific was also discouraging, and the stock fell 6 points, a huge increase in working expenses making a bad impression. There were ugly reports of credit disturbances in Canada. Hudson's Bays also suffered, and the Canadian slump went further on Wednesday, in spite of

reassuring statements telegraphed by the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce. I have over and over again warned readers of THE NATION against the high prices of the Canadian railways and of the land companies, and have pointed out the difficulties which must result from excessive land speculation. The financial writers and bucket shop agencies have doubtless caused great financial loss to the investing public by urging them to buy Canadian paper at inflated prices, and now, of course, comes the inevitable suffering. But I would point out that there is one bright spot in the gloom. In spite of the close interdependence of Canadian and American credit, Canada has this great advantage over the States that her currency and banking laws are sound. In fact, American bankers have been so impressed by their study of Canadian legislation that they have recommended its adoption, or rather adaptation, by the legislature of the United States. Let us then hope that with this important advantage Canada will emerge from the crisis with much less suffering than the States. The failure of Kessler & Co. in New York on Thursday caused a good deal of despondency in the City, and so did the news of two failures on our own Stock Exchange. One was that of a considerable firm of brokers who had been ruined by a speculating journalist unable to pay differences. Many strange reports and rumours have been flying about. One of the most interesting, and perhaps the most authentic, is that a certain big newspaper proprietor has been turning out big lines of Canadian stock on to the market. This was supposed to explain the heavy falls in Trunks and Canadian Pacific.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

The shares of the Chartered Company fell to fifteen shillings on Monday. The financial condition of the Company has led to all sorts of rumours, and many statements have been made which point to the failure of some of the latest ventures. The Broken Hill venture is said to have proved a complete failure, and the railway built at a great cost will be workless.

LUCELLUM.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company are issuing £700,000 four and a-half per cent. first debenture stock, which stock forms part of an authorised issue of £1,000,000 like stock, equal to two-thirds of the present paid-up capital of the company. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was established by Royal Charter granted in 1839, and the stock is created under powers conferred on the company by a subsequent Royal Charter dated March 7th, 1882, and will be secured by a trust deed in favour of trustees giving a first charge by way of floating security upon the entire property and assets of the company, subject only to the existing debentures of the company, which will be paid off and extinguished out of the proceeds of the present issue. The trust deed will contain a provision that the company will not create any general charge upon its property or specifically mortgage any of its ships in priority to this issue. During the present year the new twin-screw mail steamer "Avon," of 11,000 tons, has been placed in the service, and three cargo steamers have been purchased. The new twin-screw mail steamer "Asturias," of 12,200 tons gross register, was launched on September 26th last, and will be delivered by the builders, Messrs. Harland & Wolff, early in January next. The security for the debenture stock has therefore been considerably increased, and will be still further enhanced as more new steamers are constructed. The list opens to-day, and closes on or before next Wednesday.

The List will open on Saturday, the 2nd November, 1907, and close on or before Wednesday, the 6th November, 1907.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1839).

Capital Authorised - - - £2,100,000.

Capital issued and fully paid:—

Preferred Stock...	£600,000
Ordinary Stock...	900,000
						<u>£1,500,000</u>

Issue of £700,000 Four-and-a-half per cent. First Debenture Stock.

This Stock forms part of an authorised issue of £1,000,000 like Stock, which is equal to two-thirds of the present paid-up Capital of the Company. The Company was established by Royal Charter granted in 1839, and the Stock is created under Powers conferred on the Company by a subsequent Royal Charter dated 7th March, 1882, and will be secured by a Trust Deed in favour of Trustees giving a first charge by way of floating security upon the entire property and assets of the Company, subject only to the existing Debentures of the Company, which will be paid off and extinguished out of the proceeds of the present issue. The Trust Deed will contain a provision that the Company will not create any general charge upon its property or specifically mortgage any of its ships in priority to this issue. By the Trust Deed the right is reserved to the Company, should it at any time issue any further Capital, of creating and issuing from time to time further Debenture Stock carrying interest at such rate as may be agreed, ranking in all respects *pari passu* with this Stock to an amount equal to two-thirds of the amount of such further Capital for the time being issued and paid up. The Stock is not redeemable for ten years, but after 1st January, 1918, the whole or any part is redeemable at par at the Company's option at any time on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders.

ISSUE PRICE £98 PER CENT.

The Instalments are payable as follows:—

- £ 5 per cent. on Application.
- £18 per cent. on Allotment.
- £25 per cent. on 2nd December, 1907.
- £25 per cent. on 2nd January, 1908.
- £25 per cent. on 3rd February, 1908.

£98

The Stock will be issued and will be transferable in any amount not involving a fraction of £1.

Interest on the Stock will be payable half-yearly, on 1st January and 1st July in each year, the first payment of interest calculated from the dates for payment of the several instalments will be made on the 1st January, 1908.

Payment in full can be made on allotment, in which case interest on the full amount of Stock allotted will run from the date of payment.

Scrip Certificates will be issued as soon as possible after allotment.

PROSPECTUS.

The Court of Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have authorised Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock & Co. and the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £700,000 £4½ per cent. First Debenture Stock of the Company.

The Stock will not be redeemable for ten years, but after 1st January, 1918, the whole or any part will be redeemable at par at the Company's option at any time on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders.

The proceeds of the present issue of Debenture Stock are required for the redemption of the existing Debenture Debt of the Company, amounting to £500,000, which matures on the 1st January, 1908, and for the general purposes of the Company.

The Company was established by Royal Charter granted in 1839, and its powers have been extended by subsequent Royal Charters dated 30th August, 1851, 7th March, 1882, and 5th July, 1904.

The Company is under Contract with His Majesty's Government for the conveyance of Mails to the West Indies; Central America, and New York, and to Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina.

The Fleet consists of Forty-seven Steam Vessels, with an approximate aggregate gross registered tonnage of 204,268 tons. There are also Steam Tugs and Launches, and Freehold and Leasehold properties, at home and abroad.

The property of the Company upon which the Debenture Stock will constitute a first floating charge, consisting of the Fleet of Steam Vessels, Premises and Plant at home and abroad, Stocks, Stores, Investments, Book Debts, and cash in hand, stood in the Company's books on 31st December, 1906, at the reduced book value of £3,008,503, inclusive of payments up to that date on account of new Steamers then building.

During the present year, the new Twin-screw Mail Steamer, "Avon," of 11,000 tons, has been placed in the Service, and three cargo steamers have been purchased. The new Twin-screw Mail Steamer, "Asturias," of 12,200 tons gross register, was launched on 26th September last, and will be delivered by the builders,

Messrs. Harland & Wolff, early in January next. The security for the Debenture Stock has therefore been considerably increased, and will be still further enhanced as more new Steamers are constructed.

The amount required to pay the annual interest on the present issue is £31,500, being only £11,750 in excess of the annual amount required for interest on the existing Debentures (to be redeemed on 1st January next), and as the profits in 1906 (after payment of Debenture Interest, but before providing for Depreciation and Preference Dividend) amounted to considerably more than £200,000, the interest on the present issue is amply secured.

Holders of Debentures of the Company who may desire to convert all or any of their Debentures into Debenture Stock of this issue, can do so by filling up the Form supplied for the purpose and lodging same with the Company, and they will be entitled to a preferential allotment of Debenture Stock to the same amount as the nominal value of the Debentures held by them.

An Official Quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

A Brokerage of 5s. per cent. will be paid by the Company in respect of all allotments made, whether in exchange for the present Debentures or in respect of cash applications, provided the Application Forms bear a Broker's stamp.

Applications for the Debenture Stock should be made on the Form of Application issued with the Prospectus and should be forwarded to the Company's Bankers accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount applied for.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned without deduction, and if a partial allotment only is made, the surplus deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

In case of default in payment of any instalment at its due date, all amounts previously paid and any interest payable thereon will be liable to forfeiture.

Transfers of Stock will be accepted on the ordinary Form, and will be registered at the Head Office of the Company.

A copy of the Royal Charter granted 26th September, 1839, and of the further Royal Charters granted in 1851, 1882, and 1904, and of the Draft of the Trust Deed for securing this issue and of a letter to the Company from Messrs. Snell & Swaffield, dated 31st October, 1907, agreeing to guarantee the subscription of the present issue of Debenture Stock, may be seen at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Bristows, Cooke & Carpmal, 1, Copthall-buildings, E.C., on any day while the lists remain open between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the offices of the Company, 18 and 57, Moorgate-street, E.C., 32, Cockspur-street, S.W., and at Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, or from the Bankers, or from Messrs. Snell & Swaffield, 5, Copthall-buildings, E.C.

Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders.

THE MARQUESS OF HAMILTON, M.P.
J. W. PHILIPPS, M.P.

Directors.

OWEN PHILIPPS (Chairman).
ALFRED S. WILLIAMS (Deputy Chairman).
SPENCER HENRY CURTIS.
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WILLIAM C. KENNY.
ARTHUR NEVILLE LUBBOCK.
EDWARD NORTON.
SIR JOSEPH SAVORY, BART.

Bankers.

ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & CO.,
15, Lombard Street, E.C., and
THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.,
112, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.,
and Southampton.

Brokers.

SNELL & SWAFFIELD, 5, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

Solicitors.

BRISTOWS, COOKE, & CARPMAEL,
1, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

Secretary.

R. L. FORBES.

1st November, 1907.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1839).

Issue of £700,000 £4½ per cent. First Debenture Stock.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid your Bankers the sum of £..... being Five per cent. deposit, I beg to apply for £..... of the above First Debenture Stock, in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus, dated 1st November, 1907, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount that may be allotted to me, and I undertake to pay the balance as specified, and I request that such Debenture Stock may be registered in the Company's Books in my name as follows:—

Name in full.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

Date.....1907.

Usual Signature.....

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

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Diary of the Week.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has brought about a brilliant settlement of the railway dispute, which has been signed by the Committee of railway Chairmen, who conferred with him at the Board of Trade, and by the officers of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and the two other Trade Unions concerned in the quarrel. It has also been accepted by eleven great railway companies, which do not include the North Eastern, only, we imagine, because the workers on that system have now the alternative of formal recognition of their Union, and of accepting Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. The settlement has been acclaimed by public opinion of all shades, with the exception of a few Trade Unionist and Labour leaders, and by nearly all the great newspapers, including the "Times," which has strongly favoured the directors. The "Standard" and the "Financial Times" criticise it; but neither is an organ of the first importance.

THE settlement is based on a mixed scheme of conciliation and arbitration, originating with each company which accepts the plan. The first statement of the men's complaints of wages and hours of labour—general conditions are not specifically included—will come before the railway officials. If no arrangement is made, there will be a second reference to a Sectional Board of Conciliation, which will cover a railway district, and will consist of representatives of the company and of the men, who will choose their own representatives from the various sections of railway employees. If the Sectional Board fails to settle, a Central Conciliation Board, representing the whole company, and manned by officials and a selection of employees from the local Board, comes into play. Finally, if the Central Board fails, or if its conclusions are rejected by either side, there will be an appeal to a single Arbitrator. This gentleman will be chosen, in default of agreement, by the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Master of the Rolls. No better selections could have been made. The Speaker is a Tory; the Master of the Rolls, when he was a politician, was a Liberal. Both men are models of fairmindedness.

THE Board of Trade will overlook the first election of members of the new Conciliation Boards, and will then leave the matter to the parties interested. Masters and men will contribute half the cost of conciliation and arbitration, so that each will face the other on equal terms. Counsel are excluded from the arbitration proceedings, but no other exception is made, and the men, we imagine, may make use of trade union officials, who, provided they are employees of the company, are not debarred from sitting on the Conciliation Boards. An agreement finally determined will last six years, and then may come to an end only after twelve months' notice. So that Mr. George has not only averted a devastating industrial battle, but has proclaimed a seven years' peace in the railway world. Mr. Bell stated that the King had expressed great interest in the settlement, and early news of its conclusion was conveyed to him at Sandringham.

* * *

THE labour world, on the whole, approves the settlement, though some labour representatives guard themselves against accepting compulsory arbitration, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, speaking for the Independent Labour Party, declares that the scheme is a disaster, and that neither the Trade Unions nor his own friends would have accepted it. Mr. Pember Reeves, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, and the author of the New Zealand Arbitration Act, in an interview with a "Daily News" correspondent, praises the settlement, though he points out that "ostensibly" it proceeds on a non-unionist basis, and adds that its success depends on the extent to which Mr. Bell's Society can "permeate" its working. If railway companies refuse to come in, Parliament would have a right to include them. Mr. Reeves regretted that there was no legal compulsion for carrying the Arbitrator's awards into effect, and he would have preferred to leave the appointment of an Arbitrator to the Government, rather than to private citizens. But he thought that the settlement would work, and was "a great step forward" in the cause of industrial arbitration.

* * *

THE financial trouble in America is now a full-blown crisis both of money and trade. There has been established in all parts of the United States a premium on gold and on all State currency. If this continues in spite of gold imports, the only way out of the situation would seem to be a large issue of Government certificates based upon bonds and inconvertible for the present. This would be a terrible blow to the reputation of the Government and to the national pride, and it is hardly likely that the President will authorise it without calling Congress. But the situation may become so strained owing to want of cash for labour payments, &c., that there will be no other course. In London the situation is regarded with increasing anxiety, as is proved by the fact that for the first time since 1873 the Bank Rate has been raised above 6 per cent. Whether even the present 7 per cent. rate will suffice to protect our gold reserves and to maintain them at an adequate amount is at least doubtful. The depreciation of securities is giving anxiety to credit institutions in all parts of the world. So far, however, with the exception of France, Great Britain has suffered least from the panic. Our October trade returns proved great commercial prosperity.

A PUZZLING little episode occurred unexpectedly in the course of the week in connection with the Kaiser's visit to England. It was announced on Wednesday that the Empress, owing to the slight illness of the Princess Adelaide of Sondersburg-Glücksburg, who is suffering from chicken-pox, would not accompany the Kaiser, as she originally intended. A pressing invitation from England induced her, however, to revise this decision, and Thursday's papers contained the news that she will travel with the Kaiser. The Imperial Party, accompanied by Herr von Schön and General von Einem, the Foreign and War Ministers, will reach the Isle of Wight on Sunday, and attend a luncheon in the city on Wednesday next. The Kaiser, whose health is not entirely satisfactory, will spend three weeks in the Isle of Wight after the official visit is concluded. The visit will undoubtedly possess considerable political importance, despite the regrettable absence of Prince Bülow, and we believe that it is the general hope in this country that it may help to promote happier and more cordial relations with Germany. The most interesting comment, so far, has been that of the "Temps," which cordially welcomes the visit, as a proof of the success of the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*. Its meaning is, of course, that Germany has at length recognised the impregnable solidity of this relationship, and now desires to stand on better terms with both partners. "The *entente cordiale*," it proceeds, "which would be a formidable instrument of war, has only in view the maintenance of peace. That implies that those who form part of it rejoice at everything calculated to pacify the international atmosphere." The sentiment is excellent, but the statement that the *entente* is of the nature of a military alliance has never before been made in a quarter so authoritative.

* * *

ON Wednesday, Herr Brand, an anarchist journalist, was tried in Berlin for a criminal libel against Prince Bülow, against whom he had brought charges similar to those made by Herr Harden against Prince Eulenburg and Count Moltke. The case, which was heard with quite unnecessary solemnity, showed that Herr Brand had no shadow of evidence or justification for the statements he had made, and he was sentenced, after he had volunteered an apology and a withdrawal, to eighteen months' imprisonment. This case was a mere episode in the larger scandal, which is about to enter on a fresh phase. Last week's trial was generally felt to have been undignified and unsatisfactory. Count Moltke appealed against the verdict, but to the general surprise, the Public Prosecutor, who had originally refused to proceed against Herr Harden, has intervened, and will appeal against the verdict of the *Schöffengericht*. This means, of course, a fairer trial, and even greater publicity; but the moral effect can hardly differ from that of the first trial.

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It is difficult to tabulate the results of the municipal elections in the English and Welsh boroughs, but they certainly show considerable Conservative gains. The "Unionists" appear to have won 135 seats, the Liberals and the Labour Party 22 each, and separate Socialist organisations 5. Some, though not all, of the most conspicuous Unionist gains were in Lancashire and Yorkshire, 7 occurring in Leeds and Liverpool, 5 in Bolton, 4 in Manchester, 3 in Salford, but they are fairly distributed over the country. On the whole, the Independent Labour group, which appears as an opponent both of the Liberal and the Conservative parties, and does not seem in any borough to have made common cause with the former, has lost, though it has gained slightly, and chiefly at the expense of the Liberals, in Norwich and elsewhere. The causes of the check to the Progressive cause in politics are various. The "Manchester Guardian" attributes the losses in that city chiefly to the

vigorous organisation of the liquor trade. The Irish vote has gone Conservative, chiefly on educational grounds, but the two generally prevailing factors have been the cry for economy in the rates and the anti-Socialist movement promoted by the Conservative leaders, and manipulated by unscrupulous local politicians so as to confound extreme Socialist or Anarchist views with Liberal policy or tendencies. The tactical idea of this campaign appears to have been, as Mr. McKenna put it, to set up the House of Lords, now a trifle in the shade, as the only barrier against "free love, atheism, and highway robbery."

* * *

THE returns of the Duma elections are now almost complete. The elected Deputies number 415, and of the 27 who are still to be elected more than half are likely to belong to the Opposition. The elected members may be classified as follows, excluding three "Independents":

Reactionary Right: 189.

Union of Russian Men, 34.

Monarchists, 40.

"Right" (unclassified), 115.

Conservative Centre: 109.

Octobrists and Moderates, 88.

"Progressives," 21.

Liberal Centre: 73.

Constitutional Democrats, 31.

Polish Nationalists, 42.

Left Wing: 41.

Left, 15.

Extreme Left, 15.

Social Democrats, 11.

The two first groups may be reckoned as Governmental (298), the two latter as Opposition (114). The two Centres, if they were to combine, which is improbable, would be in a minority of the whole house.

* * *

It is impossible to predict what such a Duma will do, but it is significant that a congress of Southern reactionary members has just called for wholesale measures of repression, including the revival of the field courts martial. In such demands the Octobrists would probably vote with the Right. M. Gurko, a former Assistant Minister of the Interior, has been tried for complicity in contract scandals during the Governmental famine relief work, involving a sum of half a million, and condemned to be dismissed the service—a light sentence, judged by Western standards, but still a welcome departure from the lax traditions of the Russian bureaucracy. The price of wheat is rising rapidly, and in the opinion even of such moderate men as the Constitutional Democratic Member, M. Rodicheff, the peasants are on the verge of an outbreak. It is worthy of note that the elected leader of this party, Professor Miliukoff, excluded by a trick from the two former Dumas, has at last succeeded in entering the House, as one of the members for St. Petersburg.

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SIR WILLIAM LYNE, the acting Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, has explained to the House of Representatives the Bill in which the Protectionist Party propose to soften the blow that the new tariff strikes at the interests of consumers and workmen. Following earlier legislation, the new Bill proposes an Excise duty on home products half as high as that imposed on imported manufactured goods. From this duty all Australian manufacturers are to be exempt who can show the Commonwealth authorities a clean bill of health with regard to their treatment of labour. A new State tribunal called the Board of Excise is to be created, with full powers of inspection, and this body is to determine whether, in Trade Union language, each manufacturer keeps a "fair" house. If his labour conditions are up to the Board's standard, the manufacturer will have earned his right to have his goods stamped with the

Commonwealth trade-mark and to be exempt from all Excise. This combined policy of Socialism and Protection is the Australian equivalent of the Chamberlainite proposal to combine a high protective tariff with Old-Age Pensions. It is significant that the "Morning Post," which is Protectionist and semi-Socialist, cautiously praises this policy, and the "Pall Mall Gazette" commends Australia's "close and jealous oversight of the worker's welfare." On the other hand, the "Times," reverting to individualism and almost to Free Trade, covers it with ridicule. The Australian example really explodes the new Tory campaign. The extreme severity and anti-English character of the Commonwealth tariff has gone far to destroy the hope of preferences, while the union of Protection with State Socialism alarms the old Tories and discredits the use of the anti-Socialist movement as a weapon against Liberalism.

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MEANWHILE, Mr. Balfour is to be asked, or forced, to declare himself for Tory democracy, coupled with Protection. Sir Frank Gould shows him, in the "Westminster Gazette," as a scared rabbit, halloed and driven into the open by a band of Protectionist beaters, who include Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Maxse, of the "National Review," and Sir Howard Vincent. This is a literal description of Mr. Balfour's plight. The Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations is to be held at Birmingham, the sacred city of Chamberlainism. There, in the Chamberlain citadel, Mr. Balfour is to be forced into the Chamberlain policy. The first resolution on the agenda is to be moved by Mr. Chaplin, who proposes to declare that "the first constructive policy of the Conservative Unionist Party should be the reform of our present fiscal system," on strict protective lines. Mr. F. E. Smith proposes a modified programme of preferences and taxation of foreign goods "for purposes of revenue." But the bulk of the following resolutions are both protective and democratic, *i.e.*, directly anti-Balfourian, for Mr. Balfour, if anything, is an anti-democrat, and has at least declared himself an anti-protectionist. Even Socialism, Mr. Goulding suggests, can only be met by a "constructive policy," especially by old-age pensions. The Central Committee also declares that Socialism must be dealt with by "impressing on the working-men that Social Reform is, and has always been, one of the chief objects of our party."

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MR. HEARST'S irruptive personality, and sensational tactics have been checked at the American elections, whose chief interest for the outside world is their bearing on the Presidential contest. In New York and elsewhere Mr. Hearst and his cohort of newspapers "fused" with the Republican organisation against Tammany, whose aid he sought last year when he stood for the Governorship. His campaign was fought on anti-Trust lines, but in alliance with the party which he denounced as dominated by the Trusts. Tammany seems to have beaten this strange combination to the ground, and to have regained its old ascendancy. Mr. Hearst's rivals in the newspaper world declare that he is completely discredited. But he is a destructive force in American politics, and should he ally himself with Mr. Bryan, he and the anti-Trust policy may bring a Democratic President into power.

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THE sensational voyage of the "Lusitania," laden with gold, to New York, appears to have been also the quickest on record, in spite of the rough weather. She crossed the Atlantic in 4 days, 19 hours, 10 minutes—42 minutes less than she took to complete her best voyage in October. It appears that the *Mauretania* is even a faster vessel than her consort, and a four days' passage to New York may soon be regarded as normal.

WE do not know why statesmen rarely think it necessary to be accurate when they appeal to history. Mr. Lyttelton, after kindly admitting last week that "certain things can be done by municipalities," committed himself to the strange statement that these were "such things as our forefathers did not think possible." Mr. Lyttelton cannot have been referring to the mere fact that electricity, steam power, telephones, and the discoveries of modern science were not known to our ancestors. And it is equally difficult to believe that he did not know that all that these discoveries represented to our ancestors, and much more, was quietly and as a matter of ordinary routine, "done by municipalities." Let him turn to such an easily accessible book as Mrs. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," and he will find example after example. In Mr. Gomme's recently published "Governance of London," he will see how the London municipality dealt with every phase of citizen needs, including many which have now been transferred to the domain of private enterprise. Let him consider how the Lord Mayor of London dealt with the question of "the extreme dearth of provision" in 1796, and how, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the proper provision of corn for the citizen was one of the common trading enterprises of the towns, and he probably will not wish to repeat this absurdity.

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THERE is certainly nothing funereal about the pictures in the autumn exhibition of the New English Art Club. The illusion of sunlight, or at any rate daylight, reigns supreme. Mr. Sargent leads the way with a figure group in a landscape, "The Fountain," a canvas palpitating with southern sunshine, and his two other pictures, the cool but brilliant "Moraine" and "The Brook," are hardly less masterful expositions of light and air. Mr. Wilson Steer, in his "Grand Place, Montreuil," Mr. Fred Brown in both his pictures of the same town, and Miss Alice Fanner, who is more emphatically "pleinairistic" in her studies of the Thames, follow the same track, and Mr. Henry Tonks strikes an even more intense note of brightness in his medley of rose and white, "The Birdcage." The average merit is high, in spite of the fact that several members of the "old guard" do not contribute; and most of the works, whatever their individual imperfections may be, convey a pleasing sense of vitality and seriousness of aim. As usual, there are several admirable drawings, and a few which are difficult to understand. Mr. Muirhead Bone's landscapes in pen and wash on brown paper, the water-colours of Mr. A. W. Rich, and one drawing, "The Riverside," by Mr. A. E. John, may be remarked among those that combine fine art with complete intelligibility.

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THE autumn exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, which was opened to the public last week, is exceptional in that it is devoted to cabinet pictures. The departure, however, does not seem materially to have affected the character of the show, or to have altered the balance of ability, as displayed in its immediate predecessors. We find, in fact, that landscapes are still the dominant feature, to the exclusion of figure work of any importance, and that the leading artists continue to lead, while the rear-guard stragglers preserve their usual position a very long way behind. The influence of Mr. East's taste and practice is seen in the central gallery, where, as usual, the pick of oil-painting is to be found; for here the canvases are almost universally low in tone; the principal exceptions being those of Mr. Dewhurst, the exponent of the Monet method, Mr. W. B. Thompson, a recent convert to the same persuasion, and Mr. Foottet, the exponent of himself.

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[The Index to Volume I. of THE NATION is now ready and can be had free on application to the Manager.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE SEVEN YEARS' PEACE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, in his settlement of the dispute between the British railway directors and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, has won a victory such as few modern statesmen are able to achieve. He had to deal with a powerful and singularly obdurate mass of opinion in the world of politics and capital on the one side, and with a determined and steadily growing movement of Labour on the other. The railway directors with whom he dealt were practically all strong Conservatives; the railway men were certainly not all sympathetic to Liberalism. His success as a diplomatist has been that, using a device familiar to students of Napoleon's battles, he has suddenly turned the face of the controversy, and yet has given it a solution with which both parties express content. That, in itself, is a brilliant tactical feat, and it will go to the credit of his party and his Government that Liberalism can bring to the service of British industry and British labour an intelligence and an alertness of method which were conspicuously wanting to the rule of Mr. George's predecessor at the Board of Trade. But we do Mr. Lloyd George no disservice when we say that he had behind him a power that neither the directors nor the servants of the railway companies could resist, when a man of energy and readiness of mind employed it. We may well pay a tribute to the moderation of view and temper which has facilitated the settlement. But Mr. George's strength lay largely in his ability to say to the directors and to the railway servants, "There can be no strike. The country will not have it, and the Government and Parliament are bound, as its representatives, to stop it and ensure a settlement. If you, the directors, will not recognise the Unions directly, you must recognise them indirectly; if you will not have formal recognition, you must have conciliation; conciliation implies arbitration; and if you cannot set up a scheme of arbitration for yourselves, the State will do it for you. And if you, the railway-men, can get the right of representation, you must not look too minutely at the way in which you secure it." To the State and its care for the interests of the community as a whole both parties in the dispute have come. The true line of development in our Colonies and in our own leading industries has been taken, and the iron roads of the kingdom have been kept open at a very critical period for British industry.

These are important and far-reaching results, and the country, the railway shareholders, and the workmen may well be congratulated on securing them. What is their precise bearing on the dispute? It is not unnatural to say that, so far as the formal recognition of Trade Unionism is concerned, the victory lies with the railway directors. The terms of settlement do not proceed on the lines of Australian Arbitration—that is to

say through a continuous recognition of the Trade Unions. They do not mention the Amalgamated Society, and Mr. Bell, whose faultless demeanour and admirable methods have secured a substantial improvement of the conditions of the entire body of railway servants, Unionist and non-Unionist, will not himself have access either to the Sectional or the General Conciliation Boards. On the other hand, the principle of "collective bargaining," which is the basis of Trade Unionism, is not only to be recognised, but forms the framework of the scheme. The railway servants, divided into sections, are freely to choose their representatives on the Boards. Can it be doubted that when the elections for the two kinds of Boards take place their choice will largely fall on Trade Unionists and even on Trade Unionist officials? Organisation and special knowledge will tell, and, as a matter of fact, the local secretaries of Mr. Bell's Union, and also the general executive, so far as it consists of railway servants, will all be eligible to sit. The men can appoint their Chairmen at the Boards. They will unite with the companies in paying the cost of the new organisation, so that they become equal parties with the railway directors in the conduct of these informal suits. They will have a regular right of examination of their grievances, and, finally, the power of calling for a decision upon them. And it is clear that in the event of arbitration they can be represented by a skilled agent outside the companies' service. The men are free to choose their own pleaders and advisers, counsel being alone and very wisely excluded. We do not see that the Arbitrator can refuse the assistance of Mr. Bell, and a final settlement of a railway dispute would naturally follow, in the main, the lines which obtain in the case, let us say, of the cotton trade, save that in its earlier stages the Union, *quâ* Union, does not come in. We understand, indeed, that the Committee of Chairmen had in view Mr. Bell's admission to the Arbitrator's Court during the negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George.

On the whole, therefore, it is fair to say that, in substance, if not in form, Mr. George's settlement gives to Trade Unionism precisely the force which its numbers entitle it to wield in the general body of railway servants, and which is reconcileable with the claims of discipline. It will also possess the prestige of having supplied both the generalship and the fighting line in the battle. But in spite of these very considerable advantages, if the Lloyd George settlement had been devoid of the element of arbitration, we would certainly have said that it was a bad one for the men, for the decision of matters raised at the Conciliation Boards would have rested with the directors, and from it there could have been no appeal. Now the men have on their side not only the general spirit of amity and reasonableness that so often presides over a conference table, not only the sense of sitting on equal terms with their employers, but also the definite protection of law. The choice of an Arbitrator is given over, should the two sides fail to agree on a name, to two men of singularly fair minds and calm judgments,

namely, the present Speaker and the Master of the Rolls. The railway servants, indeed, have gained three points. They now know that their complaints will be attended to instead of being merely shelved. They know that they can freely discuss them with the heads of their company over a table in the light of day, and, as an Arbitrator always gives something, they may also feel that there exists a definite security for a steady improvement of their lot. This strikes us as something better, more tangible, than the abstract right of "recognition." That would merely imply the power of stating grievances. The Lloyd George settlement carries with it a regular machinery for adjusting them. If we were railway directors we should feel that this sense of security on the part of the men was a very considerable asset, and that the seven years' peace which the Treaty secures afforded a breathing space of which wise superintendents of the great railway business would gladly avail themselves. The scheme would be strengthened by a machinery for enforcing the decrees of the Arbitration Court, but this, we imagine, the State can always provide.

These seem to us to be the immediate morals of this notable action of the State, which is approved, with one or two insignificant exceptions, by the entire Press, Conservative as well as Liberal, as a fair and proper intervention of the governing power. There are some less obvious considerations, which we hope will be borne in mind. The work of Mr. George happily undoes the impression of almost complete impotence on the part of the Board of Trade, which Mr. Gerald Balfour's failure in the Penrhyn business set up. We have probably seen the last of Penrhynism. The Conciliation Act has been set on its legs again, or rather, it has been furnished with a new set of limbs, much nimbler than the old. Furthermore, the prestige of Liberalism, as a force both of progress and of mediation, has been enhanced. The workmen know what it would mean for them if, following very bad counsels, they heedlessly contributed to bringing back the Tories to power. The source of strength for Mr. George in his negotiations with the railway directors was his knowledge that a democratic Parliament, with a Liberal-Labour majority of about 250 votes, was ready to back him in bringing in an Arbitration Bill, and that the House of Lords could not have resisted its passage. Such a Parliament was not brought into being by chance. It rests, no doubt, on Free Trade, but its main strength is the informal understanding between serious Progressive Liberalism and the Labour Party. So long as this view holds, Toryism, and especially Mr. Balfour's type of Toryism, will not come back to power. But the Labour Party would be unwise either to discredit Liberalism or to act as if it could dispense with a sympathetic middle-class Party, or could even replace it. It can do neither. The truth is that British democracy needs a vigorous medium force, such as Liberalism of the right sort supplies. The general public need it also, for, if we are not mistaken, the problem of the railways, one of the most acute and complicated in British industry, having once been opened, cannot be

allowed to rest without a full solution. The workers have attained their *status*; now arise the grievances of the trader, the *crux* of through rates, the multiplication of officials, which weights the chief competing companies and drags down their earning power. Mr. George has saved the country from a railway strike; he has now to save the railways from themselves, and to make them the ally instead of the enemy of British trade.

THE USE OF THE TAR-BRUSH.

It is always difficult to determine the bearing of municipal elections on general politics. The constituency is not the same, and in municipal politics the voting of women ratepayers has probably a reactionary tendency. Nor, of course, are the issues the same. Men with the most foolish and perverse views of great national questions, which they only misapprehend through the medium of the daily Press, may be thoroughly sensible and practical in dealing with the parish pump, whose cranky handle is plain for all to see. Nearly everybody is a Progressive in things that he really understands, and everybody is either a Tory or a blind revolutionary in matters beyond his comprehension. In any case, neither the electors nor the elected, neither the constituency nor the issue is the same in municipal and in national politics, and hence it is that in London, for example, the long Conservative regime coincided with a persistent Progressive majority, and just when, through the advent of a Liberal Government to office, the Progressives obtained at last a fair field, London swung round and put the Moderates in power by an unexampled majority. But without attaching undue weight to the Conservative successes at the municipal elections, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they do disclose a certain trend of general opinion, and do bear witness to the success—at any rate the temporary success—of the astute tactics whereby the Conservative Press has with one accord united in a campaign against Socialism. The methods of the campaign are perhaps such as to do more honour to the head than to the heart of the campaigners. They consist in dipping the brush in the blackest tar that can be found in the whole world of Socialism, and then drawing it freely, not only over all Socialists, but over anyone who has ever been seen talking to a Socialist. For example, one or two Socialists do not believe in God. Then all Socialism is Atheism, and Liberalism coquets with Atheism. Some Socialists are critical of the present marriage law. Therefore Socialism is another word for Free Love, and Liberalism is a first step to the disintegration of the family. To any one who takes this for caricature, we commend the following paragraphs, taken from the address of a certain Mr. G. M. Chamberlin to the Conservative electors of Norwich, who apparently act under his enlightened leadership:—

"Broadly speaking, Socialism demands the doing away with the Army and the Navy, the repudiation of the National Debt, the abolition of the Throne, the destruction of home life, the separation of mother from child, and the negation of God.

"The Liberal Party to-day is powerless to combat this evil; for party purposes it has coquetted with these extremists, and is locally to a reprehensible extent responsible for its rapid growth.

"It is to the Conservative Party, the party of Preservation, that the electors must look to fight and defeat this evil, imperially and locally."

Doubtless Mr. Chamberlin believes all these things about Socialism. He and thousands of others with him take these statements from a Press which has ceased to regard the distinction between truth and falsehood as relevant to the conduct of business, and they do not dream of testing such assertions by enquiry into the facts. They do not even ask themselves whether it is intrinsically probable that a large and increasing section of their fellow-countrymen should hold this entire body of extreme ideas, nor, if so, whether it is probable that the party in power, representing the great majority of the electors, should, as they allege, coquet with them. The mere word Socialism throws them off their intellectual balance. The word is for our mob-psychology the equivalent of the Pro-Boer of seven years ago.

The implied logic of the anti-Socialist campaign is an interesting study. On analysis it seems to rest on a new axiom, for which the Press-campaigners may take credit to themselves. "People who agree in one thing will agree in any other"—this seems to be the cardinal assumption of this new logic. Hence the process of disparagement becomes extraordinarily easy. For example here is A, who disbelieves in God, and who calls himself a Socialist. Here again is B, who is also a Socialist. Clearly B agrees with A. But A does not believe in God, therefore B does not believe in God. It does not matter that B is perhaps a High Church clergyman of extreme zeal and piety. The logic is inexorable. He agrees with A, and A is an Atheist. By the same logic B, being a Socialist, is in favour, among other things, of Old Age Pensions, and C, an advanced Liberal, is also for Old Age Pensions. Therefore C agrees with B. But B is a Socialist. Therefore C is also a Socialist. And it has already been shown that a Socialist is an Atheist. Therefore an advanced Liberal is an Atheist. Which was to be proved. Corollary:—By the same argument it may be proved that any Free Trader is an Atheist, an advocate of Free Love, and bent on separating the mother from the child.

Now, whether a campaign which in logic rests on nothing much better than the *sorites* which we have set out will succeed with the English people remains to be seen. Probably such misrepresentations get their way at first, and are seen through when people have had time for a little cool reflection. But that there is a real reaction in municipal politics is hardly in dispute. It showed itself only too plainly in London last autumn, and again this spring. The cry of the middle-class householder is still to keep down the rates, and as long as the rating system remains unreformed, the weight of the middle class, which, by its position, should be preponderantly Progressive and Liberal, will be in the main thrown into the scale of cheap administration at all costs. A reform of the rating system which will place a proper share of municipal burdens on the owners of site-values is the best bulwark which Liberalism can raise against this particular form of reaction. For the rest, its business is to go forward undeterred in the path of Social Reform. Many of the things which it will have to do will be called, and may fairly enough be called, Socialistic. For Socialism is so loose a name that it can be applied to all action by the State, and to all measures designed for the relief of poverty or for the equalisation of opportunity. But people who are

frightened by this bogey of the word, nevertheless, like the thing well enough when they see it in the concrete. The rose by another name smells, in this case, a great deal sweeter. Only the other day we saw an excellent Conservative member putting forward as a means of combating Socialism a list of Socialistic measures so extreme and so numerous that Mr. Keir Hardie might have paled at the thought of propounding them to the House of Commons. The English people—not the Scottish—are frightened by abstract terms and general principles, as men are frightened by anything which they do not understand. The Press has succeeded in working upon this alarm and creating an excited state of mind in which people see the Social Revolution and the guillotine behind a measure for giving lunches to school children. The business of the Liberal Party is to press steadily forward undeterred by the scare, unmoved from the course of social amelioration marked out by its leader in his great speech before the General Election, and to rely on temperate argument, cool reflection, and the working experience of the measures which it carries, to allay unreal alarms and confute a dishonest agitation.

THE PANIC AND ITS MEANING.

WHAT is the meaning of the American panic? Whence did it come, and whither is it going? Is it merely the result of bad currency laws, or is it due to bad banking, or to over-trading? Or is it Wall Street that has done the mischief? What is the actual area of the disturbance, and is it likely to spread beyond the borders of the United States? These and a host of other questions crowd upon the mind as we read telegram after telegram with records of "runs," and suspensions, and failures, and reassuring statements, and cheerful prophecies. Since the theatrical run on the Knickerbocker Trust the situation (to the newspaper reader) has always been "well in hand," and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, with the patriotic aid of Mr. Harriman and Mr. Rockefeller, has saved the country two or three times a week. It is astonishing how many favourable factors have been at work. There has been the Treasury relief afforded by Mr. Cortelyou, the financier's pool for doling out money at 20 per cent. to Wall Street, the all-night sittings of semi-respectable magnates at Mr. Morgan's house, the Clearing House Committees with their certificates in lieu of cash, the decent and circumspect conduct of the Yellow Press, and the brilliant flash of silence contributed by the President of the Republic. But even this last great gift has been offered in vain on the altar of sentiment. "All will be well if Roosevelt will be silent" was the general cry of Wall Street last week. He has been silent for several days, but all is not well. Perhaps we may infer from this circumstance, following the law of logic known as concomitant variations, that the great panic which has already closed so many banks and Trust companies, which is shutting down factories and business houses in all parts of the United States, is not the work of President Roosevelt, though, doubtless, his jingo policy and huge programme of naval expenditure have added to the public nervousness and detracted from the public credit. The weak side of Mr. Roosevelt's denunciations of the Trusts has been not their tendency to alarm investors who ought not to be alarmed, but their failure to deter rogues who ought to be deterred.

We do not propose to attempt an answer to all the questions we have put. That would require a volume, and the volume could not be written until the panic was over and all the facts collected. But we have enough material to confirm the opinion freely expressed in the last few days that the crisis is in many respects a reproduction (on an even larger scale) of the great panic which swept through the States in the autumn of 1873. We know how that arose after a period of feverish activity following on the War between North and South. The capital destroyed required several painful years of stress and strain to replace. The renewed activity of trade and agriculture attracted capital from England, and, as capital poured in, the demands of promoters increased. There was speculation and speculation. More capital than the world could safely spare was fixed in railway construction, and we read of enormous quantities of railway bonds being floated on the Eastern market. The rate of interest had also been rising year by year. In the summer of 1873, a Granger agitation at the West frightened investors from the railway securities, and brought distress both upon the new railroad enterprises and upon the bankers who were negotiating railway securities. On September 8th, the New York Warehouse and Security Co. failed, followed by two or three banking firms with railroad enterprises on their hands.

Then a run for legal tenders began at New York, where a certain arbitrary and artificial preference or premium had been established for them. On September 18th, Jay Cooke & Co. failed in consequence of a crisis in the affairs of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for which they were negotiating bonds, and to which they had made advances. A run for deposits thereupon began in the country towns, although without excitement or panic. The country banks called in their deposits from the redemption cities, and the latter from New York. The New York bankers called for it from Wall Street, where it was in use. Rates for money rapidly advanced and prices fell. On the 20th the Union Trust Co. and two or three other banks and Trust companies suspended payment. The Stock Exchange was thrown into a panic and prices collapsed, falls of twenty or thirty per cent. occurring in a few days. The New York Stock Exchange was closed for ten days as the only means of arresting the panic. This was followed on the 22nd by the closing of the Gold Exchange, and on the 20th the Associated Banks had pooled their stock of greenbacks and issued certificates at seven per cent. good at the Clearing-house, which were to be loaned for 75 per cent. of the value of the securities deposited. The amount of the Clearing-house certificates issued between that date and January 14th, 1874, at New York, was \$26.5 millions; at Philadelphia, \$6.7 millions. The remainder of the story may be told in the words of an American authority:—

"The President and Secretary of the Treasury were in New York on Sunday, the 21st, and refused to use any part of the \$44 millions of the withdrawn greenbacks, but they ordered bonds to be bought by the Assistant Treasurer, with his cash in hand. This produced the same result, for before January 1st, over \$26 millions of the withdrawn greenbacks were issued. The amount of bonds purchased was \$12 millions. The situation was one really of a suspension of paper payments in New York City. There had been no panic amongst the merchants, nor outside of New York, except among some savings bank depositors. Nevertheless, the

shock to credit was very deep; speculation was completely arrested; industry was checked; hours of labour and wages were reduced; and a liquidation was commenced, which lasted five or six years. The number of bankruptcies in 1873 was 5,183; liabilities \$228.1 millions. The failures in 1874 were 5,830; liabilities \$155.2 millions."

The most superficial observer will notice the close similarity between the antecedents of the 1873 panic and of the present one. War and excessive expenditure on railways, Stock Exchange gambling, bad currency, and worse banking—there is the whole story. Perhaps the only important difference so far is that whereas the 1873 panic began in the country and ended in New York, this one has begun in New York and spread over the States. We are inclined to think that in the present panic moral causes have had a greater share. President Roosevelt's attack on the Trusts has merely been the politician's echo of public dismay at the way in which the great rogues of business and finance have been plundering the people. It is notorious that certain railway and other magnates have been using Trust funds to assist their own Stock Exchange speculations; it is notorious that they have obtained the control of banks and Trust Companies engaged in banking for the same criminal purposes. That such roguery should prosper unpunished, defying public opinion, and even the law, was a proof of widespread corruption, and as the situation went slowly from bad to worse, it is no wonder that the public took alarm and began to withdraw deposits.

This was the beginning of the end, and the end, of course, was the suspension of cash payments by the issue of clearing-house certificates. This is the last desperate remedy, the bankruptcy of the banking system. How serious the crisis is may be judged from the fact that Chicago, which has never before made use of this miserable expedient, has now been forced to adopt it; and we should fear that the issues of these certificates will be on a larger scale than ever before. Great difficulties and hardships are, of course, being felt by trade and agriculture. In many places the crops, for want of the necessary credits, cannot be moved. In large industrial centres great business undertakings have come to a standstill. The effect of all this is bound to extend to Europe. The exports of gold to America are making money dearer than ever, and the situation in Germany is especially critical. Our own trade remains undoubtedly good. But it can hardly escape the general depression. Happily there is no reason for anticipating a banking crisis here, for most of the causes which operated in the United States are fortunately absent. But it is bad enough to be saddled with a seven per cent. bank rate (for the first time since 1873) at the beginning of winter.

THE GROWTH OF MODERNISM.

EXCOMMUNICATION is a dramatic proceeding, and the virtual expulsion of Father Tyrrell from the Roman Catholic Church by the ban of Pope Pius X. arouses a certain interest even in a country so deeply steeped in Protestantism as ours. It is no doubt a wrench for Mr. Tyrrell to find himself forcibly severed from a communion to which he is deeply attached, and which he has served so long. But it may be a satisfaction for him to reflect that the ideas he has planted in the

heart of the Roman system will not perish because he has been thrust out of it. Ideas must be encountered by other ideas and not by force. As far as the vast mass of his fellow countrymen are concerned, papal excommunications have no terrors for them, and most of them, so far from looking upon Mr. Tyrrell as an object of pity, will regard his forcible emancipation as a fortunate thing for him. Henceforth, he will be able to speak his mind and deliver his message without the fear of obscure Italian cardinals before his eyes. And so far as his message is a faithful presentment of the reality of things, neither the Roman nor any other form of ecclesiastical organisation will prevent it from finding a lodgment in the human heart. The Church Catholic, according to the most authoritative conception of it in the synoptic documents is a kingdom infinitely wider than the Roman obedience. This Church, whenever Mr. Tyrrell feels constrained to speak, will be willing to listen to him, regardless of the opinions or anathemas of popes and cardinals.

Apart from its personal aspects, Mr. Tyrrell's excommunication is merely a fresh incident in the great struggle between Modernism and Medievalism which is now taking place in all sections of the Christian Church. For weal or woe, Modernism, as it is called, imperceptibly but surely and inevitably, has forced its way into the holy of holies, into the very centre of the Christian faith. Almost all the great leaders of the German Church, from Schleiermacher to Ritschl and Harnack, are men with the modern attitude of mind. In French Protestantism Modernism has produced brilliant representatives like Scherer, Réville, and Sabatier. At the present day the Scottish churches are penetrated with the spirit of Modernism, the late Master of Balliol representing one particular type of it, while the late Robertson Smith and his successors represent another. In England the minds of men move slowly. Ideas among us are often regarded as novelties when they have become commonplaces with the rest of Europe. But, even in England, Modernism has effected an entrance into the religious life of the nation both in the Church of England and among the Nonconformists. In Nonconformist circles it is rapidly gaining ground. In the English Church it has been less fortunate. No institution is so completely the creature of the State as the English Church. Its leaders are what the State chooses to make them. For the last twenty years we have had the State dominated by reactionary parties, and these reactionary parties, as is natural, have officered the Church with people of their own type. But Modernism, in spite of political and ecclesiastical reaction, is making headway in the Church of England, and is forcing the Medievalists to recognise its power. All the portents betoken the approach of a grim struggle between the forces of Medievalism and Modernism in the English Church. The Modernists are growing in numbers, they are strong in influence, they are inspired by the conviction that the spirit which has swept away medievalism in every other sphere of life will also sweep it out of its last stronghold in the Church.

It used to be the boast of the Roman Church that while every other ecclesiastical communion was rent or threatened by divisions, it alone stood forth as the great exemplar of unity and solidarity. This claim has never had any solid foundation in fact; it is now entirely shattered. In no organised church is there at the pre-

sent moment such a fierce conflict between the modern and the medieval principle as in the Church of Rome. The importance of this conflict is manifest in its widespread character. It is not a mere sporadic outbreak confined to one country; its ramifications extend to every part of the Roman world where intelligence prevails. In the free and untraditional atmosphere of the United States, Modernism, in spite of papal admonitions, is steadily supplanting medieval ideals. In Germany the aim of enlightened Catholics is to reconcile Catholicism and Culture. In Italy, the younger generation of priests, supported by many of the educated laity, are working with admirable fervour and enthusiasm for a renovated and liberalised Catholicism. The Pope may fulminate against them, but they are not dismayed. They have already answered the Encyclical in which their ideas are condemned. They declare in a book which they have just published, entitled "The Programme of the Modernists," that they remain "unmoved beneath the violent accusations which the Supreme Authority of the Church has brought against them." In their view the Medievalists have reduced the Church to a mere institution existing for the sake of self-preservation. It is no longer inspired by the ideals and spirit of its Founder. It is stationary or decadent, bent only on defending a past which can never be revived. The Italian Modernists tell the Pope that the Church must speak with a new language which men of the present day can understand. The decrees of the Council of Trent, in this respect like the various confessions of Reformation times, are framed in the phraseology of medieval scholasticism, and cannot be adjusted to the mental furniture of the modern mind. The faith must be re-stated in the terms of modern thought. It must be re-interpreted so as to come home to the mind and conscience of the people. If religion can only speak in the formulas of the past, it is destined ultimately to become a thing of the past.

It is startling to hear language of this kind finding eloquent utterance in the most conservative church in Christendom. It is still more remarkable that it should proceed from Italy. Manifestations of this kind are a proof that a new spirit is at work in the Roman Church—a spirit which instinctively feels that Rome must reform or perish. In Catholic France the same spirit prevails, and finds expression in modernists' volumes, which are widely and eagerly read. A recent book by Professor Le Roy, entitled "Dogma and Criticism" is an excellent summary of the French attitude of mind. In this work M. Le Roy insists that it is fatal to the truths of Christianity to identify them with the philosophical and metaphysical forms in which they have been traditionally expressed. The creeds and confessions of Christendom were framed in the philosophy of the age in which they arose. The early creeds were framed in the terms of Greek contemporary thought; the confessions of the Roman and Protestant Churches were drawn up in the terminology of the Middle Ages. The Christian faith must not, in the view of the Modernists, be identified with the metaphysics of an extinct civilisation or with the scholasticism of semi-barbarous times. The only value which creeds and confessions possess is the religious elements in them, and these elements must be separated from the dead matter of the past and re-expressed in the living language of to-day.

Life and Letters.

A PURITAN DOCUMENT.

AMID the flood of modernism that has poured over all the Churches one sometimes wonders whether here and there may still be found oases of the hard-shell Puritanism which stood forth so conspicuously in the spiritual life of the early nineteenth century. Alike in doctrine and in practice, the evangelical Churches of to-day have shifted a good deal from their old moorings. There are doubtless little groups of elderly people who still formally maintain the old attitude towards the Bible as the single, supreme, and all-sufficing guide of life alike in matters spiritual and mundane, a final and detailed declaration of the will of God to man, who prayerfully seek guidance in temporal perplexities by a literal interpretation of its text, and are disposed to read even the minor events of contemporary history in the light of Scriptural prophecy. But so remote is all this from the main stream of the spiritual life of the people to-day that a halo of quite antiquarian interest surrounds for most of us the story of the early religious austerities of the Clapham sect, in which Macaulay spent his boyhood, or the tight presbyterian upbringing of John Ruskin, and the not less distinctive puritanism which underlay the agnostic education inflicted by James Mill on his young son. Yet we know that even among persons of education and social standing little Calvinistic sects arose, compared with which the religious tenets of Zachary Macaulay or Mrs. Ruskin were liberal to laxity. Of the Sandemanians, William Godwin, himself bred in the faith, said that whereas the Calvinists doomed to perdition nine-tenths of their fellow-Christians, the Sandemanians dedicated to the same fate nine out of ten Calvinists. Yet this sect commanded the adhesion of so great a man of science as Michael Faraday. Could such a case be possible in England to-day? We doubt it, and the reasons for our doubt are presented in one of the most curious and impressive spiritual documents given to this age.

There lives to-day among us a well-known literary man, whose identity is thinly veiled in the autobiographic study he presents ("Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments." Heinemann) and whose early years were lived amid the fullest rigour of the intensest form of cultivated Calvinism. His father was a distinguished naturalist of the pre-Darwinian era, his mother a learned woman with a distinct literary gift, the writer of volumes of acceptable poetry. Both had withdrawn themselves from the more conventional forms of Protestantism in which they had been reared, and, dispensing with pastor or ritual, joined with a few other extreme Calvinists to form "the brethren," to whom the descriptive title "Plymouth" was afterwards applied.

With a vivid and convincing memory the writer tells the outer and the inner story of his early years, a solitary child with parents absorbed in a dull passion for a joyless spirituality, bounded by hard and almost mechanical conceptions of "grace," and a divine dispensation in which every trouble or mishap was a "visitation," and every good external thing an "uncovenanted mercy." Their one recreation lay in interpreting the "prophecies": society, even of the Saints, they steadfastly eschewed, and they watched over their little son, devoted from infancy to a holy life, with a deadly solicitude. Here was a boy of eager, active, imaginative mind, forbidden to read Scott's novels or Shakespeare's plays, because they were "not true," and nurtured upon Newton's "Thoughts on the Apocalypse." Even at a later period, when subtle inroads had been made on these early austerities, "My father prayed aloud with great fervour that it might be revealed to me, by the voice of God, whether it was or was not the Lord's will that I should attend the Browns' party." What was a sensitive, well-trained, but human boy to do in such a case? "The Lord says I may go to the Browns." Yet mark how retribution took him at the Browns. For recitations were the vogue, and after one boy had rendered "Casabianca," and a little girl had given "We are Seven," he

stood up at call and began a favourite passage from Blair's "Grave."

"If death were nothing and nought after death—

If when men died at once they ceased to be—

Returning to the barren Womb of Nothing,

Whence first they sprang, then might the debauchee"—

"'Thank you, dear; that will do nicely!' interrupted the lady with the curls."

The progress of the story, the struggle for moral liberation in the boy, is set forth with a strength and delicacy which will secure for this book a distinguished place in the spiritual literature of our time. The writer has managed to convey the truth that even these oppressively austere parents contained in the very nature they imparted to the boy fragments of liberty and even levity which might have made them human. Indeed, the understream of tender parental affection is everywhere apparent, and its frustration in the chill of Calvinist practices strikes a powerfully pathetic note. It would be easy to stir amusement and indignation by a recital of the monstrosities to which the logic of this Puritanism led its devotees. But without quenching these emotions in the reader the author has achieved the higher and better end of arousing and maintaining sympathy with the striking and heroic character which a creed so repulsive in its main aspect was able to support. Such fortitude, such utter submission to a higher will, as is conveyed in the slow passing of the mother in her mortal malady, is assuredly the finest confrontation of the enemy, save one, possible for man. That one is the calm, unreflective acceptance of death as a simple fact in the course of nature which, as Whitman shows, may come when we have ceased to worry about our souls and to busy our brains about insolubles. Meanwhile, such a triumphantly spiritual attitude must win that admiration which in an age of hesitation and of torpor attaches to all who have powerful convictions and the courage of them. Such attitudes are two. There is the spiritual socialism of a Catholic Church, where the individual soul, nay, the entire generation, is subject to the absolute authority of a single central will, a perennial fount of living inspiration: there is the individualism of that extreme Protestantism which throws on each soul the full obligation of its separate dealings with the Eternal Spirit. That there is something unsufficing and inhuman in the fierce absorption in the saving of our private soul is the very spirit of that modern humanism which, far more than textual criticisms or scientific doubt, has broken the ancient moulds of Puritanism.

The significance of "Father and Son" is that it exhibits this criticism dramatically in a life story of surpassing interest. We see how the new Humanism, sown unseen in the secluded and protected garden of this young soul, grows until it comes to master and uproot the authority of the father and the imitative spirituality imposed in childhood.

The primary object of the book is not, however, autobiography; that is rather incidental to the process, though the delicacy and the pathos of its workmanship gives it often the dominating interest. The unfolding and liberation of the boy are the means of exhibiting the temperament of the father, and through him the nature of an entire phase in the religious life of our people.

In not a few biographies of the last generation, in a few works of true fiction, notably those of "Mark Rutherford," we have interesting glimpses of Puritan survivals in the social atmosphere in which they lived. But nowhere have we so full and firm a portraiture of latter-day "Saints" with a commentary contained within the portraiture itself. As one reads through the story to its end, with the sigh of relief with which it is set down, there comes the recognition of a "great deliverance." Never again, one is fain to believe, in this land, at any rate, will the tender soul of a young child be bound under such spiritual irons. Endeavouring to assess the import of the changes in the outer and inner conditions of a generation, we are disposed to think that greater than all gains in material well-being, in the command over nature which science has brought, in the extension of knowledge and of intellectual education to

large masses of the people, is the rescue of the souls of our children from the blighting superstition which is read in terrible distinctness in the frontispiece of this remarkable book.

For there can be no doubt that even in the stricter evangelical communities of to-day the old puritanical bonds both of creed and conduct are perishing. Sunday reading is no longer rigidly defined; even the barrier between sacred and secular music is becoming blurred; Sabbath demeanour and behaviour even in religious families are not what they were. Through a score of secret avenues of art, literature, recreation, and social intercourse, the cold gloom of the older Sunday has been warmed and brightened for young people. The bicycle, the adult school, and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons have done far more than "the higher criticism," or any sort of rationalistic propaganda in this work of liberation. The old rooted antagonism dramatised in our history three centuries ago by Puritan *v.* Cavalier has not indeed yet disappeared, finding its last representatives, as one of our most brilliant social analysts suggests, in the modern music-hall and the Salvation Army, "the hooligan howl" and "the hooligan whine." It is the work of modern humanism not to destroy but to reconcile. Though the dogmatic literalism, the mechanical logic, and the ascetic practices of the older Puritanism have yielded much to the influence of sweetness and light flowing from sources of freer culture, they still furnish invaluable elements of stiffening and austerity in the national character. Indeed, the conflict between spiritual earnestness and the powers of wordliness, license, and indifference still continues unabated, though the arena of struggle has shifted so as to give larger place to social than to individual salvation, and to enforcing upon the spiritually-minded the claims of justice and good order in the scheme of earthly life as the best preparation for another. So far as the character of a people is represented by purpose, temper, and valuations, the character of our people remains puritanical *au fond*, a puritanism sweetened and hedonised by alien forces of "disinterested culture," but one that has rather absorbed and assimilated into its own system these ingredients than has simply fused with them. The supreme testimony to this judgment is furnished by our consistent refusal, as a nation, to treat art, literature, and the drama as seriously as science, politics, and business.

THE MORALS OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.

It looks as though some at least of the truisms that Mr. Roosevelt has tried to impress on the business men of America were at length being grasped. For six years he has dinned it into them that the plutocracy, to preserve anything, must surrender something; that in seeking to regulate capital he is not capital's enemy, but its friend; and that the Federal supervision of the big corporations is a policy conceived as much in the interests of the "magnates" as of the people. These seem very elementary propositions, but it is only within the last few days—and then only as the result of a financial panic—that he has been able to win for them any acceptance among the captains of American industry. Their conversion has an undoubted air of suddenness; but it is reluctant, and may, therefore, be sincere. It may even in time lead them on to admit, if not as a rule of conduct in "high finance," at any rate as an interesting and quite arguable theory, that honesty may after all be the best policy. This, more than any other, has been Mr. Roosevelt's chosen text. His insistence on its eternal verity has threatened at times to become itself eternal. The fact is highly significant. Mr. Roosevelt knows his countrymen far better than most preachers know their congregations, and it is not without reason and justification that he has selected honesty as the main theme of his discourses.

A strong and emancipated people, scattered over three million square miles of a continent that surpasses all others in its varied productivity, and freed from the discipline of external pressure,

cannot but develop a peculiar commercial morality. All new countries that have suddenly bounded into prosperity, and whose interests pour themselves with hardly a distraction into the channels of trade, are bound to evolve a disconcerting and highly industrialised code of ethics. This is what has happened in the United States, and circumstances have made it exceptionally difficult for Americans to escape from it and to pass into a more rational and responsible state of mind. They are, however, seeking an outlet, and if it cannot be found they will be tempted to force one. That pervasive social unrest which every visitor to the United States these days is quickly made conscious of, is partly a political and partly an economic movement. But beyond everything else it is a moral movement; just as its protagonist in the White House is far more of a moralist than he is a statesman or an economist. Mr. Roosevelt's policy, like Mr. Roosevelt himself, is complex only in its scope and variety. Its essence is simple. Its source, its motive power, and its objective are one and the same. History may not be Justice as often as Schiller imagined, but, so far as Mr. Roosevelt can shape it, it will be nothing else. To see justice prevail, and, where possible, to make it prevail between man and man, class and class, nation and nation—that is his ultimate ambition. He has no Trust policy, no railway policy, no specific policy of any kind that is not referable to, and does not spring from, a moral conviction. "Right thou feeblest, rush to do," is his, as it was Emerson's, reading of "freedom's secret"; and every step he takes is an essay in practical idealism, or, in other words, an act of faith. And in this he interprets and reinforces the aspirations of his countrymen. What we are witnessing in America is a democracy girding itself to wrest its liberties from the grip of a plutocracy, the first determined effort of the American people to bring organised wealth to some sense of its obligations. The past year or two have shown how little at present those obligations are recognised. Graft and corruption in city after city, State after State; four exposures of the methods of professional finance, each one of them as iniquitous as any we have ever known on the London Stock Exchange; the insurance scandals; the revelations of the Beef Trust and the Standard Oil Company; and now an inquiry not less fruitful into the railways of the country, into the New York traction companies and into the Trust banks, seem at last to have broken down the too patient tolerance of the people.

What it comes to is that the American character, in its business relations, is on trial. The passion for wealth, operating on a country that is inordinately free from the complex conventions, restraints, distractions, and hypocrisies of older civilisations, has unquestionably dimmed the moral and fiduciary sense. America is altogether too prolific of men who occupy great commercial positions without a suspicion that they owe responsibility to the State, to their fellow-citizens, or, indeed, to anything but their own pockets. These men, in the ordinary meaning of the word, are not to be classed as "bad." The officers and directors of the insurance companies, for instance, were men not only of very great ability but of unblemished private character and with a high code of personal honesty. And yet it was proved that in their official capacities they violated many of the elementary obligations of trusteeship, came to look upon the premiums of the policy-holders as though they were their own, wasted them in excessive salaries, employed them in supporting subsidiary corporations for their own enrichment and in corrupting legislatures, and contributed from them to the campaign funds of political parties. And, what was most significant was their inability to realise, when these charges were brought home to them, that they had done anything wrong. That, indeed, is the phenomenon that really needs explanation. What causes honest Americans to do dishonest things is their acceptance of the commercialised code of ethics which they find in everyday practice around them. Why that code of ethics should differentiate more in America than in any other country from the standards of common rectitude recognised by common people, it would need a history of the American past and a prolonged analysis of American conditions to make clear. But the mere fact

of its establishment as a guide to conduct renders compliance with it, on the part of otherwise upright and scrupulous men, an easy and almost insensible process. Upright and scrupulous men, in obedience to the code of their day, used to hold slaves, used to kill or be killed by a friend, used to build churches out of the proceeds of lotteries. So long as these practices were regarded as normal and proper, they were indulged in by men of irreproachable character. Directly public opinion came to condemn them, and to enact its condemnation in laws, the same men who bought and owned slaves and fought duels grew equally clear-sighted, and changed their ways. The present code of "high finance" in America works very much as the slavery code and the code duello of other days, hypnotising men of principle into unconscious compromise with its provisions; and not until public opinion declines to distinguish, with its present liberality, between corporate dishonesty and ordinary dishonesty, between what is right for a man to do as a director, and wrong for him to do as an individual, can any lasting improvement be looked for.

The obliqueness of vision which capital too often displays in America, and which Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to rectify, has consequences that we in England can hardly realise. In England, for instance, a railway is a railway. In America it may be anything that its Wall-Street directors care to make it. Very few of the American companies confine themselves to their legitimate business as common carriers; they branch out into a multitude of industrial enterprises. They acquire vast holdings in corporations engaged in the coal, oil, steel, lumber, ice, meat, live-stock, iron, and similar trades. They favour these corporations with special rates and rebates, and thus enable them to crush out competition. In this way a many-linked community of interests is built up for the purpose of fleecing the very public that has paid the cost of its erection. Nor is that all. Capitalism in America has long ceased to confine itself to mere industrialism, and a Trust that controls a railway or a staple product controls also legislatures and municipalities, newspapers, and the courts. No one sees how an influence that is entrenched and operative simultaneously at a hundred different points can be shaken off—no one, that is, except the Socialists, who are still but an insignificant power in the land. Parties that exist merely because they have existed, and that serve no more useful purpose than that of a screen for predatory intriguers; a systematic pillage of the people under the forms of democracy by the bosses and their allies, the "captains of industry"; a dehumanised wage-system, a tyrannising and unscrupulous capitalism, and a blind popular unrest—what convulsion is it that these portents foreshadow?

AN UMBRIAN REALIST.

THE great walls of the Palazzo del Municipio in Perugia happen in these autumn months to have held a specially collected exhibition of the works of masters of the Umbrian school. Among them, taken from the churches and galleries of neighbouring towns in the lovely hills and valleys in that delectable spot, is a series of pictures by Niccolò of Foligno, which are made attractive because a whole room is given up to them, and to an example or two of the painting of his master, or supposed master, Benozzo Gozzoli, with whose gay and tender art every visitor to Florence and Pisa is, or should be, familiar. Niccolò da Foligno, or Niccolò Alunno, as Vasari wrongly calls him, is a little in the shade, receiving only a few rays from the nimbus of glory that encircles the more famous of the Umbrian masters. Vasari treats him very curtly, Crowe and Cavalcaselle are singularly cold; no great body of his work exists, either in his native Foligno, or at Assisi, or at Perugia itself. Our own National Gallery happens to contain a rather small, but very characteristic, triptych from his hand, much less elaborate than the larger altarpieces to be seen at Perugia. But he is best seen in a variety of examples, which display with freedom his many curious, and apparently contradictory, habits of

mind and ways of artistry, his grotesqueness, his tendency to caricature, his irrelevant humour, his piety, his sadness, his emotional sincerity, his occasional gaiety and love of pure beauty of form and colour—beauty of landscape, of the human face, of attitude, gesture, adornment, and attire. It is indeed the combination of these qualities in the same picture which strikes the casual eye; so much so, that the painter seems to be less an artist than a quaint mixture of a crying and laughing philosopher, a temperament sensitive to the misery of the Cross, but conscious, too, of its exaltation, alive to the cruelty and grimness of the human world in which he lived, and its exquisite natural setting, to the absurdity of monks and their devotion, but not always able to give these thoughts and impressions the unity to which only the greatest minds can attain. He has clearly many technical gifts; some of the smaller figures in the predellas are delightfully painted; the groups of angels recall Gozzoli's charming touch, but are more human; the modelling is excellent and careful, the expression animated, the colouring harsh and tender by turns; the landscapes, shut in with pale stretches of luminous sky, grey-blue in tint, though rather dim and melancholy, are nearly always pleasing. Yet the general effect of his work is gloomy. The careful anatomy of his nude figures—long and lean "as is the ribb'd seasand"—tends to lines of almost Byzantine stiffness. His Madonnas are aged women, full of the sorrow rather than the delight of motherhood. No vision of power sits on the worn features of the Saviour—they are drawn to an intense expression of moral, and still more of physical, suffering. But the prevailing "note" of this painter's work is something that does not appear in any other member of his school, and is conspicuously absent from Perugino, namely, a certain simplicity and energy of emotion. Niccolò has little of the powers of composition, the gift of representing energy in *action*, of his great contemporary Signorelli. And he has an amusing, but in the end rather irritating, triviality. Instances of this appear in nearly every picture. Thus the prophet Zachariah in a predella jerks his thumb over his shoulder at the enthroned Mother and Child, much as a London policeman favours you with a curt direction to the nearest restaurant. St. Paul hooks his finger round his nose as he lights on a favourite passage in the sacred page. One monk counts on his fingers; another holds the Gospel up to the eyes of a stout short-sighted brother in spectacles. One of the sons of Zebedee, sleeping in the Garden, visibly snores. The infant Jesus, on his mother's lap, surrounded by adoring figures, grasps a bunch of cherries offered him by an angel, and looks baby-like into his mother's face to see whether it smiles consent.

But behind and in spite of this humoristic absurdity, Niccolò can sometimes impress you with the artistic aim which governs his work—the desire, namely, to tell the story of the divine tragedy just as it affected the spectators of it, natural and supernatural. These two kinds of lookers-on are hardly differentiated from each other. Both of them grieve alike, with an equal ecstasy of uncontrolled emotion. One angel at the entombment dries his eyes with a handkerchief, another covers his face with his hands, in an abandonment of impassioned weeping. In the picture in the Umbrian Room in the National Gallery—which instantly distinguishes itself from nearly every other work in the hall by its sadness and greyiness of atmosphere—the angels who catch in vessels the blood that streams from the wounds of the Crucified do not control their sorrow. One hides his eyes; another averts his face; the third presses his hands to his ears as if to shut out the sound of the cry of desolation. Nothing of the sweet lackadaisical composure of Perugino here; no divine acquiescence in an appointed plan of salvation. The ministrant angels suffer no less than the pale, aged mother, and the lean St. Francis—whom Niccolò paints continually with scant red hair and beard, and sharp, unlovely features—clinging despairingly to the foot of the Cross. Yet the painter can exhibit dignity and restraint. Nothing can be finer than the Pietà at the head of the large triptych in the exhibition at Perugia. The mother, who embraces her

beloved disciple who kisses with sad reverence the hand of his dead Master, are of the true household of grief.

But on the whole Niccolò's love of drama, devoid as it is of the serener qualities of Italian art, tends to a rather crude realism, and also to caricature. His angels, who form a crown of glory for the Madonna enthroned in the melancholy sky, are not Fra Angelico's mystic beings, withdrawn from earth into the divine companionship, but types of boyhood and girlhood such as ran about the streets of Foligno and Assisi. Now and then the painter succeeds in impressing on their simple faces an expression of rapt adoration and love; again, they are quite commonplace. His saints, too, are usually very human. His *S. Felicissimo* is a dandy, worthy of Carpaccio. His curls cluster neatly round his little cap, and his red tunic and black hose, his long tan-coloured boots, topped with crimson, become his smiling face and straight young limbs. *St. Francis*, whom he frequently paints, is always sad. And the painter's tendency to describe violent action is shown in his delightful picture of *St. George*, a beautiful youth, who, for all his engaging sadness of face, stamps with energy on the dragon writhing at his feet.

But the most unqualified piece of realism that the Niccolò da Foligno Room at Perugia contains, is the painter's martyrdom of *St. Bartholomew*. That indeed is nominally the subject of the picture, and *St. Bartholomew's* face, livid with mortal pain, is invested with the conventional halo. But the story is simply that of a traveller waylaid and flayed alive by a band of fifteenth century ruffians. The types are nearly all grotesque. They are not unlike Cruikshank's, and, indeed, there are three figures that would stand very well for Mr. William Sikes, Mr. Noah Claypole, and Miss Nancy. The hardest ruffian of all, his bloody knife in his teeth, has just stripped the saint's left arm from shoulder to elbow, and his fellow, fiercely urged by the leader of the band, makes an opening cut into the right wrist. A crowd of peasant women, with coarse, sullen faces, look indifferently on. Probably the painter has seen something like it; the streets of Perugia had run red with blood in his days, and Niccolò's abrupt passage from rude fun to sadness, his tendency to depict, in his representations of the Passion, a misery in which the creatures of heaven and earth mingle their tears and grieve together as without hope, not unfitly image the fierce, thoughtless, but strangely attractive world in which he lived.

BROADLAND IN WINTER.

THE Norfolk Broads are well known to most of us as they appear in summer, when a more or less cloudless sky paints their waters blue, when there is scarce wind to make a whisper in the long wall of sedges, when the halcyon, a living azurite, dashes after its prey, or hovers, as some say, to fascinate little fish with its flame-coloured breast. Not much before June do holiday-makers seek the Broads, to speed over their watery vastness in foreign yacht or red-sailed wherry, better adapted to local uses. They find the meadows knee-deep in grass and vivid flowers, trees full-foliaged, reeds blue-green from the high tide of their sap, water lilies covering the water with tumbled leaves and opening rich cups of blossom. By the time the August tide of visitors is at its height, land-locked waters like Fritton are not only choked with larger herbage, but crowded almost to the consistency of pea soup by countless tiny animal, vegetable, and border-line atoms swimming free in it. The angler grumbles because the rivers are one jam of natural food; the yachtsman runs some risk of getting becalmed in the middle of Wroxham or Oulton.

When the swallows have departed and the hooded crows have come back Broadland begins to put on a totally new aspect. The luxuriance of summer is first checked, then killed and cut away by nipping wind and wave. Fecundity abdicates, and, by gigantic slaughter and competition, life microscopic, small and large, is by painful stages brought down towards a mid-winter level. Superfluous animalculæ are packed into small creatures;

superfluous small things into big ones; and the remainder go prowling about in the keen, clean atmosphere, whether aerial or aqueous, ravening, but enjoying life as lotus-eaters cannot do.

Broadland awakes to new and tumultuous life when great flocks of lapwings and golden plover struggle over the North Sea, to rest, dead beat, on the flats nearest to the sea, when countless small birds from the Continent come in for the winter, aptly mixed with the Norway bunting called "snow flake," when thousands of black-backed gulls, in immature and adult plumage, perch on the ronds, when, every day, the great "V's" and "W's" of ducks and geese waver across the sky, and late solitudes become populous with sheld-ducks, scaup, widgeon, pochard, golden eye, and countless other refugees from the "north wind that blows." It is then that the natives of Breydon and Oulton take down their fowling-pieces, re-ship their carronades, and launch their flat-bottomed boats for a cruise strictly on their own account. There are no longer open-handed tourists to enable one to earn an artificial living. Existence is once more based on first principles, and Norfolk is once more a pristine land in which the hunter lives precisely by what he catches.

That native naturalist of the Broads, Mr. Arthur Patterson, always has more to tell us about their winter aspect than of summer days. He has given us before a few pages of his somewhat wintry boyhood, glimpses of a naturalist's life that would amply repay the attention of a Smiles. If Broadland were not Broadland we might imagine that the struggles of his youth had endeared him to the harsher aspects of nature. But the plain fact is that winter is Breydon's season, and not to know her then is not to know her at her best. Certainly, in Mr. Patterson's latest book, "*Wild Life on a Norfolk Estuary*" (Methuen), his wintry pictures are the most entrancing. All the tales of his Breydoners are of wild-fowl, icily, and not seldom perilously, hunted, for Norfolk's rare visitants, so many of which Mr. Patterson has reported, very often come down to us on pitiless northern weather.

It is in winter that the wind-driven tide comes in from the North Sea, as though Neptune were annually reminded of the realm he has lost since the Romans administered an archipelago where now continuous land stretches from Norfolk to the coast. Much has been snatched from him by the forces of nature, but all along Breydon the tides chafe against man-built walls and are often for hours together high above the level of the fields within. Sometimes there is no perceptible ebb, one tide coming in on the top of another. In quite recent years more or less significant breaches have been made, and Mr. Patterson predicts, like many an old Breydoner in whom some dim wish may be suspected of being father to the thought, that some day Horsey will give way. The fact is, however, that in the still open parts of Breydon shallows and banks are growing annually more extensive, and the whole of Norfolk is no doubt being gradually raised yet further beyond the reach of the sea.

Life becomes adventurous on Breydon when the thick sea fogs roll over the flats, bringing sudden night at any hour of the day. In a few minutes the puntsman has lost his bearings. The tide may have drifted him beyond the drain he was making for or it may have taken him within it; he may be in the fairway or he may be on some mud flat that will hold him, as soon as the water falls a few inches, for a cold and miserable five or six hours. If he is wise, he anchors while he is yet fairly certain of his position. The notes of perplexed fowl come to him through the fog, and if a titlark flies overhead, its wings sound in the dense air almost as loud as the pinions of a duck. He is perhaps companioned within a yard or two by some bird that he would give his eyes to see at such close quarters. In otherwise clear weather heavy rain sometimes falls so thickly that the birds disappear at a space of a few yards, and the gentle cry of dunlins can be heard on all sides without one of them coming in sight. Picturesque as are the flying scuds, dashing the glum mirror of the Broads into white spray with their passing feet, we like better the open

weather of the most bitter frost. Even the hardened Breydoner cannot stand the rain long, making for any shelter when once it has been made clear that it must be wet for a few hours on end. But when the tide runs up to the sound of tinkling ice, when the dead reeds are held fast with a frozen sheet daily stretching further over the deeps, when the boat's prow and the oars to the gunwale are thickly enamelled with frozen splashes, and the beard is hung with icicles, the gunner goes with chest bare to the diaphragm, and rejoices that he is alive.

The hardest work on Breydon is when the water is thus full of "slub." But it is then that the inland broads are sheets of ice and their winter denizens have been driven down to the still open water. The change of the tide or a sudden breeze will pack the loose particles of ice round one's boat, the contact freezing them into a sheet to which the ice-axe must be taken or a long imprisonment faced. Or a field of more apparent drift-ice may move down on some solid objective, which may be a boat, or even a moored yacht, and in a few minutes pile it yards high. At last Breydon itself freezes. Water-fowl float in safety in lakes surrounded by ice, seldom, though sometimes, molested by resourceful punts-men, who, at considerable risk, use their boat as a sledge and thus bridge the new defence. For the tides swell under the skin of ice, making it groan and crack into long fissures, and it is only a man both bold and knowing that takes a hand when Neptune and Boreas are fighting for the mastery. When the end comes and open water sweeps up and down Breydon once more we learn that the depths also have been frozen, and in the "stock ice" that comes up from the bottom are sometimes thousands of dead crabs, and for at least one season the chief pest of the eel-fisher is almost non-existent. So fares the winter through; and when in early May the cheerful cry of the whimbrel is heard, we feel as we did last year and the year before—that spring, after all, is the best of all seasons in Broadland.

Music.

MME. TETRAZZINI AND BEL CANTO.

"It was lost, the *bel canto*—but I found it in a dream—I, and nobody else," said Du Maurier's Svengali. Most of those who were present at Covent Garden last Saturday, when Mme. Tetrassini made her first appearance here, found it in reality. *Bel canto* means everything and nothing. In these modern days it is generally applied to singers of the Italian and French schools, who can accomplish a run or a roulade and do not shout. The term has come to mean something directly opposed to Wagnerian methods of singing. It is also used to distinguish the dramatic from the lyrical style, and it is employed in a still more limited sense of singers such as Patti, Melba, or Selma Kurz, whose voices can perform extraordinary vocal tricks. This *virtuoso* singing is not the real *bel canto* which Svengali thought was lost, but is a survival of the vocal gymnastics of the early eighteenth century which inspired Gluck to his reforms, and so annoyed Addison when he heard Italian opera of his day in an English translation. The singers of that time were amazing *virtuosi*, and made trills and florid ornaments a matter of physical endurance. Operatic arias and even the airs in Handel's oratorios were embellished with elaborate cadenzas, written by the composer or invented by the singer, just as a modern violin concerto is decorated with difficult cadenzas made by the player himself or by a professor of the violin. That mechanical singing was not the *bel canto* which made demure Fanny D'Arblay palpitate with excitement. Her divine Pacchiarotti could not have been a mere vocal juggler, for he moved audiences to tears. We look at the music he sang and wonder how he did it. The same kind of stories are told of the earlier singers, Caffarelli and Farinelli (whose beautiful singing cured Philip V. of lethargy). From these old stories of eighteenth-century singers it is clear that the best of them had voices with some more human quality than astonishing agility.

Melba may sing like a nightingale, and Selma Kurz may trill like a canary, but neither moves an audience to tears.

Mme. Tetrassini accomplished that by her singing in Verdi's "*La Traviata*." As it happens, we are able to contrast two styles of the modern *bel canto* school. Melba has often sung the part of Violetta in this opera, and we have marvelled at the florid perfection of "*Ah, fors è lui*," as it came from her lips. Tetrassini sings the same air, and we are conscious of quite as beautiful a voice, but of something else as well. Actually we are moved by the drama of the song. Again, in the scene with her lover's father, this Violetta makes the sacrifice seem real, and when in the end she dies, the inappropriate character of the music is not felt. The audience was spell-bound, whereas Melba's Violetta is never taken seriously. What is the secret of this wonderful new singer? What kind of art is music, if from the lips of one it should seem a series of beautiful vocal embroideries, and from another an utterance which expresses pathos, suffering, and sincere emotion? In modern opera, such as Wagner's "*Tristan*," no two singers can make such a difference by their art. The difference between the Isolde of Mme. Litvinne and the Isolde of Ternina is great, but it is a difference of degree, and not of kind. The character of the music remains the same, whereas Tetrassini makes a dramatic work of art of what other singers have employed as a medium for the display of their voices. The explanation is not to be found in the fact that Tetrassini is an actress by nature. Indeed, a great actress might make this opera appear even more ridiculous than it is, by emphasising the disparity between the drama and the music. It is rather that the vocal writing of these old operas was designed with the sole object of giving the singers full opportunities for their art. The absurd guitar accompaniment is merely a support to the voice, and does not condition the singing by expressing more emotion than the human voice can express, as in a modern music-drama. If analysed as pure music, the airs in "*La Traviata*" mean nothing, or are even inappropriate to the feeling of the scene, but coupled with the action of the opera, and sung by a woman who can act with her voice, they gain a new significance. The old-fashioned composer relied on this, just as the old-fashioned dramatist shaped all his scenes for the vital art of the actor. The truth is, the human voice is a most subtle and sensitive instrument, and it is just as possible for a singer to give a special emotional character to a commonplace piece of musical embellishment, as it is for the speaker to give meaning to a commonplace phrase by his tone of voice. The curious thing is that a specialist in singing would dismiss Tetrassini as the possessor of a beautiful and fascinating *soprano leggero* voice. He would not hear all that her audience hears. She would be classed as an operatic artist who can sing such old-fashioned stuff as "*Norma*" or "*Lucia*"; as a star-singer who attracts the public because she has a beautiful voice and no more. If that specialist became a musical historian he would mislead posterity into imagining that such a singer as Tetrassini was a vocal gymnast. Others writing of her would relate how they were moved to tears by her performance in "*La Traviata*," and a student of the future, endeavouring to reconcile the two accounts in the light of the music itself, might be inclined to manufacture a theory that pure beauty of sound has a curious effect on the nerve centres.

The explanation is simple enough if we remember that the singing voice is just as capable of subtle inflections of meaning as the speaking voice. The trouble is that so few singers produce their voices naturally enough to make use of those inflections, and also that few singers have any first-hand emotion to express. The art of singing is not progressing in the human quality which was the secret of Mario, of Sims Reeves, and of Jean de Reszke. In Wagnerian music-drama it is not possible for a singer to have full scope for this subtlety of inflection. Even Ternina, amazing artist as she was, could not detach herself from the complex musical machinery except for brief moments, when Wagner allows the voice to speak for itself. Jean de Reszke did wonderful things with the music of *Tristan*, but he had to surrender to the demands of Wagner's musical style. That singers should be thus imprisoned after being allowed a freedom which had become licentious was natural enough, but it may well be asked if their fetters are not too heavy upon them. When you feel the magic of a singer such as

Tetrazzini you must wonder why composers of opera have thrown away so powerful a weapon, and why they have not understood that in building up emotional climaxes of absolute music they have banished from the voice the accent of sincere and unforced feeling. There must be some aesthetic mistake in an art which does not make better use of its material. It is not right that a Ternina should destroy her voice and her nerves in singing music which demands more than a voice can give; it is not right that a Tetrazzini is compelled to sing the trash of Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, or, at the best, the stucco-Wagner of Puccini. The *bel canto* should have its place in modern opera; the most beautiful qualities of the human voice should be given full expression.

Present-Day Problems.

THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA.

WHEN I visited Bulgaria, a cartoon had recently appeared in a popular newspaper. The one picture exhibited the French Fleet bombarding Casa Blanca. "Seven Christians have been killed," ran the legend; "we must bombard the town and occupy the territory." The other showed the European Concert contemplating the dead bodies of Macedonian peasants. "Seven thousand Christians have been killed," was the announcement. "We must address another note to the Sultan."

At Salonica and Constantinople, in official and diplomatic circles, there still seems cherished some faint hope that the so-called "Reforms" are gradually to evolve order out of the present chaos, security out of the prevailing violence. Immediately the traveller gets away up country, and remote from the beaten track, he finds this qualified optimism vanishes. The universal testimony—from the European officers, from Consuls, from missionaries, even from the more enlightened Turkish officials who see and deplore the inevitable end—is of a steadily increasing disorder and despair. The years of "the Reform" have been far worse than the years of the "Insurrection." That hurricane of repression slew its thousands: the "Reform" is slaying its tens of thousands. Two hundred a month of promiscuous murder—men and women and children—is the estimate of Sir Edward Grey last summer. I should judge it an estimate in deficiency rather than in excess. I have before me the official figures for two districts only, out of the many into which the country is divided. That of Monastir shows eleven hundred murders last year, something approaching seven hundred in the first eight months of this. That of Uskub shows a slightly lower figure. Probably another 50 per cent. must be added—so say the officers—for murders which pass unheeded and unreported. It is a Society almost unparalleled in Europe. Parts of Russia may reveal some similar statistics; but there the innocent are mostly left alone, or only killed by accident. Revolutionaries kill officials, and are killed by them. But in Macedonia it is rarely the guilty who suffer. The harmless peasant working in the fields, his wife and sleeping children, form the staple material of the massacred. If a band kills a Turk there will be reprisals. If an Exarchist village is converted—by murder—to the Patriarchal supremacy, it is very sure that retaliation will follow. But the reprisals will descend promiscuously upon any peasants who happen to provide material for slaughter, and the "conversion" will probably operate on a community who know nothing of the causes of their disturbance.

Bands of brigands, equipped in Athens, out of money provided by subscriptions from all the Mediterranean Greek world, are devastating Southern and Western Macedonia. At present these are responsible for far the greater proportion of the murders in these districts. In the North the Serbs, though in lesser degree, and with less ferocious methods, are also engaged in similar work. Both are making war on the native population—the Bulgarian popula-

tion—who are equipping scanty bands, less efficiently organised, in reply. In the towns, Mussulman "murder committees" arrange for the quiet removal of too independent Christian citizens, and for the general preservation of the Mussulman ascendancy. The Turkish troops are let loose, when occasion demands it, upon suspected Christian villages, to outrage, plunder, and slay. I saw the report of such an incident in the neighbourhood of Monastir, just before we arrived, with a list of houses sacked and of women outraged. The commonly accepted opinion—how true or false it is impossible to discover—was that the official Turkish policy favoured the work of the Greek bands. Occasionally, for a few weeks, the troops are stirred up to rigorous action against them. The normal method is that of acquiescence, so long as no Turk is attacked; and that compact appears to be loyally observed. The fact would appear to be that there are two parties at Yildiz, advocating two divergent policies. The one sees Europe scandalised by present conditions, and, fearing European intervention, and the eventual loss of Macedonia if tranquillity is not restored, urges the active suppression of these brigands. The other, reckoning upon the apathy and indifference of Europe, would encourage the Greek element (which they heartily despise) to annihilate the Bulgarian element (of which they are in salutary fear). And according as the advice of the one or the other dominates the mind of the Sultan, is there active military effort or quiet indifference at the murders, outrages, and massacres.

As to the Reforms, they have slipped down into a mere phantom of even the very moderate programme once elaborated by the European Concert. The original Murszteg scheme of four years ago promised an international gendarmerie of European officers and non-commissioned officers, with a mixed force of Turks and Christians under them. The Turks (of the rank and file) are there; the Christians have mostly disappeared. One officer told me that he had started with the original proportion, and now had one Christian left, which he was endeavouring to keep "as a curiosity." And the officers—or a proportion of them—are there. But no non-commissioned officers have arrived; the Turkish system is self-contained, complete, from the inspector-general to the humblest policeman; the Christian officers are politely left outside. They ride about the country seeing things which they revolt against, but which they cannot remedy; they send reports home to their Governments, of which only the English are published; they are filled with disgust and anger and bitterness at the whole grotesque humbug of it all. "What good are they there?" That is what the Turkish officials were asking us. That is what they themselves were asking us. In Salonica, in the official view, there is some supposed benefit in the mere presence of trained European observers, whose existence there (in this theory) will restrain the worst excesses of Turkish soldiers and Turkish Government. Against such a hope there is the real possibility of impunity being learnt in the knowledge that excesses may be committed in the actual presence of the Europeans—with no punishment or intervention. One officer told us that the very peasants were now turning against them; finding that the hopes they had entertained of protection were proving altogether empty, and thinking that the officers themselves had taken service in a system which is giving them security neither of life nor labour.

The reason for not pressing for real control was given by our Ambassador at Constantinople as being the impossibility of Moslem troops being commanded by Christians. Up country that reply excites nothing but derision. Every officer with whom I talked is quite willing to make the experiment, and quite convinced that it could be made with success. They praise the Turkish policeman, the rank and file of the gendarmes, with whom they could be on the best of terms if preserved from outside influence. They regard this answer as part of the diplomatic game which they so heartily despise.

The English at Drama have a comparatively easy task, and seem to be doing it well; though even there "it is all pleasant fooling," I was told of the Reform, "and will come to nothing." The French at Serres were less hopeful, and had noticed a retrograde movement amongst the Turkish troops. The Italians at Monastir had the most desperate problem, and one and all were vocal in complaint. Many

of them had been at the work of organising the international gendarmerie in Crete, and were disgusted at the futility of their powers here, compared with the real reforms effected there. "The European Comedy" was the commonly accepted term for the so-called Reform. I mentioned this to one of the Austrian officers in the Uskub district. "It is not a comedy," he declared, "it is a farce." In the train by which we left Turkey we had as companion an officer—a stranger—who had been visiting the country. "The Reforms," he explained, with a wave of the hand, "the Reforms are all a fiction." The so-called reorganisation of the gendarmerie had been "putting a new wheel into a watch that would not go."

And if the gendarmerie scheme has broken down, the International Finance Commission is not in much better plight. It obtained recognition only by the Mitylene demonstration, and "recognition" under present conditions is all that it is likely to obtain. Its scheme of Judicial Reform is at present shelved for the alternative Turkish scheme. Its criticisms of the Macedonian Budget are destined to be received with polite and amiable obstruction. In three Cazas the appointment of new inspectors and the elimination of the tax farmer seems likely to give relief to the unfortunate peasants from one of their first and most pressing evils; but what are three amongst so many? While the Ascendency remains, while no kind of independent authority exists except that centralising at Yildiz, while army, police, judiciary, and the whole machinery of Government remain altogether outside any interference from any representatives responsible to Europe, no kind of permanent amelioration can come to these unfortunate populations.

Widespread disappointment and wonder exists to-day in the Near East at the apparent inaction of Sir Edward Grey and the English Government. It was equally manifest in Bulgaria, in Constantinople, in Servia, in Macedonia. Perhaps the coming into power of a party in England which once acknowledged Gladstone as leader excited hopes which were too extravagant. For the spirit of Gladstone and the memory of his work seem to abide in the Balkans to-day, far more fresh and alive than in the cities of his own land. But apart from these high hopes, there is open assertion that Lord Lansdowne exhibited a far more effective activity in pressing forward the work of Reform. Four years ago he had proposed a Christian governor-general responsible to the Powers. Nearly three years ago he had advocated a "Commission for the effective control of the administration of finance and justice," with "administrative and executive powers." Either of these proposals would have settled the Macedonian question. What has become of them to-day? During the two years of Sir Edward Grey's control at the Foreign Office, English leadership in this matter has been quietly abandoned. Even the increase of the Turkish Customs—a favourable opportunity for wringing concessions from the Sultan—was allowed to pass without extracting any effective return in the advancement of Reform. This paralysis of England—in a Government which is supposed to be more favourable than the Government which it had replaced—seems to be exciting bewilderment and despair. All with whom we talked—the statesmen of the little nations as well as the representatives of the Macedonians; even certain Turkish officials—protested the high part that England could yet play in the Near East; dreaded, beyond all things, the withdrawal of England's influence. "England is disinterested," was the universal expression; "England stands for humanity." And the dominant fear was of a falling back upon the "mandatory powers"; the shifting of responsibility for reform upon the two empires whose contradictory ambitions are in the main responsible for the failure to solve the problem of Macedonian anarchy.

"Your Sir Edward Grey desires peace," said a high Government official to me at Vienna. "Your new British Government desires peace." Are the interested parties playing upon England's desire for peace, as a means for ensuring England's inaction?

But the nation which has let itself be reckoned as so fearful of war as no longer to be reckonable, is the nation which beyond all others is most likely to hasten the very disaster which it is seeking to avoid.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

Open Questions.

ARE RICHES THE WAGES OF EFFICIENCY?

If a heavy burden of taxation is put upon the possessing classes, while large, profitable fields of industry are closed to private enterprise and others are shorn of their lucrative character by the restrictions and exactions of the State or the Trade Unions, will not the springs of industrial progress dry up?

For the history of industry appears to sustain the view that the great increase of wealth is due to the brains of the few rather than to the hands of the many. The ordinary working man works no harder and no better to-day than he did a century ago: as an individual he is no more productive and cannot claim as his right any considerable share of the enormous increment of modern wealth. That increment is due almost entirely to improved methods of industry, attributable to the initiative, inventiveness, judgment, mental and moral energy, industry, responsibility, and organising power of a small number of men—employers, capitalists, and men of science. The entire human work of industry may be placed in two categories: first, the creative energy of mind given out by these masters in devising and applying new mechanical or other scientific methods, discovering, educating, and satisfying new human wants, ordering the natural and human factors of industry so as to secure the gains of co-operative division of labour; second, the "imitative" or merely repetitive action of "base mechanics" or other labourers whose continued energy is needed to enable the creative work to fructify. The increment of wealth, due to the creative energy of the few, belongs by right to them: they may "concede"—as, indeed, they have—some portion to improve the material position of the workers; but any attempt to extort from them a larger share of the fruits of their superior intelligence and energy will stifle the incentives to further progress and "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

This main defence of the present economic order, popularised here by Mr. W. H. Mallock, contains great superficial strength, and Socialists have acted foolishly in not according it the serious discussion it deserves. Everyone knows cases where a single act of skilled judgment, not merely in the region of mechanical invention, but in finance or business method, the selection of new "lines" of goods, development of new markets, &c., has multiplied manifold the actual value of a business, adding by what appears a brief act of calculation or contrivance a product greater than is represented by the year's labour of a thousand ordinary workers.

This case for the superior and exclusive productivity of the few is, however, often stated too arrogantly, and some important qualifications are required.

1. The antithesis between creative and mechanical, or imitative, is made too absolute. Not one of the productive qualities claimed for the "captain of industry" is really confined to him: even in the most rigorously mechanised business a troop of managers, foremen, buyers, and other skilled persons give out considerable powers of initiative, judgment, and responsibility, while a closer inspection detects no single sub-divided function of "routine" labour from which all elements of such human rational character have been eliminated. Labour from which such qualities have really disappeared is done by machinery. The difference, therefore, between employer and employed, as regards "creative" energy, is of degree and not of kind: throughout the entire business organism many minds are continually giving out the same "sorts" of mental productivity as the "heroic" view of industry claims for the exclusive function of the master-mind.

2. Then the history of nearly all inventions shows two things: first, that the "successful" invention is only the final term of a long series of inventions, the contribution of the final inventor being usually of far less intrinsic importance than some of the earlier steps. Such inventor cannot rightly claim as "his" more than a fraction of the increased productivity which accrues.

Secondly, the person who reaps the gain of an invention is seldom the inventor; most commonly he is the business man with an "eye" for profitable inventions. This, in itself a skilled and serviceable faculty, doubtless deserves encouragement; but the whole gain of the invention is no reasonable measure of such encouragement.

This qualification is equally applicable to other sorts of industrial improvements. Innumerable persons contribute to the experimental stages; the few who put such experiments upon a "paying" basis cannot rightly claim the whole of the gain for themselves. That the present industrial order enables them to take it is a manifest injustice and a "waste."

3. A great, though immeasurable, proportion of the brains of the master-class is not productive of an increased aggregate of wealth, but operates only to secure by superior competition a larger share of business and of profit for a particular firm. If it be admitted that such successful competition normally involves some superior power of production as its basis (an assumption often notoriously false), there is no relation whatever between the amount of that superiority and the gain which accrues thereto.

4. Regarded as a defence for the current distribution of wealth, this "heroic" view of industry is also signally defective in so much as many recipients of great wealth notoriously perform none of these "creative" functions, while many poor or ill-paid persons do perform them.

But when all these qualifications or misapplications of the theory are admitted, it may still be contended that the substance of this theory remains as a solid defence for the retention of the present high remuneration of the capitalist and directing classes.

In dealing with this claim, the Socialist, especially the working-class Socialist, often commits the grave intellectual and tactical mistake of denying the full importance of these individual acts of mind as prime causative factors in the production of wealth. Rightly contending that the "value" given to these acts is "socially determined" on the productive side by the entire co-operation of all the active members of the industrial community under the protection and active assistance of the State, on the consumptive side by the existence of a growing progressive community with new needs and new desires, they endeavour, by this emphasis upon the part played by society, to disparage the importance of the individual will and the individual incentive in industry.

The real reply to Mr. Mallock is surely this: "We fully acknowledge the important part played by individual initiative and enterprise in industry; our object is to economise the incentives of such action by a better apportionment and public use of wealth, so as to evoke the maximum of this individual productivity from the largest number of individuals." Agreed that an adequate incentive of personal gain must be secured to all inventors, organisers, and directors of industry, the real issue relates to the economical application of such incentives.

If a Rothschild can show: first, that the work of financial direction he does is socially useful, secondly, that its utility is one hundred times as great as that of a clerk in his office or an engine-driver, and, thirdly, that if he is not paid this price neither he nor any other will do this work, then he should, in any well-ordered "Socialistic" State, be paid this price. But to assume that his work is socially useful, that it is worth as much as that of ten thousand clerks or engine-drivers, and that he will not take less, on the sole ground that he is able now to get this large income, is fatuous reasoning. What social reformers have to do is to show that in the present industrial order competition does not so act as to apportion incomes even roughly in accordance with the social utility of the services rendered; secondly, to attain some sort of reasonable measure of the pecuniary incentives requisite to support the higher sorts of individual effort; thirdly, to procure such reforms of industrial structure as shall apply economically these right incentives.

I am well aware that incentives may change, and that, with the development of a better social and indus-

trial order a large amount of the sort of high mental energy now paid so exorbitantly may be got cheaply, or even gratuitously. But it is a grave error for present-day reformers either to disparage individual initiative and skill or to ignore the necessity of applying whatever differential rates of income may be required to maintain these qualities. Because the defenders of a plutocracy have exaggerated the social value of direction and organisation and made preposterous demands for payment, that is no justification for undue depreciation of these qualities. The equalisation of educational and other opportunities will go far to reduce these rents of individual ability; but so long as they exist they must be duly recognised in any system of taxation or other policy for equalising wealth.

The great waste of the present system is that it contains no adequate machinery for adjusting individual payment to individual services. Monopoly or defective competition enables many efficient to get far more than their efficiency is worth to society, and many inefficient to get high wages for a hypothetical efficiency which they do not possess. Such plethora of payment, whether it takes formal shape as rent, excessive interest, profit, or salary, acts as the reverse of an economic incentive: it drugs the intelligence, saps the personal energy of the recipient, and damages the quality of any work he does.

Social reform, whether applied through politics or not, consists in a thoughtful endeavour to discover and apply the minimum incentive for maximum personal efficiency. In so far as this is consistent with an equalisation of incomes, it is a double levelling process, levelling up and down; but when the nature of any personal effort involves a higher scale of payment, adequate provision for such discrimination must be made. But the assumption that present methods or amounts of discrimination are either just, necessary, or consistent with true social efficiency will be found unwarranted on any calm analysis of the existing methods of distribution of wealth.

J.A.H.

Poetry.

UNREST IN AUTUMN.

BESIDE my window sighs the last lone rose,
Saying, "Alas! farewell! Youth's all but dead."
Like some sweet spirit waiting for the close,
Her perfume hovers round her drooping head.

There sings a bird the yellow leaves among,
Saying "Good-bye! The world is fair to roam.
Here Winter comes; the last glad song is sung.
Art thou content to linger still at home?"

Beside my chair one came in hot unrest,
Crying "Farewell! The waters call for me,
Out on the waves—thou knowest no life so blest,"
—And I was born beside a troubled sea.

One came to sigh, and whisper of the heights,
Saying "Good-bye! For in my heart there trills
A hunter's joys, to thee unknown delights,"
—And I did play upon the purple hills.

Blown to my window see the white rose break,
And falling cry, "Too late, my hours are told."
Still trills the bird, "How wide the world to seek."
Ah, God! Ah, God! And I am growing old.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

Letters to the Editor.

"SOCIALISM AND A SPOILS SYSTEM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In his article, "Is Socialism a Spoils System?" in your last number, "J. A. H." raises objections to the practical working of Socialism, which he seems unable to answer wholly to his own satisfaction.

May I suggest that his chief difficulty, namely, that employees of all sorts will unite to extract higher wages than the public purse can afford, seems to be due to an assumption that is not necessary to the Socialist theory?

Why should the wages of all industries be paid for from a common budget? When the State is a producer, it will pay wages from the wealth it has itself produced, and not as now in the case of school-teachers and other non-producing public servants, from the proceeds of taxation. And the wealth produced by any given industry will automatically limit the wages in that industry.

A system of separate book-keeping for each trade or section of a trade would obviate the difficulty, both as regards the public purse and that of other trades.

Is it not also to be hoped that, when industry is more democratically organised, with some sort of representation for employees on the Boards of Managers, all possibility of strikes will be removed? The strike is a necessary weapon under present despotic and anarchical conditions. It will surely become as archaic as the duel when production has been brought under the rule of democratic law.—Yours, &c.,

MILDRED MINTURN SCOTT.

Finkenhübelweg, 20, Berne, Switzerland,
November 4th, 1907.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Though travelling in Spain I have *THE NATION* always forwarded to me.

I was much interested to read the letter of Mr. William G. Dounie, of Lanark. He says the Socialists have "clear and definite aims." That, of course, must be true, but unfortunately for me I have never been able to learn exactly what those aims are. It is probably my own fault, but it is not that I have not tried. I have read several books written by Socialists, and several Fabian pamphlets; I have heard speeches and lectures on Socialism, and have the honour of counting several earnest Socialists among my intimate political friends. I have the highest respect for them; but I have never heard or read any distinct or definite description of Socialism as advocated by Socialists. I gather that some of them desire that every machine used for the production of any material must belong to the Government. So that a man might not own privately a cornmill or a sewing machine, but he might own a piano or a fiddle. I gather no man is to be allowed to produce anything of material value for his own benefit, but he must hand over whatever he produces to the Government officials for distribution.

I gather that the whole industrial community is to be directed by Government officials, from the King downwards, through his Ministers and officers of various degrees, down to the humblest scavengers and vendors of newspapers; and that each person (except the King) will be under the orders of some superior person, and will have to do such work upon such days as he may be ordered to do.

I gather that no person will receive more of this world's material goods than any other person—the Prime Minister will get no more than the scavenger; or if there is any distinction in the amount of pay, then the scavenger will get more, because he has a less pleasant occupation.

I do not quite understand how the lazy man or woman is to be made to work, or how the over-anxious man is to be restrained from excessive work. In many respects this scheme has elements that might be paralleled in days gone by. I should be glad if Mr. Dounie would give us precisely his scheme.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

Madrid, October 24th, 1907.

A STORY OF HERBERT SPENCER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Spencer's devotion to angling, touched upon in the current number of *THE NATION*, led to a strange incident. One evening two Highlanders, strolling into their village hotel, saw displayed in the hall a splendid basket of trout. "Who had caught the fish?" they asked. "Mr. Herbert Spencer, a gentleman from England," the landlord answered. "What with?" "With worm," the landlord believed. He had seen Mr. Spencer digging in the garden early in the morning. Mr. Spencer had just recently come in from the river, and was now in the billiard-room. The two Highlanders had been fishing all day with fly, and had not been nearly so successful. They thought they should try worm next day; but, alas, they had no worm tackle, and none was to be had in the village. They decided that one of them should go and ask the Englishman for the means of sport. Into the billiard-room one went then. "Maister Spencer," he said, "we ha'e seen your troots. Wull ye kindly gi'e me, for mysel' an' freen, two bait hooks?" "Bait hooks" being a phrase practically unknown south of the Humber, the philosopher was at a loss, and silent, trying to puzzle out the meaning of the request. "Wull ye gi'e me two bait hooks?" the Highlander repeated, in louder tone, and even with some indignation. "My good man," said the philosopher, "I have no bait hooks." The Gael retired, and, rejoining his companion, remarked, "Maister Herbert Spencer is a dawmed leear."—Yours, &c.,

Tayside, November 6th, 1907.

W. L. W.

SUNDAY SILENT SERVICES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Am I wrong in singling you out for a public service which many have long desired to see effected but which all recognise will bring obloquy in its promotion? We have for some time sought a journal of sufficient influence and independence to brave the earlier days of puritanical outcry but to persevere until we poor benighted residents in London have our letters on a Sunday. Such a service would later bring its own reward, and the lasting gratitude of rich and poor, high and low. It is happily not a class question, and its withholding even on religious grounds cannot be defended. A morning's delivery, such as I believe obtains in all other towns in the civilised world, cannot possibly interfere with a proper Sunday observance a bit more than the cooking of one's dinner or similar household duties which cannot be set aside even on a Sunday. It is surely a serious matter depriving anyone for a single day of correspondence. Affairs of vital importance cannot be shelved just because the Sunday intervenes. Most busy people employ their Sunday afternoons or evenings for their intimate correspondence, and *vice versa* they would equally appreciate having their own letters on the same day. Consider those who have sick ones away, and where every post brings intelligence of progress or otherwise.

Is the Sunday really a holiday in such cases? Numberless instances could be given of the positive hardships this day of silence imposes. It is one of the most needless and irritating of restrictions, and its continuance in the foremost city in the universe is fairly astounding. It might mean some addition to the staff of the postal authorities, but I venture to think that after a time it would be found that the extra postage would pay for it. Can anyone imagine for one moment the great railway companies suspending their service on a Sunday? Such a movement, or the want of it, would properly be opposed by Parliament. It would, however, be but a logical corollary, and defended on like grounds. It would be said, of course, "How should we be able to reach our dying ones?" for they cannot be expected to put off such trifles for the reason that their dear ones lived in London and might be engaged in religious observances.

We are hoping, Sir, for your enlightened assistance in this crying injustice, and we feel that we shall not appeal in vain. Why does Mr. Henniker Heaton fold his arms when so great a postal reform seems so imperative and practicable?—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES E. NOVERRE, J.P.

19, Serjeants Inn, Temple, E.C.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On this anniversary of the old Gunpowder Plot I read almost two columns occupied by "J.F.W.'s" discovery of a new plot. There are doors to be slammed, it seems, and not this time at a Colonial Conference, but at some ten thousand parish churches. The bridegroom and his deceased wife's sister are to be shut out for their natural lives. Is it not rather probable that the ten thousand priests may for the most part prove Vicars of Bray? May not the pillar of fire which, although tardily, of late, and suddenly, illumined the pathway of the Archbishop, shine also for the valiant ten thousand? May not they, when facing the legal and political consequences, see that Leviticus, and Councils of Spain and Syria, never meant what we had always been taught by our spiritual guides, or are no longer binding, or are of no practical importance? I fear that "J.F.W." (who only ventures on initials) is trying to make our flesh creep. Many people are—as Church attendance testifies—quite indifferent as to the closing of church doors. Can it be that "J.F.W." is moving about in a world not realised? Does he remember the recent resolution of the House of Commons in favour not of church reform but of disestablishment? If the ten thousand do really act as he anticipates, good will come of it. Most Liberals will then gladly obey the exhortation of "J.F.W." to "raise their voices." But, doubtless, it will only be to demand that the churlish priests shall no longer be part of the civil service, *i.e.*, of an established church. That establishment itself seems to some of us already dangerous and unnecessary, and we note that it is not tolerated by the vast majority of English-speaking communities.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WHALE.

Blackheath, S.E.,

November 5th, 1907.

WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to a point that is often missed in discussions on this subject?

Your correspondent, "J.F.W.," only says what has been said by the Church from the beginning when he claims that all baptised persons are members of the Christian Church in virtue of their baptism. But baptism is a spiritual act admitting to a spiritual relationship, independent of human laws or national divisions, and one does not see why he talks about "the legally recognised national Church" in this connection.

But he goes on to assume that whether baptised persons are "conforming or non-conforming," they are equally entitled to claim the privileges of membership. Is there any society that could exist if such a claim were admitted? Would a club member be allowed the use of the club-rooms if he never paid his subscriptions? I thought it was a fundamental principle of Liberalism that privileges involved duties.

From the beginning the Catholic Church has gone on the principle that failure to perform the duties of membership involved loss of the privileges of membership. This principle is recognised in the formularies of the English Church. Those who are admitted into the Church by baptism are not allowed to proceed to the highest of all privileges—the Holy Communion—till they have at Confirmation solemnly taken upon themselves the obligations which were assumed on their behalf by their sponsors at their baptism.

The Church has always been supposed to guide its members on questions of faith and morals. Now, the contention in some quarters is that the Church, on a question of morals, is to submit to a decision of a majority of the House of Commons, as representing the Church laity. Most members of this majority are probably baptised, but two hundred of them belong to religious organisations hostile to the Church of England, and, of the rest, some at least—probably a considerable number—disbelieve the creeds of the Church and recognise no obligation to support its work. How, then, can this majority be accepted as representing the Church of England laity?

This is not a matter in which the clergy are all on one side and the laity all on the other, as most of your correspondents seem to think. There has to be taken into account the existence of a very considerable body of "conforming" lay Churchmen, who will never allow that authority to determine the faith and practice of the Church shall be granted to those who reject her doctrines, refuse her sacraments, and lose no opportunity of depreciating her ministers and her work.—Yours, &c.,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

"A TEST CASE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In common doubtless with many others, I have read with unfeigned satisfaction your timely article with the above heading, which appeared in your issue of the 2nd inst., and which has reference to Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy in connection with the Denshawai affair.

That policy, I venture to state, in Egypt and elsewhere will, if persisted in, lead to a very serious situation. A few weeks ago I had the honour to propose a resolution at the Scottish Liberal Association at Rothesay with reference to Sir Edward Grey's attitude towards Macedonia. The resolution had previously been passed unanimously by the Tradeston Liberal Association of Glasgow. The Master of Elibank, on behalf of the Government, stated that the resolution, if passed by the Conference, would be practically a vote of censure on the Government. The effect of this intervention was that the previous question was put, and carried by a large majority. There is no doubt that if the members of the Government associate themselves with the action of Sir Edward Grey, any resolutions or criticisms which may be proposed come very near to being a vote of censure on the Government.

It is therefore all the more necessary for members of the Government, who by their silence condone such actions or policy, to consider their own position, and their responsibility to those who placed them in power. Their silence may be due to loyalty to a colleague, but surely there comes a time when the question of principle comes in.

The Denshawai affair, when Parliament meets, may be the test case of such a principle.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I desire to speak with all respect of Lord Roberts as a soldier, but I am not obliged to follow him as a politician; while the mere fact that the National Service League is identified with Lord Milner and others must needs render it suspect. They are still unrepentant, and ready to repeat anywhere their South-African policy. They still stick to their anti-Russian North-West Frontier policy. They would uphold the Irish Union by force, also capital against labour. They are still pro-Turks. They were anti-French yesterday, and may be so again to-morrow. Then as to their second alleged official object, would they also support sweeping reform, social, land-tenure, &c.? Not they.

But, Sir, one must be allowed to be a Radical without being an anti-militarist extremist. In common with, I am sure, other Liberal army men, I resented the language used in your columns about army officers. Moreover, this aids the Jingo in their pose as the only friends of the Army, Whereas the reverse is the truth. For example, although the Dons are mostly bellicose ultra-Imperialists, they opposed the Oxford depôt when first started there. Why? Because of this inveterate idea that a soldier is above all other men a sinner. Not only should the regimental depôt be there, but as far as possible every territorial battalion at home should be in its own regimental district, instead of being more and more herded in isolated standing camps. Then you would hear less of such allegations as the Jingo poet Kipling's, that "barracks do not make plaster saints."—Yours, &c.,

D. SCOT SKIRVING,

Lieut.-Col. (Retired).

[The expression to which our contributor refers was withdrawn editorially in its original form.—Editor, THE NATION.]

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THURSDAY EVENING.

WE congratulate the authorities of the British Museum on the general scheme of decoration which, after long years of obscurity, has given the beautiful proportions of the dome of the Reading Room something of the glory that rightly belongs to it. But we cannot felicitate them on their selection of the nineteen greatest representatives of British literature with which they have adorned the panels of this historic students' resort. Here they are:—

Chaucer.	Caxton.	Tindale.
Spenser.	Shakespeare.	Bacon.
Milton.	Locke.	Addison.
Swift.	Pope.	Gibbon.
Wordsworth.	Scott.	Byron.
Carlyle.	Macaulay.	Tennyson.
Browning.		

* * *

As a thoroughly representative list this choice will not do at all. Too large stress is laid upon Victorian literature. Neither Tennyson nor Browning is eligible for a place amongst our immortals, and Carlyle's position is by no means established, and may be said to be receding every year. Meanwhile, the most truly representative English writer of that period, one of the most humane and the most popular of all English authors, Charles Dickens, is omitted. Still poorer are the selections of seventeenth and eighteenth century writers. Dryden is a far greater poet than Pope, and by what sound rule is Fielding, the father of the English novel, omitted, and Dr. Johnson, the author of the first great English dictionary and one of the most typical Englishmen who ever lived, denied a place in the great temple of English learning? Still more indefensible is the omission of Bunyan. If the translation of the English Bible is properly regarded as the greatest contribution to our literature, the writing of "The Pilgrim's Progress" may well come second. Many will think that English imaginative writing finds its greatest expression in Blake, and coming again to the list of inclusions, historical students of these later times will have reason to dispute the appearance of Macaulay, a highly gifted rhetorician and verse writer, and little more. Generally speaking, we think that the names of Addison, Pope, and all the four Victorian writers, Carlyle, Tennyson, Macaulay, and Browning, are open to question. And is nothing to be said for Shelley, Coleridge, Darwin, Spencer, and Keats?

* * *

A BOOK of great historical interest is the biography of the first Earl of Sandwich, which is now in preparation. Like his famous secretary, Samuel Pepys, Lord Sandwich kept a voluminous diary, and as he played a prominent part in the affairs of his time, its publication should add something to our knowledge of the Civil War, and the period immediately succeeding the Restoration. At the age of eighteen, Sandwich raised a regiment in Cambridgeshire for the Parliament, and distinguished himself at the battle of Naseby. In the Dutch War he left the army for the navy, and became second in command to Blake. It was he who conveyed Charles II. to England, and he had also the chief share in negotiating the marriage with Catherine of Braganza. On the renewal of hostilities with the Dutch in 1672, he commanded under the Duke of York, and after giving astonishing proofs of his bravery, he was blown up in his ship, when the fleet was surprised in Southwold Bay.

* * *

DR. MARIO BORSA's critical account of "The English Stage of To-day" was, when it appeared in Italy some years ago, welcomed by many critics as the best survey of the modern English drama. It has now been revised and brought up to date, and a translation by Mr. Selwyn Brinton will be published almost immediately by Mr. Lane. The book covers the whole field of contemporary English drama, and examines the work of Barrie, Pinero, H. A. Jones, Wilde, and Bernard Shaw, the last having an entire chapter to himself. Dr. Borsa also discusses the character and temper of the British playgoer, the economics of the theatrical industry, and the influence of the Irish National Theatre upon dramatic art.

MR. MURRAY has in preparation a volume of literary criticism, "Essays on Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern," by the President of Magdalen. Among the essays are "Sophocles and the Greek Genius," "Matthew Arnold," "In Memoriam after Fifty Years," "Virgil and Tennyson," "Dante and the Art of Poetry," and "Gray and Dante." All these subjects are, of course, more or less hackneyed, but we may expect them to be treated with freshness and originality by so ripe a scholar and so penetrating a critic as Mr. Warren. More off the beaten track is the vexed question of the art of translation, which is also dealt with.

* * *

ANOTHER volume of essays which is likely to interest students of Scottish life in the eighteenth century is to be issued early next year by Messrs. Black. It contains the collected literary and historical essays of the late Henry Grey Graham, whose history of "The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" is the standard book upon the subject—though Dr. John Watson's posthumous volume is now necessary to supplement it. Graham's "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century" is not so successful. At the same time it contains a great deal of material not easily accessible elsewhere. The coming volume will contain a biographical sketch by Mr. Nigel C. Graham.

* * *

SINCE Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation" appeared half a dozen years ago, we have had no anthology of living English poets. Lovers of poetry who are unable to keep pace with the numberless slim volumes of verse issued each year, will have an opportunity of reading the best work of the singers of to-day in "The Book of Living Poets," which Mr. Walter Jerrold has compiled for Messrs. Alston Rivers. The plan adopted has been to make the book as representative as possible, and every contemporary poet of distinction, from whose pen verse has been recently published, is included.

* * *

PROFESSOR BAKER, of Harvard, whose book on Shakespeare's dramatic art we review in this issue of THE NATION, is this year to give the course of lectures on English literature founded at the Sorbonne by Mr. J. H. Hyde. This is the fourth year of those lectures, which have had a marked success, the previous lecturers being Professor Barrett Wendell, Professor Santayana, and Professor Coolidge, all of Harvard University. Professor Baker's subject is the development of English tragedy and comedy from 1590 to 1800, and he gives the first lecture of the series on December 10th next.

* * *

THE members of the Académie des Goncourt have experienced some difficulty in choosing a successor to J. K. Huysmans. Their first meeting for the purpose was fruitless, but on Friday week last M. Jules Renard obtained a sufficient majority and was elected. This is the first election held by the "Academy of the Ten," and the choice has fallen upon a man of letters who would certainly have won the Goncourts' approval. He was one of the founders of the "Mercure de France," and has written "L'Écornifleur," "La Lanterne Sourde," "Les Bucoliques," and "Poil de Carotte"—the original of the play produced a few years ago by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

* * *

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Reviews.

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.*

II.

A REVIEW of this correspondence must lead, I think, to the conclusion that, under the influence of Leopold and Stockmar, the Queen and Prince Albert made continuous and strenuous efforts to recover, as regards foreign affairs at least, some of the influence of the Crown, which had not been exercised since the Revolution of 1688, save by George III., of unhappy memory. Writing to the Queen so early as 1838, Leopold cautiously suggested this.

"Monarchy," he said, "to be carried on requires certain elements, and the occupation of the Sovereign must certainly be to preserve these elements, or, should they have been too much weakened by untoward circumstances, to contrive by every means to *strengthen them again*. You are too clever not to know, that it is not being called Queen or King, which can be of the *least consequence*, when to the title there is not also annexed the power indispensable for the exercise of these functions."

We know also from the Life of the Prince Consort how strongly and frequently Baron Stockmar urged the same view on Prince Albert:—

"Since 1830," he wrote, "the executive power has been entirely in the hands of the Ministry, and these being more the servants of the Parliament than of the Crown, it is practically in the hands of the House of Commons. This is a distortion of the fundamental idea of the British Constitution, which could not fail to grow by degrees out of the incapacity of her sovereigns rightly to understand and deal with that position, and out of the encroachments on their privileges by the House of Commons."

Stockmar's ideal of the relation of the British Sovereign to the Ministers and Parliament seems to have been much that which now exists in the German Empire, where the Emperor has practical control over foreign affairs, independent of the Reichstag, and where the system of a Cabinet jointly responsible to the Sovereign and to the representative assembly is not fully developed. During the first Ministry of the Queen little could be done, on account of her youth, in the direction aimed at. We find, however, that quite early in her reign she took great interest in foreign affairs, counselling her Foreign Secretary, at the instance of Leopold, in favour of more friendly relations with France, and suggesting additions to despatches in this sense. In a letter to her uncle in 1840 with reference to the difficulties which had arisen between her Government and that of France on the subject of Egypt and the Porte, she wrote:—

"I have made Palmerston promise to put into the despatch (to the French Government) that it would be a source of great satisfaction to England if this could be the cause of bringing back France to that alliance with the other four Powers, from which we have seen her depart with so much regret. I hope this will have a good effect. My anxiety is great for the return of amity and concord."

There are frequent suggestions in Leopold's letters that the relations of England with France were treated by Palmerston in "an unnecessarily hostile and antagonistic spirit," and the Queen appears to have done her best to inspire a different tone. In other respects there was little interference with Palmerston's conduct of foreign affairs by the Queen, still less by Lord Melbourne.

In 1841 Palmerston was succeeded by Lord Aberdeen in Sir Robert Peel's Government, and an *entente cordiale* with France was a cardinal point of his policy—much to the content of Leopold. The Queen struck up a great friendship with Louis Philippe, with whom she was connected through the Duchess de Nemours and Leopold's wife. The old King was evidently an adept at flattery. This is brought out in a letter of the Queen to her uncle after a visit of Louis Philippe to Windsor:—

"What an extraordinary man the King is! What a wonderful memory, and how lively and how sagacious. . . . He praises my dearest Albert most highly, and fully appreciates his great qualities and talents, and what gratifies me so much, treats him completely as his equal, calling him 'Mon frère,' and saying to me that my husband was the same as me, which he is; and 'Le Prince Albert c'est pour moi le Roi!' The

King is very sad to go, but he is determined, he says, to see me every year."

This was in 1844. The question of the Spanish marriage was already on the tapis. It is now clear that the Queen and Lord Aberdeen were the dupes of the crafty old King, and that Lord Palmerston had been quite justified in thoroughly distrusting him. When his disgraceful policy was accomplished, nothing could exceed the indignation of the Queen. In a letter to Leopold, the King's son-in-law, she denounced his conduct as infamous, and that of Guizot as shabby and dishonest. Later, when Louis Philippe lost his throne and was obliged to fly from France in disguise and seek refuge in England, the Queen evidently thought that he richly deserved this terrible reverse. Writing to Leopold, she said:—

"I do not like to attack the fallen, but the poor King Louis Philippe has brought much of this upon himself by that ill-fated return to a Bourbon policy. . . . Guizot is more to blame. He was the adviser of all this policy. He is no Bourbon, and he ought to have behaved differently."

During the five years of Sir Robert Peel's Government, there was no difference between him and Lord Aberdeen and the Queen as to foreign policy. But we learn, from the Life of Lord Russell, that the Queen expressed her wish to Lord Aberdeen that all drafts of despatches from the Foreign Office to foreign Governments or to British Ministers abroad should be submitted to her for approval before being sent off. Lord Aberdeen undertook that this should be done in all cases in which the exigencies of the situation did not require immediate action. This was undoubtedly a step in the direction of Stockmar's aims. When Palmerston, in 1846, resumed the post of Foreign Secretary in Lord Russell's Government, this rule was carried still further, for the Queen insisted upon all drafts of despatches being submitted to her before being sent off, whatever their urgency, and later, in a memorandum dictated by Stockmar, Palmerston was put under the closest restraint.

The Lives of the Prince Consort and of Russell and Palmerston have long ago made us acquainted with the antagonism which arose between the Queen and Lord Palmerston during this Ministry, but we have not known till now how frequent and bitter were the complaints of the Queen, and how persistent her efforts to drive Palmerston from the Foreign Office. The battle between them turned largely upon the point that drafts of despatches were not submitted to her, or that her suggestions upon them were not acted on, and that the letters were sent in the form objected to; and also on the tone and temper adopted in them to other Powers. But beyond these disputes as to form, there were profound differences of policy; and there were determined efforts of the Queen to impress her own policy upon her Minister.

The correspondence contains frequent illustrations of this. So early as 1848 we find in a memorandum by the Queen of an interview with Lord John Russell that "she had no confidence in Palmerston, that she could hardly go on with him, that his conduct made her seriously anxious and uneasy for the welfare of the country." She ends by saying "she is afraid that some day she might have to tell Lord John that she could no longer put up with Lord Palmerston, which might be disagreeable and awkward." Again, shortly after, she writes to Lord John: "The partiality of Lord Palmerston in this Italian question really surpasses all conception and makes the Queen very uneasy on account of the character of England." Later, on the Greek question, when the Queen had concurred with Lord J. Russell as to some alteration of a despatch; and when the letter had been sent unaltered, she wrote to Palmerston:—

"The Queen must remark upon this sort of proceeding, of which it is not the first instance, and plainly tell Lord Palmerston that this must not occur again. She cannot allow a servant of the Crown and her Minister to act contrary to her orders, and this without her knowledge."

She suggested to the Prime Minister that Palmerston should leave the Foreign Office and be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland! It is unnecessary to quote further passages. They all point to profound differences of policy and to a determination to get rid of Palmerston.

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(To be concluded.)

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Coke was educated, like his friend and leader Fox, at Wandsworth and Eton, but he was four years younger than Fox, and was never at school with him. He was at Eton with Windham, of whom he knew little as a boy, and his chief friend in boyhood seems to have been Rawdon, the future Lord Hastings, who was not at Eton but at Harrow. When he left Eton he received a short letter from Lady Leicester: "Sir,—I understand you have left Eton, and probably intend to go to one of those Schools of Vice, the Universities. If, however, you chuse to travel, I will give you £500 per annum." This unsympathetic but not unjust judgment on the universities was natural enough in the mouth of a woman who had seen all her hopes of handing on the splendours of Holkham to her own children destroyed by the dissolute manners which her son had learnt in those schools. Thomas Coke's father seems to have shared Lady Leicester's fears, and though he left the decision to his son, he rejoiced that that decision took him to Italy and not to Oxford. Before he started on his grand tour, Coke paid a formidable visit to the great and lonely lady who reigned at Holkham, and had never yet set eyes on her successor. The country from Holkham to Houghton, Arthur Young wrote about this time, was one wild sheep walk, and the youth who was one day to be its lord did not see it for the first time with any undue elation. Lady Leicester herself had only one ambition, and that was to outlive Coke's father, not from any personal dislike, but from a certain sporting instinct, which made her say defiantly to Thomas Coke when first she saw him, "Understand, I will live as long as I can." Her ambition was defeated, but only narrowly, for she died in February, 1775, and Wenman Coke died the next year. Thus at twenty-two Thomas Coke found himself Lord of Holkham, with all the magnificent treasures of its manuscripts and its pictures and its sculptures, and its wide, bleak, and unharvested possessions.

Mrs. Stirling's book is called "Coke and His Friends." It is indeed mainly in Coke's friendships, his outward life, his magnificent achievements, his frank and dashing speeches, that we have to look for the revelation of the man. His intimate letters have not survived, and he kept no journal. But the outlines of his character are so simple, the judgment of his contemporaries is so clear and overwhelming, the significance of his friendships is so plain, that we have no difficulty in understanding what kind of man he was. With one break of six years (for he was one of Fox's martyrs) he was in the House of Commons from 1776 to 1832, and though his main interest was not in politics, his political convictions were very definite and binding. He was a thorough-going Whig, an implicit and passionate adherent of the great man whom he described when he left the House of Commons as the greatest statesman that ever lived. To say that Coke was a follower of Fox is only another way of saying that he was opposed to

the American War, opposed to the French War, opposed to Pitt's repressive legislation, and opposed to the Union; a supporter of Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and the Abolition of the Slave Trade. He was a good deal wiser than Fox about the Coalition, and Mrs. Stirling has reproduced from Mr. Bacon's unpublished MS. an interesting story of their discussion of that momentous and disastrous act. Coke was still in bed when Fox came to see him, and Fox sat on the edge of his bed while he explained his plans. Coke listened in horror, and when Fox growled out that it was a Coalition in which North was to act on his opinion, not he on North's, Coke said that was the one redeeming feature in an otherwise disgraceful alliance. But Coke stuck to Fox in spite of his just objections to the Coalition, and he took an important part in the remonstrances of the Commons when the King tried to escape the necessity of summoning Fox and North to power. Perhaps it is as well that Coke was out of Parliament from 1784 to 1790, during the years when his party was certainly not seen at its best. He withdrew from the contest in 1784, chiefly apparently on account of the strange conduct of his colleague Astley, who had formerly acted with him and now cut himself adrift, partly because the dissenters withdrew their support in consequence of his refusal to pledge himself to support the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Coke was chagrined by the demand, as he had voted for Repeal in the late Parliament, and told them if they could not trust him without a pledge they must turn him out. He had the laugh on his side a few years later when the dissenters who had come at the head of the deputation had to confess that they had been grievously disappointed in Mr. Pitt. This was not the only time when Coke showed his independent nature. It fell to him, by the unanimous desire of his party, to take the address of the Commons demanding the recognition of the independence of America to the King, and he scandalised the Court by presenting himself in his top boots, exercising a right which scarcely any knight of the shire had ever exercised before. It was not an improbable story which related how, knowing that only Royalty was allowed to drive six horses in town, he drove past the King's palace with five horses and a donkey as leader. But without a doubt the best thing he ever did in this manner was his famous letter to the Prince of Wales. When that insidious rascal had trapped Fox into a false statement about his marriage in the House of Commons, Fox and his friends dropped him for a year. This was not at all to the taste of the Prince, who wrote to Coke proposing to pay his annual visit to Holkham. Coke replied: "Holkham is open to strangers on Tuesdays."

Coke the politician is less important than Coke the agriculturalist. The changes he made in the countryside were the wonder of a larger world than England, and his fame brought distinguished visitors to Holkham from all countries. It was very soon after he came into his property that Coke began to devote himself to the study of agriculture. In 1778 one of the leases in the parish fell in, and as the tenant refused a renewal of his lease at five shillings an acre, Coke took the farm into his own hands. For the next fifty years he spared no trouble or expense in the transformation of West Norfolk from a country of which Lady Townshend had said that all you could see was a blade of grass and two rabbits fighting for it, into the prosperous domain that he left at his death. Mrs. Stirling tells the story of his encounter with the obstinacy and conservatism of the farmers; his sheep were regarded with suspicion, and one good lady called them "Whiggish sheep"; potatoes were talked of much as Cobbett talked of them in Ireland; and scientific farming was despised as a fad. But Coke's patience won in the end. He showed on his own farm what could be done by marling, drainage, and manure, and the infinite pains he took to reconcile Norfolk to new methods had their reward. His rental mounted up from two to twenty thousand a year, but the prosperity of the country grew still more rapidly, and the poor-house disappeared from Holkham. Under his initiative Southdowns took the place of the Norfolk sheep; heavy stock farms became the fashion, planting was carried out on a large scale, and Norfolk passed from a corn-importing county into one of the chief corn-producing counties of England. In his relations with his tenants, and in his own development of his estates, Coke was a model landlord. He was generous

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in the building of cottages and farmhouses, and, unlike most landlords, he did not raise the rents of his tenants in consequence of their own improvements. When one of his tenants reclaimed a bog he wrote to say that "I feel it my duty to grant you a new lease from Michaelmas, 1818, for twenty-one years." He gave his tenants the comparative security of long leases—an important innovation in the habits of the time—and he lived consistently in the spirit of the toast which was drunk at every gathering of his tenants: "Live and let live." Altogether the old order could not present a finer or more spacious example of generous public spirit and enlightened enterprise. Under Coke's regime feudalism was seen on its kindest side; his strong human sympathies, his sense for freedom, his scientific grasp of farming, and his personal virtues all obscured the evils inherent in the system. Of the character of Coke's dealings with his neighbours and dependants we have the best evidence in the language of Cobbett, a far greater man than Mrs. Stirling supposes. In 1821, Cobbett, who had attacked Coke very bitterly, found himself in the course of his rural rides on Coke's estate: "Here, as everywhere else, I hear every creature speak loudly in praise of Mr. Coke. It is well known to my readers that I think nothing of him as a public man; that I think even his good qualities an injury to his country, because they serve the knaves whom he is duped by to dupe the people more effectually; but it would be base in me not to say, that I hear, from men of all parties, and sensible men, too, expressions made use of towards him that affectionate children use towards the best of parents. I have not met with a single exception."

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mrs. Stirling's work is her description of Coke's entertainments and friendships. Some people will find a little too much of Dr. Parr for their taste, but there are some delightful stories of Coke's parties; and notably the account of one boisterous occasion when Coke and his guests fell to discussing the relative bulk of Fox and the French chef in the kitchen. Fox consented to have the question settled by going down forthwith to be weighed against his rival. Coke was the most sociable of men, and he was happiest when his house was full. But he was a good deal stricter than many of his friends; he kept his vow against gambling as carefully as Pitt; and he carried his notions of respectability too far to allow of his ever receiving Mrs. Fox or Lady Holland. Those exclusions fortunately have not prevented Mr. Lane from embellishing the volume with an admirable reproduction of the famous Reynolds picture of the Lady of St. Anne's Hill. The pictures in this charming collection include also a reproduction of the portrait of Coke at the age and in the dress which captivated the wife of the Young Pretender.

THREE PLAYS WITH HAPPY ENDINGS.*

SUCH is the title under which Mr. Hankin has chosen to publish his three plays. Why he should so insist that at the close of each we ought to feel more than usually cheerful will not be immediately obvious to those who saw these plays acted. He has, however, explained himself in a preface which, like all serviceable prefaces, helps the reader to reflect upon what is most characteristic in the writer's art.

My plays, says Mr. Hankin, end happily because a little consideration will convince the spectator that when the curtain drops, the principal characters are so circumstanced that there is a greater probability of their being happy in the future than if they had got what, perhaps, they longed for most. Thus, at the end of "The Return of the Prodigal," Eustace has not changed his nature or married the young lady, but he has extorted an allowance from his indignant father, which will enable him to lead, with a little pinching, a harmless *far niente* existence in town; thus, in "The Charity That Began At Home," a sudden engagement, born on the girl's side of a desire to help and to make happy and of a warm response towards her kindness and prettiness on the man's, is broken off by him the same evening because he realises their natures are too different to allow them to get on well together as life-companions; and thus, in "The Cassilis Engagement," an ingenuous young country-gentleman is, by the softest of

maternal wiles, disentangled from the attractions of a rather vulgar, rather spirited young adventuress.

In none of these plays has anyone got what they desired eagerly and hotly; but, says Mr. Hankin, please look a little a-head before you call them stories of disappointment. Eustace, the languid, humorous, cleverish fellow, will do fairly well on his £250 a year; he will be a pleasant, sympathetic companion to intelligent men; he may even marry a rich sensible widow, who will be content with him as he is; he may stoop, says Mr. Hankin, with a little flicker of resentment, to becoming a dramatic critic. At any rate, he is not to be pitied; he will not go again on his terrible travels. As far as the characters in "The Charity That Began At Home" are concerned, unselfish Margery will marry Hylton, the philanthropist; she is well rid of the engaging hedonist to whom she so rashly promised herself; and Verreker, on his part, will carry his head higher in future for having resisted the temptation of her money and her looks. As for Geoffrey Cassilis, he will marry Mabel, who can ride, and who is a lady; while his delusive flame, Ethel Borridge, will live the life she loves, of champagne suppers and casual connections, till she ends in drunken misery or in over-dressed, over-fed, dyed, massaged, manicured, subsidised, peevish vulgarity. Hers is not a future very cheering to contemplate, it is true; nor is the fate of Eustace's sister cheerful, who is dragged by the ambition of her parents into a social sphere in which she is unlikely to find a husband. But, on the whole, Mr. Hankin is quite justified in claiming that his curtains drop upon situations which promise a normal degree of happiness to the principal characters. Nevertheless, it is straining a point to describe these as happy endings, for the simple reason that at the moment these plays end happiness is not actual but merely in prospect, and at that only discernible to the eye of a somewhat disillusioned prudence.

Walt Whitman has written in his large, magnificent, humourless manner a chant in praise of Prudence. "Manhattan's streets," it begins, "I saunter'd pondering on Time, Space, Reality—on such as these, and abreast of them Prudence. . . ." "The last explanations always remains to be made about Prudence," he goes on, getting more and more mystical, till the world seems a place where it must be the most unnecessary of qualities, "Prudence entirely satisfies the craving and glut of souls; itself only finally satisfies the soul." Mr. Hankin may not ponder such metaphysical entities as Time and Space, though he keeps an attentive watch upon Reality, and it would be truer to say of him that he ponders on Prudence, not abreast of other subjects but foremost and first. He is a dramatist who takes very long views. His plays resemble the favourite form of Chinese poets, "the stop-short," a poem in which the words suddenly stop but the sense goes on, in which the surprise and shock of the conclusion produces a kind of prolonged echo of speculation in the reader's mind. It is the peculiarity of Mr. Hankin's art to lead his characters to a clearing in the tangled forest of their lives and to leave them there, where the spectator can look down the divergent vistas along which each one will go his separate way. His humorous perception rests mainly on contrasts between what is wise and practical to do in a world where it is imprudent to be either too consistent or too uncalculating, and the violent pursuit of either course. Margery Denison and Hylton ("The Charity That Began At Home") attempt to be too consistent in their universal indulgence; Mr. Jackson and Henry ("The Return of the Prodigal") who, afraid to turn Eustace penniless out of the house, are willing to give him £1,000 to take himself off, and yet kick desperately against his practical demand for a small allowance, are either not consistent enough in their harshness or in their indulgence. So it comes about that the characters which Mr. Hankin, with his standard of prudence and his sense of life's complexity, treats with the most indulgent humour are scatter-brained, tender-hearted old ladies like Lady Denison and Mrs. Jackson, whose alternating rash kindness and practical timidity serve them in lieu of deliberate wisdom. Let it be said in conclusion, for the benefit of those who have not seen these plays acted, that they read well and that the salt of Mr. Hankin's wit loses little of its flavour in a book.

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THERE are many novelists among us who, so to say, are paid in gold for every few shillings they earn. And there are a few novelists who have written, year after year, stories which, somehow, have never received anything like due recognition, and for which the payment is still deferred. Mr. Leonard Merrick belongs to the latter class, and it is, perhaps, a little ironical that we have here to discuss his talent on the merits of his last novel, "The House of Lynch," instead of that collection of brilliant little *contes*, "Whispers About Women," which was published last year.

The strength of "Whispers About Women" was that inner unstudied strength of the novelist of whom one can say "he has lived; he knows what life is, and he is not taken in by appearances." And to say that is no scant praise in days when, as Whitman put it, "Somehow or other the real life never seems to get put into the books." The best of the stories in "Whispers About Women," such as the last, "The Call from the Past," makes much the same effect on the reader as the stories of Henry Lawson, that deep, searching, and original Australian humourist, so little known to the large class of English people who are perpetually speeding waves of "Imperial" sentiment overseas, without the slightest attempt to realise what are the actual thoughts and feelings of the Colonial peoples. Apparently careless and unstudied, cynical with regard to human motives, but tolerant and compassionate to human nature, the art of both these writers is based on an unconventional insight, a living freshness of feeling, and a humorous contempt for unrealities which place them among the real Bohemians. But the parallel does not hold further. Their attitude to life is the same, but their artistic methods are widely dissimilar.

One of the most exacting tests of a novelist's power is his capacity for giving his story fresh twists through the characters' unexpected actions. In a measure the force of his art is shown by the shock, the surprise coming upon us when we are not prepared for it. And Mr. Merrick's fecundity is shown in "The House of Lynch" by the reader's never being able to let his imagination run ahead without being disconcerted by the event. The situation is simple. Keith, the English artist, a poor but rising man, on a visit to the States, falls in love with Betty, the daughter of Jordan B. Lynch, "the devastating trust magnate, the debaucher of politics, the infamous multi-millionaire." And Betty brings him to the point by proposing to him. But Keith refuses to touch a penny of Lynch's money; if Betty is to come to him she must come penniless. She refuses, and schemes to bring her lover to her terms, but suddenly throws up the sponge, on a voyage to Europe, and marries Keith a month after landing. The two then settle down to lead "the simple life," in a semi-detached house in St. John's Wood, but housekeeping in Sibella Road wrecks Betty's faith in her own capacity for heroism, and she gets naturally very bored. When her new-born child is taken ill in "Telemachus Mansions," a poky little flat, the millionaire's daughter revolts, and reveals to her husband that she has always, half-consciously, counted on "bringing him round." She says, quite truly, that all their troubles, quarrels, and drifting apart have come from their poverty, and that "the squalor is crushing their love." Keith is inexorable, but he is beaten by circumstances when it is found that a costly surgical operation is necessary to save the child's life. The millionaire, Jordan B. Lynch, is appealed to, and cables his daughter five hundred pounds. What is capitally done in this study of the growing tension between husband and wife, and all the friction and misunderstanding through their different standards of living is that neither realises the struggle going on in the mind of the other. Keith spends all his money on his wife's whims, and works desperately hard, and she suffers, and is femininely petty, while behaving like a spoiled child. We begin by liking Betty, but in the scene where, with an eye to the future, she taunts him with having had to come to her father to help we find her insufferable, and then most femininely mean. It is all done

with a light touch, and does not strike particularly deep into character, but it is very human. After a quarrel the two separate, Betty taking the child back to her father and the old atmosphere of New York luxury, and Keith going back to his work and trying to put mother and child out of his life. Betty's speedy disillusionment and longing for her husband are again very neatly done, and the failure of old Lynch's tenderness to compensate for her aching home-sickness develops in her what was quite rudimentary before—ideals. She has learnt her lessons. Though she had been reared in a "world" where no one was expected to utter the truth when it was against his interests, the last two years had shown her that there was another "world," where people esteemed 'cuteness less and honour more. Also she knew instinctively that she would feel worse afterwards than she did now, more contemptuous of herself, more blank.

We need not dwell upon the sequel, which shows us how Betty determines to educate herself to be worthy of Keith till "he's got to come and want me as he never wanted me in all his days; he's got to feel that I'm just the one thing in this world that could make life worth living for him." She returns to England, struggles along on two pounds a week, keeping aloof from Keith, and she finds that peace and joy come to her along with her proper work of looking after her child. The end is a trifle theatrical, as on the sudden death of her father, the devastating trust magnate, she hands over all her millions, of which she is sole heir, to American charities. On hearing the news Keith rushes into her arms, in the last pages, and we have the expected "happy ending."

In some respects "The House of Lynch" is not quite worthy of the author's reputation. We feel—we may be wrong—but we feel that the American scenes are not very close to the life, not actual studies from the life, but are rather the fruit of a slight knowledge and an active imagination. The motive of the story is, again, a trifle cheap, and Keith is not individualised, but is simple a good type of Englishman rather hastily sketched in. But, granted that the social atmospheres are painted thinly and drily, what lifts the story out of the ruck of fiction is a certain artistic distinction in the manner of telling, a certain fundamental brainwork at play behind all the scenes. The author has the rare gift of doing things in a few lines, and he can suggest, as the French school does, in a few lines aspects which the English novelist takes a page to bring before us. He has the rare gift of artistic economy, and so, even if his atmosphere be artificial, his scenes have a reserve force which makes them bite in the memory. "The House of Lynch" is, in short, a good criticism of the society it paints for us, even while we question certain features. Mr. Merrick has undoubtedly a sharp, clear outlook, and a philosophy that is derived from contact with many meaning angles of life. And in these bewildering days of kaleidoscopic social changes, these qualities are specially valuable. Our readers, we suggest, will do well for themselves if they send to the libraries for a list of his books.

SHORT NOTICE.

MISS BEATRICE GRIMSHAW has followed up her book, "From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands," by another pleasant volume of travel, "In the Strange South Seas" (Hutchinson, 16s. net). Starting from San Francisco, she first stopped at Papeete in Tahiti, "the loveliest, sweetest, and wickedest town of all the wide South Seas." From Tahiti she went to Raratonga, and thence made a tour of the islands to New Zealand. The langorous charm of the South Seas is well described in the book. What could be more fascinating, for instance, than a holiday in Raratonga, "where people dine out in evening dress, leave cards and have 'At Home' days, yet where there is no post except the monthly ship mail, there are no telegrams, trains, trams, times, appointments, or engagements of any kind?" It is small wonder that Miss Grimshaw noticed that the faces of the people are free from weariness and strain. The book, which is illustrated from photographs, gives a charming impressionist picture of life in the South Sea Islands.

* "The House of Lynch." By Leonard Merrick. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

It is likely that if Drayton had written less his name would to-day be more familiar than it is. His works run to fifty or sixty thousand lines, but it would be safe to say that the average reader of poetry knows him only by the fine sonnet beginning "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part," the noble ballad on the battle of Agincourt, and possibly by the dainty little epic "Nymphidia, or The Court of Fayrie." All these, together with many other pieces of interest, are to be found in "Minor Poems of Michael Drayton," which Mr. Cyril Brett has edited for the "Tudor and Stuart Library" (Clarendon Press, 5s. net). Mr. Brett's aim has been not to make a Drayton anthology, but to form a collection of complete publications, "so designed as to include most of Drayton's best work, especially of his lyrical and 'pastoral' poems." He has given us a volume which every lover of poetry will be glad to possess. The selection has been made with excellent judgment. We share his admiration of the "Nymphals," all of which are reprinted, but some of the sonnets might have been omitted with advantage. However, the book contains as much of Drayton as the general reader will require, and in compiling it Mr. Brett has done a real service to literature. We quote the following excellent appreciation of Drayton from the introduction: "Through all his work runs the same eminently English spirit, the same honesty and clearness of idea, the same solidity of purpose, and not infrequently of execution also; the same enthusiasm characterises all his earlier, and much of his later work: the enthusiasm especially characteristic of Elizabethan England, and shown by Drayton in his passion for England and the English, in his triumphant joy in their splendid past, and his certainty of their future glory. As a poet he lacked imagination and fine fury; he supplied their place by the airiest and clearest of fancies, by the strenuous labour of a great brain illumined by the steady flame of love for his country and for his lady."

* * *

ANOTHER useful reprint is "The Posies," being the first of two volumes of George Gascoigne's complete works, edited by Professor Cunliffe in the admirable series of "Cambridge English Classics" (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net). Gascoigne was nearly as voluminous a writer as Drayton, and, like him, is now almost forgotten, though with far greater reason. The present volume is a reprint of the 1575 edition of "The Posies," as "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour," together with an appendix of the variant readings of the different quarto editions. The volume comes up to the standard which we now expect from the "Cambridge English Classics," but it is difficult to avoid regretting that so much scholarship and labour have been wasted on a writer who "has not bequeathed to English literature a single work or even a single line which is now read with enjoyment." The "Notes of Instruction Concerning the Making of Verse" are of value since they describe the practice of metrical composition during the years about 1575, when the treatise was written. It is interesting to note that the principle of Chaucer's versification had by then been so completely forgotten that Gascoigne regards Chaucer's metre as determined solely by the accent. As we have said, the volume is edited with extreme care for textual accuracy, and Professor Cunliffe's labours will be of value to students of Elizabethan metres, though few will be found to-day who read Gascoigne for the sake of "human enjoyment."

* * *

ONE difficulty in writing the life of a man such as Sir George Grey, who played a large part in great public questions, is to hold the balance evenly between biography proper and the history of those questions. Professor Henderson has elected to make his book, "Sir George Grey: Pioneer of Empire in Southern Lands" (Dent, 12s. 6d. net), a work of historical research rather than a biography in the usual sense of the word. The result is that Sir George Grey's singularly high, pure, and enlightened personality somehow fails to disengage itself from the crowd of political details. But although this is to be regretted, Professor Henderson's book, which is based upon original documents in New Zealand, South Africa, and South and Western Australia, is a most valuable contribution to colonial history from 1841, when, at the age of twenty-nine, Grey was sent to supersede Gawler as Governor of South Australia,

up to his deposition from the Premiership of New Zealand in 1879. It is difficult to write impartially of many of the incidents in Grey's career, but, upon the whole, Professor Henderson succeeds. He has a warm admiration for Grey's character and achievement, but insists upon the unfairness of his attitude towards the Imperial Government and his persistent disobedience to instructions from Downing Street. "Sir George Grey was an autocrat, and it was almost impossible for men of independent judgment to work with him; but he was also the champion of liberal institutions, and seized every opportunity of extending the influence of the people in politics." As long as Sir George Grey worked under conditions that admitted of wide discretionary authority and personal initiative he was in the highest degree successful, but no man was less fitted to carry on the constitutional government of the colonies which was so largely the result of his own labours.

* * *

A CAPITAL book about one of the finest and most famous regiments in existence is "A Soldier of the Legion," by Mr. George Manington (Murray, 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Manington is a born adventurer who, the editors of the volume tell us, "though well under forty years of age, has been a student in France and Germany, a prospective doctor in Paris, a soldier in Algeria and Tonquin, a man of commerce in Indo-China, an interpreter, traveller, and journalist in South China, besides a participator in more fleeting occupations in many lands, including Japan and the Philippines." He was led by a realistic account of the fighting at El-Moungar to join the French Foreign Legion, and the story of his five years' service, told in a plain and unaffected style, makes most interesting reading. He formed a high opinion of both the officers and men, and is justly proud of the military efficiency of the corps. The discipline he describes as not being so severe as is generally thought, and he remarks that he never suffered any real inconvenience from it, most of the offences punished being due to drink, which is an even greater curse in the French army than in any other. What he says about training the infantrymen to perform long marches is particularly interesting. The recruits start on their first march with rifles and side-arms only, and cover a distance of about 12½ miles. This distance is gradually increased, as is also the weight carried, until a man loaded with all his kit, rifle, and bayonet, reserve food for two days, a blanket, an entrenching tool, and 120 rounds of ammunition—a total weight of about 50 pounds—can march nearly twenty-eight miles in ten hours with ease. This, he says, is what can be done by men who have been nine months with the colours—a fine performance considering that it is done under an almost tropical sun. Mr. Manington's experience included fighting in Tonquin, of which he gives a number of moving pictures.

* * *

"MEXICO OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY," by Mr. Percy F. Martin (Arnold, 2 vols., 30s. net), is a combination of history, gazetteer, and guide book. It deals with the different states of Mexico in detail, describing their scenery, climate, industries, and agricultural resources. Mr. Martin's book is much the fullest account we have of modern Mexico, and will doubtless remain for some time the standard book upon that country. But some of the details he gives might well have been omitted, and he might have easily reduced his two volumes to one without injuring the value of his work.

* * *

THE object of "King Edward VI.: An Appreciation," by Sir Clements R. Markham (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net), is to show that in spite of his youth and the close atmosphere of intrigue in which his short life was spent, Edward VI. was by no means a cypher, but had a firm grasp upon affairs of State, and was, towards the close of his life, beginning to make his influence felt. The attempt is hardly a successful one. Sir Clements Markham has no new facts in store, and although we may pity the young king, who was only nine years old when he came to the throne, and died of consumption in his sixteenth year, we still feel that his reign was the reign of Somerset and of Northumberland. It is true that Edward's worst inheritance was the body of second-rate politicians named in his father's will, but the best that can be said of him is that he was a boy of remarkable powers.

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The Week in the City.

THE PANIC AND ITS PROGRESS.

THE sole topic of conversation in the City has again been the American crisis. It is not over; but rather it gets worse and worse, developing, as many observers predicted it would, on the lines of the panic of 1873; and all the optimistic statements issued from time to time in its early stages by Mr. Cortelyou, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, the Supervisor of National Banks, and the Inspector of Trust Companies, have been falsified one by one with disconcerting rapidity. A premium on gold and legal money has been established in all the great towns of the United States through resort to the desperate but unavoidable device of Clearing House Certificates; for although these certificates are intended only for use between banks, they lead of necessity to the establishment of a sort of depreciated currency in the form of stamped cheques based not upon gold, but upon these inconvertible certificates. But the most extraordinary feature is the refusal of respectable banks to pay depositors. These institutions do not close their doors, but they suspend payment. We heard of a London bank telegraphing to a bank in California to pay a few thousand pounds to a certain wealthy client, and the answer was: "We can't do so; it is inconvenient." Apparently the best banks will not pay cash except in quite small amounts, and even then, apparently, it is only done at a premium. You pay two or three dollars before your cheque for 100 dollars is cashed. The only end one can see to it all is the summoning of Congress and the issue of a flood of inconvertible greenbacks. Possibly the President will do this on his own authority; but it would be a bold step, for it would be a terrible humiliation to the people of the United States. It is now admitted by the best informed correspondents in New York that the leading financiers themselves no longer pretend to expect any immediate revival of confidence. The suspension of cash payments will last for several weeks, possibly for several months. It seems to be admitted that a good many of the large trust companies are unsound, and there must be very many institutions whose assets after the tremendous collapse in the prices of American securities since the year began would fall far short of their liabilities. It is impossible for London to watch these untoward events without concern. There are many American houses in the City, and our commercial intercourse with America is enormous. The money famine in the United States requires large gold imports, and it is to be feared that it will be a long time before these requirements are satisfied. The rate of withdrawal has been so rapid that the Directors of the Bank of England, after raising the rate to 5½ per cent. on Thursday week, raised it to 6 on Monday. A 7 per cent. rate was looked for in the immediate future, but a good deal of apprehension was removed on Tuesday when it became known that the Bank of France would disgorge three millions, and that the Imperial Bank of Germany had at length reluctantly agreed to allow about a million of gold to be released. The relief, however, was short-lived. On Wednesday the Directors became aware of more enormous demands, and seeing that the American crisis was becoming more acute, they raised the rate to 7 per cent. on Thursday morning. This is the highest rate since 1873, when it had to go to 9 per cent. before the American drain could be stopped. It would not be at all surprising to see a higher rate again next week unless the situation is relieved on the other side by a big issue of inconvertible paper.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA.

These exports of gold to America are a natural consequence of the collapse of credit. Cash is now required to carry through many commercial transactions which in normal times are performed by credit. The American newspapers, with the exception of those under the control of the financiers, freely recognise that the sudden distrust and alarm of the public, and especially of the small depositors, are perfectly intelligible, and that general confidence can only be restored by the elimination of the suspects from the control of banking institutions. This is one of the steps that are now being taken for the restoration of confidence,

and we may be sure that far more will depend upon the thoroughness of this measure than upon the quantity of gold imported. I hear, by the way, that, Chicago is in an even worse plight for money than New York.

THE RAILWAY SETTLEMENT.

Mr. Lloyd George's triumph as Conciliator became known late on Wednesday, and gave a great fillip to the home railway market. On Thursday stocks opened again two or three points higher, but fell back later in the day when the 7 per cent. bank rate fell like a thunderbolt on the House. But the guarantee of undisturbed railways for the next seven years is a boon, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated. The monetary crisis will pass in a few days, or weeks, or months; but the good effects of Mr. George's successful mediation will be lasting. Trade may be set back by dearth of money, but it is a blessing to know that it will not be stopped by a railway block. I hear that a big company in the North is closing its works for want of orders; but, on the other hand, many branches of manufacturing industry are still very active and prosperous. Perhaps the most notable case is that of the Lancashire cotton spinners, who are making bigger profits than ever. The Board of Trade returns for October are wonderfully good. When the American panic and the monetary stringency have brought Stock Exchange securities a little lower, there will be plenty of liquid capital coming forward for investment from the prosperous manufacturers and merchants of Lancashire and the West Riding.

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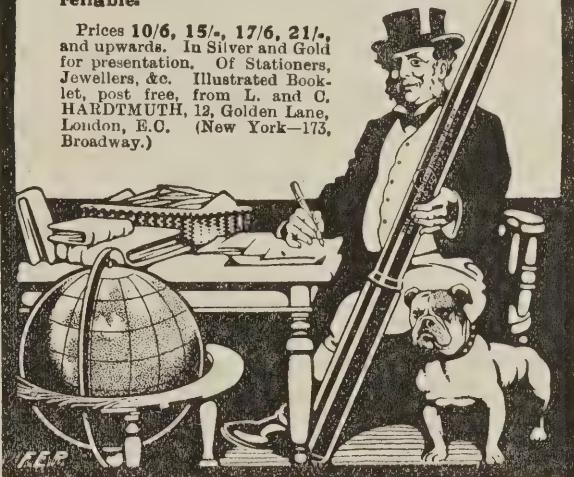
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WORDSWORTH ONCE MORE.*

THIS pleasant book does not add to our knowledge, but it gives the kaleidoscope a shake and a turn, and the mirrors produce an interesting pattern. Wordsworth is at the centre, and many of his contemporaries appear in the aspects in which they stood related to him. Mr. Rannie does not create any new combinations of thought or feeling, but he feels once again in a genuine way what many have felt before him; he has a liberal enjoyment of what is excellent in literature; he constructs no startling theories and he chases no brilliant paradoxes. His list of "Principal Authorities" is considerable, but it omits several books of great importance, among them Mr. E. H. Coleridge's "Letters of S. T. Coleridge," and Warton's collection of Southey's Letters. Legouis' "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth" is mentioned, but "La Révolution Française et les Poètes Anglais," by Dr. Charles Cestre, is omitted. Mr. T. Hutchinson's admirable editions of "Lyrical Ballads" and Wordsworth's "Poems" of 1807 should certainly have been included in Mr. Rannie's list.

But the chief thing is that he has an excellent capacity for enjoyment, and that his enjoyment is intelligent and sane. Perhaps in his sympathy with the Romantic movement he is not quite just to the preparatory work of the eighteenth century—and not merely of the romantic part of its literature. It is true that a great literary revolution took place; but even through a revolution the past runs on. Tocqueville showed that in the methods of the French Revolution not a little of the spirit of the Ancien Régime survived, and was operative. Something of the same kind could be shown in the case of every literary revolt. The revolters cannot create the Year One; they carry on a tradition even while opposing it. The eighteenth century had taught English poetry, in its own inadequate way, to muse "on Man, on Nature, and on Human Life." It had greatly widened the scope of poetic meditation. Young's "Night Thoughts" may be often glittering and insincere; but Young in his own way had thought and felt about human life as a whole. Thomson's style may often be rhetorical, and his diction may be artificial; but Thomson had seen wide prospects of sky and earth. Macpherson's Ossian was scorned by the great veracious dalesman; but Macpherson had helped to prepare an audience—slow to distinguish between reality and unreality, but still a startled audience—for Wordsworth. Even Erasmus Darwin with his "vegetable loves" had helped to create a sense of the all-pervading, unceasing life and energy of nature:—

"o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!"

Much of eighteenth century poetry was, either professedly or in fact, didactic; and it is by no means to the disadvantage of some of Wordsworth's noblest "trances of thought

*"Wordsworth and his Circle." By David Watson Rannie, M.A. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

and mountings of the mind" in "The Excursion," that they rise from substantial, didactic, pedestrian levels. His acquaintance with his poetical predecessors of two or three generations is curiously illustrated by his choice of extracts for Lady Mary Lowther's album, as may be seen in the little volume carefully edited from the MS. by Professor Little-dale. Wordsworth's politics—as declared in his best political writings in prose and verse—were in profound harmony with the wisdom of Edmund Burke, whose person and whose teaching he describes in a memorable passage of the seventh book of "The Prelude." Yes; throughout the revolt of Wordsworth against the utilitarian age of prose some of the most potent influences of the eighteenth century found a transformation indeed, but remained still present.

The political conservatism of Wordsworth's elder years, if understood aright, requires no apology. He venerated man, and what is spiritual in man. He lived in an age of great mechanical and industrial progress. He valued every scientific victory over the forces of external nature, but he thought that machinery was made for men and not men for machinery. He was never a Whig, but, as he intimated not very long before his death, a good deal of the Chartist lay within him. He regarded the British constitution and the English Established Church with the idealising eye of a poet; but he looked forward with ardent hope to changes in society much greater than those which were the immediate objects of the political reformers. He anticipated some of the reforming spirit of the present day. He would in many things have approved the quarrel with nineteenth century society which gave birth to the fears and also the hopes of Ruskin, and he would not have disapproved some of the dreams of William Morris. In 1835—in the Postscript to "Yarrow Revisited"—he uttered a condemnation of the *laissez faire* policy of the utilitarian doctrinaires of the day. He maintained that all persons, whether feeble and old or able-bodied, who cannot find employment or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to State support; he maintained that a Christian Government should stand *in loco parentis* toward all its subjects, and that the claim of the State to allegiance involves the duty of paternal protection; he was among the early advocates of co-operative industry, in which the workers possess a share of the capital. With both Wordsworth and Southey national education was a matter of the deepest interest; but they did not believe that cramming a child with hard pellets of "useful knowledge" is the only means of education.

It is good to see that Mr. Rannie, with his generous literary sympathies, has found enjoyment in the poetry of Southey. Work which gave pleasure to Coleridge and Landor, to Cardinal Newman and Dean Stanley and Sir Henry Taylor, has in it a virtue which may again make itself felt. Mr. Rannie dwells upon Southey's art and style in his longer poems. Possibly he is not sufficiently an intimate of the man Southey to feel how he has impressed his personal character on such poems as "Thalaba" and "Kehama." The ethical elevation of "Thalaba" comes direct from Southey's own aspiring moral feeling. The fortitude and patience of "Kehama" are reflected from that Stoical philosophy which the writer had taken deeply into his heart. Mr. Rannie says a passing hasty word of Southey's marriage with Caroline Bowles, which he would be the first to regret if he were fully acquainted with the facts. It was a wise and honourable union of two old friends who desired to give each such help and comfort to the other as was possible in their elder years. The writer of this article has had the privilege of reading the unpublished letters of Southey which led up to his marriage; they are grave, dignified, and beautiful in feeling. The mental failure which followed before long defeated a design that might well have been expected to result in much sober happiness and usefulness.

On the identification of persons in Wordsworth's

"Castle of Indolence" stanzas, Mr. Rannie should consult an article by Mr. T. Hutchinson in "The Fortnightly Review," November, 1894. He is almost certainly in error in identifying Wordsworth's Peele Castle with the castle in the Isle of Man.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE "PLANET KING."*

SPAIN had, of course, begun to be decadent before the accession, at sixteen years of age, of the sovereign whose melancholy and disastrous reign Major Hume has so admirably described for us. To go no farther back than to the opening of the last decade of Philip II. (the second of the Hapsburg line, under whom the unity of the Peninsula was completed), it was in 1588 that the overweening Spanish designs against England were so utterly undone by the destruction of the grand Armada. Twenty-one years later, in 1609, Philip III. gave the Moors three days in which to clear out of Spain. They went, and with them took—for good and all—the prosperity of the country. The expulsion of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492 (the year of Columbus's discovery of the West Indies) was an act scarcely defensible on economic grounds, but its results were very far indeed from ruining the Peninsula. Ruin and nothing less, however, followed the compulsory exodus of the Moriscos. Trade, manufactures, and agriculture were left to decay and perish. "The resources of Spain, already exhausted," says another historian, "never recovered from this terrible blow."

Dismal enough, therefore, was the prospect faced by the boy King, Philip IV. (so absurdly styled the "Great" and the "Planet King"), when in 1621 he ascended the throne of his father. He did not in the least realise it—long was it before he truly did so—but if he had realised it to the full, would his policy have been different? It is very doubtful. For Major Hume shows us early in his history that the new Philip had been saddled by his immediate predecessor with the mad scheme that had been blindly adhered to for generations, and that he had dutifully accepted it. And what scheme was this? Every student of Spanish history knows it. It was the scheme of religious unity, the most recent fruit of which had been the insanely impolitic expulsion of the Moors. Certain it is that Spain was no longer wealthy enough to face half Europe in arms, to "force orthodoxy on unwilling princes and populations with the resources of ruined Castile alone." Yet Philip IV., when he had been but three years upon the throne, a somewhat brilliant, very indolent, bigoted, good-hearted youth, found himself

"enclosed in the vicious circle which the impossible policy of saddling Spain with the defence and assertion of the Catholic faith throughout the world had imposed upon his doomed house."

With the terrible Richelieu and the European league presently against him, Philip should have abandoned that untenable position in his foreign relations, and devoted his energies to "the concentration of nation resources for the promotion of productive industry and interior economy." This he did not do; and his refusal is justly characterised by Major Hume as "Philip's life tragedy."

Gay and even witty in private among his intimates, a lover of books, music, and pictures (a just, generous, and devoted patron of Velasquez), Philip was fated in the intervals of careless pleasures to a life of wretchedness and remorse; and the end of a reign of forty-five years was the overthrow of the nation, the black despair of the King, and "all quenched in a great wave of tears." What a picture is this that follows:—

"Philip the Great! 'The Planet King,' as the flattering poets called him, this pale, long-faced, sallow young man of twenty-one, who came back to his capital in the spring of 1626 already embittered and disillusioned, confronted by wars and threats of wars on all sides, overwhelmed with poverty, yet inflated with pride; seeking escape from his troubles in the company of poets, painters, actors, and courtesans, and in the buffoonery of distorted dwarfs and half-idiotic monstrosities, whilst the dark heavy man, with the big square head and arrogant mien, led the nation down the slope that ended in inevitable disruption and ruin."

* "The Court of Philip IV.: Spain in Decadence." By Martin Hume. Eveleigh Nash, 18s. net.

The dark, heavy man with the big square head was Olivares, the favourite and Minister; a powerful man enough, but no match for Richelieu. Philip finally broke with and dishonoured him on the loss of Portugal in 1640.

In the interesting preface to this extremely interesting volume, Major Hume tells us how he came to modify the plan of it. He had intended to write a much bigger book, when he discovered that the public taste had undergone a change, and desired something lighter, of the social and familiar sort. So he decided on "a series of pictures chronologically arranged" of the life and surroundings—the Court, in brief—of the King, who consecrated to his very troubled pleasures the hours that his father had bestowed upon his very unfortunate devotions. We incline to the notion that second thoughts were best—for Major Hume, while never neglecting the necessary politics of his subject, has gone far to reconstruct the degenerate but most curious and picturesque society of the period. The ground was more or less virgin, and he has worked it with a skill to which plodding John Dunlop had no pretensions—even had Dunlop been in touch with the seventeenth-century documents that were not in his day available. Anyone in any degree acquainted with the picaresque romances that were of no small service to Cervantes (who published the first part of "Don Quixote" in the year that Philip IV. was born, and who had been but five years dead when Philip came to the throne), will immediately recognise that Major Hume has placed him right in the middle of ancient, ugly, dirty, ill-smelling, intriguing, murderous, and fascinating Madrid. It is a miserable scene if one looks behind it, but every element of what we have been taught to call romance is there.

It was the Augustan age of Spanish literature, but in Philip's reign the stage was perhaps more popular than the novel. The drama celebrated everything in Spanish hopes, passions, ambitions; and in many circles scenes from the Bible were quite as much enjoyed as the lewd and lively comedies of adventure—which showed the brawls and intrigues, the escalading of balconies, the flourishing of sword and dagger, the assassinations in church and theatre, that belonged most literally to the daily life of the town. In the midst of universal poverty, the artisan and workman swagger through the streets in fine garments, the sword displayed at the side; the sham student elbows the beggar at the convent gate for his share of garlic soup; and the fine lady, indecently dressed, apes in the street the manners of the public woman. But the Madrid of this date is nothing if not an artistic capital; and how delightful is the glimpse we have of the young Velasquez exhibiting one of his early masterpieces on the pavement, not as a solicitor of alms, but merely for the pleasure of the pedestrians! In the realm of pure adventure, what scene could be more captivating than the secret entry into Madrid by night of Buckingham and the boy Charles Stuart (the Charles I. that was to be), when Charles comes courting the Infanta: Buckingham in disguise stealing up the stairs of the English ambassador, while the heir to our throne holds the horses in the street? If royal adventures are to seek, what episode surpasses the midnight passage of Philip IV., underground, into the convent of St. Placido, to meet a lovely nun, whom the abbess, in her terror of the Inquisition, has laid out upon a bier with candles at her head and feet?

But the end of it all is dark and sordid. The touch of satiric humour is not wanting. There is not a penny in the palace; the court fool gives a copper to a maid of honour to buy the Queen's sweetmeat for her dessert; the King cannot get an egg to his fish for breakfast. He dies in torment, with a vision of the young France that is climbing the sky above the ruins of historic Spain.

THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD.*

CURIOUS observers of the art of sinking have always given a high place among the dippers of this wonderful species to the Lichfield swan. Her six volumes of Letters and three volumes of Letters and Poems are priceless gems. As we read them we say to ourselves that every syllable of this should be preserved for the benefit of an awestruck pos-

* "A Swan and her Friends." By E. V. Lucas. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.

terity. Books on the lights of Lichfield we have had; in 1813 Mr. W. C. Oulton produced "The Beauties of Anna Seward, carefully selected and alphabetically arranged under appropriate heads; and now it is Mr. Lucas who has set himself the task of furnishing us with a careful and accurate presentment of Anna, in her sentiment as she lived. Was it worth while to impale and anatomise this Egeria of some of the worst poets that even the age of prose ever witnessed? Mr. Lucas (who himself propounds this delicate conundrum) is wrong at any rate, surely, in assuming that this particular species of *bas bleu* is extinct. Molière, Sheridan, Scott, and Thackeray in turn have depicted her admirably, and she is probably quite as much alive at the present day as in the time of the "Précieuses Ridicules." An artist in pointed observation, hating fine writing, and having no great passion for general ideas, Mr. Lucas does not attempt by the aid of the comparative method to discover the kind of *milieu* specially appropriate to the development of faculties such as those of his heroine. Yet the subject has considerable possibilities. Birds of her feather, as he justly says, flock together, and their natural breeding-places are the provincial academies such as Norwich, Edinburgh, Bath, Plymouth, Keswick, Manchester, Lichfield. Whatever the quality in the atmosphere may be that is so favourable to these quaint aviaries, it is seldom that we get an effect so luxuriant in its ensemble as that offered by the group of Lichfield dilettanti represented by the Swards, and the Sneyds, Thomas Day, R. L. Edgeworth, Dr. Darwin, and their select gossips, Lady Miller, Polwhele, W. Hayley, and Mr. T. S. Whalley, that perfect type and picture, as Wilberforce later described him, of a sensible, well-informed, polished, old, well-beneficed, port wine-drinking, nobleman and gentleman's house frequenting, literary and chess-playing divine. And when you look behind this amiable eighteenth century product, you discover, without any further probing whatsoever, a curate starving upon a pittance and doing the well-nourished divine's work in a fen parish so unhealthy that the bishop of the diocese (Ely), when he conferred the benefice upon his well-connected friend, made the express stipulation that he should never enter into residence!

It is most significant that the one contemporary of literary genius that Lichfield produced should fall out of the picture. There was no room for Sam. Johnson in this nest of singing birds, among whom the *belles lettres* and mutual admiration were so assiduously cultivated. Genius has been not ill defined as belonging to the man whose education is self-originated and transcends the quality of his instruction. The revolt of instructed mediocrity against this intuitive faculty is perennial, and it is just this revolt that is represented by poor Miss Seward. On the one hand, the well-taught miss with a local reputation for cleverness and propriety of sentiment and a provocative provincial coterie behind her, on the other, a careless giant who has achieved a result or two, here and there, and in so doing has dropped a good many of the connecting links, and whose rough calculations cannot be proved by rule of thumb. Thackeray, Flaubert, Borrow, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë—how many writers have been the victims of this nice quibbling of a starved imagination! We believe, therefore, that Miss Seward is merely a passing phase of a constant element in literary life. Mr. Lucas takes rather a different view. He regards her as a pioneer of a spurious kind of feminism, peculiar to the eighteenth century. Hitherto men had been in charge of the "Aonian" lyre. Miss Seward, an early blue, rose up to dispute the possession, and everyone was delighted. A period of female literary efflorescence (of which she was the Baptist) was at hand. "Surely it was woman's day—the end of the eighteenth century. Women have not—in literature—had such a time since. There are many ladies writing to-day, and writing much better than Miss Seward ever did; but is there one among them with Miss Seward's reputation? I doubt it, and certainly there is none with Hannah More's. It is not that the ladies are less clever, but they are more diffident. . . . The solemn delivery of final opinions on all subjects is a pastime that has gone out among women." Here is a final opinion, at any rate, of the final truth of which we entertain grave doubts; let the feminine champions of to-day make of it what they can!

We shall all agree with the general accuracy of Mr.

Lucas's picture of this elegant "Sappho," enthroned amid amateur bards, and endowed with all the regalia of minor poetry. Her rule extended to all lovers of bad literature. She simply could not resist a bad poet. Her religion was to praise inferiority. And it was the common duty of her court, not only to like the mediocre, but to say why they liked it; not only to dislike the good, but to say why they disliked it. The book, therefore, may be summed up as a new kind of *encomium moriae*, an exercise in elaborate irony, a thesaurus of all the vicious adornments that are to be avoided at all costs, whether in prose or verse. To castigate this kind of thing is not, perhaps a work of supererogation. Like Flaubert's "Education Sentimentale," it seems at times an almost too elaborate ironical joke upon human banality and ineptitude. The documents are wonderful in their way, no doubt, and Mr. Lucas has dovetailed them together with adroit and surprising strokes of literary skill, though we must admit to having detected signs of hasty work, and although the method of presentation by which the excerpts (which make up four-fifths of the book) are not differentiated typographically from the writer's own comment, does not commend itself to our judgment. When he does put himself into the book the cicerone is charming. The opening scene, for example, is perfectly admirable. Scene: The close, at Lichfield. A summer evening. Enters, a station omnibus from which descend three rural deans, one commercial traveller, and Mr. E. V. Lucas. The deans discuss asparagus and toddle off right, dispersedly. Mr. Lucas is left alone (l.c.). He soliloquises. "Pretty spires, indeed, floating on the water, too, and by Jove! a swan (Mem). So these are Anna's 'ladies of the valley'! Age uncertain: they have hardly turned a hair—or better, a stone. I don't know just what to make of the ruddy tint; not quite the ruddiness of St. Albans, or Wimborne, or even Romsey. Nor red like Worcester, still less white like Salisbury, or grey like Winchester (Mem. for a colour fugue in a book I shall certain write on cathedrals)." Here we have this strenuous literary artist almost unawares, thinking of three things at once, as his avowed practice is, and smoking one of those "enchanted cigarettes," which to most of us are mere delightful dreams, but which he somehow manages to convert, so admirably, into black, and white, and red and silver and gold. Many will turn to this volume with eagerness for the author's deft handicraft in telling the oft-told but always amusing tale of Day and Edgeworth, of Darwin and the Loves of the Triangles, of the Batheaston vase, of Major André, and of the famous "harumfrodite" ladies of Llangollen. Diverting in the extreme is the author's description of how oft he was baffled in his local pursuit of intelligence as to *why* they were so famous, why they were the ladies of Llangollen. Pioneers, these again, of short jupons and gentlemen's boots! The chapter on the Swan and the Bear is instructive (though the last paragraph, by the way, is a bad lapse from Mr. Lucas at his best), and one cannot fail to be surprised that, greatly though the swan must have hated Ursa Major, she cannot, even from her vantage ground, succeed in bringing off anything more severe than a pin-prick—nothing half so stinging, for instance, as Peter Pindar's—

"Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore."

These side shows help to make Anna bearable, and the book readable, even though they divert the author from some typical emanations of the Delphic sibyl. That, for example, in which she compares Polwhele's sonnets with those of Milton, or denounces the coarse and unharmonious strain of Chaucer. Some of her most characteristic epistles, those to Miss Wingfield, are not cited here. It was Miss Wingfield, we think, whom she lectured on "Ossian" ("Do not read 'Ossian' long at once, but take it up often"), to whom she proposed an elaborate refutation of Johnson's criticisms in the "Lives of the Poets," and to whom, when Miss Wingfield reproached herself for long delay in answering, she melted in this exordium. "Your silence excited no cold suspicion of diminished regard. I am not apt to suspect upon trivial circumstances a cessation of attachment which has been voluntarily avowed by characters complexioned like that of dear Miss Wingfield." Miss Seward is an inexhaustible subject, in her own way. But we can go to the well-head for our-

selves, when we feel in the mood for it. There are times when the exercise is anything but exhilarating. And for all Mr. Lucas's good intentions and kind efforts to entertain us, we cannot help wondering whether he might not have left such a work as this to inferior hands, whether it was really worth his while. On the other hand, it might, no doubt, be said that if this book had to be "made" (as Malvolio says) no one could have done it so well as Mr. Lucas. He certainly puts an excellent face upon his work. The frontispiece, after Romney, is delightful. We had no idea that the swan was half so agreeable to look on. It may explain a good deal.

THE GROWTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART.*

PROFESSOR BAKER's book on the development of Shakespeare as a dramatist is one evidence among many of the alert intelligence with which dramatic literature is being studied at the leading American universities. It is an effort, firstly, to place Shakespeare in his environment; secondly, to trace his growth from the soil in which Fate had planted him, and show what raw materials were converted by the chemistry of his genius into that extraordinary literature, which, garnered in the First Folio, has occupied the minds and the pens of men more, probably, than has the product of any other single brain. This means, of course, that Professor Baker has got far away from the supernatural and unconditioned Shakespeare of the Old Criticism. He is still, in our judgment, a little too much inclined to think that when he has accounted for this or that feature in Shakespeare's practice, he has thereby justified it, and silenced all complaint from the point of view of abstract aesthetics. To show that, given the conditions, Shakespeare could scarcely be expected to do otherwise than he did, is not to show that his course was the ideally right one. We do not mean that Professor Baker habitually, or even frequently, falls into this error, but merely that we could wish he had oftener taken the ideal, in frank opposition to the historical, standpoint.

Mr. Baker's first chapter deals with "The Public of 1590, and Shakespeare's Inheritance in Dramatic Technique." Then we have a long and valuable chapter on "The Stage of Shakespeare." This very complex and as yet imperfectly studied subject cannot be exhausted in a chapter, nor even in a volume. Mr. Baker's treatment of it is sensible, careful, and free from misleading dogmatism. He thus sums up the results at which he has provisionally arrived:—

"From much study of the quartos and folios, and from repeated experience in producing Elizabethan plays, I have no doubt that Shakespeare, during the greater part of his career as a dramatist, could use practically four divisions on his stage: front, inner, back, and upper stage, with three curtains, one in the balcony, another under the balcony, and a third somewhere in front. I would not maintain, however, that this held good for all theatres, nor even for any one theatre throughout its whole history. These possibilities permitted any skilled dramatist an alternation of scenes when he desired, but did not exact it as some writers seem to think."

The doubtful points in this very moderate statement are the curtain "somewhere in front," and the theory of an alternation of deep and shallow scenes, which presupposes such a curtain. So far as our own studies have gone, we find the evidences of its use extremely rare and doubtful; while it is hard to believe that, if it existed at all, it would not be frequently and freely used. But the matter is too complex for even the most summary discussion in this place. We note with satisfaction, however, that Mr. Baker admits the back or "alcove" stage, which is altogether rejected by some of the believers in "somewhere in front."

In his third chapter, Mr. Baker gets to the heart of his subject, and begins with a study of Shakespeare's early experiments in "plotting" and adaptation. It might be wished, perhaps, that he had not sought in "Titus Andronicus," as compared with "Love's Labour Lost"

and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," an evidence of the poet's increasing skill in dramatic story-telling; for the arguments which would acquit Shakespeare of any complicity in this series of horrors are certainly too strong to be disregarded. Even if Professor Baker, personally, is convinced that they are inadequate, it seems a pity to use as a link in a chain of argument a play as to which there can be any reasonable doubt. The argument implies, be it observed, not merely that Shakespeare "wrote up" a scene or two, but that the whole conduct of the action is a sign of his growing skill.

The gist of Professor Baker's doctrine is that Shakespeare soon recognised that the prime necessity of the dramatist's art, at any rate in relation to such a public as that of Elizabethan England, was the power to tell an absorbing story, and to keep the stage occupied with a series of incidents justly arranged and emphasised so as to prevent any slackening of the spectator's attention. His supremacy lay in the gift he possessed for fulfilling this primary condition, and yet leading us, through the sequence of stirring incidents, into the very depths of character. Where, in his mature works, he seems to us to fail as a theatrical story-teller, it is (the critic suggests) sometimes because a particular feature in the story seizes our attention, to the detriment of other features which were equally interesting to the Elizabethans: sometimes because the slow and cumbrous process of modern scene-shifting deprives the incidents of that vivacious rapidity of sequence with which they were originally presented. That this is in essence the right account of the matter we do not doubt; but the fact remains (and Professor Baker does not grapple with it) that even in his best work Shakespeare was very much inclined to over-tell his story—to dwell upon details of such slight importance that they drop away in modern representation, and no one ever dreams of missing them. Take, for instance, in "As You Like It," the short passages at the usurper's court, which appear in modern editions as Act II., Scene 2, and Act III., Scene 1. Experience has amply shown that they are unnecessary—that no audience requires the information conveyed in them; nor can they have had any interest for Elizabethan audiences which they lack for us. Professor Baker would have done well to face the question of the over-copiousness which generally marked Shakespeare's work even in his best period. For our part, though we detest the transposition of scenes in which the modern stage-manager so often indulges, we confess to a conviction that a judicious stage-version of a Shakespearean play is generally a better work of art than the complete text, and would have been so even in Shakespeare's own day. There can be no doubt, indeed, that even in that day the text of many of his plays was largely compressed in representation. It almost seems as though it had been his deliberate method to write a good deal more than could be acted, and then decide by experiment at rehearsal what scenes and speeches were likely to prove effective.

Perhaps the most delicate piece of criticism in Mr. Baker's book is that in which he shows that the distinction between Shakespeare's "Histories" and "Tragedies" is not fundamental, but that tragedy, for him, almost inevitably developed out of history, as soon as "his interest in prince or noble as human being had come to supersede his interest in him as king or ruler." On the other hand, we cannot think that Mr. Baker is quite successful in establishing as a distinction between tragedy and melodrama an "inevitable" interlinking of cause and effect in the higher class of work. He argues, for instance (in opposition to Professor Bradley) that the one point at which "Romeo and Juliet" falls below the tragic level is that at which a mere chance intervenes to prevent Romeo from receiving intelligence of the arrangement between Friar Lawrence and Juliet in regard to the sleeping-potion. "That turn in the play," he says, "is at the will of the dramatist, is melodrama, and it breaks the chain of circumstance necessary for perfect tragedy." We cannot see the distinction between the chance miscarriage of Friar Lawrence's message and any of the other chances on which the action of the play turns—the chance meeting of Romeo, Mercutio, and Tybalt, the chance by which Tybalt kills Mercutio, the chance by which Romeo kills Tybalt, the chance by which Romeo drinks the poison three minutes

* "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist." By George Pierce Baker, Professor of English in Harvard University, Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

before the time of Juliet's awakening. These are all chances; there is nothing inevitable in any of them; but they are natural and probable chances as distinct from violently improbable coincidences—and surely that is enough.

EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS.*

THIS book contains a selection of English lyrics from the earliest period up to the Renaissance. It stops short of Wyatt and Surrey, whom we may take to be the first Renaissance poets in our literature. The choice of poems, we are told in the preface, has been made in most cases on the ground of their literary qualities alone, and they are arranged in four sections, amorous, divine, moral, and trivial. There is an interesting essay on some aspects of the medieval lyric by Mr. Chambers, and there are notes, not enough perhaps for most readers, explaining the meaning of obsolete words or forms, and also general notes at the end of the book. Mr. Chambers in his essay points out that we cannot "trace any direct development of art song out of folk song in England analogous to that which took place in France. Anglo-Saxon poetry, as we have it, is already clear of the folk." It is all literary, epical, religious, or didactic. But "at the Conquest the vernacular goes underground for a couple of centuries, and England becomes, for literary purposes, a province of France." Not until the end of the thirteenth century do we get any English secular lyrics, and then come three pieces in this book—"Sumer is icumen in," "Mirie it is while sumer ilast," and "Fouelès in the frith." Of these, "Sumer is icumen in," is certainly far the best. Indeed, it is probably the best of all our medieval secular lyrics. It is not folk song, Mr. Chambers says, "but a learned composer's adaptation of a reverdie or chant of welcome to the spring." There is no more artful poem in our literature, although the language is simple enough, and we may well wonder how so much metrical skill was possible at the very beginning of our lyrical poetry. There is the same metrical skill in the group of love songs from the beginning of the fourteenth century, of which four are given in this book:—

"Lenten is come with love to towne,
With bloschen and with briddes rounne,
That all this blisse bryngeth,
Dayes-eyès in the dales,
Notes swete of nyte-gales;
Uch foul song singeth."

In fact, art rather than any strong passion or directness of speech is the main characteristic of our love poetry up to Chaucer's time and later. It is all literary, probably based on French models, and most of it written for music and adapted to that purpose with great skill. Some of the poems are in a strange mixture of French, Latin, and English, and these, Mr. Chambers thinks, were written by wandering priests:—

"Sachez bien, pleyasant et beele,
That I am in right good heele,
Laus Christo!
Et mon amour doné vous ay,
And also thine mene night and day,
In Cisto."

Chaucer, of course, was an entirely literary poet, and about as far from folk song as Dryden or Pope. His lyrics are not songs like the earlier ones, but poems intended to be read like Shakespeare's sonnets; and all his followers wrote poems of the same kind, so that English literary poetry drifted further and further from folk song. But in the fifteenth century a new vernacular poetry began in the ballads. Mr. Chambers gives no true ballads, since they are narrative rather than lyric; nor does he discuss them, because they "open up too many serious questions for treatment as a side issue here." There can be little doubt, however, that the ballads put fresh life into English poetry of all kinds, and, above all, into English metres, which in the hands of the literary poets were growing as monotonous as in the eighteenth century, and far more formless. The beautiful "Nut-brown Maid," which, since it is mainly lyrical, is included in this book, shows us how the ballads enriched our poetry, both with new music and new subject

matter. It dances about as lightly as the earlier love lyrics that were written for music, and were half music in themselves, and yet it is full of character and human interest. Another thing which shows the ballad influence is the wonderful verse of the fifteenth century:—

"Western wind when w'lt thou blow,
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again."

Just before the Renaissance comes Skelton, a poet without a parallel in our literature. He wrote neither folk song nor literary poetry nor ballads, but a kind of glorified doggerel of his own, in which you seem to hear the very tones of his voice. Verse has surely never sounded so like actual speech as in his extraordinary outburst of praise to Mistress Isabel Pennell, which begins like a nursery rhyme:—

"By Saint Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your daddy
Brought forth a goodly baby."

and then gradually passes into poetry, still like speech but most delicate and serious:—

"Ennewed your colour,
Is like the daisy flower,
After the April shower.

Star of the morning gray,
The blossom on the spray,
The freshest flower of May."

And again:—

"It were an heavenly health,
It were an endless wealth,
A life for God himself,

To hear this nightingale
Among the birds smale,
Warbling in the vale,

'Dug, dug, jug, jug!
Good gear and good luck!
With 'Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck!'"

In Skelton's verse natural speech asserts itself too violently for the literary taste of the time. He was a strange and isolated figure, the most primitive of all our poets; and the new lyric poetry of the Elizabethans did not grow out of him but out of the literary verse of the Renaissance.

There was more religious lyric poetry than love poetry in medieval England, and it came earlier. "The thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries afford quite a respectable harvest," Mr. Chambers says, and he remarks that "the dominant feature of this poetry is its elegiac quality." Indeed, it is a little depressing to the modern reader, who likes, as a rule, to be comforted in religious verse, and who is separated by the Renaissance from the medieval idea of the utter subordination of this life to another. To us the pleasantest of these religious poems were those which remind us of the Madonnas of Italian primitive painters:—

"This lovely lady sat and sang,
And to her child can say,
'My son, my broder, my fader dere,
Why liest thou thus in hay?
My swetèrid, thus it is betid.
Thogh thou be King veray;
But never-theles I will not cese
To sing, by by, lullay.'"

Then there is a cheerful shepherd's song.

"His name was called Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a good herde's boy,
At hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy."

And these things show us that medieval religion was far from being melancholy.

The moral lyrics are usually full of rather obvious reflections about life, often expressed with some spirit, as in this verse:—

"Winteres wether and wommanes' thought,
And lorde's love changeth oft.
This is the sothe, if it be sought,
For service is none eritage."

Women are both attacked and defended in the medieval lyric, nobly defended in "The Nut-brown Maid," and often attacked without much wit in the "trivial" lyrics. There are songs in praise of a bachelor's life, and complaints of

* "Early English Lyrics." Chosen by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick. Bullen, 6s. net.

hen-pecked husbands, quite in the style of modern humorists joking against the grain—

"All that I may swink or swete,
My wife it will both drink and ete;
And I say ought, she will me hete;
Careful is my hart therefor."

And so on. The chief merit of these, as of most medieval lyrics is metrical. They go with a swing of which modern verse, with all its subtlety and enrichment, has not the secret. One can see that they were made to be sung, and often, no doubt, the poet had a tune in his head when he made them. But, after all, poetry was not the great art of the Middle Ages; and they are not to be judged by their verse.

THREE ARAB CITIES.*

It is scarcely necessary to say that Professor Margoliouth's share of the present work is excellently done. Of all kinds of history, Oriental history is the hardest to write. Western history holds together of its own accord. Its events grow out of each other in a more or less rational and comprehensible sequence which the narrative has only to follow to be itself rational and comprehensible. But in Oriental history, and especially in Arab history, there is no sequence or coherence at all. Its events are totally disconnected, proceeding each one from the impulse of the moment, and the result is an unintelligibility which soon gives rise to utter weariness. The individual figures, it is true, are each one extraordinarily fascinating and romantic, and the particular exploits, whether splendid or revolting, are almost sure to be unusual, striking, and picturesque in a high degree. But all this cannot compensate for the lack of connection between events. What engages in history our interest and attention is the consciousness of a hidden stream of tendency, of an intention and purpose under gradual development. This is the string upon which, like beads, the facts of history are strung. We sometimes call it the "thread of the narrative." It is because Arab history has no thread that it is almost impossible to present it in any intelligible form whatever.

To say that Professor Margoliouth entirely surmounts the difficulty would be absurd. You cannot string beads on nothing, or make a consecutive narrative out of unrelated circumstances. But his mastery of his material and practice in dealing with Arab ideas and Arab literature prove of inestimable value. He knows what facts to select, and, which is much more important, what to leave out. The *embarras de richesse* of glittering incidents, sure to overwhelm an inexperienced writer, is unsparingly thinned out until a certain relief and clearness of effect is obtained. So with a firm hand we are guided through various scenes in the history of Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus. The *Khitat Taufikiyyah* Jaddiah of Ali Pasha Mubarak, the memoirs of the French Archæological Mission at Cairo, the "Arabie History of Modern Egypt," by G. Zaidan, and the architectural works of Herz Bey, are among the authorities from which Professor Margoliouth has drawn material. The latter have proved especially useful. Both in the text and illustrations Arab architecture is extensively noticed, and we find in this connection an anecdote which seems to us worth repeating. The reader has often doubtless felt how faithfully, with what a freakish fidelity, Arab character is embodied in the Arab style of building. The spasmodic, fantastical impulses, the lack of all coherence and continuity of action which we were noting as the main characteristics of Arab history, and which are certainly the most noticeable traits in the Arab himself, in his manner, features, gait, and accents, are the chief characteristics also of his architecture. The piers, columns, and walls of an Arab building are always so ill put together and composed of such a jumble of odds and ends of older styles that they momentarily threaten to dissolve altogether, while the upward portion breaks into all kinds of fantastical arch forms and entanglements of tracery without beginning or end. To a people imbued with the constructive instinct such a mode of building must

needs have seemed strange enough, and I had often wondered what the Greeks must have thought of such a style and wished that their criticism had remained to us. What one of them thought Professor Margoliouth has now recorded. Prince Muawiyah, of Damascus, it seems, had built himself a new palace, and, being extremely proud of it, he summoned a Greek envoy, who had recently arrived in the city, to pronounce upon it the judgment of a connoisseur. This turned out to be pretty much what one would have expected. "The upper part," said the Greek, "will do for birds, and the lower for rats." There you have the verdict of a race in which the sense for form was an instinct on the work of a race wholly lacking in that sense, and we believe it would be impossible to notice more bitingly the mingled frivolity and insecurity which characterise the Arab style. The truth is the Arab was far too emotional ever to do himself justice in so intellectual an art as architecture. What he did himself justice in was in the emotional side of art—in colour.

And this brings us to Mr. Tyrwhitt's share in the present work. Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Barratt have provided some sixty-eight drawings of bazaars, mosques, street scenes, and so on, which, reproduced by the three-colour process, supply the Oriental colour element. What are we to say of these? We can say, to begin with, that they are of their kind excellent, that they are quite free from the vulgarity and exaggeration which commonly characterise such prints, and that it is easy to see they are rendered from drawings of real merit. But it is with the quality of the colour we are here particularly concerned. Like all Oriental races, the Arabs have expressed themselves most spontaneously in colour. Colour in the East holds the place that form holds in the West. You have it all round you; you breathe it and live in its presence. This it is that interprets Arab character and renders what is profound, mystical, and emotional in the Arab temperament, and accordingly this is the one thing which it is absolutely necessary to reproduce truly if it is to be reproduced at all. Now on this point, as regards the truth of the colouring of these prints, it is difficult for anyone familiar with the scenes they depict to avoid speaking with a certain decision and emphasis. For the fact is that not only is this not Oriental colouring, but it bears no kind of resemblance to Oriental colouring. Oriental colour is above all things pure and clean. This is probably an aerial effect due to the extreme clearness and purity of the atmosphere. In any case, it matters not what the scene may be, whether it be a gorgeous corner of the carpet bazaar or some reeking and noisome alley given over to flies and filth, the peculiar pure and transparent quality of the colouring remains the same. In the holes of shops dug in the walls, in the clear shadow, the deep tints shine. Out in the sun the colour plays round each thing like the light itself, bathing it in a kind of lustre so that it seems to give off colour. Often has the writer seen the edges of shutters, the edges of the yards of the Nile boats sailing down the river, outlined distinctly in prismatic rays. It is difficult to give an idea of the effect of such colour. We can only say that if the reader ever becomes familiar with the Arab temperament itself, its quivering sensibility and store of emotion, he will recognise the human meaning of such colour quickly enough. The step, the movement, the glance of the dark eye, all seem of one significance with the pure, vibrating colour around. How often must Mr. Tyrwhitt have sighed to himself as he contrasted mentally the radiant and glowing reality with the prints of his sketches as they eventually appeared! For the truth is that this transparency and purity, in which the whole character and mental effect of Oriental colour reside, is exactly what the three-colour process cannot give even a semblance of. The shadows in these reproductions are not luminous, but dull and opaque. The figures and garments and fruit stalls are coloured enough to be sure, but the colour is utterly lacking in purity and transparency, and appears in mere sodden blots. It would be a thankless task to examine these prints in detail. It is enough to say that they testify to the complete inability of process printing to reproduce clear and pure colour. Failing to do this, it fails to give us just what in Oriental colour is distinctive and significant, just what is interpretative of Arab life and character. The Arab has expressed himself

* "Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus." By D. S. Margoliouth. With illustrations in colour by W. S. S. Tyrwhitt and R. Barratt. Chatto & Windus. 20s. net.

Literary Notes.

"The Virgin Birth of Christ."

By the Rev. Prof. James Orr.

Mr. Shorter's

"Immortal Memories."

New Novels by J. J. Bell, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, and Leonard Merrick.

London, November 9th

Professor Orr's important lectures on "THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF CHRIST," have just been published by Hodder & Stoughton. They are a broad yet conservative statement of this great discussion. In his preface, Dr. Orr says:—

"The aim of the lectures is to establish faith in the miracle of the Lord's Incarnation by Birth from the Virgin, to meet objections, and to show the intimate connection of fact and doctrine in this transcendent mystery. The organism of truth is one, and there is much need, in these days of loose ends in thinking, to fortify what may be called the doctrinal conscience by showing how the parts of Divine truth cohere together."

For the preacher there can be no more important volume published this autumn than that containing the Lyman Beecher Lectures on preaching, which were delivered in Yale University this year by Dr. P. T. Forsyth, the Principal of Hackney College. Dr. Forsyth believes that with its preaching Christianity stands or falls, and his new volume, which is entitled "POSITIVE PREACHING AND MODERN MIND," commences with this assertion.

The last series of lectures delivered by the late Dr. John Watson were also primarily intended for preachers. They are an exposition of the place and power of the Bible in preaching, and are especially interesting as explaining the predominant note of Dr. Watson's teaching. It is interesting to note that these lectures, entitled "GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE HUMAN SOUL," appear almost simultaneously with another volume by "Ian Maclaren," on "THE SCOT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." Dr. Watson has made his pages as interesting as a historical novel. He has given us a deeply fascinating narrative of the life of the Scottish people in the eighteenth century.

Dr. R. J. Cooke, in his able volume, "THE INCARNATION AND RECENT CRITICISM," reviews the methods and findings of negative criticisms on the Incarnation, the Gospel narratives of the Virgin Birth, and seeks to show the untrustworthy character of rationalistic thought in these and kindred themes.

"IMMORTAL MEMORIES" is the title of a new volume by Clement Shorter. Mr. Shorter writes to the immortal memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson, William Cowper, George Borrow, George Crabbe, and gives us chapters on the literary association of East Anglia, Dr. Johnson's ancestry, the private life of Ferdinand Lassalle, Lord Acton's hundred best books. This is a delightful and fascinating book for the student of literature.

The publication of the "COLLECTED POEMS OF DORA SIGERSON SHORTER," has tempted Mr. Meredith out of his silence and seclusion to write a preface which is neither flattering nor irrelevant, as these tributes often are, but a deserving tribute to her special quality and the Celtic spirit at large. "Mrs. Shorter's writings," says the "Scotsman," "are already too well known to need praising now, and readers who regard the movement to feed the fainting fires of English poetry with old Irish legends and tradition, as the only living monument in the higher regions of the imaginative

literature of to-day, always point to the work of this graceful and intellectually interesting singer. Mr. Meredith happily sums up her power by saying that she has 'the gift of metrical narrative.' Her ballads are among the most effective of the modern sort. The lyrical pieces gathered at the close of this volume show how she excels also in the more personal vein. That her work should appear in a collective edition must prove matter for congratulation among all serious lovers of poetry."

We have been waiting long for a full-length novel from the pen of Mr. J. J. Bell, a book which should do full justice to his very remarkable talent. "THOU FOOL," as might be expected from the title, is a story of the mockery of riches. It is from title to closing scene a remarkable book, a story that grips, a story for the times.

The popularity of Madame Albanesi as a novel writer is easily understood. "She has," says the "Queen," "a happy manner of writing about happy people. To read one of her books is to be put in a good temper with yourself and the world in general. Her knowledge, too, of men and women, is extraordinary." This is particularly apparent in her new novel, "LOVE-IN-A-MIST." The story has quite an original theme, and in the delineation of Jane Charlton and her fine lover, Madame Albanesi has scope for those delicate touches, those shrewd suggestions of character, and that sincerity of sincerity which marks all her work.

"Once or twice I have seen it asserted," says a writer in the "Bookman," "that the best novels in our day are being written by women; many of them are, at all events, and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has written more than one of them." Indeed, we think Mrs. Reynolds has written another of them in her new novel "BROKEN OFF." As the author of "A Dull Girl's Destiny," "The Man Who Won," and other popular books, she has already established her fame as a novelist, and "Broken Off" will add still more to the breadth and height of it.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is an author who is surely coming to his own. Few modern English novelists have received higher praise from the critics than he has, and in "THE HOUSE OF LYNCH" he has written a novel which undoubtedly makes a strong bid for wide popularity. Mr. J. M. Barrie counts Leonard Merrick among the half-dozen best novelists of the day. "A new book by Leonard Merrick," he writes, "is to me one of the events of the year"; while Mr. W. D. Howells places his novels next after Jane Austen's in English fiction, and Hawthorne's in American, and writes that he "can think of no recent fictionist of his own nation who can match with Mr. Merrick."

It is not often that one comes across a work so fresh, so sincere, so intimately personal as "Honor's Patchwork," and a new book, in which Honor's once again takes the public into her confidence, and introduces them to her present circle, is sure of a hearty welcome.

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in colour right enough, but not in colour of this sort, not in the colour of the three-colour process. The reader will make no sort of acquaintance through this dull medium with the fiery race that has inspired so much of the action of the world; he may make up his mind to that.

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR.*

By this sub-title to his "Memorials of Thomas Davidson," Professor Knight fitly designates the man who has reproduced, more fully than any other in our time, the type of those travelling philosophers of the Renaissance like Giordano Bruno, who wandered from place to place and from country to country, seeking neither wealth nor pleasure, but opportunities of study and of disseminating ideas.

Born and educated in Scotland, Thomas Davidson studied, taught, lectured, and wrote in Canada and the United States, in England, Italy, and Greece. Now we find him living at Athens, and writing about the frieze of the Parthenon; then passing a year at Domodossola in close friendship with the Rosminian brotherhood, translating Rosmini's Psychology, and writing a book on his philosophy. A little later he is living at Chelsea, and gathering together a group of earnest men to form the Fellowship of the New Life, from whose meetings the Fabian Society sprang. Next we hear of him at Boston, the centre of a Philosophical Society, which often met in his rooms, and numbered among its members William James, Dr. W. T. Harris, and G. H. Howison. In 1888 he established the Summer School of Philosophy at the little town of Farmington, Connecticut, but afterwards removed it to his mountain farm, called Glenmore, in the solitudes of the Adirondacks, where, in a large farm kitchen, or round a camp fire in the woods, eager students spent their holidays discussing the problems of philosophy, ethics, or economics. After a lecture delivered two years before his death, in the east side of New York City, to an audience of working people, on "The Task of the Twentieth Century," a man rose to protest against the view that poor and overworked people could acquire knowledge and culture. Davidson vehemently replied that they had all the opportunity they deserved, and that if they only wanted these things badly enough they could get them, adding that he himself would come and help to teach them. This meeting led to the foundation of a Breadwinners' College, where, with a few devoted helpers, Davidson strove to give the poorest an opportunity of sharing in the spiritual inheritance of the race. The strength and weakness of Davidson's philosophy is shown by his reply to the objector. Endowed with unusual vigour of body and mind, his early struggles served but to develop his intellect and strengthen his character. He believed with all his soul in the power of the human will to triumph over circumstances, however adverse, and could not realise that less robust natures might be hopelessly maimed, or even crushed, in the conflict, and require a more favourable environment for their spiritual development. Hence in philosophy and sociology alike, he always remained a pronounced individualist.

Writing to the students of the Breadwinners' College, he says:—"The state is a pure, helpless, inactive abstraction; you and I and our fellows are the only reality that can effect anything. . . . The state is a mere abbreviation for a certain number of individuals acting together in a certain way for a certain purpose. . . . What is true of 'state' is true of 'government,' and all similar terms. When taken for realities they become mere idols, and all reliance on them is practical idolatry and crass superstition," and he adds, "the whole aim of modern philosophy is to clear away these creatures, idols and phantoms that have so long deluded and enslaved us, and to show us that we ourselves are the true reality on which everything depends." With this conception of the sole reality of the individual, it was impossible for him to perceive the organic unity of society, and he was, therefore, always opposed to Socialism, though many of his friends were Socialists, and the Fabian Society, as has been said, owed its origin to his initiative. This theory of

the sole reality of the individual is, of course, the essence of Pragmatism, and Davidson numbered William James and Prof. Dewey, the leaders of that school of philosophy, amongst his most intimate friends, but his philosophy was his own, and twenty-five years ago he was enthusiastically advocating its doctrines. Thomas Davidson was one of the few whose intellect, in Schopenhauer's phrase, is no longer the slave of the will; who value ideas for their own sake and not merely for their practical utility, and yet no one was ever more anxious to express his ideas by his life. His wide knowledge and marvellous memory; the enormous vitality and consequent buoyant optimism of the man; the force of a powerful mind seething with ideas, made intercourse with Davidson intensely stimulating and awakening. "What I want to do," he once said, "is to help people to think for themselves, and to think round the circle, not in scraps and bits." The record of his work in founding the Fellowship of the New Life, the Summer Schools, and the Breadwinners' College, the appreciations of William James and other prominent men, and the letters and essays given in this book will make the reader acquainted with a unique and deeply interesting personality whose supreme virtues were a disinterested love of truth, and unflinching intellectual honesty.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.*

THE religious consciousness takes two shapes as it represents its object near or distant, friendly or hostile. In the first case we have the religion of the Spirit, or mysticism; in the second, that of authority, of the letter; the various religions fall under one or other head. It is not meant, of course, that either in itself or in its professors religion is either purely mystical or purely authoritative; this is seldom, if ever, so; but that these are the types to which the phenomena respectively tend and which suggest themselves as principles of classification. Each has its justification in experience; each its strong and weak points. The "pectoral" theologian will strike a balance between the two. The points of view are to a great extent temperamental; it is difficult for either to understand or do justice to the other. "The letter killeth," writes a mystic, if ever there were one. Yes; but, human nature being what it is, we cannot dispense with it: Christianity, almost in the first generation, became "the New Law." Mysticism is vague, visionary, subjective, an *ignis fatuus*, misleading those who follow it. It has been so; it will be so to the end for the unwary; but the Spirit giveth life.

"Without the mystic element religion becomes always an external, and often an empty thing. The Church can never get rid of the mystic spirit, nor should she attempt to do so, for it is, in fact, her life. It is another name for conscience, for freedom, for the rights of the individual soul, for the grace and privilege of direct access to the Redeemer, for the presence of the Divine Spirit in the heart."

Mysticism is often defined *per obscurius*. It is "the science of spiritual mysteries," says Mr. Scott; and a mystery is "ever a secret, but to the initiated it is an open one." In spite of their New Testament authority, such words as mysteries, initiates, &c., are better avoided—they bring in the notion of Eleusinianism from which it is important to get away. In the New Testament age this importation was a help, in our own it has become a hindrance to the right understanding of the facts. For mysticism is the very antithesis of the sacerdotal cultual religion with which those conceptions associate it—an association which lies at the root of the pronounced anti-mysticism of writers of the Ritschlian school. It connects rather with the interior light. It is the "extension of the frontier of consciousness"; the search for, and discovery of God not without but within. "How can any external revelation help me," asks Eckhart, "unless it be verified by inner experience? The last appeal must always be to the deepest part of my own being."

It is a strange thing to see what trouble we take, most of us, to get away from ourselves. "The world is too much with us": it usurps the sanctuary even; here, in the Holy

* "Memorials of Thomas Davidson—the Wandering Scholar." Edited by William Knight. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.

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of Holies, the external—a rite, a creed, the priest, asceticism—ousts the legitimate occupant, the soul. Never, indeed, finally or wholly: the attempt breaks down on an interior contradiction. Happily; for its success would mean the closing of the religious sense, the twilight of the Gods would deepen into the night of the universe. "I sought Thee without, but Thou wast within." What we can do, and what is unfortunately too often done, is to transform religion into a hard externalism—to present it as the survival of traditions, formulas, modes of thought and feeling which the world has outgrown. Hence disgust and revolt: the inextinguishable germ of religion resists at once stereotyping and externalisation. This resistance takes unexpected forms. M. Faguet has shown what anti-clericalism means, and, subjective as is his bias, his facts are beyond question. But, odious as its manifestations often are, anti-clericalism is a reaction not against the good but the evil elements in popular religion; it attacks the former *obiter* only and by a confusion of thought. To take a parallel case: Not long ago a Dublin alderman on a holiday distinguished himself by hauling down the Union Jack. Whatever may be thought of the taste or propriety of the action, it would be a mistake, and a stupid one, to put him down as an anarchist. What he was in antagonism to was not government as such, but what he regarded, perhaps not without reason, as the defects of the government under which he lived. The supporters of order are often its enemies; its opponents, its friends. The same paradox is found in religion—a Dubois, not a Voltaire, is its danger. The crimes and follies of anti-clericalism, from the Feast of the Goddess of Reason onwards, are protests, if we examine them closely, not against Christianity but against the corruptions of Christianity. Remedy abuses in the state, and sedition is powerless; enforce the law of trespass on the clergy, and anti-clericalism of the militant type disappears.

If religion without mysticism is apt to degenerate into a system of propitiation with its attendant evils, mysticism, it must be admitted, tends not unfrequently to obscure certain facts which are prominent in historical religion and have their roots deep in human nature—the transcendence of God, the sense of sin, the need of reconciliation. Hence the suspicion with which it is regarded by theologians; it is an ally, but an ally not to be trusted without reserves. In the great Catholic mystics, it has been noticed, the mystical and the ecclesiastical lie side by side unmediated. The key to their reconciliation lies in symbolism: as this principle, at present little understood, is recognised, the two will be harmonised. In Clement of Alexandria, says Mr. Scott, "the historical facts of the Christian revelation are accorded their due place; but the idea they enshrine is always placed in the forefront. The outward sign is acknowledged, but it is the inner that is regarded." That these facts are symbols is not to say that they are not also events. But the thing symbolised is larger than the symbol; and life gains unity and significance when viewed *sub specie aeternitatis*. Thus "tradition and scripture itself, Dionysius teaches, are to be read symbolically, for only in this way can their hidden truths be revealed."

If the mystical temper is too living to be unattended by risks—what is strong for good, will, under certain circumstances, be strong also for evil—it is no less true that it alone opens the way of escape from them; it heals the wounds that it inflicts. Two of these may be indicated: the spirit of sect, which makes illumination the privilege of the few, and the inversion which transforms the symbol, the sacrament, Christian or Pagan, into a physical and embodied grace. Pauline and Joannine teaching are at one in insisting on the universality of the inner experience. Its non-recognition is due to a defective analysis of consciousness; we must dig deeper down. And the realisation of the all-embracing character of symbolism corrects misconception of the nature of symbol: there are more than two, or even seven, sacraments; "all things," said Heraclitus, "are full of gods." A picturesque story of this philosopher, preserved by Aristotle in the *Metaphysics*, gives the concrete side of the thought. His disciples, it tells us, finding him in his laboratory, and shrinking back from the heat and smoke of the furnace, he bade them enter boldly—"for here also there are gods." Then words have their lesson. In our busy modern world it is not only, perhaps not even chiefly, in the retirement of the school or the cloister, but

in the press of men, in the senate, the camp, the mart, the populous city quarter, that the mystic, he whose vocation is to the inner life, is to be found.

Mr. Scott's chapters on the great Christian mystics are full of sympathy and insight; that on Peter Sterry, a member of the Westminster Assembly, and preacher to the Council of State under the Protectorate, calling for special note.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister suffered a sharp attack of illness on Wednesday night, after his speech at Bristol. We are happy to say that the medical report which followed it was most satisfactory, and that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman only requires a few days' or hours' rest at Bristol before he returns to work. Only a man of iron could have withstood the combined fatigue of Cabinet, with State ceremony in London and Windsor, a long railway journey, and an exhausting speech, all crammed into a few flying hours.

THE Prime Minister dealt with the entire political situation in a vigorous speech at the Colston Banquet at Bristol on Wednesday, emphasising the Liberal case against the Lords with great earnestness, and powerfully re-stating the Free Trade argument. Mr. Balfour was going to the Birmingham Congress to submit to Protection, or more probably to play with it. But the nation could not afford to play with "a little Protection" any more than it could play with a "little contagious disease." As for a broadened system of taxation it was a mere phrase, covering a return to the days when there were 1,799 articles on the British tariff, with a miserable balance from this sum of oppression for old age pensions. As for the Lords, the position was that the Commons had to give way to "500 absolutely irresponsible persons," claiming superior authority, wisdom, and even knowledge of the minds of the electors who had put the Government in power. The defence of this body was to trade on the fears of the community—to pull out the old paste-board dragon of Socialism, paint it afresh, and fit it with new scales and claws. The Prime Minister quoted Lord Rosebery's saying that if property depended on an indefensible institution, he would not give many years' purchase for it. Neither could it depend on a denial to the nation of the right of effective self-government.

MR. BALFOUR's long expected speech at Birmingham on Thursday proved to be in form a surrender to

Protection, coupled with reserves which, in the eyes of the "Morning Post," the chief organ of Protection in the Conservative daily Press, go far to destroy its effect, for it declares that by refusing to give a direct answer to Mr. Asquith's challenge as to whether he would tax corn, meat, and butter, he has played into the hands of his opponents. Mr. Balfour, having first declared against the exclusion from the Unionist Party of members having differences with the main body, and declaring that "no precision of doctrine was possible," proceeded to accept the four propositions of the Chaplin resolution. These were that it was necessary to broaden the basis of taxation, to safeguard productive industries from "unfair competition"—the old Balfourian phrase—to strengthen the British position in foreign markets, and to establish Colonial preferences. He proceeded to say that on this latter point his immediate policy would be to summon afresh the Colonial Conference, "and see if we cannot do something" to achieve Imperial unity. As to taxation, his principles were first that the new duties should be "widespread" and "numerous," the second that they should be small, the third that they should not touch raw material, and the fourth that they should not add to the workmen's burden of taxation. Our import system was to be subject to "revision and consideration," and he would exclude no article from taxation. He favoured the policy of social reform, coupling it with the remodelling of the Poor Law, and an attempt to deal with the "mighty problem of the old"; but he opposed the handing over the management of small holdings to county councils, or to a bureaucracy in Edinburgh.

THE reception of the German Emperor and Empress in England has been brilliantly managed, great State and Civic ceremony being blended with a cordiality of speech and bearing to which the King, the London Corporation, the crowds in the streets, and even the newspapers, have contributed. The two significant events of the visit, which opened at Portsmouth on Monday, were the banquet at Windsor, which was attended by nearly all the great officers of State, and the luncheon and the presentation of an address at Guildhall. The language both of the King and the Kaiser in the speeches at Windsor was warm to the point of affection. The King, giving the toast of the Emperor and Empress, declared that he would never forget "the kindness and sympathy shown to me" during the late Queen's dying illness; and the Emperor, after eloquently reviving this family memory, declared it to be his earnest wish that the private tie might be "reflected in the relations of our two countries and thus confirm the peace of the world, the maintenance of which is as much your Majesty's endeavour as it is my own." At Guildhall the Kaiser proclaimed with proper emphasis his devotion to the cause of peace.

"History" (he said), "I venture to hope, will do me the justice that I have pursued this aim unswervingly ever since. The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall further strengthen them as far as lies in my power. The German nation's wishes coincide with mine. The future will then show a bright prospect, and commerce may develop among the nations, who have learnt to trust one another."

It is necessary to add that this language, and indeed the entire visit, has been thoroughly approved in Paris, and we believe it to be a fact that the new diplomatic

relations with Germany established by Sir Edward Grey are thoroughly satisfactory.

* * *

THE Prime Minister was the chief guest at the Guildhall Banquet, on November 9th, and appears to have been warmly received in the very Conservative City. He praised Mr. Lloyd George for the gifts of tact, courage, and diplomacy which had saved the community from "incalculable loss, privation, and suffering" through a railway strike, and passed to a very measured review of foreign affairs. He confessed to having been "over-sanguine" of the results of the Hague Conference in stopping the "self-defeating race of armaments," but pleaded that it was impossible for one nation to exceed the general standard of goodwill, foreshadowed the drafting of a body of rules to guide the new International Prize Court, described the Anglo-Russian agreement as an "addition to the securities for the peace of the world," declared of the improving Indian situation that the Government would tolerate all discussion that was not "directly and openly subversive of order," said that any action of the Government in regard to the Congo State must wait on the decision of the Belgian Parliament, and assured the German Emperor of a cordial reception, based on complete goodwill.

* * *

AN interesting exposure of the way in which Nationalist folly begets international ill-will was given at the Banquet by Sir John Fisher, who incidentally declared that our Fleet was "*nulli secundus*," and that the British people might "sleep quiet in their beds," undisturbed by bogies of invasion. An experienced English journalist, led astray for the moment, had spread the story, on the authority (said Sir John) of some Midshipman Easy of the fleet, that 100,000 German soldiers had been practising embarking in German vessels. This absurdity was naturally swallowed by one of the most egregious *gobemouches* in British journalism, the anti-German editor of the "National Review." Sir John Fisher stated that one solitary regiment had been so embarked. Even this proved to be beyond the truth. The Berlin correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," in which the statement first appeared, rehearsed the facts, which were that not a single German soldier was landed, but only a body of seamen, who attacked a couple of regiments formed to oppose them. Precisely similar devices may, of course, be seen at our own naval manœuvres. Yet Mr. Maxse had the assurance to repeat his first charge in the slightly varied form that Germany was devoting her "great talents" to learning how to embark and disembark great bodies of troops.

* * *

MR. MORLEY may be warmly congratulated on his action in releasing Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh, the two deported agitators. The act of clemency has been received with enthusiasm in Calcutta, where the Hindu priests are leading singing parties through the streets, who invoke blessings on the King's head. Another sign of appeasement is the news of the general victory of the moderate section of native reformers over the extremists, evidence of which is that Mr. Bannerjee, the Calcutta barrister charged with sedition, has apologised for his words, and has been released from trial. Now that the brief, if sharp, period of coercion has passed, Mr. Morley will doubtless feel himself able, in a free atmosphere, to press forward his large schemes of administrative reform.

* * *

THE telegrams from New York make it abundantly clear that the financial panic has now been followed by an industrial crisis of unexampled magnitude. The Carnegie Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, and many great manufacturing establishments in all parts of the States, have dismissed multitudes of workmen, and there will soon be intense destitution and misery. The currency famine resulting from the collapse of credit is

so severe that cheques can only be cashed at a discount of 3, 4, or 5 per cent., and now a separate premium is being paid for gold. A correspondent of the "Financial News," whose telegrams have so far been remarkably correct, predicted on Thursday that "if the present conditions continue for another fortnight, widespread disasters in mercantile and industrial centres will be unavoidable." In the circumstances it is most unfortunate that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whose public spirit was highly praised at the beginning of the crisis, should have used the position he gained to bolster up his huge steel combine by forcing into it one of the few independent concerns. This has accentuated the public distrust, and people are beginning to ask whether any of the magnates who control the banks and corporations are really trustworthy. Deposits have been withdrawn to such an extent that the gold which is being drained from Europe in millions seems to produce little or no effect. Everything points to the United States Government being forced to make a big issue of inconvertible paper.

* * *

THE Third Duma met for the first time on Thursday. The Conservative and reactionary groups, which have never before existed in considerable numbers, will probably be for some time in a state of flux, nor do the preliminary congresses held on the eve of the Duma enable us to predict their course of action. The Octobrists seem anxious to convey the impression that, while they are a Conservative, they are also a Constitutional Party. They decided, though not unanimously, to maintain their independence, and to contract no alliance, either with the reactionaries on the Right, or the Cadets on the Left, who both seek their co-operation.

* * *

OF some of the Octobrists, and especially their leader, M. Alexander Gutchhoff, it is doubtless true that they are in a sense Constitutionalists. But they owe their position in the Duma to M. Stolypin's *coup d'état*, and to his illegal modification of the franchise, which was a flagrant breach of the Constitution. While they continue to profit by this, they cannot expect other parties to believe in the sincerity of their Constitutionalism. Moreover, though they accept in theory the rights of the citizen, of meeting, printing, &c., they favour in practice the most drastic exceptional laws of repression. Finally (judging from the recent Moscow Zemstvo Congress), they oppose any democratic extension of local self-government, while, as a party of landlords, they oppose compulsory purchase. Clearly, the Cadets could not sink their identity in such a party without sacrificing their Liberalism.

* * *

THE Nasi scandal (our Rome correspondent writes) shows a deplorable condition of disorder, irregularity, and confusion in the organisation of the public offices. It also shows, and this is perhaps the most interesting side of the case, a radical difference of thought, of morality, and of point of view between the north of Italy and some of the southern provinces, including Sicily. Nasi's defence, which seems most natural to the large majority of his fellow islanders, is this: "I am not a thief; I cannot be accused of peculation because I did not put one single penny of Government money in my pocket. I was a Minister of Public Instruction, and as such, as I had already done as Minister of Posts, I spent money for purposes regarding foreign affairs; I destined other funds to different purposes than those established by Parliament; I subventioned papers and subsidised people for the success of my policy; and for all this I assume entire responsibility, which is a political responsibility of which Parliament alone can judge." In this way he tries to justify the most fraudulent excesses which happened under his administration, and by which poor school-teachers received practically nothing from large sums voted by Parliament for their benefit. Other considerable appropriations intended for the fur-

thering of agricultural education were put to other uses, while illicit expenses were rendered possible by swelling the account of Ministerial journeys, or exaggerating the cost of postage. Such conduct, which is strongly condemned in the north and centre of Italy, on the ground that it would lead to the total loss of Parliamentary control over the Ministerial extravagance, is considered as most natural in the south. "What is the use of being a Minister," they exclaim, "if you cannot even spend public money as you think best?"

* * *

WE are glad to hear of the progress of Ruskin College, which now contains fifty-five students, twenty-three of them miners, and has this year largely increased its membership. Lord Curzon visited it on Monday as Chancellor of Oxford University, declared that he desired to "open wide" the door of the University to the democracy, and welcomed the idea of a two years' as against a single year's course for its inmates. We agree that a single year's residence at Oxford does little either for the average undergraduate or for semi-attached institutions like Ruskin College. The question is as to the nature of the tie which ought to exist between this very small outpost of democracy and the main body of the University. Perhaps the best suggestion is that the students of Ruskin College should be allowed to take degrees, but that the examination test, which is clearly barred to men who desire to remain workmen, should be relaxed. The difficulty is that the workman student at Oxford does not start, as he starts in France, from the common primary school, and therefore a full identification with the life of the University becomes almost impossible.

* * *

A GROTESQUE but unpleasant incident has arisen in connection with the greeting of the German Emperor by the Channel Fleet. Its commander, Lord Charles Beresford, had ordered the captains of the vessels to quit their gunnery practice and to paint their ships in the Kaiser's honour. Sir Percy Scott, who commands the first Cruiser Squadron, and whose precept and example have had much to do with the improvement in naval gunnery, appears to have obeyed this order with an ironical reservation, for he made the following signal to the captain of the "Roxburgh":—"Paint-work appears to be more in demand than gunnery, so you had better come in time to look pretty by the 8th instant." This rather unhappy jest was publicly resented. Lord Charles Beresford, after summoning Sir Percy Scott to his flagship, issued an open signal to the fleet, describing the Scott signal as "insolent" and "insubordinate," and ordering it to be expunged from the log of Sir Percy's flagship. The incident shows more than regard for discipline; it exhibits bad feeling between high officers of the fleet, and cannot be dissociated from the campaign which has ranged the commanders of our warships into opposing camps of quarrelsome "experts." Some directors of the Navy talk more like politicians than servants of the Executive, and we cannot help adding that Lord Charles Beresford himself has been a rather conspicuous example of this failing.

* * *

THE Egyptian papers bring reports of a speech delivered by a Russian Mohamedan, Ismail Bey Gasprinski, in support of a Pan-Mohamedan Congress which he proposes to promote at Cairo next autumn. His object is to enquire into the causes of the decadence of the Mohamedan peoples. A Constitutional Democrat in politics, a Liberal in Theology, his answer is, of course, that in ignorance and a too rigid tradition lie the causes of this decline. The Russian Moslems, who now have fifteen newspapers, thirteen Liberal and two Socialist, are moving rapidly towards a renaissance. Of the Persians and the Egyptians the same may be said. The Arabic Press, and, above all, the Egyptian Press, is the chief link between them; and Constantinople,

where they dare not assemble, is their chief adversary. It is this movement, essentially tolerant and democratic, which is the real Pan-Islamism. If it is to find its centre in Cairo, it becomes more than ever important for us, as the rulers of so many Mohamedan peoples, to conciliate the influences which may colour it there.

* * *

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, who nearly succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate, died, at Carmarthen, on Tuesday, in his 75th year. From Tennyson, indeed, he descended, without that poet's sense of style, and classical grace and delicacy of workmanship. His two best-known poems were his "Songs of Two Worlds," published in 1871, and his "Epic of Hades," dated six years later. The title of the latter was occasionally confused with William Morris's "Earthly Paradise." Sir Lewis also shared with his great contemporary one gift, that of fluency in verse-making. The resemblance went no further, for the spirit of beauty which touched everything that William Morris wrote or wrought, barely visited his namesake. But Sir Lewis doubtless sold his tens of thousands, where the author of "John Ball" sold his thousands. John Bright's usually severe taste in literature acclaimed his work, and for years his popularity as a poet compared with that of the much superior Longfellow. He was a steady Liberal, and he possesses a true title to fame in that he was one of the founders of the noble structure of Welsh intermediate education.

* * *

MR. BERNARD SHAW is our foremost British playwright, and he has a personal right to criticise the Censorship in the unsparing terms of the letter which we publish elsewhere. If the artists and thinkers are driven by the extreme lightness, and the not infrequent lubricity, of our farcical comedies to say that if you license gay presentments of dissipated life you must also license the satirist's unsparing description of its consequences, the moralist cannot deny the force of the argument. But we are afraid some people will be tempted by Mr. Shaw's letter to retort that his view of the play is that it ought to be a kind of diorama of Satan's invisible world revealed. So it sometimes is in the hands of the greatest thinkers and moralists. But this is not its normal sphere, and it is not, we may say, a conspicuous feature of Mr. Shaw's own plays. Freedom does not usually bring abuse in its train, and it is only for rational freedom that the deputation to the Prime Minister will plead.

* * *

THE list of birthday honours has been compiled with the care which marks nearly all this Government's appointments, and most Liberals will note with satisfaction that it includes no Peers. The highest honours awarded are Privy Councillorships and baronetcies. The new Privy Councillors include Sir Charles Tupper—whose long Canadian career lies in the past—Mr. McEwan, the famous Edinburgh brewer, a princely donor to Edinburgh University, and also a man of real though unobtrusive distinction of mind, Mr. George Russell, who sometimes gives up to theology what was meant for literature and wit, and Mr. George Whiteley, the Government's very forcible Chief Whip. There are five baronets, the most notable of whom are Mr. Jeremiah Colman, a prominent member of the great mustard firm, though not the head of it, and Mr. Clifford Cory. The nineteen knights are chiefly political, conspicuous among them Mr. George White, a very representative Nonconformist member of Parliament and an expert Educationalist, Mr. Goddard, and Mr. Compton Rickett. There are two notable exceptions in the persons of Mr. John Hare, an actor of singular refinement of method, and Mr. Santley, perhaps the most truly accomplished singer among his contemporaries. The rewards to civil servants are judicious and timely.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LITTLE PROTECTIONIST.

We are not at all surprised that the Protectionist Press extends a cold welcome to the speech in Birmingham, in which Mr. Balfour formally declares his adherence to their cause. The reason is clear. The further Mr. Balfour goes in lip-service to Protection, the more unconvincingly does he state the case for it, and the larger personal reserves does he make for himself when he enters on considerations of practical policy. Such a method seems to us the worst possible for his country, for his Party, and for himself. He has thoroughly destroyed the Free Trade basis of the Conservative Party. His Birmingham speech accepts the Chaplin resolution, in all its four propositions. He accepts Preferences. He accepts the principle of the protective taxation of imports from foreign countries. He would safeguard British industries from "unfair competition." He would subject to "revision and consideration" the whole vast and complicated mass of imports that pour into this country for the feeding of the people and the sustenance of its industries. At the same time this Protectionist Party is to consist of Free Traders and Protectionists alike. No man is to be excluded on account of his economic faith, for "no precision of doctrine was possible." In other words, Lord Hugh Cecil is to be free to assault Mr. Chamberlain with the amiable rhetoric which is his own; and Mr. Chamberlain's friends are to be equally free to impose the Chamberlainite test on every Conservative candidate and to exclude Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord George Hamilton from Parliament.

Nor, we may add, has Mr. Balfour exhibited any falling-off in his old skill in avoiding the favourite Protectionist formulae. He does not propose to "protect" British industries from foreign competition. He only proposes to assure them against "unfair competition." This again brings us back to Lord Lansdowne's "pistol," and to the mischievous and evasive device of retaliation, which still stops short of the Protectionist tariff. And even in accepting the Chaplin resolution, the Conservative leader is careful to invent an excuse for adopting it *en gros* by reserving for himself a remarkable freedom of interpretation. Here, indeed, he tangles himself in a thicket of inconsistencies, from which even his ingenuity may find it hard to escape. The Chaplin resolution, says Mr. Balfour, declares for the broadening of the basis of taxation, for the safeguarding of productive industries, for the strengthening of our position in foreign markets, and for Colonial Preference. The policy, he says, good for one purpose, is good for another, and all four objects can be pursued together. This, indeed, is a palpably false proposition. Taxes for revenue are an entirely different instrument from taxes for Protection, and both or either of them may be useless to promote Colonial preferences. But Mr. Balfour expressly leaves open to himself the power of directing the new basis of taxation to revenue purposes alone. "If we had no colonies, and if there were no such thing in existence as commercial treaties, and no industrial phenomenon such as dumping had ever been heard of," he said, we should still have to add to the number of taxes. But beyond this Mr. Balfour's plan is not that which the modern "scientific" Protec-

tionist follows. It is even reconcileable with the fiscal practice of a free trading community like Holland. The imposts he proposes are to be "small" and "numerous" and "widespread." No article of import is to be exempt from them; the whole basis of our import system is to be reconsidered. And apparently the aim is to be the provision of a fund for the working out of measures of social reform, and especially a treatment of the "mighty problem of the old." Mr. Balfour well knows that this is not the fashion in which the modern Protectionist tariff is built up. Neither "five per cent. all round," nor fifty per cent., satisfies the demands of industries whose claim is for a thoroughly protected home market.

Mr. Balfour has, therefore, given his Tory-democratic followers or masters, the form without the substance of what they want. He has, indeed, precisely justified the Prime Minister's anticipatory sketch of the line of evasion that, with the Protectionist pack in full cry behind, this keenly hunted "leader" would follow. He has gone in for a "little Protection." In spite of his protests, he endorses the vexatious absurdities of the old Protectionist tariff, which Peel and Gladstone swept away in the forties, amid the rejoicing of the entire body of British industries, and threatens the nation with a return to 1821, when there were 1,799 articles on the tariff. Everyone and everything is to be taxed, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the carriages that draw us, the coffins in which we are buried. The machinery of taxation is to be made more intricate in days when trade is a thousand times more complicated than it was in 1842. Every canon of sound taxation is to be violated, taxes are to be collected in the most expensive way, in the most annoying way, with the greatest amount of burden on the individual, and the largest possible interference with trade, and all for what? Not for a high Protectionist system. Not even for a policy of pro-Colonial Protection, for Mr. Balfour still shirks an answer to Mr. Asquith's question as to whether he will tax foreign corn, or butter, or wool, and merely specifies that the workman's contribution must not be increased.

The Balfour programme, therefore, is one of elaborate futility, combining all the unpopularity of Protection with little of its attraction for a convinced and powerful Protectionist Party. He is certainly welcome to go to the country with the cry of "Taxes on everything," for it seems to us clear that the opposition to such a policy will produce the same solid block of middle-class and working-class opposition as overthrew him in 1906. His policy of "social reform" and his acceptance of old age pensions are indeed more creditable than passive reliance on the forces of reaction. But when Mr. Balfour challenges Mr. Asquith to provide a fund for the betterment of the people, he is open to the retort that he makes no such provision himself. Under his scheme all are to be taxed, but the workmen are not to suffer an increase of their present burden. This is an utterly illusory pledge; but if it has any reality, what is to be the source of the fund for social reform? Mr. Balfour knows that it cannot come from the foreigner. It must then proceed from the taxation of the superfluity of wealth. To such a policy, Mr. Balfour is not a convert, and his party would not follow him in it if he were. His speech is, indeed, useless to Protection, and useless to himself. Essentially and primarily the business of a

leader is to inspire confidence. This is not Mr. Balfour's gift. The Protectionists may take him with reserves, and as much of his policy as goes their way. The Free Traders will thank him for keeping their party in being, while keeping it more or less under the Protectionist heel. Neither trusts him, both equally believe in their hearts that his sole concern is the party interest, that in the cause of mechanical and superficial unity, which alone this cold and sceptical intellect approves, he will coquet with either of them, and sacrifice either of them, and that his aim at Birmingham, as at Sheffield, is the merely tactical one of persuading each faction in turn that he is at bottom its friend.

THE KAISER'S IDEAS.

THE visit of the Kaiser to these shores, and the ensuing flow of compliment to so distinguished a guest, will, no doubt, give pause to the merely unthinking anti-Germanism of the hour. The attractive personality of the Kaiser must in itself go far to disarm it, for it appeals far more closely to the autocratic conservatism which sustains the feud with Germany than to the liberal and democratic sentiment which discourages it. The Kaiser is, indeed, as Dr. Bernstein describes him elsewhere in the columns of *THE NATION*, a modern personality, accessible, impressionable, an interesting interpreter of the half-poetic materialism which, in spite of the Liberal revival and the growth of Socialism, still sways the ruling world of to-day. In his governing ideas—militarism, protection, a half-tyrannous, half-paternal bureaucracy, and the maintenance of strictly separated class formations—his mind runs in the same mould as that of Lord Milner and our own neo-Imperialists. His Prusso-German State realises all their political ideals, and his energy, vivacious temperament, and brilliant rhetoric, provide the kind of glamour that a leader and apologist of Imperialism needs. If, therefore, William II. is not popular with this section of British political society, he ought to be. It is the great, and we think overwhelming, party in England which will not hear of war with Germany, and can perceive no fact, even on the distant horizon of politics, powerful enough to induce it, that has most reason to rejoice that the relations of this country with the democratic Government of France are closer than those we maintain with the most persuasive representative of absolutism in Europe.

But it is idle to deny that the Kaiser's personality presents some characteristics that are not only attractive to the world in which we live, but useful and stimulating to it. He is something more than a self-conscious artist, rejoicing in the vigour with which he plays the theatrical rôle of Monarchy. He has faith, which his age wants; he has self-confidence, in which it is singularly lacking; he is an optimist, and shows unconquerable energy and buoyancy in the conduct of life; he has the gift of sonorous and highly descriptive oratory, the geniality of bearing and temperament that people admire to the point of exaggeration in their rulers; the variety of personal interests, the restless, and, at least, superficially inquisitive spirit, that pervade all town civilisation. He would, indeed, be the typical popular Sovereign, were it not for the fact that the bent of these pleasing activities is towards the preservation of some

forms of society that are dead or dying, and others that are hurtful. He is no hard-shell reactionary. His mind moves, though capriciously and impulsively, and he would never take the line of the famous Encyclical which proclaimed the iniquity of any traffic with progress. Nor is he a crowned Machiavelli, of the type of his famous ancestor, preaching peace, with the age of gold, and basely plotting to break it. On the contrary, he is impulsively sincere, and even simple, for he maintains principles contrary to each other. He is for the nation in arms, and yet, as he said with perfect truth at Guildhall, he pursues a policy of peace; he talks of war, and continually flashes steel and iron before his people's eyes, but he has been a main instrument in the preservation of the thirty years' tranquillity that Europe has enjoyed. Such a man, who speaks so often, so gushingly, is in many respects the opposite of what British Jingoism proclaim him to be. The Kaiser has never been strong, or successful, in foreign policy. His gift lies rather in his intuitive capacity to interpret and popularise at home the ideas of German absolutism. His real war is not with France, still less with Great Britain; his obvious aim is to keep in being the glittering insignia of German Power, the high spirit and swelling pride that the administrative and warlike triumphs of the sixties and the seventies aroused in German breasts, to add to it the broad basis of a world-commerce, with its modern satellite, a great navy, and at the same time to fasten his throne and its military and sentimental traditions securely on to this imposing fabric. It is not his fault that these ambitions have encountered our own naval policy; they do not threaten it, and can never compete with it. The Kaiser's foes are of his own household. The age is against him, and is too powerful for him. All his cleverness and charm, the suggestion of a firm purpose and a clear, God-given mandate, counterworking the shifting impulses, the "will-lessly wavering" mind of the populace, must be worsted in his struggle with the Time-spirit. Either he will fail, or his successor. The tendency to Imperialism will wear itself out; and the intellectual inheritance of earlier generations, the ideas and characteristics of the best German thought and feeling, will prevail.

The Kaiser's ideas will break down because they are not moral ideas. It is not a moral idea that the German soldier ought, at his command, and in order to preserve the State on the lines which he and his ancestors laid down, to be ready to turn his rifle against the hand that fed him and the breasts that suckled him. It is an immoral idea to set the soldier above the citizen, and to regulate military honour by the duel. It is immoral to treat sovereignty as based on divine right, and it is also absurd. All these assertions produce and maintain a profound alienation between the Kaiser and some millions of the German people, and they react injuriously on European thought and the cause of political liberty. But they are not built to last. The sovereign who speaks of his rule as inspired by "inflexible determination" follows the modern method of compromise, and obeys the modern law of change. William II.'s policy is only half-Bismarckian; his temperament, more refined than that of the Iron Chancellor, impels him to try and moralise and soften the fabric of Prussian militarism. He inveighs against coarseness and luxury, in the army, and in the State, and yet these faults in-

evitably accompany the rapid growth of German civilisation, based on conquest, and driven along, post-haste, by mechanical science. And he finds it increasingly hard to make Germany rich and to keep her powerful as a military State. The pursuit of commercial aims breaks down Prussian ideas of caste, and weakens the German military system; the sword is not as keenly tempered as it was in 1870. The absolutist Kaiser, who takes in new helpers from new classes, and tacitly acknowledges errors and an unwise choice in counsel and companionship, may even end as a semi-constitutionalist, and live to popularise some form of the essentially Liberal idea of governing by the will of the people.

THE PROGRAMME FOR 1908.

As the autumn campaign advances the lines of work for next session begin little by little to shape themselves, and whatever else may be said, there can be no complaint that the task foreshadowed is too small. As the Prime Minister suggested in his spirited speech at Bristol, the arrears of two sessions, half frustrated as they have been by the House of Lords, have to be wiped off. The work of social reform, virtually suspended for twenty years, has to be opened up in earnest. And all has to be done subject to the impossible constitutional conditions imposed on us by the power of the Second Chamber, and with a view to placing the programme of the Liberal Party speedily before the country. The position is not without its dangers. But they are dangers which can be met by statesmen who will measure coolly the forces with which they have to reckon, who will throw themselves confidently upon the real feeling of the people, and not only on the approval of small groups of enthusiasts. The governing factor of the situation is that, since the failure to challenge the House of Lords at the close of last year, the Commons may propose but the Peers dispose. The Lords can force a quarrel at the time and under the conditions which they choose. All democratic measures have to run their gauntlet, and any one which they think provides a suitable fighting ground will be rejected. The only exceptions to this rule are measures which directly attack the territorial authority or revenues of the Peers themselves, or the political power of the Conservative Party. These, however popular, the Peers are tempted to resist, and these accordingly form the fighting ground most favourable to the Government in the final appeal. On the other hand, measures that distract and divide the Liberal and Labour Parties, or leave the public cold, will be ruthlessly thrown out, to the lessening of the Government's credit, and without chance of success in an appeal to the electors. Mr. Balfour and the Peers will do their utmost to secure that the final struggle shall take place on questions like those of temperance and education, and in that event they count for a second success, like that of 1895. Indeed, there is little doubt that, given a new attempt to impose local veto on a reluctant England, given the alienation of the Catholic vote by a new Education Bill, and the cooling of Nonconformist enthusiasm by an Irish University Bill, the story of the nineties would repeat itself. The House of Lords would stand forth as saviours of society, and the forces of democracy would be paralysed for a generation to come.

We are not for a moment saying that any of these

questions can be left out of account. With all of them the Government is pledged to deal. But we do say that in the mode of bringing them forward regard must be had not so much to the situation in the House of Commons as to the position in the country. The Government is pledged to bring in a Licensing Bill, and there is no reasonable doubt that in the matter of licensing it would have the country behind it in urging certain important reforms. It can institute an adequate time limit for compensation, graduate the cost of licences in accordance with the value of the premises, and increase the popular control over public-houses. It can also make an experiment in Local Option in Wales. These are substantially agreed reforms, and they can be carried. When we come to measures which divide the party of progress the case is different. Temperance enthusiasts might succeed in conveying such measures through their third reading in the House of Commons, but there they would stick. Not one public-house would be closed thereby, but the democracy in its coming struggle for power might receive a fatal check. In the matter of temperance, then, it occurs to us that if the Government reckon in advance, as it is time that they should do, with all the forces that they will have to meet, they will keep their proposals within limits which will unite the popular parties. In the matter of the Irish University we may go a step further. The best men of all parties—Mr. Balfour, in particular, on the Unionist side—are agreed on the urgent necessity of opening University education to Irish Catholics. Mr. Birrell will rightly do his utmost to secure the passage of a Bill by consent of both parties. But if this consent is refused he cannot, looking cold facts in the face, make such a measure an integral part of an appeal to Nonconformists when he invites them, as he will soon have to invite them, to rally all their forces in support of the Government in its struggle for the people against the Peers. On the other hand, it seems to us that Mr. McKenna may fairly approach Nonconformist leaders with an equally plain statement of the position as it affects education. He may ask them whether it is well for their prospects that the Government should go into the campaign with a certain loss of twenty seats in Lancashire, or whether it would not be better to make one more attempt at an educational compromise. The only possible condition of such an arrangement would be the complete freedom of the rural schools.

We have spoken of the measures of greatest difficulty for the Government. We pass to those where we conceive their strength to lie. The lapse of time only serves to strengthen confidence in the justice of their Scottish Bills and the strength of the popular forces behind them. The continued insistence on these Bills will secure their position north of the Tweed, and from them a lesson can be learnt for England. The English Land Act is a good one as far as it goes, but no one as yet knows how far that will be. But the more it succeeds the more it will strengthen the case for a new system of rating which will prevent the further enhanced price of land from flowing automatically into the pockets of the landlords. The present rating system is a formidable obstacle to social progress in local government, and is, more than any single cause, the source of the opposition of the middle class to reforms from which in reality they stand to gain, but which only present themselves to their minds as probable occasions for increases of the rates. A reform which would throw the growing cost of

local government on to that increasing value of the land which good government has made possible has been carefully thought out by skilled financiers, has been sanctioned by the report of a minority, but of a very weighty minority, of a Royal Commission, and is both politically and socially the step in advance which the circumstances of the time demand. Politically, no better event could be desired than that the Lords should join battle on this issue; socially, none better than that they should allow a fundamental reform of the rating system to become law.

There remains another great measure of economic justice to which the party is now deeply pledged, and to which the Lords can offer no resistance. A sum of two and a-quarter millions was ear-marked by Mr. Asquith in his last Budget as a first contribution to a pension fund. If any doubt remained as to the perseverance of the Government with this great measure it has been set at rest by recent Ministerial utterances. The United Kingdom will come into line next year with the most progressive of its own Colonies and of European nations, with New Zealand and New South Wales, with Denmark and France, by providing for the aged poor on lines which will preserve their independence and keep them free from the taint of pauperism. We have not space for the moment to discuss the details of a Bill which cannot, as was once hoped, be a very short and simple affair, but must occupy a very large part of the coming session. All reformers are agreed in substance that the scheme must be non-contributory. This is not the same thing as a universal scheme, and people recoil from universality on the ground of expense. At the same time, every exception to the universality of the scheme threatens to impair the principle underlying it. This principle is that to the old support is due rather as a right than as a charity. The economic conditions of the time do not admit of the accumulation of sufficient wealth by the mass of the people to make adequate independent provision for old age, and, when past work, members of the industrial classes have for the most part to rely on the support of their relations, or of the poor law. It is held that the responsibility ought rather to fall on the State, which should secure to the aged independence as of right; that those same economic conditions which keep the wages of large classes too low for adequate self-maintenance also keep up great accumulations of wealth in the hands of a small class; and that this fund may fairly be drawn upon for the common good. It is thus not as a measure of charity but as an instalment of economic justice, a redressing of the balance of industrial fortune, that the right of the aged is urged, and in this view the right is in principle one of general application. It would, of course, be impracticable to demand a full-blown system in a single Budget. What we hope to see is a measure, large and generous in itself, framed on lines which will admit of expansion and will justify the claim of the Liberal Party to stand for the redress of grievances and the mitigation of inequalities in the economic as in the political and religious sphere.

THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE establishment of a Persian Parliament was something of a portent; its survival for a year and a-half is almost miraculous. The movement, partly secret,

partly overt, democratic and revolutionary in its underground roots, clerical on the surface, implied an upheaval so tremendous in the habits and thoughts of an Oriental people that it is amazing that its career has been hitherto so peaceful. It has, indeed, swept aside a clique of ministers and courtiers, cleansed the administration of oppressive governors and princes, made life a little harder for the corrupt and the incompetent, and reduced the Shah to an apologetic constitutional sovereign. But there has been as yet no catastrophe, and hardly any bloodshed: and this is remarkable, because any movement among a people usually inert is apt to develop a passion and a fanaticism which destroy even the objects of their devotion. There was once, so runs the tale, a Persian Dervish, a devout Shiah, who sat down under a tree in the desert and began to make little images of clay. First he made a counterfeit of the Caliph Omar, whom to hate is one half of religion in Persia. Him he smashed as a usurper. Then he made an image of the Ali, whom all Persians venerate as the legitimate successor of the Prophet. But it struck him that Ali's weakness had contributed to Omar's success, and him too he smashed. Coming next to the clay Mahomet he reflected that he, as a prophet, ought to have foreseen Omar's usurpation: and for that neglect he destroyed him also. Last of all there was Allah himself, who must have foreknown and foreordained the usurpation; and in a final access of rage he broke up Allah like the rest. The parable, typical alike of Persian humour and Persian fanaticism, sums up the possibilities that are latent in every passionate movement based on the assertion of a single principle among a simple and unworldly people. The flame of rebellion under an ancient tyranny is apt to be a consuming fire which destroys liberty itself, as the Dervish smashed Allah.

Persia is probably the last of all the countries of the Mohamedan world where one would have expected to see a successful constitutional movement. Turkey, for three-quarters of a century, has been under European influence. The upper classes of Egypt have received for at least two generations a French education; and in India the Moslems, though the least progressive element of the native population, have come under English influence. But Persia had remained isolated and apparently unprogressive, recalcitrant to European influences, and cut off, because of the unorthodoxy of her Mohamedanism, from the movement of thought in Sunni countries. The travellers who have visited her knew for the most part nothing of her language or her spiritual life, and were content to study her either as a mine of antiquities or a field for exploitation and conquest. One book there is—Professor Browne's "A Year Among the Persians"—which does describe with real insight and affection the inner life of the poets, sceptics, and mystics of the South. But even he felt little interest in the northern population, and it is in the north that the new movement has had its origin. The northerners are largely Turkish by race and language, and though they have a greater capacity for action, they are regarded by the true Persians of the south as uncultivated Philistines. In those southern provinces, where poetry and metaphysics are still the only real concerns of a cultivated man, one cannot conceive the success of anything so mundane as a democratic

movement. There the real interest of life is in the struggle between orthodoxy, scepticism, and mysticism. The initiated traveller discovers that Babism, crushed out by a ruthless persecution, is still a living and growing cult. A green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet reveals himself in the secrecy of some sequestered garden as a tolerant and enthusiastic Babi, only to be transformed in his cups into a reckless and blaspheming sceptic. It is in the more practical and less intellectual north that democracy has made its conquests. The Turkish race may be capable of fanaticism, but it is not other-worldly. It is the Turco-Persians of the north who have established the Parliament, acting, in all probability, under an influence which has reached them from the seething world of the Russian Caucasus, where Social Democracy has levelled races and creeds. The element which the south, teeming with Babism and scepticism, has contributed is no doubt the anti-clerical impulse which sees in the constitution a means of converting a theocracy into a secular and tolerant State.

The curious diary of the Parliament which "The Times" published on Tuesday shows us in section, as it were, some of the difficulties with which the new movement is wrestling. An anti-clerical newspaper demands the complete secularisation of the law, and the admission of Non-Moslems to the franchise. The clerical party, defeated recently and robbed of some of its profitable rights in the administration of the law of inheritance, demands its suppression, carries its point by a small majority, and complains next day that the defiant paper still appears. The Turkish frontier difficulty occupies another debate. The financial crisis runs through the whole series of discussions. Princes are coerced into subscribing to the new national bank, which is to save Persia from mortgaging her independence to Russian and British syndicates. Salaries, it is decided, shall be paid only to the extent of fifty per cent., and even then "the rich and the undeserving" are to go empty away. A riot breaks out at Shiraz, and its deputies adjourn to the telegraph. Meanwhile, a conflict is proceeding with the throne. A more or less reactionary Ministry has been appointed by the Shah; it is tried for a time, dismissed, and replaced by a Liberal Cabinet, with an Oxford graduate at its head. Evidently despite dissensions, and the threatened defection of the clerical party, the reform movement is still in the ascendant. On Friday last a telegram reported that the people were discussing the deposition of the Shah. On Wednesday we learned that the Shah, deprecatory and almost apologetic, has visited the Parliament in person, and sworn for the fourth time his fidelity to the Constitution. What manner of man he is we can only guess; his actions are rather those of a Louis XVI. than a Nicholas II.

The debates as one reads them in "The Times" make a mingled impression. Some members are obviously educated men, who have studied European history. A few are fanatics. Most of them are probably shrewd but unschooled Orientals, experimenting without precedents in the working of an unfamiliar machine. The obvious commentary on the whole record is that which a Persian member himself made—that the Parliament is transgressing its proper limits by acting as though it were an executive council. That mistake, after all, is one which the Convention made in France, and in some phases of politics it may be inevitable. The first prejudice which the European doctrinaire enunciates in

judging the East is to declare that Orientals are necessarily incapable of managing representative institutions. The second prejudice is a counterpart of the first, for when the Parliament visibly exists, the doctrinaire at once assumes that it can succeed only if it minutely reproduces European models. Seated cross-legged on their mats, with their hookahs beside them, these Persian democrats, naïve and inexperienced though they seem to us, will probably prove in the end quick-witted enough to improvise for themselves, without models or precedents, a procedure and a constitution which will suit their needs. If, in the meantime, these debates strike us as simple, and sometimes even slightly humorous, a reader of any imagination will supplement them by two contrasted pictures. Let us call up to ourselves first of all the sort of procedure and the style of argument by which a Kajar Shah, surrounded by his favourites and his toys, would debate these same questions with his venal Ministers, if indeed he ever interrupted the pursuit of his vices to debate them at all. Or if we choose to imagine that Parliament and Shah have both been swept aside, let us ask with what arguments a Russian viceroy, fresh from organising the racial feuds of the Caucasus, or the Jewish massacres of Odessa, or the dragonnades of the Baltic Provinces, would approach the decision of these same problems. The contrast is highly favourable to the Persian Parliament.

The tragedy of this novel chapter of Oriental history lies in the foreboding which oppresses the sympathetic spectator, that the experiment, interesting, even promising though it is, is destined to be interrupted at the first opportunity by Russian intervention. A drastic assertion of his former autocracy by the Shah, followed by a resolute protest from the people, an extension of the Turkish frontier difficulty, a local rising which involved some loss to Europeans, an aggravation of the normal state of bankruptcy—any one of these might serve as the pretext which would set the Cossacks marching southwards. And yet no disturbance is probable in Persia which will even remotely reproduce the anarchy that has raged for three years in Russia itself. Nor is Russian trade likely to suffer any loss under the régime of independence at all comparable to the kind of loss which might take place after annexation—if, for example, the Persians were to boycott Russian as the Bengalis have boycotted English goods. The Persian Press, it is true, talks of resisting the partition foreshadowed in the Anglo-Russian Agreement even at the cost of "weltering in blood." But there are neither resources nor organisation behind the threat. Prudence and astute diplomacy are the best weapons for the weak. England in the glow of 1848, under Palmerston and Russell, would have thought it the climax of dishonour to prepare the dismemberment of a people which was bolder facing its destinies, attempting to throw off the inertia and the corruption of a secular tyranny, and trying, even though it were crudely, to adapt to its own needs the formulae of European Liberalism. In the sixties we would have staked much to save the independence of such a people. To-day one can only hope that at least enough of this spirit survives at the Foreign Office to induce it to use its influence to delay the Russian advance, and to gain for the Persians a breathing space in which to make, as free men, relying on their own resources, the bravest and the most hopeful experiment that the Moslem East has yet essayed.

Life and Letters.

SUPER-WEALTH.

"ENGLAND is a sieve" is the cry of the astonished audience in Mr. Belloc's brochure on the fiscal question. "Poor old England is a sieve." They were filled with horror at the Tariff Reformer's denunciation of the discrepancy between imports and exports, and his vision of the golden sovereigns being drained from this country to pay for these undesirable incursionists. And undoubtedly by similar if less pleasant follies the apostles of Protection have succeeded in shaking belief in England's prosperity. It is still possible in train or street, or places where men assemble, to find observers with an air of sagacity, declaiming upon England's headlong rush towards poverty and the abyss. To all such a serious study of the superfluous wastage of the nation might bring a gratifying reassurance. Statistics present to the reader incredible arrays of figures; so much leaping forward of income-tax returns, unchecked by wars, borrowings, or trade depressions; so many hundreds of millions of the National Income divided amongst people whose individual incomes exceed five thousand a year. Where does it go to? How is it consumed? What asset of permanent value will be left behind as evidence of the super-wealth of the twentieth century? The answers to these questions are not entirely satisfactory. "Waste" is written large over a very substantial proportion of the national expenditure, and that far more in the private than in the public consumption. Mr. Wyndham recently informed a meeting in Scotland that if all the rich men were abolished there would be no one left to give work to the people. That, however, was rather a popular method of combating Socialism, than a serious contribution to political economy. Chauffeurs, gardeners, cooks, and caddies have reasonable cause to tremble: the rest may remain with withers unwrung.

The most obvious necessity for this waste comes from the "speeding up" of living which has taken place in all classes in so marked a fashion within a generation. The whole standard of life has been sensibly raised, not so much in comfort as in ostentation. And the result is something similar to that in the insane competition of armaments which takes place amongst the terrified nations of the world. One year ten huge ironclads confront twenty. A decade after, fifteen huge ironclads of another type have replaced the first: to be confronted again with thirty of the new floating castles. So many millions have been thrown to the scrap heap. The proportion of power has remained unaffected. It is the same in the more determined private competition for supremacy in a social standard. Where one house sufficed, now two are demanded; where a dinner of a certain quality, now a dinner of a superior quality; where certain clothes or dresses or flowers, now more clothes or dresses or flowers. It is waste not because fine clothes and rare flowers and pleasant food are not in themselves desirable, but because by a kind of parallel of the law of diminishing returns in agriculture, additional expenditure in such directions fails to result in correspondent additions of happiness. In many respects indeed the effect is not only negatively worthless but even positively harmful. Modern civilisation in its most highly organised forms has elaborated a system to which the delicate fibre of body and mind is unable to respond. And the result is the appearance (whimsical enough to Carlyle's spectators "beyond the region of the fixed stars") of a society expending half its income in heaping up the material of disease, to which the other half of its income is being laboriously applied for remedy.

But the general effect (to the above-mentioned dispassionate spectators) is of an extravagance of wealth and waste which is only not insolent because it is for the most part unconscious, the sport of blind forces rather than the deliberate defiance of the limits of human endeavour. It is not insolence or—as it might have appeared in the olden days—a determination to rival the fabled immortals, which has charged all our high roads with wandering machines racing with incredible velocity

and no apparent aim. A few (such as W. E. Henley) demand "Speed in the face of the Lord." A few others are inflamed with the desire for "driving abroad in furious guise," as in the tortured and bored procession in old Rome, for the "easier and quicker" passing of the "impracticable hours." But nine out of ten who have purchased motor cars have done so either because their neighbours have purchased motor cars or because their neighbours have not purchased motor cars; in a demand for equality with the one, or superiority to the other. When every man of a certain income has purchased a motor-car, when life has become "speeded up" to the motor car level, that definite increase of expenditure will be accepted as normal. But life will be no happier and no richer for such an acceptance; it will merely have become more impossible for those who (for whatever reason) are repudiating the demands of such a standard. And the same is true of the multiplication of meals; of the rise in the price of rent in certain districts of London, for example, because everyone wants to live there; of numberless exactions and extortions which have grown up in a society whose members, "like wealthy men," are "careless how they give."

And mournfully enough this rather dull and drab extravagance of private living is accompanied by a severe scrutiny of any kind of public magnificence, and a resentful criticism of all efforts to stamp the memory of this age upon enduring brick and stone. The London County Council, housed in a few shambling hovels and warrens, proposed a year or two back to devote a few hundred thousand pounds to an "Hôtel de Ville," situate on the banks of the river opposite Westminster. And the opponents of the particular party in power had no difficulty in stirring up the wealthier classes into the fiercest protest against this attempt to leave the future with a permanent memorial of twentieth-century London. The one dignified and conspicuous building of the Victorian age—the Palace at Westminster—remains to-day scamped, truncated, and unfinished, because the nation, in a cold fit of retrenchment, was alarmed at the amount which it had already lavished upon it. Dr. Dill has shown us in the Roman Peace, during the age of the Antonines and after, the people of the Empire turning with enthusiasm to greet communal building; and every city setting itself to such achievements as remain to-day the wonder of the world. There is something of brutality, indeed, as well as something of large achievement in the inadequacy of ends to means: as in the gigantic Pont du Gard, marching in its colossal grandeur over a deep valley in order to conduct a tiny rivulet of water to a second-rate provincial city; or the enormous stone arenas which in every ruined Roman town marks the place of the communal games. But what kind of building will mark for the astonishment of future eyes the super-wealth of the British Peace? The signs are not propitious. A Byzantine Cathedral at Westminster, a Gothic Cathedral at Liverpool, a few town halls and libraries of sober solidity, the white buildings which to-day line Whitehall, and fill the passing stranger with bewilderment at a race "that thus could build" will be the chief legacies of this present generation. The thirteenth century gave us the Cathedrals; the sixteenth gave us the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge and the noblest of English country houses. These tiny Englands, with populations, in the aggregate, less than that of London to-day, and wealth incredibly smaller, have left us possessions that we can admire but cannot equal. "The work which we collective children of God do," complained Matthew Arnold, "our grand centre of life, our city for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publicæ egestas, privatim opulentia*, unequalled in the world." It was this contrast which gave point to a question which otherwise the plain man would put by as absurd: "If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind, the England of the last twenty years or the England of Elizabeth?"

Public penury, private ostentation—that, perhaps, is the heart of the matter. A nation with the un-

paralleled wealth of England can afford to spend, and spend royally. Only the end should be conspicuous to all, and the choice deliberate. The spectacle of an unparalleled urban poverty confronts all this waste energy. That spectacle should not, indeed, forbid all luxuries and splendours: but it should judge the less rewarding of them as something tawdry and mean. "Money! money!" cries the hero—a second-grade Government clerk—of a recent novel—"the good that can be done with it in the world! Only a little more: a little more!" It is the passionate cry of unnumbered thousands. Expenditure multiplies its return in human happiness as it is scattered amongst the widest area of population. And the only justification for the present unnatural heaping up of great possessions in the control of the very few is the return in leisure and the cultivation of the arts and the more reputable magnificence of the luxurious life. We have called into life a whole new industry in motor-cars and quick travelling, and established populous cities to minister to our increasing demands for speed. We have converted half the Highlands into deer forests for our sport; and the amount annually spent on golf—on balls and links and tram tickets and service—exceeds the total revenue of many a lesser European municipality. We fling away in ugly white hotels, in uninspired dramatic entertainments, and in elaborate banquets, of which everyone is weary, the price of many poor men's yearly income. Yet we cannot build a new Cathedral. We cannot even preserve the Cathedrals bequeathed to us, and the finest of them are tumbling to pieces for lack of response to the frantic demands for aid. We grumble freely at halfpenny increases in the rates for baths or libraries or pleasure grounds. We assert—there are many of us who honestly believe it—that we cannot afford to set aside twenty-five millions from our astounding annual revenues for the decent maintenance of our aged poor.

LOVE LETTERS OF A STATESMAN.

GAMBETTA's letters to Madame Léonie Léon—or a selection of them—appeared in the "Revue de Paris" less than a year ago. The first knowledge of them by the French public was obtained earlier—in quotations by M. Jaurès in the Chamber of Deputies during the debates on Delcassé's Morocco policy. Only the death of the woman whose love formed the great passion of Gambetta's life rendered possible their publication. After years of grief and sorrow, which never lightened with the passage of time, she died, unnoticed and forgotten in an obscure suburb of Paris, eleven months ago. And now, in the English translation of "The Heart of Gambetta" (by Francis Laur; John Lane), appears the whole narrative of one of the great love stories of the world. It is a correspondence—scanty, indeed, but inspired by such ardour and devotion as few can parallel; not, perhaps, extravagantly described by Mr. Macdonald in the preface to this volume as "a correspondence which, even judged by the necessarily restricted instalment of it now issued, will be recognised as the most beautiful of its kind in print." M. Laur's method hardly bears transplanting across the Channel. It combines a mixture of melodrama and polemic. The polemic is occupied with a chivalrous and often fierce vindication of "Léonie" from the scandal or criticism which may have gathered round her; in the exhibition of how her wise counsel came to assist Gambetta in his political career; and how she tamed and softened the more uncouth manners of this Southern giant; and in the narrative of the true story of the tragedy of Gambetta's death. The melodrama, with its use of the historic present, and its series of "scenes"—now in the Corps Legislatif, now in the park of Versailles, now at the office of the "Republique Française"—is more suited to the warmth and vigour of the South than to the colder and more critical English method. The story itself is sufficiently dramatic, carrying with it all the high elements of passion, of pity, and of death.

It is the story of a strong man's love—concentrated from youth to middle age upon the subject of his affections: impulsive, volcanic, burning like a flame at his heart. It is there, the secret source of inspiration and ardour through all the days of superhuman effort when for a decade this man drew upon his own shoulders the burden of the remaking of his country. Behind those tempestuous struggles for the founding of the Republic, for the unity of the Republican parties, for the restoring of the desolation of the great disasters, is this secret channel of expression, in which the statesman is laying all his fame and energies at the feet of his beloved. The story is built of the elements of romance. It ends in sudden tragedy. The commencement shows a "tall, black-gloved woman, beautiful, though of rather a severe type of beauty, like a Roman woman who somehow had wandered to Paris," attending constantly at the Corps Legislatif and the Assemblée Nationale to applaud his speeches. He notices her, and begs her to meet him; after some refusals, she consents. There is an interview in the Park of Versailles. He is a man of thirty-four, she a woman of twenty-five. She tells him the pitiful story of her life: she and a sister left orphan girls, and penniless, compelled to go out as governesses, both ruined when quite young; "God alone is not enough for the orphan." She refuses to marry him; she is a Catholic, and will not consent to the civil marriage; he will not accept the blasphemy (to him) of the religious ceremonial. She will not "spoil his life" (as she affirms) by dragging him down to her level. But he betroths her with a ring with the emblem: "Hors cet anel point n'est d'amour." And so commences a union which lasts unclouded to the day of his death. "An ideally perfect union," Mr. Macdonald describes it, "which was a marriage in every sense short of ratification by an office clerk and a priest's benediction." She wrote to him every day they were absent, says M. Joseph Reinach: letters full of wise advice concerning the progress of political affairs. He came to lean more and more on her judgment, finding his anti-Catholic feeling tempered and softened by her religious faith: even using her for an interview with Leo XIII. at Rome to discuss the possibility of a friendly separation between Church and State. He advances—in the public career that forms the background of this intimate life—from the position of a noisy agitator to that of practically Dictator of France, and echoes of all the fury and tumult break in upon the protestations of human affection. It is the revelation of a man's soul: of one of the most astonishing of men's souls which ever flared stormily across the arena of human existence, restless from the cradle to the grave.

He exhausts the vocabulary in terms of endearment: "Dear, adorable little one," "my all-beloved," "my dear loved one," "my dear idol." "I place myself at thy feet," he concludes his letters, "I adore thee and embrace thee," "at thy knees," "all to thee and for thee." He cannot find sufficient imagery to express the fire of his devotion. "I love thee as the Greeks must have of old loved their household goddess Minerva": "Remember that I love thee more than life, more than fame": "I adore thee as the saints adore God." While he can "shudder for all that remains of France," while he is staggered by the vision of "a disorganised army, a country more depressed, Europe more servile than ever," he can protest also "My whole being belongs to thee": "I cannot bear to think that the woman on whose head are concentrated all my pride, ambition, love, and passion, can suffer one moment, and suffer for me." He never allowed this private and passionate affection to interfere with his enormous public efforts, never retired into that little "Earthly Paradise" as a refuge from the work demanded of him. They met, but at intervals. She is always spurring him on to renewed energies, combating that nostalgia and depression and disgust which accompanies all such violent public life. Sometimes he is inclined to revolt against all. "I grieve to see another of these mild, beautiful Autumn days pass far from thee," he writes, "ceaselessly calling and never seeing thee. Ah! how some day we shall regret these happy hours of youth, and then it

will be too late." Sometimes the thought of his love cheers and consoles in the unending tumult of the controversy. "Love is my viaticum," he confesses. "If, thanks to it, I did not find in the depths of my heart the hope and confidence placed there by thy delicate hand, I should really be inclined to give all this troop of ungrateful idiots and fools the slip and turn hermit somewhere." He turns, as others so tempest-tossed have turned, to solitude and quiet places for healing. "How I love these pleasures, new to me, of solitude," he writes from the country; "this great, beneficent silence, these admirable hiding-places in the woods, those calm, sleepy pools at the foot of scented heaths, and, above all, the delight of collecting one's thoughts, thinking, meditating at one's leisure, without disturbance or brawlings from the outside world."

Sometimes his love carries him into a kind of intoxication or madness. The "Vision Splendid" had revealed itself to this man through the person of a girl who came to him already broken in the world's harsh ways. The passing of youth into middle age intensified rather than softened the fervour of his devotion. It is late in the day when he writes, "I feel like a god, and am, indeed, a god, for gods alone can bestow the gift of perfect love. I sink myself in thy being for all eternity, and I wish for nothing better, nothing beyond this ineffable communion of souls." Returning to Paris from his great triumph at Cahors, his native town, "Nothing can ever come between us," he cries. "The world may crumble away beneath me; as long as I keep one spark of reason, one atom of strength, I shall feel always bound to the thrice-blessed woman who lifted me up and saved me from myself. I love thee with my brain, with my heart, with my senses: I love thee for Eternity." Bewildered and harassed in that short-lived Administration of 1881, when he occupies the supreme position in the politics of France, he is pouring out his soul—tense, nervous, and aflame—in these seventy-two days of delirium. "Thou hast emptied the cup of sorrow," writes the head of the French Ministry to this obscure and unknown woman. "I have personally tasted, calmly, without emotion, all the extremes of happiness, of what men call the joys of power and fame; but they are all as nothing to me without thee, without thy love, without thy presence, without thy revenge against an unjust fate." After the fall of the Ministry-of-all-the-Talents this inspiring affection will provide consolation for all the vicissitudes of fortune. "Surely the strength which passes from thee to me must bring thee happiness and the promise of salvation." "I laugh at all the follies of fate," he defiantly proclaims: "in thee I take refuge as in the Garden of Eden; and thus I glory in life, since life is, and remains, the inevitable condition by which I am allowed to taste such noble pleasures."

Nine months afterwards the "follies of fate" had brought Gambetta to the grave. Léonie had refused to marry him while his star was in the ascendant, even suggesting to him—in advice more comprehensible in France than England—that he should make his political position secure by a political marriage. When he fell from his high place her resistance was withdrawn. They prepare a tiny country cottage—Les Jardies, the ruined cottage of the Secretary of Balzac, bought for three hundred pounds. Here occurs that gun-shot accident which for so long was encompassed in mystery; here afterwards Gambetta's life is muddled away by the contradictory advice of a host of doctors, shirking a simple operation, which might have saved him. He dies on the last night of the year. It is the death of a Titan; faring forth undismayed into the night. To the woman remained the harder task of living. Her religious beliefs forbade suicide. M. Laur, with delicacy and reticence, lifts but a corner of the veil which hides the tragedy of a ruined heart. It is a record of patient endurance: letters of infinite longing, infinite regret. She writes from Rome, where "each stone reminds one of the instability of the things of this world, the ingratitude of mankind, the uncertainty of earthly happiness." Exquisite music can only prove a passing anodyne: "immediately, more powerful than ever, the

old memories come back. Time cannot heal such wounds." "The great shadow of death is over everything here," she declares: "teaching one how to suffer, to die, and to hope for better things than life can give." Death, so long desired, came at last. She had arranged everything: the rough coffin of tarred fir—the humblest class of funeral; no flowers. They buried her amongst the poor in a remote suburban cemetery, with a tiny cross alone marking the spot, soon to disappear for ever. "I will love thee above all else in this world," Gambetta had written to her, "and in the next, if there is another. Come to my soul, I await thee: and if thou wilt, I will keep thee there for ever."

POETS AS OBSERVERS OF NATURE.

MR. LANG's book ("Poets' Country." Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by F. S. Walker. Jack.), is really an examination, written by different well-known critics, of the manner in which different poets, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson have treated the facts of nature in their poetry, and in particular of the extent to which they have described the country in which they lived. It is the fashion now to praise poets who are in favour for their minute observation, and many critics assume that records of minute observation are desirable in poetry. Professor Churton Collins, for instance, says of Shakespeare in this book that "as nature fashions in her impartial thoroughness of workmanship, or reveals herself in her infinity of phases, so he depicts. Like hers, his touch is as finished and precise in minutiae as in what is most eminent and impressive;" and he proceeds to give us examples: as, for instance, where Iachimo, in "Cymbeline," says that the mark upon Imogen's left breast is—

"Cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

He remarks also that Shakespeare speaks of moss as furred, of violets as blue-veined, of a willow as "show'ring his hoar leaves in the glassy stream," of the mealy wings of a butterfly, of heavy-gaited toads, and of staring owls. Now there is no proof of any very searching observation in any of these instances, except the cowslip passage, and in that case the fact observed is not very happily used. There could be no real likeness between the spots on the mole and the spots on the cowslip, and the comparison is mere ornament, almost inclining one to believe that Shakespeare was eager to make any use he could of a fact which he had lately observed. Indeed, Shakespeare has got the reputation of a minute observer on very easy terms; and so have most of the poets who are commonly praised for minute observation of nature. Nearly all the facts recorded in the passages quoted in the book might have been acquired by a Cockney journalist with a note-book in the course of a week-end in the country. Where the journalist would fall short of the poet would be in his use of these facts. He would not even need a week-end in the country to know that glow-worms give no light in the daytime; but that knowledge would not enable him to say—

"The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

What makes the poetry of these lines is not the observation but the motion, and they delight us not with their information but with their music.

It is doubtful whether poets are ever very minute or exact observers. Wordsworth is often praised for his close study of natural facts, yet he could live to be over thirty without ever having noticed the lesser celandine; while Milton did not know that the nightingale does not sing all the summer. The fact is that men seldom observe any kind of facts very closely except for some particular purpose: and we are all surprised to find how a particular purpose quickens our observation of facts which have been staring us in the face all our lives without our noticing them. But the poet, so far as his poetry is concerned, has no particular motive for close observation of nature facts, since poetry is a means of expressing emotion rather than of conveying information, and the more charged with emotion it is the less likely is

it to be a good means of conveying information. The finest passages of description in poetry, especially in lyrical poetry, often seem to us very vivid; but if we analyse them we shall usually find that the poet's appeal is to our emotions rather than to our eyes. He has seen something when in some state of intense emotion, and by communicating the emotion to us he makes us see what he has seen with the same vividness. He communicates his emotion by means of the music of his verse; and the facts which are so musically recorded, although usually few and simple, seem to us to be all the essential facts. Music itself, though it states no facts, can sometimes make vivid pictures for us by its appeal to our emotions; and even the painter makes his picture vivid by the expression of his emotions, in his execution as well as by the representation of fact. It is also emotion that selects facts both in painting and in poetry, and the greater the emotion the more exclusive is the process of selection, as when Shelley says:

"He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom."

How few are the facts recorded, and they are facts that anyone might notice; yet how the music seems to make them live for us! William Morris said that Shelley had no eyes; and Mr. Lang, in his book, remarks that in some lines which he quotes Shelley was "rather concerned with his own emotions than with the watery plain under his eyes." But the poet is always more concerned with his own emotions than with phenomena, and he only makes use of phenomena to express emotions which the phenomena may have aroused in him. Morris whom we have just quoted against Shelley, was a poet who did observe minutely, and whose head was stored with facts; yet when he comes to describe he gives us very few of them.

"From township to township, o'er down and by tillage,
Far, far hae we wandered, and long was the day.
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey."

All that might be seen by a capitalist scorching by in a motor-car; but he could not so feel what he had seen, and therefore he could not sing it into our brains. There is no poem in the language, perhaps, so vivid as the "Ancient Mariner"; and it is vivid not because it is full of minute or exact observation, but because all the facts recorded in it express emotion.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside."

or—

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea."

These verses might have been written by a blind man so far as the observation contained in them goes; but they are vivid because the passage of the sun and the moon has stirred certain emotions in the poet, and these are expressed in the description.

Professor Churton Collins quotes two verses from Collins's "Ode to Evening":—

"O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn."

And on these he remarks that "whoever is acquainted with the neighbourhood of Chichester, and has wandered along the roads through the fields there when the shades of evening are falling, will have no difficulty in understanding what suggested and what inspired this admirable sketch." But is it only near Chichester that evening could be called a "nymph reserved," or that the sun

could be said to sit in a western tent, or that the air is hushed, or the bats weak-eyed or leathern winged, or that stag beetles make their peculiar sound? It would be difficult to give a description less localised than this and yet Professor Collins would have us believe that it is made up of things that must have been observed near Chichester. It is superior to most versified descriptions of the eighteenth century—not in observation, but simply in emotion. Collins had felt the evening as well as seen it, and his feeling has given music to his verse.

The fact is that minute descriptions of nature may be very good practice to a poet, since they may teach him how to make his verse full of matter. Keats knew this and filled his earlier verse with detail, often quite unselected. But as he gained in mastery he selected more and more, and in his masterpiece, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," there is little enough detail; only all that there is expresses the emotion of the poem. You will find as much detail as you can desire in the descriptive poetry of the eighteenth century; but it is dead detail because it has been only observed, not felt. Poetry at its highest tends to approach to music and to eliminate all facts except those which are essential to the expression of emotion.

A DAY OF REST.

It is not the beginning of the week, nor is it the end; it is not of the week at all. It is a day apart: a day of rest.

In the Big Grey City—the City of the Great Unrest—where the six days pass by unnoted in hurried overlapping endeavour, it is all-important. It is the day on which men need not work; therefore we all welcome it, even the idle rich, and make the most of an unusual leisure, each according to his inclinations.

On this day we motor. The hoot of many horns disturbs the slumbrous quiet of mid-day country calm, as, be-goggled and wrapped up, we travel swiftly from place to place, seeking luncheon and tea in the wayside inns of forgotten country places, and then quickly back to dine. For to-night we dine in crowded restaurants: the dinner is the one event. It is the night of rest, and we need not hurry with our food, for there is nothing after eleven except for the strange gatherings of a selected few; therefore we linger over coffee and the *petit verre*, while the reverberation of the all-day hum gradually dies away, and our wind-swept faces glow pleasantly in acceptable repose.

For some of us it is a day of earlier rising. We bolt our breakfast or go without to catch an early train, because we want a long day in the restful country. We spend most of it in that Sunday train, which stops at everywhere and in between—that train of rest. We meet it again at night as we hurry on to the crowded platform only just in time. In the frenzied minutes of the regulation stop we pack in, fourteen rest-seekers in one carriage; and the racks are over-filled with varied bundles threatening to fall. We are of all classes: but on the last Sunday train there are no distinctions of class. We must all get home, for to-morrow we must work, so we get in anywhere, for the train is very full. We try to rest in many attitudes of abandonment, and our heads flop as the train starts and stops. In the minutes between sleep and somnolence we see, hazily, others, tired like ourselves: dazed children huddling under a protecting arm; couples sitting close and hand in hand, while the girl's head droops on to his shoulder, and the new hat, which was the pride of the morning, joggles all awry; old ladies with tired eyes, bravely attempting an upright dignity without success. They are all a very long way off, and only the ghost-faces, which peer through the blurred windows from without, are real, because they threaten a disturbance at every stop. Back in London at last, we hurry off to complete our homeward journey, or turn in thankfully near at hand. For we have fed and laughed and played unusually, and are very tired.

Or perchance we take exercise. We shoulder a long, heavy bag and tramp for hours over uneven grass, hitting a small white ball and looking for it so that we may hit

it again. What though we do lose heart, swear, and feel it all next week, if we are off our game? This is the day on which we need not toil, so we take pleasure in our pain, though the melancholy of "rotten play" colours our outlook until we can retrieve our self-respect next Sunday. We may be merely despised pedestrians; but we have toe-and-heeled it for miles, until we are glad to sit down and rest the foot which hurt a little for the last few miles. Even a blister is part of the hard-earned glory of fatigue.

Others of us—the respectable ones—stay in London and pay calls. It is our only day. In tall hat and creased trousers we flit from house to house, praying for denials to our inquiries, and timing our last visitations with nice exactitude, so as to get them in and done with before the prescribed hour, when the hostess may sigh and feel released to pursue her own inclinations. Fortified with good intentions, we do many uncongenial things. We balance bits of cake in saucers and hand round plates of food at the same time; we babble nothings and find ourselves pledged to wondrous theses because we have spoken, without thought, for something to say. We sit—when we are not dodging little tables of priceless treasures or racing for the door—on the edge of strange chairs; we lose our gloves. But we are satisfied if only we complete our round. Or we visit relatives, where there are no formalities, only snappy argument, as we discuss the family differences of absent ones. Or, may be, we go to concerts, doing escort to fair ladies, while our hats get brushed the other way by the jostlings of many music-lovers.

Perhaps we spend a quiet day at home. We rise a little later, indolently, and an accusing pile of things to be written, left undone, faces us from the heaped-up table. We do them. We write letters—all the letters we ought to have written during the week, and have not; we sign and send off cheques long since overdue; we tear up letters—all the letters we should have torn up long ago, and papers; we tear them all up. We get zealous: we dig out documents long destined for destruction, and our fingers ache with the continual grip and pull. We tidy. We condemn many things, and in a few hours reduce the accumulation of years, such is our enthusiasm. Meal time comes as an unwelcome interruption to the drastic joy of clearing out and we do not stop until our fingers are ingrained with dust, and we are very weary.

In the streets—the streets so full of people—it is the day of many comings and goings from morning until night; it is the day of interminable tram rides and intricate bus journeys, with many changings and much patient waiting at street corners. It is the day of many outings and walkings out. On this day innumerable hand-maidens, appearing up area steps with the inevitable parcel, sally forth for something more serious than a journey to the post. On this day the streets are loud with the shuffle of many thousand silent couples, tramping for ever to and fro, while the love spark is kindled with the mute magnetism of touch, or extinguished by a sudden awakening during the long silences when they have nothing to say.

It is a day of new experiences and of old. On this day the youth first meets tobacco, and untended children wander far afield; the girl gets her first kiss or her last; and the rising man puts on his first tall hat, the signal of his advancement in the world's affairs.

At night the aimless sauntering becomes a settled trudge, and the faces, shadowed with fatigue, take on something of workaday intent as the people hurry homeward. Weary mothers carry weary babies, asleep or crying peevishly; and the weary father drags along the children who can walk, talking only in exhortations lest they miss the last departing tram. Couples, standing in the shadow of a house, break off the last few words of parting with a hurried kiss, and the man watches while the woman scurries off. Multitudes converge on the railway stations, and at many points of departure are fierce tram-scrambles for a seat. Bright-lighted motor-cars glide or thunder by, showing flashes of loveliness inside. For at the end the one idea is home.

It begins early and ends late, this day of rest. When it is over we are glad to get to bed—and to rest.

Letters from Abroad.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM II.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may be a matter of controversy whether there is amongst the crowned heads living one with a higher opinion of his station than the present German Emperor. But there can be no dispute that no one has more often and more energetically emphasised the loftiness of his office than the third bearer of the Imperial German crown. "My position I have from God, and to nobody but God am I responsible for the execution of my duties." This is the always-recurring refrain in a great number of his speeches. "The heir of him who, of his own right, became Duke of Prussia, will walk the same ways as his great ancestor, just as the first King said, 'Ex me nata corona,' and his great son established his authority as a *rocher de bronze*. Thus I represent the kingdom, like my imperial grandfather, by the grace of God." This passage of a speech, delivered in 1894 at Königsberg, is an example of many similar confessions of the political faith of Prussia's King, the German Kaiser.

The speech was addressed to the agrarian nobility, who at that time kicked at the Government because its commercial policy had taken a turn in the direction of Free Trade. William II. took this opposition ill. "An opposition of the Prussian nobles against their King," he said, "is something monstrous; it is only justified when it has the King at its head, as is shown by the history of my house." And William tells the nobles that their first duty is to support the King, that they must "shun the methods of those parties which make opposition a profession." He addresses the teachers in the same spirit: "Only he is called to be a teacher of our youth who faithfully and in full conviction adheres to monarchism and the constitution. Through his privileges and his duties a teacher is, in the first instance, a servant of the State, and this of the present State." And to the recruits of the Guards he says, after they have taken their oath: "You have now sworn allegiance to me. This, children of my Guards, means that you are now my soldiers, that you have now devoted yourselves, soul and body, to me, that you have now only one enemy, to wit, my enemy. With the Socialistic machinations of our times it may happen that—which God may prevent—that I should command you to shoot or thrust down your own relatives, your brethren, nay, your parents. But even then you must obey my command without grumbling."

True, these quotations are taken from speeches that belong to the first decade of William II.'s reign, whilst in later years the utterances of the Kaiser are marked by a certain restraint. But his opinions as regards monarchism have hardly changed. Occasionally the old spirit breaks through again. Even lately a poem, supposed to be the work of a deceased cadet of the Army, has, by the Kaiser's command, been distributed amongst all the cadets, to be "taken to heart" by them. The rhyme—now said to be the work of a priest—suggests that when "the party of overthrow" begins to move, "the cadets" will be, "in arms and array," ready "to shoot for our Emperor."

It would, however, be a mistake to infer from this a burning desire on the part of William II. to come to blows with Social Democracy, though in spite of the remarkable strength of the party and the comparatively high proportion of Socialists in the army the chances in such a conflict, in the ordinary course of events, are on the side of the Government. No doubt William II. hates Social Democracy. Again and again this sentiment breaks forth through his speeches. But we know how in 1890 he shrank from Bismarck's plan of provoking Social Democrats to the shedding of blood. He did not desire to begin his reign by slaying his subjects. And one is justified in believing that a similar feeling still governs him. To give the Kaiser his due, he has according to his lights quite as high a sense of the duties and responsibilities of his office as of its dignities.

William II. is at the same moment one of the most romantic and one of the most modern monarchs of our era. Modern he is in the amplitude of his knowledge and the many-sidedness of his interests. The versatility of his mind has often been made the object of mockery by the satirical papers. But if he is prone to have his say on almost

every conceivable subject, he sometimes surprises even professional people by the thoroughness of his insight. A good and strong-willed worker, he has in time acquired a considerable store of positive knowledge. Only with great qualification could Dryden's "everything in turn and nothing long" be applied to him. In many departments of public life he has shown as keen a perseverance in work and purpose as those in whom he sees his implacable enemies—the Social Democrats of his country.

The high view of his position also governs his personal conduct. Not that he is stiff in his intercourse, or rigorously puritanical in his habits. Just the contrary. He is known as a friend of all sorts of sport, a hearty drinker, in the German sense, when in congenial company, and altogether an affable and often singularly gay companion. "Say what you may of him," Prince Bülow lately exclaimed in the Reichstag, "he certainly is not a philistine." It is said, indeed, that he takes a joke at his own expense better than his father, Frederick III., and is more amenable to criticism. In this he preserves the essential spirit of the army, the mixture of feudal and democratic tendencies. Exclusive as are the mass of officers, they cultivate a strong sentiment of fellowship and social equality. Similarly William II. allows considerable familiarity to those who are admitted to his company. With such favoured individuals he uses the familiar "thou" and "thee," amongst them the Hamburg shipowner Herr Wörmann, and Herr Ballin, the head of the big Hamburg-American shipping company.

Herr Ballin is of Jewish descent, and the intimacy of William II. with him has given serious offence to the anti-Semites, who once had put so great hopes on the son of Frederick III. Indeed, William was not of the tribe of the Liberale Kronprinzen. A boy when the great wars were fought which made Prussia the undisputed head of the German confederation, and gave birth to the Prusso-German Empire, a youth when the first Liberal era of the new empire had ended in general disappointment, he was at the time of his accession steeped in anti-Liberal, nationalistic ideas. He had taken part in November, 1887, at the famous conference at Count Waldersee's, where a campaign in favour of bringing the masses back to the Church had been resolved on, and the noted priest and demagogue, Herr Stoecker, might well have hoped that his time was come. The so-called positive wing of the Protestant Church, *i.e.*, the dogmatic orthodoxy, were full of hopes, and for many years the Kaiser was never weary of seasoning his speeches, particularly those to the recruits, with admonitions to be, or to become again, sound believers. That he repeatedly has held religious services himself and has preached on texts from the Bible is well known. A fluent speaker, with a command of striking imagery, he would indeed be a powerful preacher.

But though still a professed believer, he is not to-day the type of Christian he has been. In recent years the theologians of the Delitzsch and Harnack type, *i.e.*, men between the left wing and the centre of the Protestant Church, have had his ear. Lectures on Bible Criticism have become the fashion at the Court. This corresponds with the evolution of the inner policy of the State. William II. is a shrewd observer, and knows well to appreciate the increasing industrialisation of society. He sees that the Prussia of old is fast dying out, and that the towns and industrial centres will in the long run not stand the political predominance of squire and parson. Thus he gives more and more heed to the counsels of the merchant-princes and the captains of industry whilst trying to educate his Prussian squires to a more modern conception of politics. For he cannot do without them. They and the peasantry form an indispensable element of the army, its very foundation, the upholder of its traditions, the cement that secures its cohesion in a crisis.

Here you have the contradiction in William II.'s personality, and the antinomy in his Government. On the one hand he desires to go with the times. He sees all the changes that are proceeding around him, and to a certain degree he grasps their meaning, and tries to adapt his policy to them. On the other hand he wishes to retain the character of an institution of such a formidable complexion as the army of universal conscription. The army is to him still the first interest of the State. His first address when

he became King and Kaiser was to the army, the second to the navy, and only the third to the nation at large. "Thus we belong to each other—I and the army—thus we are born to each other, and thus we will indissolubly stick together, may by the will of God be peace or storm." Three years afterwards, we hear him insist that "the soldier and the army, and not Parliamentary resolutions and Parliamentary majorities, have forged together the German Empire," and that his "confidence rests in the army," and we have seen how his thoughts in this respect are unchanged.

The poetry I have mentioned above contains a verse suggesting that the Gallic cock may "goggle and goggle," and Albion enviously bar the road, but "We trust in God and the Emperor." No sane Englishman, I trust, will take this manner of mentioning England seriously. It is evident that it was not the particular line in question but the spirit of the entire poem which induced William II. to order it to be printed for the comrades of the supposed poet. He is no more bent on a warlike enterprise abroad than he thirsts for leading his troops against the inner foe. Thus far his first speech from the throne, where he said that he would not find it compatible with his Christian religion and his duties as Emperor to inflict on the people the sufferings of a war, be it even a victorious one, has not been falsified by his actions. He knows too well the danger of such enterprises to hazard them. On the whole, the difference between his policy and his speeches has always been marked. In speaking he is often carried away by the impetuosity of his temper—only quite recently he has stated that he often suffers from a sleepless night after a speech; in action he is usually cautious and open to advice. It is not easy to gauge his true feelings in regard to England. Apart from some rather wild utterances dating from the time when he was Crown Prince, no offensive words about England are reported of him. In this respect he has been more discreet than his Chancellor, Bülow. But whatever his feelings may be, his policy will for a long time to come be as friendly as may be. His weakness is not a passion for adventure. He is now fast approaching the fifties, and he shows that in many respects his ambitions have cooled. He wants too much to conserve at home to be very eager for changes abroad. His home policy is the great peril of our time. He has kept his word not to encroach on the constitutional rights of the people, but he resists every endeavour to enlarge them in accordance with the growing importance of new classes of society. He is not hunting after a war, but he is continuously set on increasing the military forces on land and sea, and is thus one of the sustainers of the ruinous competition of the nations in regard to armaments. His endeavour to uphold the squirearchy and the peasantry makes him a supporter of Protection, and consequently of one of the causes of continuous friction between the nations. With all his modernity he is a romanticist; with all his sympathy for social reforms he is a foe of modern democracy.

ED. BERNSTEIN.

The Drama.

"THE THIEF."

M. HENRY BERNSTEIN, who has recently succeeded in shocking Paris with his "Sampson," is a dramatist who has found a new recipe for writing modern plays. Sardou's melodrama is *vieux jeu*; but Sardou understood how to make use of the theatre. Could not his methods be allied to the psychological or problem play? If so audiences would be at once excited and made to discuss a "problem." M. Bernstein succeeded in combining the two elements in his "La Rafale," and he has done the same thing in "Le Voleur," which Mr. George Alexander has produced in an English version at St. James's Theatre. Anyone who knows "La Rafale" need not be told that there is only a semblance of a problem. There is still less in "Le Voleur," or "The Thief," as it is named in English. That a woman may stoop to mean actions, or even to a crime, in order to retain her husband's love, and that husbands (at any rate, French husbands) may be unconscious participants in their wives' backslidings from honour and honesty by insisting on physical attractive-

ness does not matter, for the real aim of "The Thief" is at one with the aim of the old-fashioned drama of horror. A theatre audience of the respectable will no longer tolerate brutal murders on the stage. If there must be physical horrors in a play, they take place "off," in the manner of the Greeks. But mental horrors are different. You can thrill people just as easily by M. Bernstein's method, and if you be cynical by nature, you will be amused by hearing them applaud your play as great drama. Have no fear of the intellectuals; they do not count in the playhouse! Your play has to stimulate minds made lethargic by dinner, or lazy by a day of strenuous work! If once you understand how stupid a theatre audience can be, you may begin to write a play à la Bernstein. Then you must devise a situation, outrageous if you like (as in "La Rafale" and "Sampson") or surprising (as in "Le Voleur"). Everything must lead up to that situation. Make the characters as life-like as possible as to externals, but take care that their minds only work towards the situation. Then decorate your play with as much "realism" as possible, and work in a "problem." The whole thing must be daring, or people will not talk about it, and your theatre will not be filled night after night.

The great situation of "The Thief" is nothing more than the adaptation of the methods of a *juge d'instruction* to private life. For half-an-hour a man bullies his wife until she confesses she has committed a series of thefts of which an innocent boy has allowed himself to be accused. On her knees she implores for pardon. She stole that she might decorate herself with finery in order to keep her husband's love. Being a Frenchman, the husband has to admit the force of the extenuating circumstances, but not before the audience has been thrilled. If you are ignorant of M. Bernstein's work you may wonder how the play is to be carried on; but he never hesitates when a theatrical climax has to be prolonged. By dint of creating his characters in the flat, as it were, he is able to manipulate his scenes quite easily. The husband, brought to the point of forgiving his wife, suddenly remembers that her boy admirer has taken the blame of the theft on his own shoulders. That any ordinary man would have wondered from the first why the self-sacrifice was made does not count in the Bernstein theatre. You must accept this psychological lapse just as you must accept the fact that the lady who has been robbed was in the habit of bundling notes and gold into an old bureau with a defective lock, or that the husband, a man of limited means but considerable experience of Parisian life, would not have noticed that his wife wore more expensive clothes than she could possibly afford. In the same way you must believe that the wife is really in love with her husband—not sentimentally in love, but passionately, in spite of the fact that M. Bernstein has only shown her to be a flirt, a liar, and an unsensitive, callous wretch. What woman, except an unimaginative criminal, could calmly let an innocent boy be falsely accused of a crime that will part him from a father he loves; and not a strange boy, but one whom she has known for many years, and the son of her husband's oldest friend!

Mme. Simone le Bargy, who took the part in Paris, may have suggested more of the woman's mental struggle than did Miss Irene Vanbrugh, but in the original play the author makes no suggestions of any sort either by dialogue or by action. Indeed, when the play is carefully examined, it is to be seen that this very blank in the drawing of the character is necessary for the theatrical effect of the husband's brutal inquisition of his wife. If she prepares you in any way for her confession of guilt, M. Bernstein's surprise is discounted. For that very reason he actually leaves his audience in doubt as to the truth of the boy's confession in the first act, and, from any point of view but his own as a manufacturer of "strong situations," mars his drama. It is symptomatic of M. Bernstein's negative character-drawing that his husband never feels a qualm of the genuine terror which would overtake a man if he found he had a wife who had given scarcely a thought to the consequences of her crime. The passionate expression of her love for himself, and the repeated assurance that she had stolen the money because of that love, would surely strike a human being as the most tragic and terrible feature of the whole sordid business.

It is not fair to French playgoers to assume that they

accept M. Bernstein and his plays without demur. He is recognised to be a sensation-monger, a kind of Sardou, with a faint dash of Dumas *filz*, masquerading as a realistic dramatist of life. At the same time, "Le Voleur" must seem less unnatural to French people than "The Thief" seems to English. The big scene between husband and wife would not bear analysis as psychology in whatever language the play was acted; but the emotional hurly-burly of the Latin races when excited makes it more possible. French actors and actresses can carry through such a scene at a white heat of emotion that gives no time for thought; but Miss Vanbrugh, clever as she is, does not suggest the excessive passion of the woman, and Mr. Alexander's methods are too deliberate, too sentimental, and too rhetorical. Then, again, the French delight in inquisitorial examinations. It is part of their legal system, and is no doubt characteristic of their private life. Possibly Frenchmen would consider that the husband had reason for his bullying of the wife into a confession of guilt, and it may seem natural, or not impossible, to them that the friend in whose house both are staying should bring down a detective as a guest, and allow him to play the *juge d'instruction* to his own son. In a play which pretends to take place in England, such things are not only impossible, but ludicrous. The whole thing becomes an impossible travesty of any kind of life that we know.

Science.

A TRIUMPH OF TELEPHOTOGRAPHY.

WE have received from the "Daily Mirror" a photograph of King Edward VII., which was sent by telegraph to our contemporary from the office of "L'Illustration" in Paris, on the 8th of November. This photograph is the first ever received by telegraph in England, as well as the first ever sent by cable. The likeness to his Majesty is very good, and is, in fact, the best specimen of Telephotography that we have seen. Its production is due to the great improvement in the subject which has recently been effected by Professor Korn of Munich.

Images of objects have been sent successfully along wires—just as verbal messages are—on many occasions during the past generation. Indeed, once it became known that the action of light can, of itself, generate electric currents, and that these currents can, in their turn, affect a photographic plate, it was evident that the sending of pictures by wire was a possibility, and that time, patience, and experiment would solve the problem. The process adopted by Professor Korn is substantially the same as that employed more than twenty-five years ago by Mr. Shelford Bidwell; there are, of course, some modifications, and there is one improvement which minimises a certain imperfection inherent in the method.

If we compare the problem of sending a picture by telegraph with that of sending a verbal message, one great difficulty in the first is at once obvious. In the latter case we have merely to transmit a *succession* (of separate dots or dashes signifying letters), whereas in the former we have (for complete success) to transmit a simultaneity. This is the aspect in which the problem of transmitting an image telegraphically presented itself to the writer of this article in the year 1876; and, thus regarded, the problem is still unsolved. An attempt to transmit the whole of the picture at once, met with enough success to show that the thing is possible, but very troublesome.

The success of Mr. Shelford Bidwell and Professor Korn in transmitting fairly good pictures along a wire is due to their dealing with the problem quite differently, and assimilating it to that of telegraphing dots and dashes—that is, they do not transmit the whole of a picture at once: they trace it out point by point, and consequently the time taken is very great.

To describe the details of the machinery—although this is singularly simple—is quite impossible, since diagrams and electrical technicalities are required; but it is possible to make the general reader understand something of the main principles involved.

The main agent in the process is a substance called selenium. This substance can be melted at a temperature of about 217 deg. Centigrade—say, roughly, a temperature a little more than twice that of boiling water. When melted, it assumes a pasty condition with a black colour, and it can be spread out as a thin layer on a flat surface. If left to itself, it cools rapidly and remains black. If now it is heated very gradually nearly up to its melting point again, it assumes a brownish-grey colour, and in this state we leave it. This last condition of the substance is very remarkable. In the natural or black state, selenium is so bad a conductor of an electric current that we may call it a non-conductor; but in this brownish-grey modification it conducts—not very well, it is true, but very much better than before; and, further, it now possesses the extraordinary property of becoming a better conductor still if light falls on it. The stronger the light falling on it, the better its conductivity—within certain limits, of course. Now clearly this property indicates its suitability to the transmission of a picture if the lights coming from various parts of the picture can be allowed to fall successively upon it.

This last statement (necessarily vague) will be better understood if we quote a very striking and beautiful experiment shown many years ago to the Physical Society of London by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, which we shall make plain by a simple illustration. Imagine an island in the middle of a river; the flowing stream when it reaches the island divides into two streams, flowing round and reuniting at the other end of the island. Call these two streams the *right branch* and the *left branch*. Now, if someone dams, or obstructs partially, the right branch, a greater rush of water will take place in the left; and if the right is made wider, the reverse will happen. In exactly the same way, if a current from an electric battery flows along a wire to a certain point where the wire bifurcates (as the river does at the island) into two wires, which reunite farther on, forming a right branch and a left branch, a certain portion of the current will run in each branch; how much in each depends on the obstruction, or resistance, offered to the current—just as in the case of the two river branches.

Now, Mr. Shelford Bidwell inserted in the right branch an electric glow lamp, and in the left a plate of brownish-grey selenium. The current divided itself between these two branches, and the amount passing through the right was just sufficient to light the lamp, when no light fell on the selenium in the left. Hence the lamp lighted itself; and when its light fell on the selenium in the other branch, the selenium became a better conductor, with the result that more current now flowed through its branch, and less through the lamp's branch—and the lamp went out; but when it did, the selenium (for want of light) rose in resistance, so that now more current passed through the lamp's branch, and the lamp re-lighted, with exactly the same result as before. The case is suggestive of the Kilkenny cats, and we are tempted to say that the lamp was engaged in committing suicide at regular intervals! This behaviour of selenium suggested its employment as a burglar detector; for, in the circuit of a battery containing an electric bell, let a prepared plate of brownish-grey selenium be placed, and let things be so arranged that when the selenium is in the dark its resistance is just great enough to prevent the current from ringing the bell. Now when the burglar examines the room with his bull's-eye lantern, he will doubtless direct its beams inadvertently on the selenium, whose resistance will then be so much reduced that the strength of the electric current will be increased sufficiently to ring the bell. We have actually had quite a different photo-electric arrangement in use for ringing an electric bell when a window shutter was opened, and daylight was admitted to the face of a photo battery in the room; but, no

doubt, there would be corresponding advances in scientific theory made by the burglars to protect themselves.

It is possible to imagine many other cases in which the better conductivity of selenium under the action of light would be evidenced. Imagine a telegraph line composed of a properly constructed arrangement of brownish-light selenium—not that such would be remunerative. In this case, the currents passing during the day-time, and especially in bright light, would be considerably greater than those passing at night.

The first practical application of this selenium property was made by Dr. A. Graham Bell, in his photophone, an instrument which enabled the voice to vary the light falling on the selenium resistance, and so enabled the voice of a distant person to be heard in a telephone.

But there is an unfortunate characteristic of this sensitive selenium which prevents its continuous action for a long period—namely, that, in time, the selenium becomes sluggish in its response, lagging behind the impulse which it receives from light; and it is this which, in our opinion, will be found most troublesome in its use for the transmission of pictures. Professor Korn remedies the defect to some extent by a modification of Mr. Bidwell's arrangement—the modification consisting of an ingenious pitting of one selenium resistance against another. Still, something further must be done with selenium if the process is to be satisfactory; for it must be confessed that the pictures transmitted are not yet very artistic, from the photographer's point of view, although they show that great strides have been made.

In our opinion, the problem of telephotography will yet be satisfactorily solved; but at present there are two essentials wanting—clearness and rapidity; and it is doubtful if the complete solution will be found by employing selenium at all.

GEORGE M. MINCHIN.

Poetry.

AT SEA.

O MOUTH that clung, O little hands!

They took him from my heart,
They stitched him up in sacking bands—
O mouth that clung, and little hands!—
And laid him down apart;
A flag was spread to hide the thing—
The little thing that lived in me—
And words were said and a bell did ring,
They pushed it off into the sea—
The little thing that lived in me.

Oh, white and green and greener still,
He sank into the cold!
Down the ship's side he sank, until—
Oh, white and green and greener still!—
He vanished from my hold;
The night comes on, and mothers bear
The babies to their beds again,
Last night—last night a babe was there
Who knows not hunger now nor pain,
And never goes to bed again.

Cold, cold, and dark, and all alone,
He neither sleeps nor cries—
The life that was my own life's own—
The ship moves on, and all alone
Far, far behind he lies.
Last night he lay against my side—
O mouth that clung, and little hands!—
Down through the dark I see him slide,
Or tossed on cold, un pitying sands—
O mouth that clung, O little hands!

N.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the deputation of playwrights which the Prime Minister is to receive next week, it is perhaps as well to say a word on the practical working of the Censorship. Nothing that can be said on the subject of the political principle involved is likely to be new to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He does not need to be told that the popular theory of leaving the drama in the hands of some man of the world who is also a gentleman of tact and good sense, is just about as reasonable and as creditable to the political competence of those who are satisfied with it as a proposal to leave the whole country in the hands of the King, because he also is a man of the world, with a European reputation for tact and good sense. I have no doubt that many loyal people would think such a suggestion admirable; for nothing is more alarming nowadays than the oblivion into which the political axioms which Liberalism established by three hundred years of struggle have fallen. You cannot look down the correspondence column of a newspaper without finding some unashamed proposal from an ordinary sane gentleman to deal with whatever social evil happens to be the topic of the day, by giving some perfect gentleman autocratic powers to set it right. Such people are too lazy to emigrate to Russia, where their political notions are constitutionally recognized and acted upon very thoroughly (with all the results that might be expected); so they clamour for the Russianising of our English Constitution, and see nothing in the hesitation of the Government to gratify them but flat Anarchism—wherein they find themselves at one with that perfect gentleman the Czar.

At all events, I shall take the obnoxiousness of the Censorship to Liberal principles for granted, and explain how the institution actually works, for the better technical instruction of Ministers, and the disillusion of the visionaries who imagine that Mr. Redford is a kindly, wise, tactful, earthly Providence taking a common-sense view of the wholesomeness of every play presented to him, and arriving at a rough-and-ready but in the main sound conclusion as to whether it should be performed or not.

It sounds very simple. Most hopelessly foolish solutions of social difficulties do sound simple. To begin with, you want a man who will undertake to know, better than Tolstoy or Ibsen or George Meredith or Dickens or Carlyle or Ruskin or Shakespeare or Shelley, what moral truths the world needs to be reminded of—how far the pity and horror of tragedy dare be carried—on what institutions the antiseptic derision of comedy may be allowed to play without destroying anything really vital in them.

Now it is clear without argument that no man who was not a born fool would pretend for the moment to be capable of such a task; and the reason that some Censors have talked as if they were capable of it is that some Censors have been born fools. The Prime Minister would be as much horrified at having such godlike powers attributed to him as Paul and Barnabas were at Lystra when the people sacrificed to them. I am far from sure that Mr. Redford, if we offered him a sacrifice occasionally, would not accept it with complacency; but I may be doing him an injustice. There is, of course, a strong *prima facie* case against him. When a young gentleman, on such a superhuman task as the above being proposed, springs from his desk in a bank, and says blithely: "Oh, there is no difficulty. Hand Tolstoy and the rest over to me; and I will Censor them all right enough for two guineas a play, and a few hundred a year as a stand-by in case I extinguish the drama altogether." This is, in effect, Mr. Redford's attitude; and, so stated, it certainly seems to reach the limit of flippant folly and conceit. But of course this is not how the situation presented itself to him. He was simply given a post in his Majesty's household, and was naturally very glad to get it. As to the work, it had been done before somehow by an ordinary mortal, and therefore could presumably be done again by another ordinary mortal. That is to say, there must be rules; and when there are rules an official

has nothing to do but administer them, just as a judge need not be a Solon: his business is not to make laws, but to see that the laws are obeyed.

Now it is hard on Mr. Redford that we place so much more responsibility on him than on a judge, though we give him a much smaller salary. We ask him not only to administer the law, but to make the law in his private wisdom as he goes along. For he is not bound always by his office rules. Sometimes they become too glaringly old-fashioned for even a Lord Chamberlain to persist in. Sometimes new emergencies arise for which there are no rules; and then Mr. Redford has to legislate for the drama of this unhappy realm out of his own head, which was never made to bear such a strain. On the whole, he is happiest when he has office rules or traditions to fall back on.

What are these rules? First and most intolerable, the infamous rule that dramatic art is too unclean a thing to be allowed to be religious. It may be lewd, and it may be silly; but it must not dare touch anything sacred. The Bible is to be a closed book to it. It may send the black-guard to the drinking bar between every act, and to a worse place at the end of the play; but it must not send him to church or to prayer, or even into the street to do good works.

What would the art of painting be if it had been under this execrable ban since its invention? If no painter had ever been allowed to paint Christ or the Apostles or the Saints or the Virgin—if the great spiritual dynasty of Italian painters from Cimabue and Giotto to Tintoretto had been forbidden to paint anything but Venuses for licentious noblemen, and told if they complained that the restriction did not prevent Jan Steen from being a great artist, where would painting be nowadays? Where would Christianity be? Suppose the art of music had been in the same chains, and Handel had been tethered to Italian opera and forbidden to compose The Messiah! The ignorant and dissolute may imagine that we should still have the operas of Offenbach and the waltzes of Waldteufel. They err to the very depths. Offenbach and Waldteufel made their confectionery of the crumbs they picked up from the bread of life the great Masters made when they were expressing their religion in music. There is no fact on earth better established than that it is only in the effort to express those great waves of the human spirit that pass over the world from time to time that art becomes great, and discovers new enchantments to arrest our attention and change our souls. Had Mr. Redford exercised his functions in Athens, there would have been no Aeschylus, no Sophocles, no Aristophanes, no Euripides. Had he exercised it in Elizabethan England there would have been no Shakespear except the Shakespear of Venus and Adonis. How any author, actor, or manager with a grain of self-respect can dumbly suffer this abominable excommunication—how he can actually pay Mr. Redford compliments and defend his detestable office against the righteous wrath and revolt of its victims, would be amazing if one did not know that the worst effect of making men helots is that they soon learn how lucrative are the arts of slavery, and lose their desire to be free.

Of the remaining taboos (for the whole system is one of taboo) three are of vital consequence, because they explain why it is that Mr. Redford licenses vicious plays, and refuses to license serious and exemplary ones. In the case of a play which came before the Courts in the course of a civil action, the judge expressed his astonishment that the King's Reader of Plays should have certified that it did not "in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage."

But the judge did not understand the situation. The play contained nothing that is taboo at the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Had the author introduced a scene in which the prophet Daniel appeared and rebuked its worst passages, Mr. Redford would at once have refused to license the play. Daniel is taboo. To get him licensed you must change him to Jack Sheppard, or Jane Shore, who are both perfectly in order.

Here are the three great taboos on the question of sex:

1. You must never mention an illegal obstetric operation.
2. You must never mention incest.
3. You must never mention venereal disease.

"And," Mr. Redford will exclaim, "would any gentle-

man desire to mention them on the public stage?" The reply, which will shock Mr. Redford, is Yes. If gentlemen do not deal energetically with these subjects in public, they will be dealt with by blackguards in private.

"But surely," our noodles will begin, "the theatre is not the proper place——!" Why not? If the theatre is the proper place for the representation of the passions that lead to these things—if the dramatist is actually thrust back on such subjects whenever he attempts to deal with holier matters—if he must exhibit vice without its real consequences (as distinguished from those sham consequences of remorse and forgiveness, or despair and suicide, which not one of the spectators believes to be inevitable or even probable) how is he to avoid corrupting the morals of the nation? The innocent people who write letters to THE NATION in support of the Censorship think, no doubt, that the rule against mentioning these things is only part of a general rule prohibiting all allusion to vice. They mistake. The playwright may wallow in the representation of every sort of vice that dare be mentioned at all without intolerable shame; and Mr. Redford will give him a two guinea certificate of its propriety, provided only that he does not represent it as leading to an illegal operation, or to venereal disease, or to an insoluble doubt as to possible consanguinity between the children of those who practise it: that is to say, to the only retribution that has any deterrent reality for the spectators.

For instance, take the play called *Waste*, by Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Redford's latest victim. Consider the position into which the refusal of a licence for that play has put Mr. Barker! The public knows that Mr. Redford has licensed plays so abominable that I myself, when trying to bring the question of the Censorship before the public through the Press, have failed to induce editors to allow me to describe them in their papers. There is also the well-known protest from the judicial bench cited above. The inevitable conclusion drawn by the man in the street is that if Mr. Barker has gone beyond the tolerance that licensed these indescribable and unmentionable plays, he must have produced something quite hideously filthy. But I can tell the story of *Waste* here without the smallest offence, and, with Mr. Barker's permission, I will.

Waste is a play about the disestablishment of the Church. The hero is an able Parliamentary leader who has crossed the floor of the House from the Radical side to the Conservative, because he has induced the Conservatives to dish the Liberals by dealing with the Church themselves. One can quite conceive Mr. Sidney Webb getting round Mr. Balfour in this way (after all, the Irish Local Government Act passed by the Unionists was not less likely on the face of it) if Mr. Balfour would give Mr. Webb the revenues of the Church for some of his Collectivist projects—which, by the way, is just what the Conservative leader in *Waste* proposes to do. Mr. Barker has dramatized this amusing and suggestive political situation with real political insight and first-hand knowledge of our political personnel. But the scheme fails in the play through a private indiscretion of the sort that has ruined two political careers and crippled another in our own time. The protagonist becomes the father of the unborn child of a married lady. The lady avoids the birth by an illegal operation which kills her. The scandal makes the hero politically impossible, just as the O'Shea divorce made Parnell politically impossible. The great scheme for disestablishing the Church is wasted. The political services of the man who devised it are wasted. Hence the title *Waste*.

Mr. Redford does not object to the indiscretion. He does not object to the adultery, or to the illegitimate child. The plays he has licensed are full of such incidents. It is the illegal operation that is taboo. Take *Waste*, and degrade its fastidiously fine style into the basest bar-loafer's slang; smudge out its high intellectual interest into the most sickening lascivious sentimentality; introduce incidents which could not be described in these columns; but suppress the illegal operation. Mr. Redford will then license it like a lamb. That is how Taboo works.

I have myself had a play prohibited by Mr. Redford. People imagine that he refused to license it because the heroine is a prostitute and a procuress. They are indeed wide of the mark. The licensed drama positively teems with prostitutes and procuresses. One of the most popular melo-

dramas of our time is called *The Worst Woman in London*. In Mr. Hall Caine's excellent play, *The Christian*, you may on any night you please see the prostitute, the procuress, and the *souteneur*, on the stage at the Lyceum Theatre; and you will be none the worse for it. You can also see in many a humble melodrama a brothel on the stage, with its procuress in league with the villain and the bold bad girl whom he has ruined, all set forth as attractively as possible under the protection of the Lord Chamberlain's certificate.

But in my play the consequences of promiscuity are not shirked. I provide the feast (an acridly medicinal one); but I also present the reckoning. The daughter of my heroine meets the son of one of her mother's clients, who falls in love with her. And the two have to face the question, Is he her half-brother? only to find it unanswerable. That is one of the inevitable dilemmas produced by "group marriage." To suppress it is to pack the cards in favor of such arrangements. My refusal to pack them brought me into conflict with the taboo against incest. That is why Mrs. Warren's *Profession* is forbidden, whilst dozens of plays which present Mrs. Warren as well-dressed, charming, luxuriating in "guilty splendor," and suffering nothing but some fictitious retribution at the end in which nobody believes, because everybody knows it need not happen in real life, teach their cynical lesson to the poor girl in the gallery, and send the young man in the pit into the arms of the best imitation the streets can offer him of the guiltily splendid lady he has been admiring inside.

One more example of the censored play. There is a much more powerful deterrent to prostitution than the doubts as to consanguinity set up between the children of the parties to it. That deterrent is the disease which the libertine transmits to his legitimate offspring, and through it at the moment of birth to his wife. Now that it is idle to threaten people with hell, it is as well that they should know what does really threaten them. Sarah Grand took up this grim question and struck a doughty stroke at the national conscience in her most famous novel, *The Heavenly Twins*. Had she attempted to do the same thing in a play, Mr. Redford would have suppressed it, and left her under the suspicion of having perpetrated some enormity too dark even for the tolerance of the Censor who licensed *The Giddy Goat*. Brieux, the sternest of living dramatic moralists, has dealt with the same theme in his *Les Avariés*, in the most uncomfortably clean-handed, direct, truthful fashion. On the stage the hero's doctor tells him the truth about the state of his health with all a doctor's frankness, and forbids him to get married just then. He marries nevertheless; and his child pays the penalty. Mr. Redford will not license that play. If Brieux had confined himself to representing the scenes in which the man got the disease, and made them as attractive as possible, without any hint of the unpleasant consequences, Mr. Redford would have licensed it without turning a hair. But to mention the penalty! no: that is too disgusting. Besides, the people who make their living by the trade in disease would raise a clamor against such an exposure, in the name of outraged decency.

Ibsen, in his *Ghosts*, has dealt with the same subject and come under the double taboo; for he not only represents the son as inheriting his father's disease, but points out another by no means improbable result. His father's illegitimate daughter has been taken into the house as a servant by way of making some sort of reparatory provision for her. As she is a pretty girl, the son falls in love with her. Here the possible complication of incest is added to the actual complication of disease. "Horrible!" says the Lord Chamberlain. Ibsen, if alive, would probably ask whether the Lord Chamberlain wished him to make it agreeable. And the Lord Chamberlain would certainly reply that if he could not make it agreeable, he had better not touch it at all.

And there you have the effect of the Censorship in a nutshell. It does not forbid vice: it only insists that it shall be made attractive. It does not forbid you to put the brothel on the stage: it only compels you to advertize its charms, and suppress its penalties. Now it is futile to plead that the stage is not the proper place for the representation and discussion of illegal operations, incest, and venereal disease. If the stage is the proper place for the exhibition

and discussion of seduction, adultery, promiscuity, and prostitution, it must be thrown open to all the consequences of these things, or it will demoralize the nation. Either prohibit both, or allow both. The Censorship admits that it cannot prohibit both. To do that would be to wipe the theatre out of existence, and to reduce the adult population to the status of children in the nursery. To allow both would be to allow everything that public opinion will allow: that is, to confess that the Censorship is of no use, and the salaries of its officials a waste of money. Sooner than do this, it buys off the licentious playwrights and managers by licensing their agreeable plays, and suppresses the stern, public-spirited, and intellectually honest writers who insist on drawing the moral. The natural and inevitable result is that the British drama has become an impudent and shallow-hearted propaganda of gaiety in the policeman's sense of that word. And the Censorship, having committed this crime against public morals, points to the lewdness of the plays it has itself not only licensed, but practically dictated, to prove that theatrical managers and dramatic authors are such filthy wretches that they cannot be trusted with the rights and responsibilities which all other artists enjoy.

The "Saturday Review" suggests that Mr. Redford should be removed, and I put in his place. It is just as if the testing of watches at Kew had been complained of, and it were suggested that the Astronomer Royal or Lord Kelvin should be given the job. I am too busy as an author to spend my life reading other people's manuscripts; and the market value of my time is probably ten times that of the King's Reader of Plays. Yet there are people who are suggesting a whole tribunal of eminent men of letters to carry on the Censorship. When they have found the men and found the salaries, it will be time enough to discuss the proposition.

The sensible course is obvious. Abolish the censorship of plays altogether, root and branch. Continue to license theatres from year to year, as much as you like, just as you license public houses or music-halls. License me from year to year as a dramatist if you will, just as you would license me as a motor-car driver. License the managers to manage; and by all means license Mr. Redford to express his opinion of their productions in the "London Gazette" if you value it. But let the play be born and take its chance with the consciences of men just as it came from the conscience of the author. If he shocks you, respect his courage and inspiration, even whilst you stone him. If he shocks you basely and lewdly, or, worse still, pleases you that way, at least do not give yourself a two guinea certificate of propriety under cover of giving it to him.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

November 11th, 1907.

THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's article on "The Ruin of Macedonia" in *THE NATION* of November 9th, with profound interest. With much that the writer says I am in perfect agreement; but, as one who has been intimately acquainted with Macedonia for many years, and one who began to study its problems long before Mr. Masterman turned his attention to those matters, I hope I shall be permitted to express my dissent from him on a few important points.

First, he tells us that "bands of brigands, equipped in Athens out of money provided by subscriptions from all the Mediterranean Greek world, are devastating Southern and Western Macedonia." The existence of those bands is, of course, a well-known fact: so are the sources of the money by which they are supported. But it is not a correct statement that they are equipped in Athens, or that they are devastating Macedonia. They are equipped in Macedonia itself, where their mission is to protect the Greek or Greco-philic populations which for years, as I know from actual experience and as is abundantly attested by the evidence of British Consuls and journalists, were at the mercy of Bulgarian bands. It was as a protest against the activity of

these bands, and after repeated and fruitless appeals for protection, addressed by the Greeks of Macedonia, by the Greek Patriarchate of Constantinople, and by the Greek Government of Athens to the European Powers, that the Greeks in 1903 began, in sheer self-defence, to organise armed forces wherewith to meet their armed assailants. That the movement, begun for self-preservation, may occasionally degenerate into "devastation" and cruel retaliation, is only natural. But the Bulgars have only themselves to thank for it. They certainly have no right to pose now as the victims of a persecution of which they themselves set the example. The methods employed by the Greeks may be deplorable. They are not, however, one-half as deplorable as are those employed by their Bulgarian rivals. As an example of the tactics long adopted by the latter, it is sufficient to mention an occurrence of the other day—the destruction of the village of Rakovo, near Monastir, by a Bulgarian band; a village inhabited by 800 Orthodox Greeks, and numbering 130 houses, all of which, with the exception of ten, were burnt to the ground. Five men and two women perished in the flames—the rest of the people fled horror-stricken, and took refuge in the neighbouring villages. I am quoting the incident from the accounts which appeared in the London Press (see "Bulgarian Raid," in the "Evening News"; "Bulgarian Atrocity," in the "Evening Standard"; "Another Macedonian Outrage," in the "Westminster Gazette," of November 4th).

Now, sir, in the face of such facts, is it fair to charge the Greeks with exceptional "ferocity"? I am far from wishing to defend Greek outrages; I am only anxious, in the interests of historic truth and elementary justice, to establish a truer sense of proportion by proving that the Greek crimes are a retaliation for Bulgarian crimes, and by insisting that the "ferocity" of one side should not be emphasised unduly while that of the other is ignored.

The second point in Mr. Masterman's able article to which I venture to demur is his statement that the Turks despise the Greeks and fear the Bulgars. I do not know, sir, upon what authority Mr. Masterman bases his statement. But I have come into contact, at one time or another, with numerous Turks of all classes—from the highest civil and military officials of the Ottoman Government down to obscure provincial cadis, and even obscure peasants. All these Turks, who, taken collectively, may fairly be regarded as representing the attitude of their nation, have always been unanimous in expressing profound respect for the Greeks, and equally profound contempt for the Bulgars. To the Turk, the Greek belongs to the "royal nation," from which he conquered his Empire, with which he has often fought since, and to which, he says, the Empire must return if Allah sees fit to take it away from the true believers. On the other hand, to the Turk the Bulgar is a "serf," who never ruled, never fought; but who received his freedom, as a gift, at the hands of Russia. It is not the Bulgar, but his Russian patron, that inspires the Turk with fear. Were it not for the fear of Russia, Turkey would have long since shown otherwise than by words the estimate in which she holds the Bulgarian people and the Bulgarian Army.

I have felt impelled to address to you these remarks by my partiality—not for the Greeks, but for fairplay. I sincerely hope that you, actuated by a similar spirit, will allow them to appear in your columns.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. ABBOTT.

233, Temple Chambers, November 12th, 1907.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In his otherwise most useful and valuable contribution to your columns on the question of Macedonia, Mr. Masterman makes one or two statements or suggestions that I venture to think are rather unfortunate and superficial. He suggests that "the native population" of the South, West, and North of Macedonia is Bulgarian; desiring to refer to the "Conversion" process, he uses the hypothesis of an Exarchist village being converted by murder to the Patriarchal supremacy; and he singles out the Greek bands for special condemnation.

Now, to deal with the two latter matters first, whilst we must all disagree *in toto* with the policy and methods of the bands, it is distinctly unfair and quite impolitic that Greece should be singled out for special condemnation. Imagine yourself a Greek. Rashly, madly, but with a touch of courage that reminds one of an age long past, you attack, in '97, an Empire founded on a religious militarism, and whose standing army is eleven times the size of your own. The Powers frown on you. You are saying things that it is not convenient should be said, and you are behaving as an unruly child. You must be put in the corner. You are told that your fleet must content itself with the pacific bombardment of Prevesa and with the capture of Ashmead-Bartlett, and must refrain from a landing at Salonika which would have turned the whole course of history.

The other States of the Peninsula do not even give you their moral support. You are crushed, humiliated, and for the time impotent. Bulgaria obtains more *bérats*, and floods Macedonia with bands. At first these bands confine themselves to organising the districts in the North, where the peasantry is sympathetic. But meeting with no resistance, and quite aware of the helplessness of Greece, they attempt to push their propaganda Southwards and Westwards into districts traditionally of Hellenic sympathies. This propaganda is successful—from the Bulgarian point of view; and the number of Exarchist villages increases as the number of Patriarchist villages decreases. (For remember in European Turkey a village may be Patriarchist, or it may be Exarchist, but it cannot be both. Christianity, to be tolerated, must itself be intolerant.) This Bulgar-Exarchist propaganda culminates in an ill-timed and abortive insurrection in 1903; which is suppressed with the usual barbarity. In that suppression you (you are a Greek, remember, for the moment) see no discrimination made between Bulgarian agitators and innocent peasantry, and, indeed, as at Krushevo, you see the whole Greek quarter burnt out whilst, thanks to judicious backsheesh, the Bulgar quarter is spared. Reforms promised by the Powers lose their way in the labyrinths of Turkish evasion. You see your own kith and kin left to the scant mercy of the licensed brigands of Albania, to the barbarities of the Bashi-Bazouks, and to the armed propaganda of the (by this time, desperate and blooded) Slavs of the north. You are only human, a son of Adam; and in 1904 you commence to organise a rival system of armed bands. You have done as the British Consul-General at Salonika prophesied in 1902—you have been driven to retaliate.

Such seems to me to have been the Greek position. It happens, to quote a recent number of the official "*Courrier de Sofia*," that latterly the Bulgarian propaganda "*pour des considérations politiques ou par suite du manque d'hommes et de ressources*," has decreased its activity in Macedonia. Instead, its "*Correspondenz Bureau*" has been wonderfully active, and European public opinion has been educated to believe that the whole cause of trouble in Macedonia is the activity of the Greek bands. The danger of such misinformation is that it diverts attention from the real enemy of a peaceful and prosperous Macedonia, which is the Ottoman yoke. We can admire the individual Turk for his sobriety, patience, obedience, and industry; but it is an utter anomaly that he should continue to be tolerated as a Governing Power in Europe; and with Mr. Masterman's unsparing criticism of the utter futility of the Murszteg programme to render such government tolerable, I humbly but completely associate myself.

As to Mr. Masterman's reference to the native population of the South, West, and North, as though it were solidly Bulgarian, it is surely a slip of the pen. I don't know what test Mr. Masterman has applied, but whether it be of language, religion, racial descent, or—to my mind the only test—the sympathies and wishes of the people themselves, it is equally impossible to maintain such a sweeping statement. If, as Mr. Masterman implies, three-fourths of the area of Macedonia is solely inhabited by people of one race, one language, one religion, and one sympathy, there would be no "problem of Macedonia" confronting us to-day. And if the Bulgarian bands are quite Macedonian in their origin and organisation, how does he account for the presence of at least forty officers of the regular Bulgarian Army with them?—Yours, &c.,

T. PALMER NEWBOULD.

November 12th, 1907.

"WHO ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "*Audi Alteram Partem*," protests against the statement that all baptised English people are members of the Church of England, whether they "*conform*" or "*non-conform*." He declares roundly that there are very many Episcopalians who will "*never allow that authority to determine the faith and practice of the Church shall be granted to those who reject her doctrines, refuse her sacraments, and lose no opportunity of depreciating her ministers and her work.*" (There is a certain humour in that trinity of enormities, reminding one of the college tutor who said to the insubordinate fresher, "*Sir, you have not only broken the law of God, but you have offended me!*" And is it permissible to add also that "*granted*" is rather an offensively majestic word for an anonymous correspondent to use, under the circumstances?)

As a "*non-conforming*" member of the Church of England, I would remind your correspondent that, while the Church of England remains the Established Church of this realm, all subjects of the King are members of that Church, however that fundamental fact of law may annoy some very estimable persons. Not your correspondent, nor even the "*Representative Church Council*," who employ themselves and amuse others by laying down exclusive terms of church-franchise, have any right to speak in the name of the Church of England, or to alter in one whit the legal basis of its membership. The great majority of Englishmen have not been baptised and confirmed, but they are none the less members of the Church of England, and they also have to be reckoned with in any real attempt to modify the constitution of their ancestral Church. If they are not members of the National Church, when did they cease to be members? Through whom? By what means? For what reason? How?

I have no more abjured my membership of the National Church by being an Independent than by being a member of the National Liberal Club, or by being a subscriber to THE NATION. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if it is by any means possible for an Englishman to cease to be a member of his National Church. Is not the English Church as truly a national institution as the army or the navy?—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD J. SNELL.

Brixton Independent Church, S.W.

November 12th, 1907.

P.S.—A good story is told in Canon Ainger's "*Life*" by Miss Sichel. A sergeant was interviewing a recruit as to his religious denomination, and the man said that he belonged to none. "*Why not?*" "*Because I don't believe anything.*" "*None of your nonsense, sir. Then understand, until you do, you're a member of the Church of England.*"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice a strange, though common, misapprehension in the letter of your correspondent, "*Audi Alteram Partem*." He writes, "*till they have at confirmation solemnly taken upon themselves the obligations which were assumed on their behalf by their sponsors at their baptism.*"

These obligations cannot be taken upon ourselves at confirmation; otherwise up to the time of confirmation the responsibility for our wrong-doings would rest on our god-parents and not on ourselves—surely an immoral doctrine.

We take our baptismal vows upon ourselves gradually, as we grow up and learn to know the difference between right and wrong; and what happens at confirmation is this: We are about to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, and are called upon by the Church to acknowledge publicly our baptismal vows, much in the same way as we make public acknowledgment of our belief by the recital of the Apostles' Creed. This, surely, is quite distinct from taking our vows upon ourselves for the first time. Confirmation itself is simply the receiving of the Holy Spirit through "*the laying-on of hands.*"

It would certainly be a definite gain if the public acknowledgment of our baptismal vows—a most wholesome

requirement—were to be fixed for some occasion other than that of confirmation.—Yours, &c.,

H. R. HUMPHREYS.

Bethnal Green, November 12th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondents state what in their opinion the law should be, not what it is. The proposition that every parishioner is in law deemed a member of the Church of England was definitely rejected by the Courts in *Baker v. Lee* (House of Lords Cases, viii., p. 504), and is, according to the late Lord Selborne, merely “a technical deduction from a former state of the law, which could not or did not survive the Toleration Acts.” The matter is discussed at some length in “Church and Reform,” pp. 170-175. At least half-a-dozen Acts recognise membership of the Church as a distinctive status. The phrase, “National Church,” would appear to have no bearing on the question. The word “national” is defined, with the authority both of the Church and of the State, in the XXXIX. Articles, as equivalent to “particular.” In the phrase, “Every national or particular Church,” “national” is clearly the contrary of “universal,” “catholic,” not “sectional” or “unestablished.” I may add, to be more explicit, according to the judgment of the Court in *Baker v. Lee*, a Nonconformist is, *ipso facto*, not a member of the Church of England. The same proposition holds good of unbaptised and excommunicated persons. The law of Church membership is strict, but not enforced.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. BARDSLEY.

THE BIRCHING INCIDENT IN CALCUTTA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the “Diary of the Week” in THE NATION of October 5th, to hand by the last home mail, one of the Notes contains the following passage referring to events in India:

“Meanwhile the prosecutions for Press offences and ‘seditious’ speeches are growing unpleasantly frequent. One of them incidentally reveals the fact that flogging is used as a means of punishing political offences. A Bengal student named Susil Chunder Sen was, as ‘The Times’ reported on Wednesday, ‘birched by order of the Presidency Magistrate for participation in the Bow Bazar riot.’ Public flogging, carried out at the triangle placed outside every magistrate’s court, is still the rule in most Indian provinces. But the flogging of an educated man for a political offence is surely a novel infamy. The flogging of ‘politicals’ is rare even in Russia. Its frequency under Austrian rule in Italy was one of the circumstances most potent in alienating the sympathy even of English Conservatives in 1848. Mr. Morley’s attention will, we hope, be directed to this disgraceful incident.”

The real truth is this, that a mob of school lads thronged the corridors of the police-court at a recent trial, and refusing to disperse when called upon to do so, the police had no other recourse than to use force. The mob hustled the police, and one impudent young rascal, fifteen years of age, assaulted a policeman. The lad, Susil Chunder Sen, was arrested, charged before the magistrate, and was convicted. The kind-hearted magistrate sentenced this rowdy schoolboy to receive the mild punishment of twelve strokes of a birch on the soft end of his back within the precincts of the prison—a much milder punishment than his own mother would have given him on the same part of his body for being a naughty boy. This incident is characterised by you as “the flogging of an educated man for a political offence” and as “a novel infamy.” It was no such thing. It was simply the case of an impudent, rowdy schoolboy getting a very lenient punishment for assaulting a policeman in the execution of his duty. That, and nothing else. I do not blame you for writing so. You, like many more, are the victim of the highly-coloured, inaccurate, and sensational news which is being sent from India for home consumption from time to time. The above-mentioned schoolboy incident is a case in point. If the reports of all the rows that take place in the East End of London, and which come before the police-courts during a single week, were wired out here, in as highly-coloured, distorted,

and in as inaccurate a manner as the news you occasionally get from India, we would begin to think that old England was going to the devil. We have our troubles here as you have at home. There is unrest all over the planet, and even inside of it, at the present time, and amongst all nations, although the unrest manifests itself in different ways in different countries. In India we have our unrest also, but the unrest here is simply the travail preceding the birth of a new life. Sedition has to be reckoned with everywhere, but so far as that goes here it is confined within very small compass, and there is probably more seditious feeling harboured in the East End of London than there is in the whole of Bengal. What is wanted here is not repression of the forces of unrest, but the guiding of them by enlightened rulers and capable leaders into the channels which make for the true advancement of the people in all that relates to their material, moral, and social progress.

I have perhaps transgressed too much on your space already, but I would add a word to say that if you could bring about the establishment of a “Government Bureau of Public Information,” linked up with all parts of the Empire, for the daily dissemination of accurate intelligence by wire to all the Colonies and Dependencies, such an institution would be an incalculable benefit both to the United Kingdom and to Greater Britain. We would then be saved from the machinations of those big land sharks and daylight robbers on the different bourses who concoct and send forth lying telegrams for Stock Exchange gambling purposes in Government and other securities. The Colonies and India would all welcome the establishment of such a Government Bureau, and no one can gainsay the fact that it is sadly needed.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES LUKE

“Capital” Office, Calcutta,
October 24th, 1907.

A SUNDAY POST FOR LONDON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am no Sabbatarian. I do far too much work on Sunday, some of it my own fault and some of it my misfortune; but I trust you will hesitate to give your support, as you are asked to do this week, to a movement for introducing into London a new, very large, and very unnecessary, amount of Sunday labour. If your correspondent wants business letters on Sunday as well as all through the week there is nothing to be said in favour of the proposal. If he only wants private and domestic letters, then there is no reason why we should have them in large towns oftener than in country villages. There are plenty of country places that do well enough without letters from Saturday morning till Monday morning—forty-eight hours. Even where there is a Sunday delivery, the intervals all through the week are twenty-four hours. We in London get letters up to half-past nine on Saturday night, and start again at half-past seven on Monday morning—thirty-four hours—and nearly half that time we are asleep. If there is any really important message, the telegraph office is always open. To desire to have a whole army of postmen at work on Sunday in order that a few of us may know, with only an interval of twenty-four hours instead of thirty-four, how our sick friends are getting on, is not a sign of love but of selfish impatience.

The late Dr. Brooke Herford was asked by a member of his congregation in a town in which letters could be had on Sunday by sending for them: “Should you call me a Sabbath-breaker if I sent for my letters every Sunday morning?” “No,” replied Herford, promptly, “certainly not. I should call you an idiot.” And I venture to think that to the vast majority of persons in London it is a wise relief to be free for one day in seven from the pressure of the constant delivery of letters through the week. What share religion, or even Puritanism, may have had in providing this relief, and at the same time giving our hard-worked letter-carriers and collectors a whole day’s rest, I do not know; but I feel sure that it is the common sense of London that maintains it.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS H. JONES.

Dr. Williams’s Library,
London, November 12th, 1907.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THERE are rumours in quarters which are usually well-informed that two prominent Liberal newspapers are about to be amalgamated. We mention the report with reserve, as up to the present it is without official confirmation; but should it be true, a well-known Liberal daily will in a few weeks join forces with one of its rivals.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Tennyson once offered to defray the cost of an edition of George Darley's Poems, nothing came of the project, and the first collected edition to appear will be "The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley," which Mr. Ramsay Colles has edited for Messrs. Routledge's "Muses' Library." Mr. Colles's edition will contain not only the poems of the rare original editions now in the possession of the Darley family, but also the six Syren Songs contributed to "The Tribute"—a miscellany issued in 1837 for the benefit of a man of letters who had fallen into poverty, to which the other contributors were Alfred and Charles Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Aubrey de Vere, Lord Houghton, and Walter Savage Landor. There is, besides, a poem called "The Sorrows of Hope," which has never been printed before, so that the edition promises to be a notable one in several respects. Darley's work, though never very popular, was praised by such men as Carlyle, Tennyson, and Charles Lamb, and so successful was he in seizing upon the spirit of seventeenth-century poetry that Palgrave printed one of his lyrics in the first edition of "The Golden Treasury," as the work of an anonymous writer of that period.

* * *

THE next issue of that useful annual, "The Literary Year-Book," will contain a number of interesting features. Besides the Directory of Authors, there will be also an index, in which the names are grouped under subject-headings of literary work. By this arrangement, it will be possible to see at a glance the names of authors who have written upon any particular subject. Another useful feature is a classified list of cheap reprints dealing with the various series with which publishers have been so busy of late. The editor attributes the uncertainty still prevailing in the publishing world to the continued activity of the "Times." But he inclines to the view that the campaign has done some good, in the direction of improving trade, owing to the fact that the "Times" has certainly encouraged the book-buying habit.

* * *

THE Oxford University Press is about to issue "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar," by Dr. T. Rice Holmes, a companion volume to that author's scholarly book on "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul." Dr. Rice Holmes expresses the view that "the tendency of modern historians, including the greatest scholar of them all, has been to under-rate the importance of what Cæsar had achieved." He accordingly examines the results of Cæsar's invasions in some detail, though the greater part of the book is occupied with the story of Cæsar's life on our island. Students will be surprised to hear that Dr. Holmes claims to have solved, "to a demonstration," the questions of the identity of Portius Itius and that of the place of Cæsar's landing—two problems which many eminent scholars, including Mommsen, have declared to be insoluble.

* * *

MR. JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY's knowledge of Spain and Spanish literature makes him an ideal editor for "Gil Blas," so that the edition of Le Sage's immortal romance in "The World's Classics," to which he contributes an introduction, will be looked for with interest. We are able to give an extract from his estimate of Le Sage:—

"Le Sage is not a typical writer of the eighteenth century. He has no sympathy with its rationalistic spirit, no reforming instinct, no belief that human nature will ever be radically different from what it has been. Therefore he is not a rebel against political or ecclesiastical authority, but he is essentially a critical observer, and in his art he is something of an innovator. In 'Gil Blas' he gives us the first novel of manners, introducing into romance the methods of La Bruyère. He has, however, no heroic standard to uphold, wastes no indignation on rascality, finds the world an amusing spectacle, teaches no

lesson but the ancient saw that (on the whole) honesty is the best policy, and throws his practical philosophy and shrewd observation into the form of fiction."

* * *

A NEW version of Mr. W. B. Yeats's prose drama, "Where There is Nothing," will be produced next week in Dublin by the Abbey Theatre Company, under the title, "The Unicorn and the Stars." Lady Gregory has collaborated with Mr. Yeats in the production of the new play, which may be described as a tragi-comedy. It will probably be included in the collected edition of Mr. Yeats's works in verse and prose, shortly to be issued by Messrs. Bollen.

* * *

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have almost ready a book called "National Idealism and a State Church," by Dr. Stanton Coit. Dr. Coit pleads that the State Church should not be disestablished, but transformed (1) by abolishing all tests for the clergy, except those of intellectual equipment and moral fitness, and (2) by democratising its government. He regards the Book of Common Prayer as the characteristic and necessary organ of national religion, but argues that it should be reinterpreted and revised according to the principles of idealistic humanism, social democracy, and science. The terminology appropriate to religion, conceived as the moral idealism of the nation, and the function of prayer therein, are analysed at length, and the work closes with an elaborate scrutiny of the nature and purpose of ritual and a justification of it on educational grounds.

* * *

PROFESSOR JAMES DRUMMOND, late Principal of Manchester College, is a theologian whose books are always sure of a welcome. He is now engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of a new work on Christian Doctrine, which will be published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. The same firm also announces "Four American Leaders," by Mr. Charles Eliot. It contains appreciations of the work and influence of Franklin, Washington, Channing, and Emerson, and attempts to show the part each writer played in shaping the political and intellectual life of the American Republic.

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AMONG Messrs. Constable's announcements is a volume on "Airships, Past and Present," by Captain A. Hildebrandt, of the Prussian Balloon Corps. The author has had many years' practical experience of ballooning, and his book gives a sketch of the past and present state of the art, an account of its applications to scientific ends, and a discussion of the problems which inventors are now busy trying to solve. There is also a chapter on balloon photography, in which Captain Hildebrandt has had the advantage of Professor Miethe's assistance, and the book ends with an account of the author's experience in breeding and training carrier pigeons, a sport which, he holds, might be turned to untold value in time of war.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "The Rise of the Greek Epic." By Gilbert Murray. (Frowde. 6s. net.)
- "The Heart of Gambetta." Translated from the French of Francis Laur by Violette Montagu. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Bath under Beau Nash." By Lewis Melville. (Nash. 15s. net.)
- "Annals of an Eton House." By Major Gambier Parry. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "The Literature of Roguery." By F. W. Chandler. (Constable. 2 vols. 12s. net.)
- "Before and After Waterloo." Letters from Edward Stanley, sometime Bishop of Norwich. (Unwin. 14s. net.)
- "Lincoln." By H. B. Binns. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "The English Stage of To-day." By Dr. Mario Borsa. Translated by Selwyn Brinton. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "A Pocketful of Sixpences." By G. W. E. Russell. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Immortal Memories." By Clement Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "The Broken Road." By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- "Mr. Strudge." By Percy White. (Nash. 6s.)
- "Nouveaux Cahiers de Jeunesse." Par Ernest Renan. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7fr. 50.)
- "L'Individu et l'Esprit d'Autorité." Par Abel Faure. (Paris: Stock. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Raçon." Roman. Par Marcelle Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
- "Das Moderne Drama." Von Prof. R. F. Arnold. (Strasburg: Trübner. M. 6.)
- "Friedrich Nietzsche und Richard Wagner." Von Hans Bélar. (Berlin: Wunder. M. 2.)

Reviews.

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.*
III.

THE general effect of the correspondence must be to evoke a feeling of revulsion in favour of Lord Palmerston with those who, following the lead of such great authorities of his time as Peel, Gladstone, and Cobden, have considered his methods unwise and unduly provocative. Precisely on the points where he interpreted the popular sympathies of his time—his detestation and contempt for the reactionary governments of Austria, Prussia, and Naples, his support to Liberal constitutions, and, above all, his desire for the unity of Italy—the Queen and the Prince did their utmost to thwart and oppose him, and to substitute their own policy of maintaining the *status quo*. In this view his action in such matters as the supply of arms to the Sicilian insurgents, the use of intemperate language when making an apology to Austria for the assaults on General Haynau by Messrs. Barclay's draymen, the proposed public reception of Kossuth and the Hungarian refugees, who owed their lives to his intervention, the treatment of the claims against Greece of Don Pacifico, seem to be of minor importance. It will be admitted that in many of these matters the conduct of Palmerston was open to grave objection, and was hasty and ill-judged, and that he was sometimes wanting in respect for the Queen. It will be agreed also that his unofficial approval of the *coup d'état* to the French Ambassador, contrary to the decision of the Cabinet, the immediate cause of his dismissal by Lord John Russell and the Queen, was unjustifiable. But we have the authority of the Queen herself in a letter to Lord John Russell, after the dismissal of Palmerston, that her differences with him were not as to form and method, but as to the substance of his policy.

"Frequently," she wrote, "when our foreign policy was called in question, it has been said by Lord John and his colleagues that the principles on which it was conducted were the right ones, and having been approved of by them received their support, and that it was only the personal manner of Lord Palmerston in conducting the affairs which could be blamed in tracing the causes which led to the disastrous results the Queen complained of."

"The Queen is certainly not disposed to defend the personal manner in which Lord Palmerston has conducted foreign affairs, but she cannot admit that the errors he committed were merely faults in form and method, that they were no more than acts of inconsideration, indiscretion, and bad taste. The Queen considers that she has also to complain of what appear to her deviations from the principles laid down by the Cabinet for his conduct; nay, she sees distinctly in their practical application a personal and arbitrary perversion of the very nature and essence of those principles. She has only to refer here to Italy, Spain, Greece, Holstein, France, &c., &c., which afford ample illustrations of this charge."

Lord John Russell, till the *coup d'état* business occurred, manfully fought the battle for Palmerston against the Court, so far as general policy was concerned, which he said had been right, and had the approval of the Cabinet; but he admitted that the manner in which it had been exercised had been unfortunate, and had led to hostility and irritation on the part of other Powers. Though the decision of Russell to part with Palmerston was arrived at without concert with the Queen, yet there can be no doubt that it was indirectly due to her previous pressure. Later in life Lord Russell admitted that he ought to have sent for Palmerston before writing the letter of dismissal, and have given him further opportunity for explanation. The breach with Palmerston led to the speedy defeat of the Russell Administration, to the coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen, and later to the long Premiership of Palmerston, showing how fully he had secured the confidence of the public in the essential principles of his foreign policy.

These views of the opposition of the Queen and the Prince to Palmerston's policy, and the efforts to make their own policy prevail, are accentuated by their action in 1859-60 on the Italian question. The posts of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary were then reversed. Palmerston was Premier, Russell was at the Foreign Office.

* "The Letters of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence, 1837-1861." Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. Murray, 3 vols., 63s. net.

The Queen treated the latter much as she had treated Palmerston in the earlier period. There were the same constant objections to drafts of despatches, the same appeals against the Foreign Secretary to the Prime Minister, the same demands, when both were against the Queen's views, that the drafts should be submitted to the Cabinet. Behind all these objections and difficulties, raised ostensibly on behalf of peace, was an alternative policy—the desire to maintain the *status quo* in Italy, to prevent the expulsion of the Austrians, to support the reactionary rulers of Naples and the Duchies against the wishes of their people.

Writing on April 26th, 1860, to Lord Russell, the Queen says:—

"She would consider it the deepest degradation to this country if she was compelled to appear at the Emperor's (Napoleon's) Congress summoned to Paris in order to register and put her seal on acts of spoliation of the Emperor of Austria."

Three days later she says:—

"She thinks that the main argument is omitted in this draft, viz., that the attempts, such as Sardinia is suspected to contemplate, are morally bad and reprehensible in themselves, besides being politically inexpedient. . . . She trusts Lord Russell will find it easy to introduce a passage which would place on record that we do attach importance to public justice and morality."

To this Lord Russell bluntly replies the same day:—

"He is sorry he cannot agree that there would be any moral wrong in assisting to overthrow the Government of the two Sicilies. The best writers on international law consider it meritorious to overthrow a tyrannical government, and there have been few governments so tyrannical as that of Naples."

It would seem that all the letters on this subject have not been printed. Sir Spencer Walpole, in his Life of Lord Russell, refers to a correspondence between the Queen and her Minister, as to a despatch which Lord Russell proposed to send to the Governments of Austria and France, in which he laid down the principle that every people had the right to choose their own Monarchy, and that the restoration of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena would be a return to that system of foreign interference which forty years ago had been the misfortune of Italy and the danger of Europe. The historian says that the Queen expressed her dislike to this despatch, and appealed to the Cabinet, insisting on the formation of an Italian Confederation, and the restoration of the two Dukes as compensation to Austria for the loss of Lombardy. The Prime Minister, he says, replied that if their advice were not adopted the Ministers might have no alternative but to lay down their offices. These important and significant letters are not included in the present volumes.

It is worthy of note that Palmerston gave a most active support to his colleague at the Foreign Office in all these critical negotiations about Italy. The two together presented a solid front to the opposition of the Queen and the Prince, and succeeded in carrying the Cabinet with them, not without some dissentients. From a letter of the Queen, it appears that Palmerston submitted to her that when a principle of policy had been adopted by the Cabinet and sanctioned by the Sovereign, the Foreign Secretary ought not to be impeded in carrying out the details, either by the objections raised to them by the Sovereign, or by making them dependent on the meetings of Cabinets, difficult to obtain at certain times of year. This was really the common-sense view of the position. The Queen was completely out of touch with her Ministers as to their Italian policy. It would seem that she would have done better to leave the Foreign Minister and the Prime Minister to carry out their policy in their own way. Nothing but confusion and needless delay resulted from bandying about drafts of despatches between the Foreign Minister, the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, and the Queen. In his Life of Lord Palmerston, it is stated by Mr. Ashley that at a critical period of the discussion on the Spanish marriages three weeks were lost owing to the necessity for getting approval of the Queen to the draft of an important despatch, while she was on cruise on the West Coast of Scotland, and that Guizot made a great point of this delay.

It must be admitted that on occasions the Queen and the Prince made most important suggestions on drafts submitted to them. The addition to the despatch to the American Government on the Trent affair, which so largely contributed to

the maintenance of peace—the last effort of the Prince—and the important change made in the Proclamation to India, in the name of the Queen, after the Mutiny, when its government was taken out of the hands of the East India Company, are good illustrations of this influence of the Sovereign. But these were cases where there was no difference of policy between the Queen and her Ministers. When there were grave differences of policy the position was very different, and the difficulties of Ministers were greatly increased by the necessity of getting the unwilling consent of the Queen to every step and every despatch by which their policy was being carried out. In view of this, it seems desirable that new editions of the Lives of both Palmerston and Russell, which have been written with great reserve as regards their relations to the Queen, should be issued, now that the seal of secrecy has been removed from correspondence and interviews with her. Unfortunately, Sir Spencer Walpole is dead, and Mr. Evelyn Ashley, I fear, is *hors de combat*.

The work under review closes with two most deeply pathetic letters of the Queen, written in the agony of her grief at the premature death of her husband. To her uncle, Leopold, she says:—

"My own dearest kindest father, for as such I have always loved you, my life as a happy one is ended, the world is gone from me. . . . Oh, to be cut off in the prime of life, to see our pure, happy, quiet domestic life, which alone enabled me to bear my much disliked position, cut off at forty-two, when I had hoped with such instinctive certainty that God never would part us, and would let us grow old together, though he always talked of the shortness of life, is too awful, too cruel. And yet it must be for his happiness. His purity was too great, his aspirations too high for this miserable world."

But, in the midst of her poignant grief and anguish, the Queen still thought of the duties which lay before her:—

"I am anxious," she added, "to repeat one thing, that one is my firm resolve, my irrevocable decision, viz., that his wishes and his plans, about everything, his views about everything, are to be my laws, and no human being will make me swerve from what he decided and wished; and I look to you to support and help me in this—I am also determined that no one person, may he be ever so good, ever so devoted, among my servants—is to lead or guide or dictate to me."

With this resolve, the widowed Queen faced with courage the joyless life, which was to last nearly forty years. And most truly did she maintain this purpose. Henceforth the wishes and views of her dead husband were the standard by which she regulated her official actions. Lord Palmerston is reported to have said that he found it far more difficult to deal with the late Prince Consort than with the living one.

EVERSLEY.

"HOW TO FISH."*

BY THE RT. HON. SYDNEY BUXTON, M.P.

EVERY additional volume on fishing (and this is somewhere about the two thousandth) is prefaced by the author with the obvious truism that he has nothing new to say—I have said it myself—and he thereupon produces a book—I have done it myself.

Mr. Earl Hodgson tells us "How to Fish," and if he has nothing new or striking to say, says it so freshly, and—may we add?—so dogmatically, and so mingles the practical with the speculative that an odour of novelty is engendered.

A book which tells us how to fish can, of course, teach the novice much concerning the reel, line and rod, and possibly river. It can instruct him in regard to flies—on which a word presently—but I doubt if it can teach him to cast by diagrams. The only diagrams, with their descriptive letterpress, that have seemed to me to be useful and educating, though I have not tried them myself, are those in Mr. C. Shaw's book on "Salmon and Trout Fishing."

The best plan for the novice is to get an expert friend, or instructor, to show him how to hold the rod, and the way in which to use, or not to use, his strength and muscles; to point out the proper distance and curve of the

line extended behind, and the angle beyond which the rod should not descend in front.

But even the good fisherman, like the good shot, may not be able to tell you clearly "how it is done." Watching him, it seems so ridiculously easy; he casts so lightly, so simply; he is obviously the master, not the slave of the rod and fly. To observe and take note is, however, itself good practice, and will help to correct errors.

Apart from diagrams and explanations there are, however, for trout fly-fishing, at least, a few golden rules, which can be learnt by heart: Use the wrist and elbow alone, and rely more on the former than on the latter. Keep the elbow down against the side, except for a long cast. Put no apparent force into the operation of the cast, except against a wind. Let the rod, not your force, undertake the final stage of the cast. Keep the eye on the spot at which you are aiming.

The old craze of long lists of flies seems to be somewhat reviving of late. Lists, which in former days used to number a hundred, sixty, fifty patterns, had gradually, by experience, become enormously reduced. For myself, for dry fly-fishing, on the Itchen, for instance, I should be content for the whole year with three flies—olive-quill, red-quill, and iron-blue.

This may be carrying elimination too far, but Mr. Hodgson carries inclusion to the opposite extreme. The unfortunate fisherman, if he is led to follow the advice of our author, will have to go about followed by a traction engine, or at least a motor car, to carry his assortment of flies. We are given a long list of patterns of alleged necessary flies for each month. A little later, in the next edition, we are to have a list, an essential list, for each fishing week; and, a little later still, we are to be provided with a daily list. The preliminary monthly list comprises descriptions of 164 stream and lake flies (some duplicates), each of which presumably must be tied on at least three different sizes of hooks. Heaven help us when we are favoured with the daily list. Poor beggared fishermen; happy, prosperous tackle-maker. Which pattern is the vacillating fisherman to choose? How happy would he be with one or two flies—if only the other half hundred or so were away. The rise is over before he can decide on his choice. Yet, even with this varied selection, the fish may not be induced to rise. The fisherman may, after all, have to follow the example of the irate colonel when the salmon declined to look at his flies. He fastened one of his best Havannahs to the hook and cast it forth. "There, by Jingo, if they won't come for this, they won't come for anything."

This book raises the old, old controversy between "wet" and "dry" fly-fishing, and our author plumps heavily for the wet fly, and annihilates the harmless dry-fly fisherman by dubbing him a purist and a faddist.

I hold no brief on either side. I thoroughly enjoy wet-fly and dry-fly fishing. But I much prefer a day with the dry fly to a day with the wet, not because I am a purist or a faddist, but for the very sensible reason that the one branch of sport gives me a more acute pleasure than the other.

To catch on the Test, or Itchen, a trout with a wet fly (even if I could do it habitually in a legitimate manner, which I doubt), would give me but a tithe of the pleasure and satisfaction I should obtain from catching it with a dry fly. To cast, somewhat monotonously, from a boat, the wind always behind you; to fish a river with the sunk fly, even fishing up-stream, may be, and is, delightful—but there is a yet higher plane.

The surroundings, the sky, the birds, the flowers, the foliage of a dry fly stream are not surpassed in the passive and active pleasure they bring in early summer. Then you are pitting yourself in each case against a particular fish. Your fly, your minute fly, is in severe and active competition with a live fly, the two floating down side by side over a lazy fish, who is only greedy, not hungry. No bungling will be overlooked; you must cast lightly and accurately and with judgment; the fly must simulate life. The pleasure is enhanced in that there is no blind casting. In most cases you see the fish, or, at least, you know exactly where he is lying by the fading rings of his rise. You have approached him with care and caution; you see him rise again, and then you know how far and where to cast.

* "How to Fish." By W. Earl Hodgson. Adam & Charles Black. 3s. 6d. net.

Whether he will favour you depends on your skill, and on his intelligence, alas! also, on his caprice—Mr. Hodgson, however, scoffs at the idea that cycles of competition with fishermen have educated the intelligence and developed the caution of the fish. Skill, care, and observation are all required; and it is a pleasure in life to be able to apply these qualities to a successful conclusion.

As in the case of shooting, it is not the actual bag, so much as the way the game is brought to book, that gives flavour to the day. A really difficult fish, one large fish, is worth many smaller and easier ones; a lovely high and difficult bird is worth dozens of flopping, flustering fowls.

It is true that even dry-fly fishing is not always Paradise—devils may, and do, intrude. The rise may be late, short, and feeble. The fish may be capricious. Wind—that abomination of desolation, a heavy down-stream wind, or worse, a gusty, cross wind—may reduce the pleasure almost to a vanishing-point. Wind affects the temper of the shorn lamb, as we know, and so it does that of the fisherman. What, we may well ask, is the present-day use of wind, now that Nelson is dead, and sailing ships so much a thing of the past? The Liberal Government—instead of disquieting the Church, alarming the Tories, destroying Capital and Confidence—would be much better occupied in abolishing the wind, especially E. and N., and in fixing Easter at a reasonable time of the year.

But even with, and in spite of, its disturbing devils, dry-fly fishing is a magnificent sport, under all and every condition.

As humanely and "collectivistically" inclined, I could wish that a larger number of persons should enjoy such a pleasure; though, at the same time, I sympathise with the view held by a friend of mine, "Free Fishing." Am I in favour of free fishing? Of course I am; what I like is free fishing in preserved waters."

SYDNEY CHARLES BUXTON.

A GERMAN BIOGRAPHY OF CHATHAM.*

PROFESSOR EGERTON says, in his introduction to this version of Dr. von Ruville's work, that it is a humiliating reflection that it should have been reserved to a German scholar to write the first detailed biography of the elder Pitt which has appeared in recent years. It is certainly strange that Chatham's dazzling personality and career should not yet have been made the subject of a close and comprehensive study by a modern English historian. Dr. von Ruville has certain conspicuous qualifications for the task he has set himself. He has emancipated himself from the prejudices which we might expect to find in a German historian discussing the Seven Years' War, and the Peace of Paris. He treats the conduct of English diplomacy in a disinterested and scientific spirit, and an Englishman could not make greater allowance for the difficulties which confronted the ally of Frederick the Great. One reason for Dr. von Ruville's impartiality in this instance is to be found in the circumstances which led up to the writing of this biography. His present work is the sequel to his earlier study of the relations of Bute and Chatham. Now as far as this rather passionless historian can be said to have a hero at all, his hero is Bute. Bute was so signal an object of suspicion and detestation to his contemporaries, that the task of explaining him and justifying him presented an obvious attraction to a historian who stood outside all the traditions. The enthusiasms of Dr. von Ruville are always subdued and restrained, but he makes no secret of his sympathies with Bute, and with Bute's master. So far does he carry this attachment that he defends the confidential letter Bute wrote in 1762 to Choiseul. England was at war with France, and the object of the letter was to stimulate the French Government to offer a more vigorous opposition to Prince Ferdinand, who was commanding the English army. Dr. von Ruville defends this proceeding on the ground that Choiseul, though formally an enemy, was in effect a friend, for he was aiding the English Government's desire for peace; and that Prussia, though formally an ally, was in effect

an enemy, for she was thwarting those desires. It is in these departments of policy that Dr. von Ruville is strongest, for he has made a careful study of the diplomacy and foreign policy of the time, and he has formed conclusions that are fresh and interesting. All that he has to say on this part of Chatham's career is well worth study, and though his praise of Bute will not always be found convincing, it is only fair to admit that he puts a case which may certainly modify some of the traditional judgments on the character and conduct of the Favourite.

A different verdict must be passed on Dr. von Ruville's treatment of the subject of his biography. As a contribution to English domestic history, or to the interpretation or elucidation of Chatham's character, the book is singularly disappointing. Its perspective seems to us to be false; its analysis of motives in some cases ludicrous; its general conception alike of the times and the man untrue and inadequate. Let us give two examples of the sort of explanation that is offered when Chatham's behaviour is difficult to understand. Dr. von Ruville attributes Chatham's hesitating and guarded appearances in politics between 1761 and 1765 to his dread of losing the favour of Sir William Pynsent, to whose estate he succeeded in 1765. Chatham, according to this theory, knew that Pynsent had made him his heir, in order to mark his admiration of the great Commoner's fearless resistance to the Court. Chatham was very anxious not to run any risk of losing this inheritance, and therefore he had to make some show of attacking the Court and the Government. Unfortunately, the situation was complicated and difficult, because if Chatham expected something from Pynsent, he expected something also from George the Third. The King was to give him power, and Pynsent was to give him his fortune. He had, therefore, to maintain an uneasy equilibrium, and to discover some way of preserving the good graces of both of them. Hence came his ambiguous silences and his equally ambiguous speeches. But Dr. von Ruville is so much taken with his discovery that he contrives to turn it to still further use. He finds that the thought had sometimes crossed the mind of Sir William Pynsent that Wilkes was a more energetic antagonist of the Court than Chatham, and that perhaps of the two men he had done more to deserve the legacy. Chatham suspected this, and we have here the clue to his bitter attack on No. 45. He was speaking, not as a politician reprobating a violent article, but as a legacy-hunter snarling at a possible rival. The statesman who had shown, judged by all the standards of his time, not merely a delicate but a quixotic sense of honour as Paymaster-General, was, in point of fact, a covetous schemer, whose only concern was to find a successful compromise between his love of money and his love of power. This theory is helped out by an elaborate and interesting study of Chatham's ancestors in order to show that his avarice was inherited.

When Dr. von Ruville does not explain Chatham's conduct by avarice, he explains it by ambition. This explanation, again, he pushes to unusual lengths, for whereas many people put down a man's crimes to his vices, Dr. von Ruville is very loth to give Chatham credit for good motives in his good actions. There are plenty of disfigurements in Chatham's career, and the years which were spent on a savage pursuit of leadership are marked by every species of inconsistency. Smollett has left a record in one of his most bitter satires, of the impression those acts made on some, at any rate, of Chatham's contemporaries. But the great majority of his countrymen believed that his motives were public-spirited, and he carried the nation with him through all his inconstancies. It is unnecessary to defend all that Chatham did in those early days, when he recognised that power was only to be obtained by certain methods, and hoped to justify, by the use he was to make of it, the means to which he had been driven in its attainment. We shall not quarrel with Dr. von Ruville if he likes to put a bad face on all that part of Chatham's career. But we do dissent strongly from his view that all questions of domestic politics interested him solely in so far as they affected his own hopes of aggrandisement. Chatham was the most formidable assailant of corruption, but according to Dr. von Ruville he only objected to corruption because it destroyed the influence his oratory gave him. He was a

* "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By Albert von Ruville. Translated by H. J. Chaytor, M.A., Assisted by Mary Morison. With an Introduction by Professor Hugh E. Egerton. In three volumes, 30s. net. Heinemann.

powerful advocate of Parliamentary Reform, but Dr. von Ruville thinks he kept carefully in mind all the time the sort of Parliament in which he would have an ascendancy. His Royalist sympathies were due to his belief that the King would choose him as Prime Minister. Thus by a few strokes of the brush Dr. von Ruville turns this great tribune into a mere self-seeking egotist, whose professions of Liberal convictions were the disguise of personal ambitions, and whose combative patriotism did not forbid the meanest and most mischievous of the tactics of faction.

Now Chatham is so strange and puzzling a figure that Dr. von Ruville could make out a very plausible case for his view of his character. Vain, irritable, arrogant, capricious, obsequious to the Crown, insolent to his colleagues, Chatham's personal drawbacks, his artificial manners, his fatal whims and moods, they all lend colour to a malicious interpretation of his motives and his aims. And Dr. von Ruville's poor estimate of his purposes follows naturally from his contempt for the causes to which Chatham devoted himself. He throws cold water on the American Revolution; he gives very scant attention to the democratic movement in England; he is interested in the international struggles in India, but not much interested in the great political problems that confronted English statesmanship there; he has scarcely anything to say on Ireland. In his actual narrative he does much less than justice to the importance of Chatham's interventions on these subjects. He is much more curious about the relations of Chatham to Bute than he is about the relations of Chatham to the various movements of reform that were beginning to disturb the complacent world of intrigue and corruption. This aloofness has disabled Dr. von Ruville from seeing that Chatham was not only a determined personality, who ruled England for five years, during which he gave her the mastery in two continents where France had come very near to wresting it from her, and rescued Central Europe from the clutches of the three great Continental Powers, but a great and heroic Liberal, with the spacious views, profound convictions, and generous sympathies that the term Liberal implies.

It is true that Chatham as a Reformer was a failure. It is true, and this is worse still, that his failure was due to his own capital mistake. Chatham was an ideal leader for a war, when the need of the moment was a Minister of integrity, of imagination, of daring, and endowed above all with the magical power of making men believe in him. For the hard campaign of a continuous warfare against the schemes of the Court he was much less adapted. He was not a good colleague. It was easier to admire his great personality at a distance, than to concert measures with him at close quarters. We know what impression his massive and lonely arrogance made on Conway, his theatrical affectations on Shelburne, his erratic and wayward humour on Burke. A difficult colleague by nature, he was further handicapped by a false theory of the right principles of government. His hatred of party connections—a reasonable and proper state of mind to a contemporary of the Newcastles and Bedfords—led him into the fatal illusion of which he repented so bitterly in his last years. In his own day there was one small set of men who had set themselves to put down corruption, and to resist the power of the Court, and if Chatham with his wider views and his bolder sympathies had allied himself in 1763 instead of in 1770 with the Rockinghams, George III. would never have been able to make Chatham's fame the instrument of all the policies Chatham hated. As it was, the Court used Chatham, taking advantage of his illusions and his illness, to crush freedom alike at home and in the Colonies. The chief blame for that calamity must go to Chatham, though perhaps nobody yet has quite done justice to the disturbances in his life and character that were due to a state of health which at times was hardly to be distinguished from insanity. But all the harm that Chatham did by the mistakes of judgment that strengthened the most formidable of all the enemies of free and honest government, is eclipsed by the memory not only of his prowess as a Minister, but of his valiant championship of great and chivalrous causes. It is the chief weakness of

Dr. von. Ruville's book that these splendid chapters in the life of the greatest Englishman of his time are treated as mere incidents and symptoms of a morbid and engrossing ambition.

DEAN HOLE.*

THE appearance of this volume can hardly fail to prove a disappointment to the many friends of the late Dean Hole. If this collection offers at all a fair specimen of the Dean's epistolary style, letter-writing was not his *forte*. A grand and vigorous personality, with a warm and noble heart; a commanding presence and a very enviable fluency of speech; a voice that rang true and never faltered, and the utter absence of anything in the shape of pretence or insincerity, all contributed to make this man a power among the working-classes, who were proud of him as sometimes their spokesman and always their friend. But the Dean of Rochester was never a student—a scholar or a man of learning. He wrote some popular booklings, of some of which his editor barely makes mention. He seems hardly to have written a sermon during the last forty years of his life; for he trusted much to the inspiration of the moment, and the sound of his voice as it rang through the crowded spaces of his own, and almost every other, Cathedral in England, awoke a measure of enthusiasm in the hearts of his congregation, and returned to himself as a call to do his best as a prophet in his generation.

The exuberant vigour and animal spirits of the man showed itself in all he did; and he never did anything by halves. He went up to Brazenose at Oxford with a half-wish "to get a first." He soon found that he had not the least chance of that. Whereupon he wrote home to his father to send him his hunter, and sent it was accordingly. It was just at the time that Charles Kingsley, an undergraduate at Magdalene College, was hunting occasionally with the Cambridgeshire; though Kingsley was not of a mind to miss the chance of academic distinction, which, of course, he won with flying colours. Just twenty years before this, Pusey, in his nonage, had kept horses at Christchurch—before the profoundly earnest and serious days when he got under the influence of Keble and Newman. Hole was ordained to the family living of Cauntton in 1844. Here for many years he wrote and preached two sermons every week until one lucky day he found himself sermonless, and from that day he read sermons no more. Faithful, sympathetic, and generous, he won the hearts of all the country people who—to a man—were proud of their large-hearted and big-boned vicar, and loved him none the less because some of the *unco-guid* looked askance at the foxhunting parson. Always an enthusiast in field sports, he found delight in them even to the end; though hunting and shooting and cricket left him long before he reluctantly had to leave them. In 1875 he was promoted to a Canonry at Lincoln. Up to this time he had never even taken his M.A. degree. He seems now first to have thought of Church Preferment. Very soon all eyes began to be turned upon him. In December, 1880, he preached his first sermon at St. Paul's. Perhaps the most interesting letter in this volume is one which gives an account of this sermon.

"The congregation in the evening literally filled that immense church, from the choir to the west door. How far my voice went I know not, but they seemed to be listening in the horizon! I was not nervous in the least degree in the reality, though I had been in the anticipation, because He, Who sends, always supports; and the more one is conscious of utter weakness and unworthiness, the more one seems to hear a voice saying, 'If I condescend to use you as an instrument, your personal failures and feelings cannot interfere.'"

After this Hole was in continual request as a popular preacher, and always commanded large audiences. But no less was he in request as a public speaker on various platforms. His enthusiasm as a gardener and grower of roses awoke enthusiasm in half England. The professional gardeners, so far from being jealous of him, regarded him as their best friend, and he corresponded with more than one of them, even to the end of his life, on equal terms. In

* "The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester." Edited with a Memoir by George A. B. Dewar. George Allen & Sons.

Church matters Hole was a real old Tory; but his eyes were not in the back of his head. Therefore, extremists did not love him very much. In 1878, when he was rapidly rising in public estimation, Canon (afterwards Bishop) Ryle denounced him as a "conspirator" to Romanise the Church of England. Hole replied in a vigorous and trenchant letter to the *Newark Advertiser*, in which he challenges his libeller to prove his assertion. Would that he had written more such letters as these!

As often may be observed of men of genius and serious endeavour, Dean Hole seems to have gone on increasing in actual earnestness and intellectual power as he grew older. The simplicity and dignity of his quite unique hymn, "Sons of Labour," sounds as a call to a higher level of sentiment and aspiration by one who was himself in fellowship with the sons of toil.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.*

A FEW years ago a gentleman of the name of Sir Robert Anderson, who held a position in the Metropolitan Police, made himself rather ridiculous by an attack upon one of our greatest Hebrew scholars, Canon Driver, of Oxford, in a book which he entitled "Daniel in the Critics' Den." It was hardly to be expected that a gentleman whose business in life it had been to hunt down criminals, and to see them, as he expresses it, "caged" in prison or penal servitude, would possess much competence in a field so alien from his own. None the less we had the spectacle—impossible in any country but our own—of an ex-police official assailing the most matured scholarship in Europe with an instrument like a constable's baton. In the latest production of Sir Robert Anderson's pen we are happily spared a repetition of this grotesque spectacle. He is certainly more at home discoursing on convicts and criminals than when dealing with Daniel in the lions' den. But the subject of criminals and crime, as well as the more abstruse questions of Old Testament criticism, can only be satisfactorily dealt with by people in possession of a considerable fund of common sense. Sir Robert Anderson is good enough to tell us at the end of some wild statements that he does not suffer from hysterics. We will conclude, therefore, that his book is written in the spirit of the prosecuting attorney, or perhaps more accurately of the ex-detective from Scotland Yard, whose standing attitude towards the prison population is that they are, in Sir Robert's elegant language, "human beasts of prey." A beast of prey is born, and must remain, a beast of prey. He is not the victim of unhappy social and parental conditions. It is of the foundations of his nature to be precisely what he is. All attempts at reforming or amending him would be as futile as trying to turn a tiger into a lamb.

Unfortunately for Sir Robert Anderson, the theory that the delinquent population is composed of human beasts of prey is a discredited assumption. All recent enquiries into its character and composition point to the conclusion that in the majority of cases the habitual criminal class is made up of men who have been born and bred amid miserable surroundings of all kinds. The lives they live are, as a rule, the inevitable product of adverse social circumstances and the lack of ordinary social and industrial opportunity. What can we expect a little social outcast to become when he reaches manhood? He has drawn his first breath in the atmosphere of the slums. He lives from his earliest years amid dissolute and degraded conditions. He is rarely trained into regular habits of industry. All his antecedents are calculated to unfit him for social life. Is it to be wondered at that his nature sinks to the low level of his surroundings, and that he insensibly takes to a career of crime? It is, of course, possible that some criminals are born, not made, but these, when not madmen, are infinitesimal in number, and in no instance would it be possible to prove that a man is doomed by his nature to lead a life of crime. In a country such as Great Britain the movement of crime is mainly dependent upon social and economic conditions; in proportion as these conditions are improved, in the same

proportion does the volume of crime diminish. It is to a progressive amelioration of the conditions of life that we must look for a diminution of the criminal classes, and not to the scheme put forward by Sir Robert Anderson, of making punishments more formidable. This scheme was tried in the most drastic fashion in the penal laws of the eighteenth century. But it failed disastrously, and statesmen like Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Macintosh were compelled to mitigate the ferocities of the criminal code in order to make it effective. The twentieth century is not likely to fall back upon the discredited methods of the past.

Sir Robert Anderson is on safer ground when he points out that drink is a potent cause of crime. But it is to be remembered that the drinking habit in its turn is far too often produced by the miserable conditions in which large sections of our population have to live. In any case, Sir Robert Anderson's proposals with reference to the drink traffic are not likely to create a favourable impression as to his power of judgment. In his opinion English Free Trade is "an imposture and a sham," and we shall never be able to remedy the evils of the drink traffic till we adopt Tariff Reform. Tariff Reform alone, he says, can supplement the deficiency in the revenue arising out of a decrease in the sale of intoxicating drink. Temperance reformers must become Tariff Reformers if they want to see a reduction in the proportions of drink and crime. But he has little hopes of the temperance party, as he is convinced that most of them are fanatical adherents of our present fiscal system. The author of "Criminals and Crime" is severe on temperance reformers, but they get off lightly compared with penal reformers who do not happen to see eye to eye with him. He is fond of calling such people doctrinaires, humanity mongers, fools, cranks, faddists, and he compares the eminent people who support these so-called faddists to honest men who, in the sphere of company promoting, blindly lend their names to rogues. It is after outbursts of this kind that Sir Robert Anderson assures us that he is not hysterical. We must accept his word. But in spite of his experiences as a detective, his book contains little or nothing of practical importance. It belongs more to the Middle Ages than to the twentieth century.

A work of a different character from "Criminals and Crime," is Professor Gross's elaborate volume, entitled, in its English dress, "Criminal Investigation." Dr. Gross has been for many years a Professor of Criminology at the Universities of Prague and Vienna, and his work on the methods of criminal investigation has already been translated into almost every European language. The English translation has been done by two Madras barristers, and has been to some extent adapted to the conditions of Indian life. Dr. Gross has a wonderfully comprehensive and minute knowledge of the mental attitude and habits of the criminal classes. It is a volume which ought to be in the hands of all our judges, magistrates, police officers, and prison officials. In many cases our judges and magistrates have little knowledge of the criminal population, until they gain it from their experience on the bench. Dr. Gross would teach them much both in the way of protecting the innocent and detecting the guilty. "The Prisoner at the Bar," by Mr. Arthur Train, is an interesting and amusing account of Mr. Train's experiences of American prisoners in the New York Courts. Mr. Train is Assistant District Attorney of New York County, and in this capacity he has had ample opportunity of forming an estimate of the value of the American criminal courts. He confines himself to facts that have come under his personal observation, and his volume is an admirable and realistic account of the working of the American criminal courts. Mr. Train is alive to the defects of American criminal administration, but we gather from his book that the American system is not as bad as it is sometimes painted.

MESSRS. TRUMAN & KNIGHTLEY send us a useful "Guide to Schools, Tutors, and Educational Homes for Boys and Girls in Great Britain and on the Continent" (Truman & Knightley, 6, Hollis Street, Cavendish Square, 6d. net). The difficulty of choosing a school is very often a serious one, and there is no doubt that the particulars given in this volume will prove helpful to parents and guardians who are confronted by this perplexing problem.

* "Criminals and Crime." By Sir Robert Anderson. Nisbet & Co. 5s. net.

"Criminal Investigation." By H. Gross. The Specialist Press. 30s. net.

"The Prisoner at the Bar." By Arthur Train. Werner Laurie. 8s. 6d. net.

INGOLDSBY.*

THAT a new edition of Barham's masterpiece should be often in demand is the more notable that there are some obstacles to its universal vogue. If not formally on the Index it must be taboo to most Roman Catholics, whose saints and whose dignitaries are not seen here at their best. Now after seventy years the lines on the "Auto-da-fè" seem a cruel satire on an extinct habit of persecution, but in the reign of our George IV. a heretic in Spain was burnt for his faith. Nor can we wonder that, if the Papal Ministers had their way, they would treat Bruno's statue in the Campo dei Fiori as some of our Irish would like to treat Cromwell's by Westminster Hall. "Qui dove il Rogo arse," says the inscription on the former, and the descendants of the persecutors naturally feel more bitterly than the adherents of the victim. Nor is Ingoldsby much more pleasing to our high Anglicans, whose saving gift is not always humour, and who do not like to read that it is only from the paucity of saints in our world that—

"The late Mr. Froude and the live Dr. Pusey
We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye."

They, too, like their Roman friends, think it pity that St. Cuthbert and St. Nicholas should play their parts in burlesque, and that St. Gengulphus should claim parity with their historic sanctitude. The Middle Ages were less squeamish. The monks saw no rocks ahead when they allowed the hobby-horse to find a companion in a St. George with a goblet for his morion and a spit for his lance. Nor is it clear that they were wrong. Had the priest of Dionysus the less piety that he could laugh to see the beautiful Eastern god whom he served turned into the pot-bellied craven of Aristophanic extravaganza? Does the real irreverence lie with the laughing spirit which supplies Old Nick's bag with "a nice little cardinal's niece," or with one who was not precisely her uncle?

A more serious obstacle to the general reader lies in the frequent reference to current incidents from which much of the interest is departed. We may all follow the murder of the hour, but few of those who practise the homicidal art rise, like Thurtell or Burke, to the rank of classics. A future generation will be as little interested in Mr. Balfour's spats or Mr. Keir Hardie's cap as ours is with Lord Brougham's trousers—

"Some friends I've consulted, much given to watch one's
Apparel, do say it's by far the best way,

And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does, buy Scotch ones."
or with Sir Charles Wetherall's slovenly dress—

"The loose trousers, 'bows'd up together,' all
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,"

or with the square-cut coats which Sir Francis Burdett and George Byng, afterwards Father of the House of Commons, tried to bring into fashion. A generation which has forgotten how to pronounce Lord Brougham's name laughs but half-heartedly at his escapades, how he came to logger-heads with Lord Essex over some fishing rights, how he spread a report of his own death, how—

"The 'Times' made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
Classic attempt at translating 'Demosthenes.'"

And yet it is a pity, for Barham gives a touch of salt to all such incidents, and a very little added knowledge would keep them sweet. The conjuror's den held a crocodile—

"With a tail such as that which, we all of us know,
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow:"

but we don't all of us know, and it may be that explanatory notes are out of place below the text of a mirthful versifier. If the lack of a note sends the reader to Waterton's delightful pages, he has his reward.

This lesser side of Ingoldsby may perhaps find its forerunners in such works as Moore's "Fudge Family in Paris," but Moore, of course, dealt wholly with the present, whereas many of Barham's allusions are set in stories of the past. His tales are said to be a naturalising of French *contes*, but we may doubt an affiliation where the form is not quite the same and the spirit is very different. There is no malice in Barham, but a strong sense of the ludicrous and a fine power of bringing it out. Note the difference between Mr. Barney Maguire and any Irishman

of the same class who figures in Thackeray's pages. Barney is as live a man as any of Thackeray's, but no weapon is hurled against him except a little gibe at "his characteristic modesty," and none can grudge him the pitcher which wets his lips dry with his effusion of "swate poe-thry." Even the "puir Deevle" finds his defects urged against him without animosity. We almost sympathise with—

"Setebos storming because Mephistopheles
Gave him the lie, said he'd blacken his eye,
And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-tees."

Such satire as Ingoldsby allows himself is rather like Horace's than like Juvenal's, flicking the lesser faults and leaving the worse vices to the scourge of others. He has his rebuke for the

"Guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,
All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,
No care for precedence or common decorum."

and for the still existing type of discontented men, who express their dislike for

"Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one.
Call at the Garrick 'a c—d Committee one,'
An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one."

For one class Barham is always glad to express a reasonable contempt. In the eyes of Miss Henrietta Petowker the ways of my Lord Tomnoddy, his wrenching off knockers and his assaults on watchmen, were eminently aristocratic and laudable. When Barham lashed that brainless and selfish class, his was labour lost, for my Lord Tomnoddy does not read. When Pope wrote—

"A hundred smart in Timon and Balaam,"

he knew well that, though a hundred did not smart, yet the Duke of Chandos felt his withers wrung. My Lord Tomnoddy and Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues had not even an officious friend to tell them that they had been, in Lord Wharton's phrase, "damnably mauled."

The secret of Barham's success lay in the fact that he found the vehicle that exactly fitted his talents. His "Legends" may be classed under four heads, of which only one falls properly within the limits of his title. The stories which he gathered from or placed around the scenes of his childhood in East Kent have supplied a name to the whole volume. No one really knows any piece of country save that in which he was born and bred, and there are local touches in these stories hardly to be found in the tales taken from the Acts of the Saints. The theme of one of the earlier legends, not the most delicate or the most successful, is borrowed from Prior, but the setting is truly characteristic. "The Wedding Day" ends with a tragic incident, but Barham himself seems to have felt his incapacity to deal with such a theme. Here his weakness lies. The stories of the Saints are mere jest, and would have been better had the humorist been able to weep as well as to laugh. When he does attempt a contrast the expression of it is somewhat crude. Thus in "The Execution" we have the beauty of the morning, the feelings of "the wretch condemned to die," and the visitors, whose drunken sleep deprives them of the spectacle which had allured them to the spot. A poet would have found other expression here than found favour with Barham. This poem, if it can so be called, belongs to our third head, original tales and incidents. Its purpose is directly satiric. Others deal with that strong vein of superstition which is manifest in his biography. Strong as it was, it seems never to have eclipsed his gaiety. What broke his heart and shortened his life was the death of his son. Our fourth class of his works is the stories of plays. We do not know whether Lord Egerton had humour enough to laugh at the parody of his "Catherine of Cleves." At any rate, the faults of the plot lay with his French original, and Lord Egerton's handling of it did not lift it above the reach of the mockers. Shakespeare would surely have laughed at the version of his "Merchant of Venice," and, if he protested at all, would merely plead that Bassanio hardly deserved to be classed with my Lord Tomnoddy. But Barham was sometimes content with a cheap effect.

Messrs. Dent's edition of the "Legends" is a sumptuous volume, with Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations, many of them in colours. Most of them have appeared before, but their form is here improved. They are not of uniform merit. The illustrator is especially successful with witches, boys, and young women.

* "The Ingoldsby Legends of Mirth and Marvels." By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Dent. 15s. net.

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As a study of French character and temperament Professor Barrett Wendell's "The France of To-day" (Constable, 6s. net) is not equal to Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "French and English," while the pictures it gives of French social and family life have none of the intimate knowledge possessed either by that writer or by Miss Betham Edwards. To expect this is perhaps to judge the book by too high a standard, since Professor Wendell describes it as an effort to set forth the impressions of France made on him by a year's experience as lecturer at French universities. It is interesting to see the effect made by such a visit on a cultivated American, who looks at things from a decidedly academic point of view, but who is anxious to set in their true light those qualities of French life likely to be ignored or misunderstood by his fellow countrymen. Professor Wendell is naturally interested first of all in scholastic life, and he observes with surprise the serious interest which French students take in their work. "They are alertly intelligent, serious to a degree which shames you into consciousness of comparative frivolity, intellectually energetic beyond reproach." Those who have observed French students at closer quarters, and upon more equal terms than is possible for a professor, will hold that, although they take their work more seriously, they have quite as full a share of animal spirits as their English or American fellows. Of the teaching at the French universities Professor Wendell speaks highly. It would be, he thinks, a useful corrective to the methods now in vogue in America where the influence of German scholarship has tended "to encourage the notion that the object of all learning is the methodical collection of fact." The other questions discussed in the book are all treated with intelligence and candour, while some of the comparisons between French and Anglo-Saxon standards show real insight into the characters of both peoples.

* * *

THE authoress of "Two Dianas in Somaliland" (Lane, 12s. 6d.) went to Somaliland in order to shoot big game; her cousin (also a woman) went with her. They suffered from the usual discomforts and shot the usual number of unfortunate beasts. They brought home the skins of the beasts, and no doubt they now look horrible in some hall. One of their company of beaters was killed by a rhinoceros; another died in camp. So much for their achievement. Its record is the usual dreary catalogue of slaughter. The book might conceivably have been made interesting. The ladies saw something of the Somalis, and even attended a Somali dance, which the authoress describes as "unvarnished vulgarity." But even if the authoress had an eye for interesting things, she has not written of them in an interesting way. The book is illustrated with photographs—some of them rather good, others indifferent. The photograph never gives enough of the essential detail. As the detective says, "A bad description is better than a good photograph." But the detective had not read "Two Dianas."

* * *

At the moment when Socialism is being attacked and defended on every side, a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Thomas Kirkup's "An Inquiry into Socialism" (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net) is most timely. Those who are anxious to learn what Socialism really is, and what it really is not, cannot do better than turn to Mr. Kirkup's calm and luminous statement. First published in 1887, the work went into a second edition in 1888, and has been out of print since 1890. For the present edition the author has carefully revised the book "in the light of the fresh knowledge and experience which we

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* * *

THERE is a delicious cry of the wild about Mrs. Thompson Seton's book, "Nimrod's Wife" (Constable, 6s.). This in spite of the fact that, in her earlier chapters at all events, Mrs. Seton does not show herself to be at all an ideal camper. The luggage taken by her party, for which she acknowledges herself largely responsible, must have been enormous. Unlike Nimrod, Mrs. Nimrod shoots, and for shooting a deer out of season the party is brought back to stand trial. The reader fumes at being torn from the woodland just as he was beginning to enjoy it. But a good time comes again another year, much more satisfactory wilds being found. Mrs. Nimrod still shoots, her vanity compelling her to destroy the noble moose of all creatures! But in the end she is cured, and the trip through Norwegian reindeer country is the most beautiful of all. It is a delightfully human book, the terrors and experiences of a mere woman, sometimes alone in the threatening forest, being quietly and very convincingly sketched. The pictures by Walter King Stone and Ernest Thompson Seton make the charming volume complete.

* * *

IN "The Andes and the Amazon" (Fisher Unwin, 21s.), Mr. C. Reginald Enock has written a very full and readable account of life and travel in Peru. Its chief fault is that it is too prolix and attempts to cover too much ground. Had the author left out the chapters upon Peruvian history and upon the Inca remains and Inca civilisation, he would have omitted nothing which is not easily accessible in other forms, and his book would not be so unwieldy as it is. Mr. Enock is an engineer, and what he has to say about the great undeveloped resources of Peru is extremely valuable. Hitherto the main obstacles to the development of a country which is something like thirteen times as large as England and Wales have been political unrest, militarism, and clericalism. Peru, Mr. Enock says, like all other communities of Spanish America, "has endured its baptism of sword and priestcraft." These are now giving way to the principles of fair government, and there is every prospect of a bright future for the republic. The story of Mr. Enock's adventures while prospecting or gathering mineral samples makes most interesting reading. Travel in Peru is not easy. There is great difficulty in obtaining supplies, the roads are often execrable, and the country is infested by thieves, so that the traveller's horses or mules have to be carefully guarded. Mr. Enock has a high opinion of the gaiety and hospitality of the Peruvians, and an account of a carnival battle where the missiles were india-rubber toy balloons filled with water is one of the most entertaining chapters in his book. There have recently appeared a number of books dealing with some of the South American republics, but we have not seen any upon Peru, and Mr. Enock is to be congratulated upon this useful volume.

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The Week in the City.

A FRESH COLLAPSE.

OUTSIDE the United States, the chief financial items of the week have been news of a fresh collapse on the Egyptian Stock Exchange and of a sudden commercial crisis in Portugal. It seems that since the beginning of the month there have been a series of runs on Portuguese banks, which, apparently, have only been rescued from bankruptcy by artificial aid from the Bank of Portugal. If these telegraphic reports are not exaggerated, it is surprising that Portuguese bonds have not fallen more. A number of commercial houses have been broken for want of credit, and the Portuguese currency has depreciated with alarming rapidity. Portugal might be a happy and prosperous little country if it were not, like Spain, the sport of tariff-mongers and "protected" interests. I believe that the big landlords of Portugal are an even greater curse than ours were in the days of the Corn Laws. But Portugal plays a comparatively small part in international trade and finance, and her embarrassments only add a drop to the bucket of depression. London, on the whole, has weathered the week well. The 7 per cent. rate has brought very large amounts of gold, and, in spite of heavy withdrawals for the States, Thursday's Bank return was much stronger than that of the previous week. But, unless something unexpectedly favourable occurs in the States, I doubt if a 7 per cent. rate will see us through the crisis.

THE OUTLOOK FOR TRADE.

It is a great proof of the soundness of our commercial fabric that, so far, home trade shows scarcely any symptoms of decline. In the United States it is far otherwise. There has been no such a disastrous collapse of credit for many years. Last week the New York optimists told us that the premium on gold would rapidly disappear in face of the large imports, and for a day or two the tendency seemed favourable. But this week the premium has risen to 3, 4, or 5 per cent., and there appears to be a universal shortage of currency. Last week Mr. Pierpont Morgan was hailed as the saviour of his country, and every telegram was full of his patriotic exertions. But when it appeared that the first use he had made of his position was to bag an independent concern for the sake of strengthening a Morgan trust, this view had to be modified, and the most subservient journalists dropped the *magnificat*. It was not only an ugly performance, but a very unfortunate one. It left a nasty taste in the mouth of the public, and has undoubtedly checked the revival of confidence. A fortnight ago, Mr. Carnegie declared in an interview that genuine industry would hardly be affected by what he regarded as a mere Wall Street crisis. But it is clear that he entirely misjudged the situation. On Wednesday, for example, it was stated, in a telegram from New York, that "twenty thousand employés of the Steel Trust have had to be discharged owing to lack of orders." But the stagnation in steel and iron was not confined to New York or to the Steel Trust; for "in the Chicago factories," is added, "25,000 workmen are idle." Hard times are predicted this winter for the American working classes in all the great industrial centres of the United States, and it is to be feared that farmers and agricultural labourers will also feel the pinch. The collapse of credit and scarcity of currency have made it very difficult to move the crops both in the States and in Canada.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

I have been reading the American papers very carefully, and must say that they make a very unfavourable impression. At the beginning of the crisis they wobbled between sensation-mongering and rose-coloured optimism. Since cash payments were suspended they have been unitedly optimistic, in a way that irresistibly suggests manipulation by the magnates. This, indeed, was broadly conveyed by the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," in his telegram of Wednesday. Of course, they do not do the slightest good. The facts which they can only half suppress make their assurances that all is well rather alarming than otherwise. What is the use of dilating upon the strength of Chicago when, for the first time in Chicago's history, Clearing House certificates have been issued? What is the use of a message from Pittsburg that "Pittsburg likes cheques" which can't be cashed, when the panic is so great that the

Stock Exchange has to be kept closed? Perhaps readers of THE NATION may like to read a (favourable) specimen of this minimising kind of journalism from the "New York Times" of Monday, November 4th:—

"It would be too much to expect that so intense a strain upon money markets could be undergone without disagreeable reflection in the business world. When corporations find it most difficult to secure ready money with which to meet pay-rolls, it is obvious that it is hardly the time for expansion, which implies new demands upon money. On the contrary, contraction is very plainly indicated. Even before the money situation itself became acute, the high levels attained by wages, by materials, and by food-stuffs, had convinced impartial observers that retrenchment was inevitable. Such retrenchment can only be brought about by contraction, which is really liquidation, and this seems now to be well under way. It was first witnessed in the securities market, and the rest of the country, as usual, smiled over what is called 'the troubles of Wall Street.' It appeared next in the copper trade, where the price of the metal fell from 26 cents to 12 cents in something over six months, and once again the significance of the event was concealed by the general comment that the development represented only the aftermath of speculation in copper, both the metal and the stock. These forerunners of coming events were added to last week by the rather striking reduction in the price of meats, as announced by one of the prominent packing houses, which hazarded the further opinion that all food-stuffs were about to come down, and by the announcements of several railroads, including the Pennsylvania, rightly looked upon as the greatest of this country's railroad properties, that any idea of new work had been abandoned, and that necessary parts of old programmes would be likewise put over for a more favourable moment. This conservative attitude on the part of railroads is now becoming general, and the result will be, of course, a liquidation in labour and, therefore, in the recent prohibitive wage scale. Those who attempt to read into this situation as it develops from day to day, anything alarming, will be the victims of their own faulty reasoning. It simply reflects a retrenchment temporary in duration, and absolutely necessary before the onward march of American industrialism is resumed. Striking proof of this fact is afforded by the sharp movements towards recovery in the copper trade, under the stimulus of price reductions."

Yet if the reader of the "New York Times" turns from "the onward march of American industrialism," to another page of the paper, he will find the Hon. Charles N. Fowler, Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, speaking of "the most frightful conflagration of credit that has ever visited the commercial world!" But the "New York Times" would have people believe that only faulty reasoning can read anything alarming into the situation.

LUCELLUM.

"If," wrote a critic of the Academy Exhibition of 1796, "the portrait painters of the present day be brought before the tribunal of fair criticism, and tried by the evidence before it—viz., their works exhibited in the collection at Somerset House—the pre-eminence cannot be denied to Beechey; Lawrence follows him, and then, magno intervallo, Hoppner and Hamilton"; and, further, that "nothing but the grossest partiality can dispute this fact." Posterity has relegated Beechey to a place behind that of Lawrence, and even of Hoppner; but this opinion is testimony to the favour he enjoyed in his own time, and helps to establish his right to be memorialised as one of the leaders, at least, of the lesser artists who were contemporary with Reynolds and Gainsborough. Here we have the first complete biographical account of Beechey. Mr. W. Roberts disclaims any critical purpose, and confines himself to the facts of the painter's life, work, and surroundings; and no better writer could have been found for the task, for no more patient investigator of the lore relating to pictures and their subjects is living among us. His chronicle of the works executed during the sixty-two years of Beechey's exhibiting career is thoroughly exhaustive and invaluable for purposes of reference. He gives an adequate sketch of the man, gleaned from contemporary records, from which one gathers the impression of a frank, amiable personality with a taste for conviviality and hard swearing, and a great good nature towards his younger fellow-artists. The "Beechey Account Books," detailed in Chapter VIII., are an instructive sidelight on the commercial side of the practice of a successful portrait painter of that day. A good index and copious illustrations enhance the value of this book, which is written with an absence of affectation or exaggeration that many more ornate writers would do well to imitate.

* "Sir William Beechey, R.A." By W. Roberts. London: Duckworth & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

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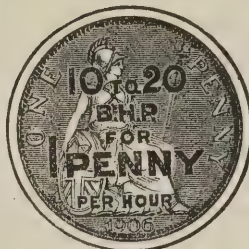
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Diary of the Week.

No alarm need be felt as to the Prime Minister's health, or as to his ability to bear the extraordinarily heavy burdens of policy and administration which are laid upon him. He is advised to take a period of rest in the South of France, and his choice, we believe, has rested on Biarritz, which possesses one of the finest winter climates in the world. Bismarck, the third Napoleon, Gladstone, and Mr. Morley, have all resorted to it.

* * *

THE settlement of South Africa under the new Constitution proceeds apace. The elections for the first Assembly in the Orange River Colony took place on Wednesday, and so far as Bloemfontein was concerned, have resulted in a victory for the English Party, led by Sir John Fraser, Mr. Steyn's old rival for the Presidency. Bloemfontein has a large English trading element which clearly commands the majority of voters. On the other hand, Oranija Unie, the Dutch Party, led by Mr. Fischer, the former State Secretary, and General Hertzog, have swept the country districts, and will form the Administration. In all, they return thirty members, so that we imagine the English settlers in the Ladybrand district and elsewhere have united with the Dutch. There are, however, four Independents. The National Scouts have been wiped out, as everyone expected, and General de Wet, who had retired from politics, will probably be a member of the Government. It will certainly reduce the excessive cost of government; but in Mr. Fischer's hands its tone will be moderate and conciliatory. Both Mr. Fischer and General Hertzog, following the general lines of the new South African Party, have repudiated the racial policy, and warmly accepted partnership in the British Empire. “The Imperial Government,” said General Hertzog, “had for ever bound to the Empire the hearts of the Orange River Colony and the whole of South Africa.” The members of the Legislative Council seem to have been fairly divided between the two Parties, and include one ex-Boer General and the editor of the organ of the Oranija Unie. Meanwhile,

Lord Harris, Chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields, has joined Sir George Farrar, who commands the Farrar group of mines, in abandoning Chinese labour, expressing confidence in the ability of the mines to provide a substitute. He also declares his confidence in the goodwill and loyalty of the Dutch Government.

* * *

LORD MILNER made a somewhat conspicuous appearance at Rugby, on Tuesday, and has been hailed by the “Morning Post” as the new Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer, an appointment, by the way, which would involve a change in the British Constitution. Lord Milner proclaimed himself a Tariff Reformer, opposed to any compromise on the question of principle, a friend of universal compulsory military service, and an advocate of Social Reform, which should deal with those two great twin evils, irregular employment and unhealthy conditions of life. He would not oppose the introduction of Old-Age Pensions, but the Unionist Party should offer an iron resistance to a policy of providing funds by starving the Army and Navy. He trembled lest “ignorant idealists” or “vote-catching demagogues” should secure any such reduction. If the people had known what the Government desired in South Africa “they would have spat it out of their mouths,” a view of the South African situation which does not find a single echo among the men who are most concerned with it.

* * *

THE failure of the Prime Minister's proposals for an international reduction of armaments has been followed by the expected set-back to the cause of international peace. The revised plan of German naval construction exhibits a large and extended programme dealing with the most powerful types of vessels, in this respect following the lead of British naval policy. The estimates for 1908 contemplate an expenditure of nearly seventeen millions, including eight and a-half millions for new construction and armaments, which represents an increase of nearly three millions on last year's estimates. Three new battleships of the “Dreadnought” type are to be laid down every year for the next three years, after which the output will diminish. This means that in order to meet the waste produced by the reduction of the life of battleships from twenty-five to twenty years, there will be an increase of five in the number of battleships laid down from 1908 to 1911. The new expenditure will aggravate the serious financial and banking situation in Germany, which is perhaps only less precarious than that of the United States. The complete estimates show a total increase on the current year of nearly seven and three-quarter millions, nearly all of which is due to the Army, the Navy, and the Colonies. New taxation is threatened, and it is not certain whether even the controlling Centre Party will accept it. The Radicals are vaguely hostile, the Socialists determinedly so.

* * *

MR. HALDANE made the curious announcement to a gathering of City Volunteers, on Tuesday, that in the future the honour of Deputy-Lieutenant was to be reserved for those who had “earned it by a military title.” No man would in future be “approved” by the King for this post—hitherto, of course, purely civil—who had not served for ten years in some part of the Forces, or had been connected with a County Association. This is decorative soldiering; it is more im-

portant to know the Government's decision in regard to the Army Estimates. There are now, for example, nearly 20,000 men serving in, or in the neighbourhood of, South Africa. We imagine that there is no great demand from South Africa—Dutch or English—for the diminution of the garrison; but it is inconceivable that the Government—in face of the complete reconciliation of the Dutch element—will retain it at that figure, or anything like it. Moreover, we have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Haldane's scheme will cost far more than its author estimated. All we can say is that the Ministerial party will demand a substantial reduction in the monstrous cost of the army—and will see that they get it.

* * *

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE has promptly given notice of a Bill for establishing, in the form of a Public Commission, a single authority for controlling the Port of London and managing the whole of the lower river from Teddington Lock to the Island of Sheppey. This body is to take over all powers of levying rates and dues now possessed by the Thames Conservancy and Watermen's Company, and other existing bodies, and the Act will enable it to take steps to improve the dock and warehouse accommodation of the Port, to buy up the dock companies, to issue stock, and to call on the County Council to guarantee the payment of interest upon it. Compensation will be given to those whose property is taken. The constitution of the body is, of course, not fixed, but it is clear that it will not be mainly municipal, though the Corporation and the County Council will have seats on it, and that it will consist in the main of representatives of bodies interested in the Port or using it. It proposes, we believe, to find a fund for the much-needed improvement of the Port out of an increase of dock dues. Some of the vested interests—dock and watermen's companies—are hostile, but their position is singularly weak, and the public will support a strong and equitable measure.

* * *

THE advanced wing of the women's suffrage movement has resumed its plan of interrupting Liberal meetings as an act of protest and agitation. Mr. Asquith's powerful reply to Mr. Balfour at Nuneaton on Saturday was much disturbed, and about thirty "suffragettes" were thrown out by the stewards, it seems with needless violence. Mr. Haldane's Sheffield meeting was similarly treated, and the offenders suffered in the same way. The inevitable reply to these tactics was given by a body of Birmingham students, who with cries of "Tit-for-Tat," completely broke up a suffrage meeting in the Town Hall, conducted by Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst. It is fair to remember that the "suffragettes" represent a pioneer force, and that suffrage agitations are usually tumultuous. But the resort to force on such a field means rough retaliation, and also much bad blood between men and women, and therefore the loss of a good deal of the moral leverage that is the best support of the cause of women's suffrage. Mr. Lloyd George, replying to a deputation of suffragists at Glasgow on Thursday, rebuked "hen-pecking" tactics, advised women to convert their own sex first, and added that the vote for women could only come after a special appeal to the electorate, and as part of a scheme of adult suffrage.

* * *

LORD CROMER addressed a meeting of diners of the Unionist Free Trade Club on Thursday, with Lord George Hamilton in the chair. The Free Trade Unionists are, we are afraid, reduced to a few club and dining coteries, and they weaken themselves by the feebleness of their attitude to Mr. Balfour. Lord George Hamilton, for example, did not "altogether approve of Mr. Balfour's handling of the Fiscal question," but he had never encouraged the Protectionist propaganda, and therefore was to be retained in the leadership. Lord Cromer was

more vigorous. He insisted that the Empire subsisted on a Free Trade basis, and that a change of Fiscal policy would wake up "dormant Anglophobia" all the world over. For example, the Soudan had been organised without a protest, because all foreign trade had been admitted to it on equal terms with our own. He opposed a non-contributory old age pension scheme, because it must involve an expenditure of from 20 to 30 millions, raised by direct taxation. Only a contributory scheme, with modest State assistance, was possible. Let Tariff Reform sleep; for the effect of Protection on Imperial policy would be deplorable. It is notable that the "Times," which is Free Trade one day and Protectionist the next, thus, according to the "Spectator," reverting to its historic attitude, strongly condemns Lord Cromer's speech.

* * *

THE only logical issue of the controversy between the Bishop of Newcastle and the city incumbents is for the latter to press for the disestablishment of the Church. Both the Bishop and his opponents are perfectly logical, though the principles to which each party appeals are incompatible. The Bishop refuses to license a mission room in the parish of St. Philip because the curate in charge uses Eucharistic vestments and other ritual accessories which have been declared illegal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and also condemned by the Royal Commission. Following the Bishop's refusal, a number of the Newcastle clergy have written refusing to accept the Judicial Committee as a competent tribunal on ritual questions. Even those who sympathise with this view must see that it is impossible to defend the action of clergy who enjoy all the benefits of establishment but refuse its obligations.

* * *

THE Portuguese Dictatorship has entered this week on a new phase of repression. A decree has been issued forbidding all criticism of Senhor Franco's administration, and the circulation of any news likely to damage the credit of the country. All the more important Lisbon newspapers have been suspended for thirty days. The reign of force is, in short, undisguised, and, as happened when the *coup d'état* was first carried out, the Government is once more renewing its attentions to the army. All parties are united against Senhor Franco, and he rules only by favour of the King. It is significant that several Liberal leaders, including some peers, have announced their adhesion to Republicanism. It is doubtless true that the political system stood in need of drastic reform. As in Spain, parties succeeded each other by a more or less corrupt connivance; the finances were embarrassed, and education grossly neglected. But the dictatorship can remedy none of these evils. Senhor Franco's first step was to buy the support of the army and the official services by raising salaries and pay all round. The parties of whose complacency towards each other he complained, are now more than ever united against himself, while the suppression of free speech and the Press is hardly the aptest method of promoting the country's political education. There was a time when England, under Palmerston, interfered, perhaps too indiscreetly, to promote democracy in Portugal. To-day, the "Times," alone in the European Press, pronounces, *ex cathedra*, its blessing on an usurpation which it compares to that of Cromwell. Senhor Franco is a very royalist Cromwell, and he holds his army, not by victories but by bribes.

* * *

THE last railway strike in the North of Italy (our Rome correspondent writes) has had the effect of bringing about a division in the Socialistic Party, which for several years had existed in a latent state. The more or less revolutionary elements have gathered together into the "Syndicalist" group, which was favourable to an open support of the railwaymen in their most extravagant demands, even the passing of the railways

into their proprietorship. To reach this end the Syndicalists urged a general strike, not only of the railways, but of all workmen, thus hoping to throw the whole country into anarchy. The large majority of the Socialists refused to follow them on this road, and men like Ferri, Turati, Bissolati, indeed, all the leading figures of the party, were accused of treachery. The dissident Socialists detached themselves from the Confederation of the Working-men, which included all the unions, and has its seat in Turin, and at a meeting held at Parma by the representatives of about 200,000 workers, approved, by a majority of 30,000, the constitution of a General Confederation of Working-men, separate from that of Turin. They established as the fundamental basis of their organisation the following propositions: The gradual suppression of differences between employers and employees; complete autonomy and freedom of initiative for the local organisations; that the members of the General Confederation should consider themselves as the instruments of the working-men collectively, and not as their legislators and masters; that the general strike must be used as defence, as protest, and as means of conquest. Finally, they decided to combine the unions ready to fight with all weapons, none excluded, the present capitalistic organisation, thus weakening and eliminating the *bourgeoisie*.

* * *

DR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, who died last week in Paris at the age of seventy-five, was during a long and active life as lecturer and writer, a notable figure in "advanced" movements in this country and America. The son of a Virginian slave-owner, he broke away from "the system," and from other forms of orthodoxy in religion and politics at an early age, and at seventeen began his career as an ethical or free-thought preacher. When the Civil War began he became a sort of informal ambassador of the Northern cause in this country, and was thus brought into personal contact with the distinguished men of politics and literature who espoused it. Settling down here, he spent the greater part of his life in advocating, with voice and pen, every cause of liberty, peace, and popular enlightenment which came up for settlement. A Free Trader and a stout internationalist, he fought to his last years with unabated zeal the imperialism of his adopted as of his native country, and was strongly opposed to any Anglo-American alliance, which he feared would be exploited to the crushing of weaker peoples. He published many books and pamphlets, chiefly upon religious and political topics. His leading sphere of activity for twenty years was the platform of the South Place Ethical Society, where he spoke every Sunday to a considerable audience, gathered from all parts of London, and comprising not a few persons of distinction in the world of thought and art. For Dr. Conway had a genius for friendship, and the fascinating volumes of autobiography published a few years ago show him the intimate acquaintance of many famous men and women. His friendship with the Carlyles and with Browning was peculiarly close, and in his later years he was a particularly interesting *raconteur*.

* * *

THE week has yielded a heavy crop of deaths of minor celebrities. Mr. Evelyn Ashley, the historian of Lord Palmerston, whose secretary he was, and the ablest of the great Lord Shaftesbury's sons, died on Friday week at the family seat, Broadlands, so closely associated with Palmerston's life. Mr. Ashley had a moderate talent for politics, which he cultivated first as a Liberal-Whig member of Parliament and as under-secretary in Gladstone's second Administration, and then as a fervent supporter, outside Parliament, of Liberal Unionism. His presence and speech were agreeable, and his biography of Palmerston, though a

little colourless in style and over-reserved in manner, is a competent defence of a statesman who was a hero to his young relative and biographer.—Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, who died on Tuesday at the age of 88, had a distinguished career as an Arctic explorer in the middle of last century, when science could do little to assist the attainment of the North Pole. He leapt into fame as the volunteer commander of the "Fox," the vessel which brought to England the tragic relics of the Franklin expedition and the full story of the fate of the heroic band. Honours showered on McClintock, and his long later life was filled with varied kinds of naval service.—Mr. Harry Kemble, who died at Jersey on Saturday week, aged 59, was a member of the family which has added so much to the world's pleasure, and an inheritor of its special talent. No actor on the existing English stage excelled or equalled him in the natural gift for comedy. His special success lay in the presentment of pompous, cross-grained old age, and in such characters his mere appearance, and the extreme dryness of his manner, sufficed to set the theatre in a roar. Personally he possessed much of the good humour and charm of his aunt, Fanny Kemble.

* * *

HOUSEHOLDERS must remember that Christmas boxes this year are subject to the ban of the Prevention of Corruption Act, which forbids, under penalties, a servant to accept gifts that are meant to influence him in conducting his master's business. The London tradesmen have met and decided that it is permissible to give Christmas boxes to buyers, or persons buying on behalf of employers; tradesmen in other towns have more properly decided against them. The opinion of the London meeting is flatly against the law, and as the custom is practically universal, we do not see how tradesmen gain by it. It represents in the end an indirect tax on employers and householders, who pay an extra and irregular wage to their servants in the shape of dearer or worse goods. But the practice spreads all through the trading fabric, and lax and kind-hearted people help to sustain it, though it is clearly demoralising to those who give and those who receive. Probably the best plan is for tradesmen who wish to make Christmas presents to servants to take Sir Edward Fry's advice, and ask the consent of their masters. Gifts of pure kindness are not, of course, debarred.

* * *

THIS week there was opened at the Leicester Galleries an Exhibition of illustrative water-colour drawings by Mr. Edmund Dulac, a young artist whose work is unfamiliar to Londoners except through the very occasional examples he has shown at the London Sketch Club. The drawings are reproduced in colour in one of the gift books of the season—the "Stories from the Arabian Nights," retold by Lawrence Housman—and, judging from an advance copy of the book, the reproductions should attract considerable attention. Good as the latter are, however, they do not in every instance do justice to the originals, which show a quite unusual talent. Some of the quaint humour of Mr. Rackham finds its way into Mr. Dulac's characters, and this might suggest a comparison between the two; but it would be unfair to put one against the other, for the reason that each has a perfectly distinct aim. Mr. Rackham is a draughtsman who uses colour as an auxiliary. Mr. Dulac is a painter and a colourist to whom the use of line is a useful but a subsidiary accessory. That, briefly, expresses the difference. The fact that graceful and even noble design at times distinguishes Mr. Dulac's drawings in no way diminishes his claim to be regarded, firstly, as a painter. It is as a painter that he obtains a great beauty and clarity of colour, and, apparently without employing body colour, a quality as rich and soft as milk.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NULLITY OF MR. BALFOUR.

It is perhaps superfluous for us to point out to our readers that, judging by the tone of Opposition speakers and writers, Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham has confirmed the confusion of mind among his followers which attends all his speeches on the Tariff question, and which this latter utterance was apparently designed to perpetuate. The extreme Protectionists accept his endorsement of their resolution; the moderates, reading, or trying to read, his inner mind, believe that he can discover a medium policy, or at least patch up an unmeaning formula of unity; the Free Traders accept his mocking pledge that they are to remain members of a Protectionist party. It is true that the Protectionists repudiate that pledge, and profess, through the "Morning Post," their intention of disregarding it on every electoral platform in Great Britain, and of driving every Tory Free Trader into permanent exile. These trifling disharmonies do not really matter, when we pass from considerations of principle to those of tactics. The confidence in Mr. Balfour's faithlessness is so universal, and is held so equally by all sections of his party, that it produces the same effect as an implicit trust in his political honour. The Free Traders convince themselves that what with his private connections and his private hints, his power to take the sting out of a scheme of high tariffs, and his genius for dilatory diplomacy, as illustrated by his proposal to recommend another Colonial Conference before any new policy is initiated, the country, even under a Balfour Government, will be secured from a return to Protection. They think, in a word, that though, or rather because, he betrayed *them*, and scattered his Free Trade Cabinet, he will develop a similar genius for outwitting his new associates. These, in their turn forecasting events, rely with confidence on his pliability, his want of knowledge of affairs, his passion for keeping the nominal headship of his party, and calculate that he will bow to the situation and recognise their hold on the popular Tory mind. Such a situation also serves the unity-at-all costs section. Mr. Balfour is to them the condition of there being a Tory Party at all. So the man who for nearly five years has debased the moral currency is encouraged to find that his counterfeits really seem to pass for some solid exchange value. His speeches are nothing, and are meant to be nothing; and if Mr. Balfour had a genuine regard for the *morale* of Toryism, he would perceive that they must in the end have much the same effect on the Tory masses as the bad tending of the faithless herdsmen in "Lycidas" produced in the fold of the Church:—

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

So long, however, as the Tory leader recognises that his party wants power of intellect and power of will either to drive him into the open, or to drive him out of public life, his barren word-exercises will continue.

Meanwhile it is clear that the Protectionist party feels the necessity of preparing itself in advance against any future lapse of Mr. Balfour into Free Trade doctrine, by providing him with a colleague of the right sort. This they have found in Lord Milner, who at Rugby proposes himself as a Unionist leader, marching

under the triple device of Imperialism, Protection, and Conscription, and acclaimed by the Protectionist Press as the appointed framer of the first "reformed" Budget. We cannot say that the moment of Lord Milner's return to public life is happily chosen. Since he retired from South Africa, he has made two contributions to Imperial policy. The first was to offer an embittered opposition to the grant of self-government to the Transvaal and the Orange Colony; the second to argue with equal vehemence for the retention of Chinese labour. What has happened since those loud and confident declarations? Self-government has been established, with the cordial assent of the English and Dutch, and the approval of every member of the Imperial family, and has produced an unexampled effect of peace and concord; and Chinese labour has been abandoned by its chief directors on the Rand, who emphasise this momentous step by expressing complete confidence in their power of replacing it. When the heads of the Farrar group and of the Consolidated Gold Fields give up the Chinaman, Lord Milner's plea for him falls to the ground, just as, with the triumph of the South African Party all over the Continent, and the proclamation of an "Afrikaner" policy by English and Dutch statesmen alike, every characteristic feature of his rule disappears. It is, therefore, as a fallen administrator, recently convicted of crude, hard, and short-sighted ideas, that Lord Milner makes his re-entry into home politics. His Imperialism aimed at turning South Africa into a Crown Colony, held by a great army, and fortified by the Protectionist system which Lord Cromer declares to be fatal to our rule.

But it is precisely this hardness and definiteness of view which commends him to his new party. Lord Milner's conceptions are as sharply defined as Mr. Balfour's are vague. And they are essentially German and bureaucratic. The nation is to be taken in hand for its own good, reorganised, highly taxed, driven into universal military service, raised in its standards of personal efficiency, its housing and environment, by the combined discipline of the drill sergeant and the public official. This programme Lord Milner calls "democratic," and "constructive," and it obviously and avowedly combines Socialist ideas with an absolutist governing system, such as our Imperial guest provides for his own highly-contented subjects. How far it will go depends on the extent to which sheer weariness at Mr. Balfour's nullity of mind pervades the Tory Party. A starving man on a desert island snatches at the first food he can get, for bad, half-poisonous food is better than no food at all; and the essential disservice which Mr. Balfour performs to his country and to his party is that instead of keeping policy on moderate lines, as his apologists say he keeps it, he drives it on to some vigorous form of reaction. Here, it is obvious, lies the great mistake, the incurable and also the unpardonable weakness of the Free Trade section of the Tory Party. So long as trade is good, and Protection lacks the stimulus of trouble among the workmen, Mr. Balfour's Nothingarianism may keep it back, while appearing to encourage it. When the decline comes, and if the Protectionist fallacy gets a hold on the discontented, this politician, being devoid of principle and wanting any deep root of intellectual surety, will be just as Protectionist as his interests incline him to be, and as strong temperaments like Lord Milner's force him to be. And that result, if it comes, will be very largely due to the "intellectuals" of his own camp, who have weakly allowed him to abuse the gift of speech and taint the springs of political conduct.

THE CHAOS OF A GREAT STATE.

THE whirlwind of financial panic, which has swept over the United States, destroying the fabric of credit and withering the pride of unexampled industrial prosperity, leaves the public mind here bewildered and aghast. To judge from the American Press, the public mind there is almost unhinged. The most conflicting palliatives and remedies are proposed. Everyone is for immediate legislation, but nobody is agreed as to what the law should be. While prodigious sensations and disasters crowded one upon another, each with its own peculiar causes and train of consequences, nobody had time to think or to look round. "It seems, in hasty reminiscence, a matter of months," said one American a fortnight ago, "since the Knickerbocker Trust Company closed its doors; but it happened two weeks ago last Tuesday. Within that brief period the whole business outlook of the American Continent in the eyes of the average man has been radically changed." A very little time ago, he went on, everybody was prosperous. Manufacturers had more orders than they could fill; farmers were getting high record prices for their crops; railways were only complaining that they had not enough lines and cars to cope with a superabundant traffic; and the "labour question" was not how to find employment but how to find workmen.

But, as a matter of fact, a great explosion had been in train for months, if not years. While the ploughman toiled and the operative worked at ever higher speed, speculation was undermining credit, rotten concerns were being floated on an overstrained market, and vast sums required for every-day emergencies were being locked up in railway construction or squandered in riotous living. In a word, capital was being wasted or used up faster than it was being created, and credit was being swollen to its utmost limits. So long as no large lender of credit was forced to insist on payment the structure stood, though ever since last January it has been shivering under the repeated blows of Wall Street slumps. But at last, in October, the great catastrophe came. A copper speculator smashed his bank by involving its resources in the support of a cornered stock, and a Trust Company suddenly fell to the ground because its President had tied up its assets in unsaleable securities. How, then, does the case stand now?

At the beginning of the first week of November (a fortnight after the Knickerbocker Trust closed its doors) two Wall Street brokers advertised in the New York papers that they would pay a premium on currency. It was well understood, wrote one of the leading financial editors of New York, in justification of this advertisement, that the actual currency left in certain of the bank reserves was then so low, owing to the hoarding mania, that "employers of labour, who must pay out large sums of petty cash on Saturday, could not get their pay-roll money at their banks, even though their deposit credits far exceeded such requirements." Hence these brokers, seeing profit in a new line of business, addressed themselves to the public, saying in effect: "If you will take a certified cheque on a solvent bank in payment, we will pay you 2, 3, or 4 per cent. premium for your currency." Before the end of the week it was estimated that four million dollars had come out of cellars and safe-deposits in response to this inducement, and a higher premium than that given by the brokers to the hoarders was readily paid to the

brokers not only by employers of labour but by banks short of reserve money. "This is one of the heaviest days we have had since the present situation developed," said a representative of the firm of Bolognesi, Hartfield & Co., on Friday, November 8th, to a representative of the "New York Times." "The premium is very attractive to persons with ready cash, and we are getting many offers of both large and small sums. The demand comes from all classes of individuals and firms all over the country, but mostly in this city and vicinity. The premium may go higher, or it may go lower; it will depend altogether on conditions." At the office of Mann, Bill & Ware, another firm of Wall Street brokers, it was stated on the same day that the premium had been above 3 per cent., but had eased off toward the close of business hours. One man came in during the day who said he had 40,000 dollars in cash to sell. The offer was at first regarded as a "bluff," but a representative of the firm accompanied the lucky individual to a neighbouring safety-deposit vault company, and the man took out the 40,000 dollars in cash from his box. The money was in packages, bound with slips just as it had been received from the bank whence the depositor had drawn it out. The 40,000 dollars was sold in a lump to Mann, Bill, & Ware, the seller receiving a certified cheque payable through the Clearing-house in Clearing-house Funds. "Just think of that," said a member of the firm. "There was 40,000 dollars absolutely tied up and doing the greatest amount of harm when it was so badly needed." And the broker proceeded to philosophise as follows:—

"When the people hoard money they are uneasy because it pays them nothing, and as the news spreads that it can be sold at a profit like any other commodity, more and more people let go. We always take pains to learn that the money we buy is really locked up and not in bank, since buying money already in bank would do no good. I look for a disappearance of the premium soon, since the offers to sell are becoming more and more numerous."

It is difficult for people here to understand such a situation; for how, it may be asked, can a premium be paid on currency except in currency; and if it is paid at first in bank cheques, why cannot the seller of 100 dollars of cash, greenbacks, gold certificates, or banknotes promptly cash his 103-dollar cheque and forthwith again sell the cash in Wall Street or anywhere else? The answer to the conundrum is of course that there is an illegal *de facto* suspension of cash payments throughout the United States. All the banks are virtually closed. There is no run upon them because there is nothing to run for. They are only open to bargain with their depositors, and to dole out a few coins or paper notes in extreme cases of necessity. The whole currency and banking law of the United States is in abeyance, is being violated everywhere daily through the length and breadth of the land. As the "New York Evening Post" puts it quite frankly, the explanation of the premium is that people cannot cash their cheques. "If the bank were paying cash as usual, the employer of labour could get money for his pay-roll, and would certainly not pay two cents extra on the dollar to get his cash in Wall Street. . . . It is not currency which has risen in price, but cheques on a solvent bank which have depreciated." But the "New York Evening Post" erred in thinking that the premium would only last a week. "The money hoarder," wrote our contemporary on November 9th, a few days after

the appearance of the premium, "a peculiarly detestable sort of speculator, knew very well that a week would end this abnormal situation, and that the price was high enough."

But is the poor hoarder really to be blamed? The great swindlers of New York denounce him as wanting in patriotism, and the President exhorts the people to trust in the banks and "be normal." But the distrust in the banks is in many cases amply justified. By general admission American bankers are very lax in their methods and ideas. Too often bankers are directed by big financiers, who use them as instruments to pump credit into shrinking speculative concerns of their own. Many years ago an American Secretary of the Treasury thought it necessary to lay down, as a rule for American banks, that the same men should not be borrowers and lenders. He said it was very common there for people to get control of banks in order to lend deposits to themselves, and that it was very difficult in such cases to insist on a proper margin of security. Unfortunately, the system he denounced is still common. Many American banks have "preferential customers," to whom the interest and security of the bank is regularly sacrificed. And this is not all. During the last year or two American bankers have been carried off their legs and their balance by the fictitious prosperity of rising prices. They have been induced to embark a dangerously large proportion of their assets in ventures from which they could not hope to withdraw when bad times came, and in securities which would be unsaleable when speculation collapsed. "We are overloaned," wrote one poor bank cashier before committing suicide the other day, and the same inscription might be written over the doors of many an American bank whose solvency is only conjectural. No one, of course, doubts that there is real wealth in the United States, and that there has been much real prosperity for many years. But a great deal of this wealth was only on paper. It was the offspring of speculation and died with the collapse of the speculative boom. To get out at the top is a rare feat. The average speculator buys more and more as prices rise, and when the bubble is at last pricked by dearth of money and credit, he holds and holds, hoping against hope, until ruin comes. Moreover, where industries are built up on tariffs, as in the United States and Germany, the danger of bad banking is intensified by the artificiality and corruption inseparable from the growth of monopolies that feed on high duties. We cannot hope to escape altogether the effects of the crash in New York. But we do not expect to see anything like the cruel and sudden depression which has swept into the streets tens of thousands of workmen in the great cities of the United States.

THE NEW PHASE OF THE LAND WAR.

MR. BIRRELL has not been compelled to wait many months before sharing the fate of his predecessors. The whole pack are after him. The "Ascendency Gang" (in an historic phrase) in the columns of the "Times" and elsewhere, declare themselves exasperated by his "misplaced jocularities," and his failure to lay Ireland under Coercion and clap Members of Parliament into prison without trial. And the more violent of opposite opinions stimulate the ardour of their meetings by the traditional gibes at the Chief Secretary and his

"foreign" Government. He probably expected no less, and will not be disappointed. The vital cause of discontent, now as always, is agrarian. The manifestation of the disease, however seriously it may be regarded by those who directly suffer, is fortunately utterly different in character from former outbreaks. There has never been any disturbance in Ireland which has not been directly traceable to this long Land War; to the attempts, conducted through decades, of a people sunk in unparalleled poverty to get back the means of existence on their own land. Each successive demonstration is an effort to stimulate the process. Each manifestation is an evidence that the process has broken down. And hitherto each manifestation has always succeeded in jogging the memory of the British People, a reminder that Ireland still exists, and is not yet satisfied.

Fortunately the methods to-day have taken a comparatively innocuous form. We are far removed from the hideous tumult of twenty-seven years ago, with cattle maiming and the shooting of landlords and their agents as part of a deliberate policy. We cannot indeed, dismiss cattle-driving as a harmless freak, or as a mere outbreak of village discontent against those who are holding up the rich lands. It is a policy. It is an illegal policy. It must be treated as an illegal policy. But it is not so serious in its operations as to be beyond the resources of the Common Law. Those "Unionists" who mock at the claim of Ireland to a separate national existence declare openly that Ireland should be treated as any other part of the United Kingdom is treated. Ireland has no more a separate existence, says Lord Hugh Cecil, than Kent has a separate existence. Let cattle driving in Ireland be treated, therefore, as cattle driving in Kent would be treated. To proclaim counties and publish special laws would be merely playing into the hands of agitators and extremists on both sides. It would not stop the particular manifestation. Coercion never has stopped any particular manifestation. But it would cause large populations to throw in their lot with the sufferers. It would light just the flame which the extreme agitators desire to kindle, without which the Ascendency leaders are never entirely happy. Given sufficient Coercion, and you might easily excite a general Land War in Ireland, and renew all the old bitter memories which we hoped had for ever died away. In most countries, in any popular controversy, one side is right. It is the peculiarity of Ireland that in most of these agrarian disputes both sides are right. They each refer to different ultimate principles; and these principles come to hopeless collision in actual practice. The object of cattle driving, avowedly, is to make the life and occupation of the graziers impossible; to win back the rich lands for men instead of oxen, and bring the people from the bogs and mountains and rocky seaboard into the land that their fathers once possessed.

The tragic condition of rural Ireland is apparent even to the superficial observer. Alone amongst the nations of Europe it exhibits the poor lands congested, the rich lands deserted. In districts which should be—like Bavaria or the Touraine—one large garden, you may journey for hours scarcely meeting a human being. In districts which naturally would support but a few wild fowl or seagull, the cabins are packed as closely as in the outer suburbs

of London. The tragedy of the ox it is called by the author of "Ireland at the Cross Roads": the seeing in Meath, West Meath, Kildare, and all the rich lands—"an Arcady where everything earth has to give of her bounty and riches lies in summer ripeness"—nothing but a "kind of dusk of humanity brooding over the scene." "As you walk along the road in a little valley of greenery, loneliness knocks at your heart, and the nostalgia of your race and kind comes creeping over you. 'Where are the people? Who goes upon this road? Who eats the blackberries in August and smells the hawthorn in May?'" Amidst ruinous, abandoned cottages, in the depopulated countryside the ox "lives and thrives and grows bulky." The curse of the Broken Companionship has fallen upon it. The richest land of Europe has become "one vast wilderness," in which "the beast is ever more and more" and "man is less and less." Distribute the peasant proprietors of Ireland as are distributed the peasant proprietors of Württemberg, of Denmark, of Bulgaria, and the chapter of agrarian agitation in Ireland would be definitely closed.

And here there arises the fundamental conflict between two divergent ideas. The one says: "We are starving in impossible existence upon economic holdings; only supported by nomadic labour in England and remittances from servant girls in America. Give us a chance of life in the purchase of the grazing lands. We are prepared to pay a rent equal to that you are now receiving; to purchase at the full legal value. You promised this opportunity in the Land Bill of four years ago. We have waited patiently four years for the redemption of your promises. We can wait no longer." "I have let my grazing land to good tenants," is the reply. "They pay me well. They are making modest fortunes in a great industry for which this land is specially suited. Why should I evict them against their wishes, in order that you may cut up the land into peasant holdings?" "What are we to do, then?" enquire the peasants. "We cannot go on living under these conditions. If we cannot obtain the grazing land, where can we obtain land?" "That is not my affair," says the landlord. "I have always recognised that this country is unsuited to your particular style of agriculture. Perhaps you had better emigrate to America or find work in England." "We are emigrating as fast as the ships will carry us," is the despairing testimony of actual fact. "Soon there will be none of us left. And when we are all gone, Ireland may be economically prosperous, with huge ranches occupying the good ground, and the rest an empty desolation. But the Irish race will have perished in their own home." "We regret that the Irish race should perish," is the answer, "but we cannot fight against economic law. And, in any case, the graziers, who are our tenants, are engaged in a perfectly legitimate trade, and demand the full protection of the law. So long as they wish to stay, we will see that they are not dispossessed." "Then we will see that they do not wish to stay," is the defiant reply. "If we do nothing, we die; if we fail in such an enterprise, we can but die."

It is law and order, and the just right of security in legitimate occupation, set against the demand of nationality for continuance, and of the very poor for existence; the fighting for a commodity limited in

extent, and with a definite monopoly value. We may deprecate conspiracy as much as we please, and utilise normal or abnormal means to try and stamp out the illegal methods of resistance. We have surely learnt enough of Ireland to know that such efforts are like trying to cleanse the skin of the spots which are but outward evidence of the fever raging within. The only real alleviation is the fulfilment of the promises of the Land Act: the purchase of the grazing lands in order that they may be used for raising, not the maximum of cattle, but the maximum of men and women and happy children; the acceleration, by every means possible, of the long process of repatriation of the Irish people in their own land.

THE CONTROL OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Kaiser's official visit to the British Court has come to an end, and the impression which this pleasant episode has made in both countries is of happy augury for their future relations. But how much it means in the purely political field, how far it relaxes the tension between the two groups in which the European Powers are now mustered; above all, whether it can at all affect the disastrous race in naval construction which seems to be entering at this very moment on an acuter phase than ever before—these are questions which could be answered only by guesswork. The recent history of our dealings with Germany is still mysterious. Prince Bülow, indeed, has explained the situation with a certain measure of frankness, in elaborate speeches, after full-dress debates in the Reichstag. But Anglo-German relations have never once of late years been subjected in this country to Parliamentary debate. An official and inspired Press keeps the German public informed of the views of its Foreign Office. That system has, fortunately, no place in our traditions, but its absence aggravates the extreme secrecy of our conduct of Foreign Affairs. It was thought, when the Foreign Office was entrusted to a commoner, that some advance was being made towards a more open and democratic conduct of our external policy. Sir Edward Grey's infrequent attendance at the House, the plan of entrusting questions to a subordinate Minister who has no position in the Foreign Office, the growth of the blocking motion, and the absence of any effective critical group in the Lords, have conspired to make Sir Edward Grey the most reticent and the most autocratic Foreign Minister of our time. Such incidents as the delay in the issue of the Denshawai papers, and the signature of the Anglo-Russian Convention three days after the rising of Parliament, have taught us how easy it is for a Minister to withdraw himself from Parliamentary criticism. It may be said that delicate diplomatic issues such as are involved in our relations with Germany, cannot well be debated in public. But that is hardly true of such a question as the maintenance of the right of commerce destruction; and yet the instructions given to our delegates at the Hague on this and kindred subjects were never once submitted to Parliamentary scrutiny.

The result of this curiously undemocratic system is that our foreign policy is, with rare exceptions, purely personal. An energetic and well-organised agitation does at times influence the Foreign Office. A combination of trading interests and missionary advocacy may make such a movement as that for Congo Reform

influential and successful; a purely humanitarian movement like that for Macedonian Reform is, on the other hand, dependent on the temperament of the Minister for the time being. But where the public is quite unorganised and has no information at its disposal, its opinion is never focussed, and may be ignored. Our system is bureaucracy qualified by the occasional irruption of popular emotion. The Crown no doubt provides a certain check, but the late Queen's Letters prove that in her time, at least, the influence of the Crown was thoroughly reactionary and anti-popular. It may be said that the Foreign Minister is, after all, the organ of the Cabinet. That may be true when some immense and interesting issue arises, but in the ordinary work of the Foreign Office the Cabinet does not interfere. Ministers are busy with their own departments, and rarely possess the knowledge that would enable them to intervene with authority. Palmerston said of his own colleagues, when Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary, that Mr. Gladstone was the only one who followed foreign policy at all closely. In the present Cabinet, since Mr. Bryce's departure, there is no one who has given any proof of a special interest in foreign affairs. We hope, indeed, that the Denshawai sentences and Macedonian reform have been mentioned at Cabinet meetings, but we are not sure. Lord John Russell, apologising to Queen Victoria for some of Palmerston's indiscretions in 1848, remarked that he was "a good colleague" who left his fellow-Ministers alone, and naturally claimed an equal independence for himself. The joint responsibility of the Cabinet for the acts of individual members must often be a pious fiction, which helps to cover a Minister and to reassure the public, but does not in practice guarantee any effective or detailed control.

The public is, as a rule, singularly ready to "trust the expert." On the immense majority of subjects submitted to his judgment, the Foreign Secretary—more especially when he is neither a linguist nor a traveller nor a student—cannot be an expert. That is as it should be. His rôle, acting as a typical representative of the opinions of his party, is rather to form a judgment after hearing the views of the experts. In the India Office, the machinery of a council of veteran administrators, representing various schools of thought, both European and native, is at the disposal of Mr. Morley. Sir Edward Grey stands alone, hampered moreover by a singularly rigid code of etiquette. He does in the last resort govern Egypt, and there everything now turns on the view he forms of the maturity, capacity, and goodwill of the Egyptian nationalists. Their leaders come to London, and mix freely with private members and journalists, but the door of the Foreign Office is closed to them. The whole immense issue lies between Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer or Sir Eldon Gorst. They, in turn, are hampered by the same etiquette, and even in Cairo do not meet the popular leaders, but rely, of necessity, on the reports of Levantine and Syrian interpreters and confidential agents. The question of judicial reform in Macedonia is being debated among the Great Powers at this moment. Here the issue lies between Sir Edward Grey and our Ambassador, confined, as he is, to Constantinople, and without direct experience of the local conditions. Our consuls on the spot, able men, speaking the languages of the country, daily meeting the people, are

allowed to report on current events, but their experience is not available in discussing policy. There are in London several men and women who know the country intimately. They may write or speak or agitate, but, knowing nothing of the detailed proposals of a reform under consideration, their experience and enthusiasm are wasted. The Persian clauses of the Anglo-Russian Agreement afford another instance of the need of some better machinery for taking counsel at the Foreign Office. It is hardly credible that Sir Edward Grey can have realised what immense concessions he was making when he drew the line defining the Russian sphere of influence. Travellers, traders, and geographers rushed into print with their criticisms when once the Treaty was published. That sort of criticism, however valuable and well-informed it may be, is not available until a mistake is consummated.

Alike on the ground of democracy and efficiency, there is a case for the provision of some machinery for control and consultation. Without it there is no security that a Foreign Minister is fairly representing the opinion, either of the country or of his own party, and little probability that he can command the best expert advice. In no other constitutional country is Parliament content with a rôle so subordinate, and in no other is there a two-party system which makes it difficult for Parliament to exercise rights which it does possess. Treaties like that of alliance with Japan, may be signed without any preliminary discussion, though they might commit us some years hence to a disastrous and unpopular war. Even if they could be discussed, Parliament would not express its opinion freely if the fate of the Government and the issue between Free Trade and Protection turned on its vote. The remedy lies, we think, not in the extension of the direct powers of the House of Commons, but rather in the creation of some small representative body which can co-operate with the Foreign Secretary. A committee of experts like that of the India Office would not have a right to speak for public opinion; a committee of the Privy Council would not be likely to possess exceptional competence. The better plan would be, we think, to imitate the precedents of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber, the Austro-Hungarian Delegations, and the United States Senate Committee. A small standing committee of the House of Commons, representing its shades of opinion, including, as it doubtless would, several students and experts, would very soon acquire the necessary knowledge. Pledged to secrecy, entitled to call for confidential papers, accustomed to debate questions minutely and intimately, and empowered, if necessary, to summon expert advice, it would make for efficiency, and secure due weight to instructed public opinion. If it had the right to submit any issue in the last resort to the arbitrament of the whole House, it would be unnecessary to define its powers minutely. The proposal is not new, but the case for its consideration was never stronger than at present. Parliament, over-driven, and absorbed in domestic problems, has not the time, even if it had the right, to make its nominal control a reality. Outside it, there is none the less, especially among Liberals, a growing uneasiness and an increasing volume of criticism, which is impotent and ineffective, because it is at once uninformed and irresponsible. A Liberal administration, eager to make popular government a reality, cannot afford to neglect the opportunity of providing some permanent machinery for the control of foreign affairs.

Life and Letters.

THE MOTHER.

SHE walked as though pressed for time, slipping like a shadow along the railings of the houses. With her skimpy figure, in the shabby wisp of its black dress, she did not look like the mother of six sons. She had beneath her arm the little bundle which she always carried to and from the houses where she worked. Her face, with tired brown eyes, and hair as black and fine as silk under the hard black sailor hat, was skimpy, too; and, all creased and angled like her figure, seemed to deny that life had ever left her strength for bearing man into the world.

Though not yet nine o'clock, she had already done the work of her two-roomed home: lighted the fire, washed the youngest boys, given all four their breakfast, swept the rooms, made one bed—in the other her husband was still lying—and to that husband she had served his tea. She had cut the midday ration of the two eldest boys, and wrapping it in paper had placed it on the window-sill in readiness for them to take to school; she had portioned out the firing for the day, given the eldest boy the pence to buy the daily screws of tea and sugar, washed some ragged cloths, mended a pair of little trousers, put on her hat without consulting the cracked looking-glass, and hurried forth. And since a penny was important to her, she had walked.

Having taken off the black straw hat, and changed the black and scanty dress for a blue linen frock which nearly hid her broken boots, worn to the thickness of a paper sheet, she was deemed ready to begin her labours. And while on her knees she scrubbed and polished, a certain sense of pleasurable rest would come to her; gazing into the depths of brass that she had made to shine, she thought of nothing. On some mornings, like this morning, she worked a little stiffly. This was when her husband, a plain-spoken, single-minded man, returning from some late discussion at his Club, "The Jolly Bush," had struck her with his belt, to show he was her master. On such mornings she was longer polishing the brass, often forced to clean it twice, having put her eyes too close to it. And her thoughts would run: "He didn't ought to hit me, he didn't ought to treat me like he does, and me the mother of his children." Thus far her thoughts would run, but—she was a simple soul—they ran no further; nor did it ever penetrate her mind that her six sons would be able too, some day, to beat their wives, by virtue of the sex that she had given them. But soon, because these things had happened to her many dozen times, she would stop brooding, and over the mirroring brass, that gave queer breadth and roundness to her face, would once more think of nothing.

Down in the kitchen, where she had her dinner, she never mentioned such unpleasant incidents, for fear that they might harm her reputation. She talked, in fact, but little, not having much to talk of that would do her good in a social way of speaking. But every now and then something would break within her, and she would pour out, in monotone, an epic on her sons; as though, in spite of everything, she felt that to have borne them was a credit. In consequence of these outpourings, which came not less than once a week, it was usual to regard her as an incorrigible talker.

In the afternoon, though she no longer polished brass, she polished other things. She left at six o'clock. Then, in the dusk, once more attired in black, she slipped along the railings of the houses, still hurrying, more like a shadow even than before. In one of her reddened hands—hands of which, holding them out before some fellow-woman whose soft, ringed fingers she admired, she would say apologetically: "I've got such dreadful 'ands, M'm"—in one of those red, roughened hands she grasped some little extra wrapped in newspaper, in the other the money she had earned.

She crossed the High Street, and diving down a dim and narrow alley, made a purchase at a shop, and hurried on. Entering her door, she tried to tell, by listening, whether her husband had returned; this she

always did, although it made no difference to her going up, since in any case her sons were there and waiting to be fed. Silently passing up the narrow stairs, whose noticeable odour she did not notice, she entered the front room. Her husband was not in, but her four sons, their eyes fixed on the door, sat or sprawled about the bed, teasing each other angrily, like young birds waiting for a meal. Taking off her hat, she sat down to rest. But seeing her thus sitting, doing nothing, her four sons tried to rouse her to activity. They pulled her by the sleeve, and jogged her chair, and the youngest kissed her with his little dirty mouth. Rising, she began to peel potatoes. She peeled them fast, working the up-turned knife-blade close to her thin bosom, and round her the four sons, affecting not to care, now that they saw her working, resumed their restless teasing of each other, casting impatient glances at the busy knife-blade, the falling yellow slips of peel. But suddenly the knife ceased working, the voices of the four sons died away; a heavy step was heard, it was their father coming in. He wore an old green overcoat, a muffler, and heavy boots; from his loose lower lip a stump of cigarette was hanging; his face, whiter than a fish's belly, wore a jeering smile. He sat down on the bed, and in the corners of the room his four sons held their tongues, knowing him for what he was, a strong and single-minded man. He spoke:

"I seen a sight!" he said. "Don't want no bloomin' theatres when I can see a sight like wot I seen to-day."

For answer came the sound of potatoes being peeled.

"'Ear wot I say?"

The sound of peeling stopped.

"Best joke I ever see! All the women in London walkin' in the rain, arskin' for the vote."

The sound of peeling rose again.

"'Ear wot I say? *The vote!* No goin' out for me this evenin'. A man's got to stay at 'ome it seems, an' see 'is wife don't go disgracin' of 'erself."

In the dim light of a single tallow candle the mother's face was scarcely visible above the moving knife-blade.

"A pretty game to let 'em walk about the streets like that! Woman in 'er place, there's nothin' to be said to that; but when she goes forgettin' of 'erself, well—kick her's what I say! Lucky for you you ain't that sort! What's woman ever done to earn the vote?"

The four sons, perceiving that their father's humour did not apply to them, began to fidget nearer to the table. But the chipping of the knife had ceased; in place of it the mother's voice was heard.

"Let the women be!"

The father leered. "I arsk you straight—what's women ever done to earn the vote? What's women ever done to put 'em up 'longside o' men? Answer me that!"

"They brought you into th' world—that's what they done!"

Hearing these unexpected words the father rose, and peered across the table at the mother's face, and what he saw amazed and angered him. Her meagre cheeks were red, her eyes looked swollen, her lips were one thin bloodless line.

"Brought me into the world—did they? You'd better look out what you're a-sayin'!"

Clutched in the mother's roughened hand the knife-blade shook, then fell with a clatter on the basin.

"The carryin' and the bearin' and the bringin' up; isn't that nothin'? Don't I know—that's borne six?" Panting for breath, she stopped.

"Ho! You claim all the credit? 'Adn't I nothin' to say to it, then? Wot about me?"

From the mother's lips broke forth these sounds:

"You! You 'ad the pleasure, you 'ad the pleasure! You! They never gev you a minute's pain. They never tore *you*; they never dragged the life out o' you! The pleasure—that's all you 'ad. The pain's what come to me!"

A look of hurt amazement on the father's face changed slowly to a furious resentment. He muttered in a queer, hoarse voice: "Pleasure, 'ad I; pain, 'ad you?" And slowly, tremblingly, undid his belt.

"Pain? 'Ad you? Then there, and there, and there; there's pain for you; and 'ere's a vote, an' 'ere's another, an' some on top o' that!" And, with the upraised belt he covered her with blows. "Pleasure, 'ad I?—that'll learn you to see what gives the vote! That'll learn you a woman's place. Pain, 'ad you? 'Ere's pain for you!"

The four sons watching from their corners cowered, and the youngest whimpered. The father flung aside his belt, and sitting down before the fire, stared into it.

"Stow that noise!" he muttered in a thick, uncertain voice; "you deserved the lot, an' more! Pleasure! 'ad I? Don't you ever tell me that again!"

From the bed the woman's strangled sobs arose, and from the hearth the man's thick breathing; for a long time there was no other sound. Then, creeping from their corners the two youngest sons began pulling at their mother's dress. They tugged and tugged, and their eyes were fixed upon the table.

Rising, she wiped her sleeve across her face, and took up a potato; blindly, feeling for the right place with the knife, she began to peel it.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

MAN AND HIS MICROBES.

HOWEVER considerable the services of biology to man through the practical arts of medicine and surgery, it is idle to disguise the fact that its net intellectual and moral influence upon the popular mind has been depressing and disillusioning. It took a long time for the "Descent of Man" to make its full meaning felt. Hitherto, through all the ages, man had been absolutely severed from Nature in all matters of essential importance. His life had been a texture of infinite mystery and romance, upon which the speculators of religion and philosophy wove alluring patterns. In vain did Darwin and Huxley protest that the new biological interpretation of human history was not degrading man, that it left open vistas of human progress no less magnificent because they came in the due course of an inevitable natural sequence. Man was now in origin and essence an animal, not a spiritual being; not only his body, but the thing he called his "soul" was composed for him during the vast aeons of his brute ancestry. The materials and beginnings of his noblest spiritual impulses and emotions were laid in pre-human experiences; the liberty of will and rationality which hitherto were claimed as his unique and priceless endowments were cancelled or reduced to trivial proportions by the dominating part assigned to his animal past. A marvellous, a glorified brute, but still a brute, and like a brute to perish! This is in essence the lesson modern biology has taught, in spite of the efforts of men like Huxley, Mivart, and Wallace in their several ways, to disentangle the spiritual life and the ethical process from the main stream of purely physical causation.

There is, for this reason, something peculiarly pathetic in the efforts of great humane men of science, such as Virchow, Haeckel, and Metchnikoff to construct, through bacteriology and its related hygiene, an improved and elongated human life which shall be some sort of substitute for what is to them a vain illusion of personal immortality. In reply to the demands which the common people make upon men of science for a larger and a better life, such men as Metchnikoff feel that no satisfactory answer is given by pointing to the triumph achieved by mechanics, physics, chemistry, over the material environment of man, so long as so little has yet been done to improve the constitution of man itself. Perhaps the popular mind, haunted by dim memories of ages of scientific search for an "Elixir Vitæ," is unduly exigent, in its half-conscious demand that biology shall destroy disease and banish death. Is man's normal life necessarily limited to fourscore years or so, the last decade dragged out in the growing misery of senile decay, with a dismal shadow of impending dissolution darkening his spirit, while painful diseases ravage his digestion and atrophy his mental powers?

To this great question Professor Metchnikoff gave an optimistic answer in his work on "The Nature of Man," a translation of which appeared in this country four years ago, and now in his new book "The Prolongation of Life" (Heinemann) he enlarges further on his important thesis. The notion that some absolute limit is set upon the term of human life, by the duration of infancy, or of the time required for full growth of bodily structure, he dismisses as an unsupported *a priori* hypothesis. We cannot, indeed, hope to secure for man the genuine immortality which is claimed for the infusoria and other unicellular organisms, and which attaches to the reproductive cells alone among higher organisms; but an understanding of the degenerative processes which, apart from all accidents, bring man to senility and death, may render the greatest of all services—the delivery from an unnatural old age and a premature decease. For Professor Metchnikoff labours, by many instances, to prove that old men, far from being gradually reconciled to their end as they approach it, shrink from it with increasing fear, desiring to live and not to die. Old men, he insists, are more optimistic than the young in clinging to life. This lack of resignation is not merely an evil of old age, but, in his judgment, a convincing testimony to the fact that the full span of human life is seldom reached. The human structure and its functions he finds to be beset by "disharmonies," the product of an incomplete attempt of the organism to readjust itself to the changing conditions of its environment through its passage from pre-human to savage and civilised conditions of life.

One of these "disharmonies" is the failure of the actual normal life of man to attain that final lap in which the instinct for life would gradually and peacefully give way to the instinct for death. The ideal of human life which biology should set before itself is "orthobiosis"—that is to say, the development of the human life so that it passes through a long period of old age in active and vigorous health, leading to a final period in which there shall be present a sense of satiety of life and a wish for death. How is orthobiosis to be achieved? To a bacteriologist there is only one sort of reply possible. For to him the struggle for life, as civilisation advances, becomes more and more a struggle between opposed hordes and species of bacilli. Every man has in his body a battleground of contending races, destructive or defensive microbes. Nay, the struggle between higher and lower, tropical and temperate races, which plays so dominating a part in the wider world history, becomes less and less a fight fought with knives and guns, more and more a fight fought with novel orders of bacilli. The power of man to survive and to secure for himself a safe, healthy, and happy life, is recognised more and more to depend upon the organised application of his reason to outwit the evolutionary adjustments of the parasitic microbes which everywhere, in order to achieve their private ends, seek to compass his downfall.

The problem of prolonging life Metchnikoff conceives entirely in these terms. Senile atrophy and decay are, in fact, confined to the higher vertebrates; they are directly due to the destruction of the brain cells and other higher elements of the organism by a species of mobile cells, called macro-phags. Systems enfeebled by the inroads of alcohol or syphilis can offer little resistance to these devastations, but a healthy life conducted on careful diet, strengthening the resistance of the protective micro-phags, and retarding the growth of the devouring macrophags, will arrest the process of decay to an apparently indefinite extent. That peace and consolation which religions and philosophies have been powerless to bestow is to be procured by the correct infusion of proper quantities of lactic acid. Such is the contribution which biology can make to the solution of one of the greatest human problems.

Far be it from us to question the far-reaching value of those dietetic analyses which are beginning to transform the habits of living among whole sections of the more educated classes. There is no doubt a solid sense embodied in the saying, "Man ist was er isst." But we cannot help thinking that it furnishes a rather

narrow basis on which to build a practical philosophy of life. Can we really interpret the whole complex evolution of individual and social life in terms of food and sex—that is, as a process purely concerned with the physical survival and growth of individuals and species? The fundamental deficiency of such treatment, in our judgment, is strikingly illustrated in this volume by the curious attempt of Metchnikoff to express the genius and career of Goethe in terms of sexual energy, and to explain the baffling perplexities of the second part of "Faust," by reference to the amorous experiences of its author. We have here, in truth, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the biological interpretation of history which carries with it its own refutation. That there is so much unity in personal life that every strong experience makes its impress upon thought and character, and so is a factor in every typical achievement, is undeniable. But to leap from this to the conclusion that nothing counts in life that is not definitely physiological is an utterly unwarranted assertion of the claims of biology to swallow up psychology and sociology, and to usurp the seat of authority assigned, among or above the sciences, to philosophy. In every scientific explanation of vital processes an equal claim must be put in for the spiritual interpretation of process, not as a sundering of the universe into two antagonistic facts or forces, but as an integral factor in the operative energy. If bacteria do play this determinant part in the ferments which issue in physical growth and degeneration, we need a spiritual bacteriology before we can safely pronounce upon the vital meaning and the manner of the changes. The division of labour rightly required for the physical laboratory needs to be repaired and set in the unity of psycho-physics before it can shed serviceable light upon the conduct of individual or social life. It may be a most excellent thing to drink sour milk, as Metchnikoff insists we ought to do, in order to stifle the energy of hostile phagocytes; but if we are to cultivate a profitable, or even an endurable, old age, it would be well to add some other sort of prophylactic against the spiritual bacilli of unfulfilled hopes, fading memories, and vanished friends, which certainly impair, if they do not overwhelm, the optimism that Metchnikoff holds to be the natural heritage of a ripe old age.

THE ENGLISH RACE.

THE spirit or temper or mettle, not of an individual but of a whole people, offers a problem as fascinating as it is difficult of solution. We are familiar with the "composite photograph" in which thousands of superimposed likenesses result in the elimination of personal variants, the production of a norm or type. What of a mental or moral "composite photograph" showing the average sentiment, the average emotion, the average religion? Here is a field of investigation far more familiar in Europe, where introspection is regarded as a virtue, than in England, where introspection is regarded as a disease. And most attempts at the analysis of the English character have come from the European resident or voyager. Until in books translated from the French, like that of Mr. Boutmy, or from the German, like that of Dr. Karl Peters, the Englishman learns with amazement that he presents this aspect to one or over, that to another. His sentiments are like that of the savage who is suddenly confronted with the looking-glass; or, rather (since he is convinced that all these impressions are distorted or prejudiced), like the crowd which constantly gathers before the shop windows that present convex or concave mirrors—for the pleasure of seeing their natural faces hideously elongated or foreshortened. Yet we are compelled to read such books. We are compelled to read all such books. Even as a result of such unfair description we acknowledge the stimulus and challenge which such description affords. We cannot help being interested in ourselves.

Mr. Hueffer is the latest adventurer into these hazardous fields. In "The Spirit of the People" (Alston Rivers) he has set himself to disentangle from

the skein some continuous threads of national character. He calls himself a foreigner. He seems to derive some pleasure from the picture of himself as a looker-on, gazing with some bewilderment and some admiration at the antics of this engaging people. But, as, in his views, all the English race are foreigners, spewed out by Europe upon these little islands on the way to the Western Land of Promise, his particular claim to isolation would seem to be unwarranted. At least, he has remained in the heart of the English countryside, in that particular corner of it where the secret of its ancient strength and character most securely abides. Where those little red-roofed cities of Rye and Winchelsea rise on their tiny hills out of the encompassing marshes, between the English Channel and the good Sussex Lands: there the visiting stranger can feel in the very earth and air some abiding impression of England. And it will be evident to even the superficial reader how much this survival of old things—the old English service in the old English village church, the labourer in the fields at noon-tide or evening, the mere historical proclamation of a great and splendid past—have coloured all his large estimates of present changes. He attempts, from incidents of rest or wandering, to understand the characteristics of the race. His attempt is weakened by two deficiencies, which, indeed, are common to all outside observers. He has never seen England in adversity: beaten to the knees or to the ground. He can never understand what spirit—either of resistance or acquiescence—latent in this kindly, lazy, good-natured people might be evoked by so elemental a challenge. England is sharply contrasted with Ireland. But what spirit or temper would be excited amongst the English people if they had been subjugated by an alien conqueror, with their lands dispossessed, their religion penalised, their national ideals everywhere confronted with opposition or disdain? Such an experience might have been stamped upon history if the Armada had reached these shores; it might have "staggered humanity" with unforgettable memories.

In the second place, he knows nothing about the great multitude of the people who inhabit these islands. In this he is no less fortunate than others. No one knows anything of the great multitude of the people who inhabit these islands. They produce no authors, they edit no newspapers, they find no vocal expression for their sentiments and desires. Their very leaders are either chosen from another class, or, from the very fact of leadership, sharply distinguished from the members of their own. They are never articulate except in times of exceptional excitement, in depression, when trade is bad, in exuberance, when, as on the Mafeking nights, they suddenly appear from nowhere to take possession of the City. England, for the home and foreign observer, is the tone and temper which the ideals and determinations of the middle class have stamped upon the vision of an astonished Europe. It is the middle class which stands for England in Mr. Hueffer's analysis. It is the middle class which is slowly losing its religion—as in his experience of a neighbour who, after a late evening service, suddenly discovered that he no longer believed in the immortality of the soul. It is the middle class whose inexhaustible patience fills him with admiration and amazement as he beholds them waiting in the fog at a London terminus for three hours beyond the advertised time, and then raising a cheer, half joyful, half ironical, when the melancholy train at last emerges from the darkness. And it is the middle class which has preserved under all its security and prosperity that elemental unrest which Mr. Hueffer identifies as an inheritance from an ancestry of criminals and adventurers: which drives them out from many a quiet vicarage and rose garden into a journey far beyond the sky-line to become the "frontiersmen of all the world."

But below this large kingdom, which for more than half a century has stood for "England," stretches that huge and unexplored region which seems destined in the next half century to demand an increasing and dominant control. It was the class of which

Matthew Arnold, with the agreeable insolence of his published criticisms, declared himself to be the discoverer, and to which he gave the name of the "Populace." "That vast portion of the working-class," he defined it, nearly forty years ago, "which, raw and half-developed, has long been half hidden amid its poverty and squalor, and is now issuing from its hiding-place to assert an Englishman's heaven-born privilege of doing as he likes, and is beginning to perplex us by marching where it likes, meeting where it likes, bending what it likes, breaking what it likes." "To this vast residuum," he adds, "we may with great propriety give the name of Populace." To most observers of the classes above, this is the Deluge; and its achievement of power—if such achievement ever is realised—the coming of the twilight of the gods. They see our civilisation as a little patch of redeemed land in the wilderness; always challenged by the impact of the "jungle," preserved as by a miracle from one decade to another. They behold the influx as in the rush of a bank holiday crowd upon some tranquil garden: tearing up the flowers by the roots, reeling in drunken merriment on the grass plots, strewing the pleasant landscape with torn paper and broken bottles. Mr. Hueffer, though he knows little more of this people than any of us, takes a less tragic view of their possibilities. He is, indeed, in error in some minor respects. He declares that—in the cities—they have lost or are losing their religion. They are not losing their religion, because they have never gained a religion. In the industrial centres of England, since the city first was, the old inherited faiths have never been anything but the carefully preserved treasure of a tiny minority. He praises their sentiment, which his European friends frankly condemn as "sentimentality." He instances a scene which came under his personal notice, when an immense traffic was held up for considerable time because a sheep—on its way to immediate slaughter—was entangled between two tram cars. The whole populace cheerfully submitted to this inconvenience, sooner than consummate the decease of the unfortunate animal. Perhaps another example may afford a more striking instance. In a certain pottery manufactory, the whole apparatus had been arranged for the baking process, and the fires were about to be lighted, when the mewing of a cat was heard from inside the kiln. The men refused to proceed with the work. A whole day was spent in an endeavour to entice the cat out again. This proving fruitless, another day was spent in the unloading of the kiln, in order to rescue the creature. When it had been liberated, it was immediately hurled—with objurgations—into the river. The men were exasperated with the trouble which had been caused; but they could not allow the cat to be roasted alive.

Next to this "sentimentality," so astonishing to Europe—because so irrational—comes the invincible patience of the English workman. He will endure almost anything—in silence—until it becomes unendurable. When he is vocal, it is pretty certain that things have become unendurable. The present writer had occasion a few days ago to visit a family whose two sons were working on the railway. He inquired about the strike. There was an awkward pause in the conversation. "Jim won't have to come out," said the mother, "because he isn't on the regular staff." "Of course Jim will come out," said the father firmly, "if the others come out." "The fact is," they explained, after further silence, "we don't talk about the strike here; we try to forget that there ever may be one." It was the experience of a thousand homes. There was no recognised or felt grievance. There was no clear understanding of the purpose and meaning of it all. But there were firmly printed in the mind two bedrock facts: the one, the tragedy that the strike would mean in this particular household: the other, the complete impossibility of any other choice but of the boys standing with their comrades in the day of decision. And this is England: the England which in Mr. Hueffer's vision has learnt more than all other peoples, the secret of acquiescence, of toleration, of settling down and making the best of things in a world on the whole decent and desirable; but an

England also of a determination unshaken by the vicissitudes of purpose and time, with a certain ruthlessness about the means when it has accepted the end, and with a patience which is perhaps more terrible in its silence than the violence of a conspicuous despair.

These and other qualities form an absorbing subject of interest. A figure emerges from it all. It is the figure of an average from which all its great men are definitely variants. No body of men have ever been so "un-English" as the great Englishmen, Nelson, Shelley, Gladstone; supreme in war, in literature, in practical affairs; yet with no single evidence in the characteristics of their energy that they possess any of the qualities of the English blood. But in submitting to the leadership of such perplexing variants from the common stock, the Englishman is merely exhibiting his general capacity for accepting the universe, rather than for protesting against it. His idea of its origin or of its goal has become vague and cloudy; definite statements of such, set out in black and white by the average congregation, would astonish the average preacher. But he drives ahead along the day's work: in pursuing his own business, conquering great empires: gaining them by his power of energy and honesty, losing them by his stiffness and lack of sympathy and inability to learn. So he will continue to the end; occupying, not in Mr. Pinero's bitter gibe the "suburb of the Universe"; but rather that locality whose jolly, stupid, brave denizens may be utilised for every kind of hazardous and unimaginable enterprise; fulfilling the work of another, content to know nothing of the reason of it all; journeying, always, like Columbus, "to new Americas, or whither God wills."

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

MR. BRYAN has announced his willingness to accept, in other words has proposed himself for, the Democratic nomination in next year's Presidential Election. It is with no anticipatory leap of welcome that the Democrats have thus heard their doom pronounced. Some of them may be genuinely glad to serve under his banner again, but the majority seem to look upon him much as a Tariff Reformer regards a consignment of "dumped" goods, or an overworked hostess the self-invited guest who cannot be put off. He is their leader more by imposition than by choice. He has already been twice defeated, and America is not the land of "old favourites." His political programme, like George Sand's heart, is a cemetery bestrewn with the headstones of last causes. Three times within the past twelve months has the burial service been read over issues that Mr. Bryan has raised, and has had no political option but to abandon. He seems to be losing his electioneering instinct. Free Silver he has, of course, long since discarded; on Imperialism and the question of the Philippines he has nothing to say to which the American people will listen; and that social protest, which was the true backbone of Bryanism, and made it, indeed, a sort of Chartist movement fighting under the insignia of economics, has found in Mr. Roosevelt a far more effective exponent. Mr. Bryan has had the ill-luck of most pioneers. It was he who blazed the trail for American Radicalism, and in a sense made Mr. Roosevelt possible; and his reward is to find his rival in possession of all the outposts. With his old programme either devitalised or annexed by his opponents, and with no materials on hand for manufacturing a new one, Mr. Bryan can hardly present himself as the most desirable of all candidates. His followers will accept him partly because an uncontested Presidential Election is beyond the American conception; partly because he saves them, at any rate, from Mr. Hearst; and partly because, with whatever shortcomings, he is by far the most prominent man on their side, the only Democrat, indeed, who at all touches the popular imagination, and who is known in the remotest corners of the Union. The American masses have a very kindly feeling for Mr. Bryan. They feel that in the always difficult position of a defeated candidate he

has borne himself with real manfulness. After years of unreasonable panegyrics on the one side, and of still more unreasonable disparagement on the other, they have come to a juster estimate both of his politics and his personality. And the politicians, for their part, have learned the lesson of the last Presidential Election. They tried in 1904 to make the Democratic Party attractive by making it "Conservative." But the unanswerable argument of the votes proved that Bryanism at its worst was a more appealing card to play than "Conservatism" at its best. The issue of the campaign was at least as much a victory for Mr. Bryan as for Mr. Roosevelt. It made Mr. Bryan the "logical" candidate for the party at the election of 1908, and while it gives the measure of the weakness of the Democrats that he should be their strongest protagonist, no one doubts that he will be a vast improvement on Judge Parker. He may, indeed, prove formidable enough to compel President Roosevelt to take the field against him.

Mr. Bryan's career has been so far typical of America as to be unimaginable outside of it. A man of six and thirty, whose active life had been divided between an Illinois farm, a law office in Lincoln, Nebraska, and four years in Congress, unknown and wholly without distinction, he was suddenly raised by a flashy and opportune speech delivered before an overwrought Convention, to the leadership of his party. In June, 1896, scarcely any of his countrymen outside his native State had ever heard of him; in November, 1896, six millions of them voted for his election to the Presidency. Not many of them probably understood, or even cared to understand, what precisely was meant by Free Silver, "the parity of the metals," and "the ratio of 16 to 1." But they felt vaguely that things were not right, that wealth was too powerful, Capital too truculent, and Labour overborne and oppressed; and they used Mr. Bryan with his youth, his eloquence, and his dramatic personality, to register their protest. It was his complete identity with the average Western American that gave and still gives Mr. Bryan his strength. He is one with them in training, and thought, and instinctive ways of looking at things; he is what any one of them might be, had they that little extra something—in Mr. Bryan's case rhetoric, and, what Americans dearly prize in a leader, "magnetism"—which in a country where nearly all are on the same intellectual level, is enough to raise even a very average man above his fellows, and give him a commanding authority. One must always bear in mind that while the sum total of American intelligence is undoubtedly impressive, it is more by reason of its quantity than its quality. The educational system of the country has rather raised a great many people to the standard of what in England would be called lower middle-class opinion, than raised the standard itself. While, therefore, one may say that the operative force in English politics is lower middle-class opinion revised and corrected by the best, or almost the best, intelligence of the country, that of American politics is lower middle-class opinion left to its own devices. And lower middle-class opinion, especially when left to its own devices, is a fearsome thing. It marks out the nation over which it has gained control as a willing slave of words, a prey to caprice and unreasoning sentiment, and stamps broadly upon its face the hall-mark of an honestly unconscious parochialism. Such, at least, has been its effect on America. There is no country where a prejudice lives longer, where thought is at once so active and so shallow, where a craze finds greedier acceptance, or where men who are fundamentally commonplace attain to such quaintly authoritative prestige.

Mr. Bryan is the product of these conditions, and eminently qualified to profit by them. He is eloquent, studious, sincere; he has the oratorical presence, and the gift of attracting large masses of men; he is a thoroughly good man, and much too elementary to be either cynical or sophisticated. Since his defeat in 1900, and in the intervals of journalism and lecturing, he has honestly tried to improve his mind. He has

travelled all round the world, in an effort to see and weigh things for himself. But the experiment does not seem to have been other than a barren one. What else, indeed, could have been looked for? Travel is pre-eminently one of those experiences of which the intellectual profits are directly proportionate to the contributions of the traveller. Mr. Bryan went abroad as the average Western American, with all the ingenuousness of mind and nature that belongs to the character. As a Western American he returned, having seen everything and understood nothing; and a Western American he remains, undiluted and unbroadened, with the same facile command of sloppy metaphysics, the same faith in the universal applicability of the Declaration of Independence, the same untutored artlessness of attitude and outlook. Many readers will recall with pleasure a book, published some six years ago, that purported to be the comments of a Chinese official on Western civilisation. Even to those who had never been to China, it was all but self-evident that no Chinaman was its author. Mr. Bryan, even after visiting China, remained without the least suspicion that the volume was not what it pretended to be. He actually sat down and wrote an answer to it, solemnly defending Western life, polity, and religion, against the strictures of this impudent Oriental. Nothing could have marked Mr. Bryan's intellectual equipment with greater precision. His rejoinder was a performance of almost incredible vacuity and thinness. It revealed, as, indeed, did all the letters he wrote on his travels, his prime and impregnable defect—an incapacity to rise above the most elementary level of reflection and comprehension. He cannot think. But in the peculiar circumstances of America, the limitation is one that confirms, rather than restricts, his hold over the masses. It makes him more indisputably than ever, "a man of the people."

THE CHARACTER OF THE SAINT.

A SAINT is a man who succeeds spiritually, a plutocrat in the realm of the soul. But he is neither overbearing nor aggressive, as are so many plutocrats, because he stands so near the treasure-house of God that to him, his wealth seems poverty.

One thing to be said about spiritual wealth is that it does not create a proletariat. It may be accused of doing so. A frequent charge against the saint, brought generally, though not always, by those who want some logical reason for refusing to be saintly, is that he suffers himself to be exploited by the selfish and invertebrate, and that their failings flourish round him like weeds in rich soil. He fights the battles of men and women who should be fighting their own battles, and supports those who, if they could not cling to him, might learn to stand on their own feet. Again, the fact that his capacity for forgiveness extends to seventy times seven encourages people to keep no account of their offences against him, as they would be compelled to do if he only forgave them seven times. In short, he demoralises his environment by unconsciously creating a monopoly of virtue.

It may be safely affirmed that whoever does this is a lopsided saint—in respect of judgment, no saint at all. The mere hedonist for other people is not a saint, though he lives in a half-way house between egotism and saintship, and probably, in the long run, does more good than harm, because whatever else he forgets, he forgets himself. But the true saint is a person of shrewd discrimination. There is balm in his Gilead: there is also a scalpel, which he is willing to use on occasion. Not that he does not seek to give his fellows joy and comfort; but his safeguard is this, that he loves their souls best, and his great longing to see them unselfish and brave breaks through his instinctive efforts to make them happy—and possibly selfish. You find, not only in Christ, but in Paul, James, John, in Bernard and Francis, you find in the men and women to-day whom in your heart you call saints—a swift flame of indigna-

tion, when they see a gracious ideal dragged in the dust. It is as if they had seen a defenceless thing betrayed.

No, saints do not create a spiritual proletariat; they only redeem it. Of course, we may be asked, more subtly, if the proletariat does not create the saint. Was not Judas a necessary factor in Christ's revelation of Himself? If it had not been Judas, it must have been some other. The love of Christ shines out against the background of human sin and hatred. As the cross was to the crucifixion of His body, so were they to the crucifixion of His soul.

True, but they neither created nor determined its intrinsic nature; at the utmost, they only partially determined the mode of its revelation to humanity. But as when Christ triumphed on the cross, the cross itself shared His triumph, being raised from a symbol of shame into a sacred symbol, so those who hated and betrayed Him could not escape His redemption. Men could compel him to die; but they could only compel Him to die for them; and that fact was a Divine promise that one day they would die for Him.

So it is with saints of every age, and to-day. Cruelty and ignorance may force them to lay up treasure in heaven more rapidly than they would otherwise do; but we can never force them to lay it up for themselves. Nor can we shake off a foreboding that in one world or another, we may yet be driven to share it. A foreboding—since few of us wish to be saints.

But why not? and what is a saint? What is his wealth? It is his consciousness of God. The saint is he who has the love and courage and endurance to penetrate through the innumerable disguises of the Power that works for goodness, to recognise God everywhere, and bring the recognition to others. He has a genius for divine things, which is also a genius for human things, and for investing them with a divine significance. It is as if he resolved the rays, broken by our faulty human prisms, into pure white light again.

The saint is not a man whom the world uses, and then tramples upon; but neither is he a man who tramples on the world. We are so accustomed to the kind of isolation sometimes created by material—even by mental—success that we are apt to look upon saints as isolated in the measure of their spiritual achievement. We often say that money spoils people, but we often think goodness does. Of course, it is only the old confusion between saints and Pharisees. The success of the saint is not one of isolation, but of solidarity. His purity is something not abstract, but concrete, not dead, but vital, not remote, but warm and near, and not ignorant, but wise. Saints do not know less about sin than sinners do—they know a great deal more, and that is why they do not sin.

Yet, how the would-be saint is hampered, vexed, and thwarted by the world! It seems to him that all his purposes are broken on its wheel, that his soul is at its mercy, and must compromise with its demands. Sometimes its voice comes from without, sometimes from within, threatening or tempting him. The would-be saint is weary of the world; by the time he is a true saint, he loves it. For there are three stages in the life of love, as in the life of faith: love without knowledge, love shaken and embittered by a partial knowledge, and the steadfast love that has merged knowledge in wisdom.

Yes, the saint understands the world: he has plumbed all its meanness, its cowardice, both in his own experience and that of others. But he has plumbed deeper yet; and he believes in the world—the world on whose essential divineness Christ staked—and lost—His earthly life, but for which He stands hostage eternally. And the saint dies daily for the world: that is why he believes. Perhaps we never really believe in a thing till in some manner we die for it.

Saints are those who realise men and women so clearly on their Godward side that the earthward side grows insignificant in comparison. Sinners are always being alienated by the sins of other people. Saints are the only persons of whom it is possible to imagine that they would not be alienated from us, even if they knew all our sins. They are more apt to consider the dis-

tance between their ideals and their achievements than the distance between their achievements and ours. And they are the most companionable people on the face of the earth.

They are very human. You sometimes divine in them a conquered besetting sin, peering, as it were, through a virtue, as, when a photographic plate has been carelessly cleaned by an amateur, the old negative peers through the new one. The patience of the saints is often, quite obviously, impatience held in leash by love; their generosity is spurred by a haunting terror of avarice. Fortunately for themselves, as a rule, they have humour, which is a powerful solvent of many inconsistencies. However strenuous the saint, he must have time to reflect, and if he has time to reflect, he has time to smile, not only at himself, but other men, whose feet, like his own, touch the earth, and their foreheads the stars. That is why we love saints in real life, instead of merely worshipping them; their feet are still on earth, although they press it so lightly, and they never assume to be walking on air. And to be laughed at by them is better than to be prayed for by most people, because their laughter is but one expression of their faith in the essential loveableness of humanity.

Those who look askance at the element of humour in a saintly life hardly realise how deep humour goes, or how its roots are intertwined with the foundations of things. Let humanity cease, in one fashion or another, to believe in the love and goodness of God, and humour would die out of the world. Wit, satire, irony, these would remain, with their keen brilliance, "lighting fools the way to dusty death." But not humour. The pre-requisite of humour is the conviction that sin and pain and falsehood are facts less ultimate than justice and gladness and truth.

There are many more points to note in the saint: for instance, his capacity for unspoiled, childlike wonder, the sense of mystery, the glamour, that go with him to the end. But one must add that the greater the saint, the further removed he is from spiritual egotism, and the more steadfastly his faith, and hope, and love turn outward to God and man, until his soul finds its supreme fruition in the fruition of other souls. To find the whole in the part, the part in the whole, that is the measure of his wealth, his spiritual success. And we sometimes profess to ignore it; but in our hearts we covet it, because we know it means the peace of God.

Spiritual achievement is not only the saint's birthright: it is the birthright of every soul. It puts no veto on material success, if only such success is rooted in its promptings, and turned to its uses. But that is a counsel of perfection, and meanwhile there are some types of success whose very warp and woof is spiritual failure. It is the saint who, in all ages, has recalled to men and women the fact that such success is impermanent, and shown them a wealth that cannot be hidden under the churchyard mould. It is his constant presence in the world, in whatever guise he sojourns here, that haunts us with visions of ideal cities—cities of justice, and love, and freedom—cities that never will be built on earth till saints, who always have been philosophers, are also kings in the hearts of men.

Francis Thompson.

THERE were several to trust their own scholarship in English poetry in announcing a major poet when Francis Thompson published the first of his three slender books—the "Poems," of 1893. Mr. Coventry Patmore and Mr. Traill were among those who had no doubt of him or of their own perception; others are living, and to them it does not appear strange that they knew the page of Francis Thompson, as it were, at a glance. It rather seems unintelligible that any eye should not put away carelessness or any mind incredulity before that page was turned.

It is not the strangeness of words, although he

searched the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries very thoroughly for the words that our modern neglect or dislike—neglect and dislike due entirely to our following of the eighteenth century—has made to seem strange; it is not the array, the procession, of the diction, although that majesty of advance had been almost unknown to modern English verse; it is not these that command the reader, or should command him, forthright. It is simply the fact of great poetry, evident from that page of which the opening marks a date in the history of our incomparable national literature—"Before Her Portrait in Youth," with "To a Poet Breaking Silence" as the following page of this first volume.

Imagery is not, it may be held, the last, or inmost, word of poetry. There is a simplicity on the yonder side. The simplicity of the hither side may be natural and pleasing enough, though it may also be "natural" as is the village fool. But the simplicity of the further poetry is a plainness within those splendid outer courts of approach where imagery celebrates ritual and ceremony. A few poems abide in that further place—a further place, did we call it? It is far, indeed, from the access of the suitor, but closest of all things to the warm breast of the very Muse. Francis Thompson dealt almost altogether in imagery; and it is because of this that his less sympathetic readers accuse him of the lack of simplicity. And he himself, in a manuscript note, says: "Imagery is so far from being 'all fancy' (which is what people mean by saying it is 'all imagination') that the deepest truths—even in the natural or physical order—are often adumbrated only by images familiar, and yet conceived to be purely fanciful analogies."

No "lack," however, was amongst his faults. Where he might be charged or questioned was in his commission, not in his omission—his commission of the splendid fault of excess. How many poets might be furnished, not from the abundance, but from the overabundance, of his imagery, and the prunings and chastenings of his fancy! The spoils of such a correction as would have made a few of his odes more "classical" might have been gathered up, a golden armful, by poets who need have stooped for nothing else—twelve basketsful of fragments, after the feeding of a chosen multitude.

Francis Thompson's imagery has the visual as well as the mental quality; it is allegory, and metaphor, and simile at once, and—in the literal sense—image:—

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasméd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'"

The poem, "The Hound of Heaven," never lapses or fails from this wonderful imagery, or this no less wonderful urgency and speed. One of the longest of the odes, it is also one of the boldest, the strongest, nay the most violent, for violent ceases to be a word of reproach or rebuke when it presses to this irresistible measure, to this "untempered extremity." The subject of the poem—the flight of the soul from the severe, exacting, and pursuing love of God—demands such violence of speed:—

"I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me lest He see!

Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine.

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat.

But not by that, by that, was eased my human
smart!"

Nature gives the soul no harbourage, and when the poet
turns to children—

"They at least are for me, surely for me!

But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their Angel plucked them from me by the hair."

The sob of calm at the vanquished ending is the close
of a vital and mortal experience.

Of the quieter poems the series "Love in Dian's Lap" has perhaps the most perfect seventeenth-century finish. These poems, addressed to one woman as remote from the very possibility of pursuit or possession as Laura or Beatrice, have, like the spiritual odes, the indispensable note of vital experience. No labour, no curious research of words—and the signs of these are perpetual—could trick even the most superficial reader into the blunder of thinking the emotion or the passion to be artificial, or the verse a mere exercise of imaginative poetry. Nay, the labour, the art, the studious vocabulary are locked together within the strenuous grasp of the man's sincerity. There is no dissociating—no disintegrating—such poems as these; and Francis Thompson's heart beats in the words—"roseal"—he specially loved the discovery of "roseal," and has either sixteenth or seventeenth century authority for it, as he has for every other restoration—"cymars," "frore," "amiced," "lampad," and so forth—words that may well return to the treasury of English, and are likely to remain there.

Why should the sixteenth century so make laws or customs for the twentieth that a poet of to-day inspired by the seventeenth should be so often bidden to turn to that clearer and single spirit of the earlier time? If the sixteenth century was a flower, the seventeenth was a fruit: apple and peach have the fragrance, the colour, and the riches of their kind.

And part of this common rebuke has regard to the use of Latinisms, of which Francis Thompson makes a persistent practice. Obviously there are Latinisms and Latinisms! Those of Gibbon and Johnson, and of their time generally, serve to hold passion well at arm's length; they are the mediate, and not the immediate, utterance of human feeling. But with Francis Thompson the majestic Latin word is forged hot on the anvil of the artificer. No Old-English in the making could be readier or closer. Of the tender mood of ideal love, this may be taken as the example, from "Love in Dian's Lap." "Sweet Summer," he names his lady:—

"Sweet Summer! unto you this swallow drew,
By secret instincts inappeasable,
That did direct him well,
Lured from the gelid North which wrought him wrong,
Wintered of sunning song:—
By happy instincts inappeasable,
Ah, yes! that led him well,
Lured to the untried regions and the new
Climes of auspicious you!"

And again, from "Her Portrait," is this exquisite image:—

"Deep in my heart subsides the infrequent word,
And dies there, slowly throbbing like a wounded bird."

The poems to children comprise "Sister Songs," two poems full of rich and intricate imagery, and containing autobiographical allusions—records of the time when, a vagrant, he loitered at theatre doors in the hope that the price of a night's lodging might be thrown to him for calling a cab.

He cries to the little girl:—

"Wild Dryad! all unconscious of thy tree,
With which indissolubly
The tyrannous time shall one day make thee whole,

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul:—

As hoarded in the vine

Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine."

The companion poem is in part a dance of words in honour of a yet younger girl:—

"For homage unto Sylvia, her sweet, feat ways!"

But here, too, are tragic allusions to the childhood he had met drifting in the streets. "The Making of Viola" is a buoyant song to a baby, in which the words seem never to alight, they so bound and rebound, and are so agile with life:—

"Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola."

And so forth, with the whole making of a lovely child.

From another, "To my God-child, Francis M.," may be taken the lines that should be this gentle and unhappy poet's best epitaph. He bids the child who shall one day seek him in another world:

"Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God:

Pass where beneath the ranged gonfalons
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,

Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven."

As a thinker, Francis Thompson is profoundly meditative, and, if pessimistic, then pessimistic with submission and fear, not with revolt. His thought must not be called gloomy, even when it is dark as night, for in the darkness there is a sense of open and heavenly air.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

I SEE in the "Times" a paragraph about Francis Thompson, against which I will ask you to let me make appeal. It comes from "A Correspondent," who "writes to us"; and I am just such another, writing to you. But I knew Thompson, and no pen but an alien's could have written this to Printing House Square: "There are occasions on which the conventional expression of regret becomes a mockery, and this is one of them. What the world must regret is not the release of Mr. Thompson, but the fact that the cravings of the body from which he is released should have had power to ruin one of the most remarkable and original of the poetic geniuses of our time." I know what the writer insinuates. I know, too, that he has overshot his mark. But the public will only too greedily infer from his words that Thompson was a degraded man, he who carried dignity amid all vicissitude; and that he was a debauchee, he who lived, as he sang, the votary of Fair Love. Nor need I adopt in his regard the fine passage in which Mr. Birrell defends Charles Lamb's "drinking." For Mr. Francis Thompson did not "drink."

The "genius" of Francis Thompson was not "ruined," or we should not have the evidence of it on every page of three volumes, presenting together a body of best poetry equal in size to that of most of our poets. But it is true that Thompson's health was wretched from first to last. It is true also that he doctored himself disastrously with laudanum from almost the early days of his medical studentship in Manchester. When he came to the streets of London, the drug delivered him in a manner from their horrors, and, besides, was, I think, some palliation of the disease of which he finally died—consumption.

It is true, also, that Thompson was a man apart. Laudanum made of him an alien, not an outcast. He held aloof from society; knew almost nobody; went nearly nowhere. All this notwithstanding, there are few things more certain to his friends than the sanity of Thompson, or more sacred than his untarnished name. Mystic as he was, he felt with those who, as he finely said of Cardinal Manning, "had all the world for cell." And he was very human. It has already been recorded of him that he knew by heart the chief feats of the

cricket-field, for the last quarter of a century. And he sometimes went to Lord's, a strange apparition, no doubt—in dress, and mood, and mutterings. The streets of London knew him by heart, though stony-hearted. Even they, I think, will miss him. He tramped miles over them, at his own hour—which was of a night; but that seems no reason why the writer in the "Times" should refrain from regretting that he is dead. He wore an ulster in summer, certainly, and you laughed. You knew cold weather had come when Thompson discarded his top-coat, and you sighed.

Again, Thompson was an uncertain worker; but his friendly editors did not hustle him. And they could always count on him to keep time with even a "commissioned" poem. The Odes on the Nineteenth Century and on the Victorian Jubilee did not get late to the editor of the "Daily Chronicle"; and even if they had been late, nobody else could have sent them so quickly, for nobody else could have sent them at all. Every week, in the "Academy," under Mr. Lewis Hind, Thompson's articles made fine reading—his essay on Emerson marking the high-water mark of that manner of criticism; and I am certain that the editor of the "Athenæum," for whom he was in harness almost until the last week of his life, and who treated him with a consideration never to be forgotten by his friends, is in sorrow that Thompson is dead.

Such, in brief, was my friend:—a moth of a man, who has taken his unreturning flitting! No pen—least of all, mine—can do justice to him: to his rectitude, to his gentleness, to the genius which made his "pot boilers" better than the best script of his contemporaries. If he had great misfortunes, he bore them greatly; they were great because everything about him was great. It is my consolation now, amid tears for Thompson from eyes that never thought to shed so many again, to know that he knew and accepted his fate and mission, and that he willingly "learned in suffering what he taught in song." But I have spoken too much. I did not mean to do more than make the writer in the "Times" aware that somebody loves his life less because Thompson is dead.

W. M.

Poetry.

A MAIDEN AND HER HAIR.

HER cruel hands go in and out,
Like two pale woodmen working there,
To make a nut-brown thicket clear—
The full, wild foliage of her hair.

Her hands now work far up the North,
Then, fearing for the South's extreme,
They into her dark waves of hair
Dive down so quick—it seems a dream.

They're in the light, again with speed,
Tossing the loose hair to and fro;
Until, like tamed snakes, the coils
Lie on her bosom in a row.

For wise inspection, up and down
One coil her busy hands now run;
To screw and twist, to turn and shape,
And here and there to work like one.

And now those white hands, still like one,
Are working at the perilous end;
Where they must knot those nut-brown coils,
Which will hold fast, though still they'll bend.

Sometimes one hand must fetch strange tools,
The other then must work alone;
But when more instruments are brought,
See both make up the time that's gone!

Now that her hair is bound secure,
Coil top of coil, in smaller space,
'Tis now I see how smoothe her brow,
And her simplicity of face.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

INQUIRIES made among publishers and booksellers lead to the belief that up to the present the season has been a most prosperous one for both branches of the profession. A few publishers, it is true, complain that the trade is still unsettled, but this is not the general verdict, and we learn that with some houses the figures for the month of October have been the highest on record. In view of the fact that few books of outstanding merit have appeared during the season this result is highly satisfactory, since it shows that the number of those who buy books is rapidly increasing. Biographies and books of travel have had a large sale, while the tide of colour books shows some signs of beginning to ebb. Publishers of fiction also are satisfied with their season, though the autumn has not brought forth the great English novelist for whom both critics and publishers are eagerly looking.

* * *

In the current numbers of two of the leading French reviews there are interesting articles upon contemporary English fiction. M. de Wyzewa contributes to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" the first of a series of studies of "The English Novel in 1907," which is chiefly concerned with the work of Mr. William de Morgan, whom he describes as carrying on the Dickens tradition in a worthy manner. "Mr. de Morgan," he says, "although he has a great number of faults, has also the mysterious art of giving life to his inventions. . . . Undoubtedly the man who has imagined Lossie Thorpe and Janey Vance, and Alice-for-Short, and Margaret Heath, the man who has known how to create beings of flesh and blood like Joseph Vance's father, old Doctor Thorpe, Charles Heath, and his friend Jeff, such a man brings a magnificent treasure of promise and hope to the English novel." M. de Wyzewa's general view is that the average English novelist "knows his trade better and loves it better than his rival in other countries," but that his great weakness is his slipshod style. M. Charles Simond, in "La Revue," gives high praise to our contributor, Mr. John Galsworthy. Just as Mr. de Morgan has formed himself on Dickens, so Mr. Galsworthy, he says, has formed himself on Tourguénief, Guy de Maupassant, and Anatole France. "From the author of 'Smoke' and 'Virgin Soil' he has his care for finished form; from the author of 'Bel Ami' he has sobriety and transparency; and from M. France precision of expression and humour."

* * *

Few readers will agree with the absurd view of Wordsworth expressed by the Duke of Argyll in his recent volume of reminiscences which we review in another column. The news that Professor Knight's coming collection of "Letters of the Wordsworth Family" will include a large number of letters hitherto unpublished has aroused great interest. These letters, which are to be published next month by Messrs. Ginn & Co., contain not only Wordsworth's own correspondence, but also letters from his sister, his brother, his wife, his daughter, and even some from his sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, and his son-in-law, Edward Quillinan. We give the following passages on Wordsworth as a letter writer from Professor Knight's preface:—

"Although Wordsworth disliked the task of penmanship, and was not a great letter-writer, few of his contemporaries, and none of his fellow-poets, revealed themselves more fully than he did through this medium. Not Coleridge, or Southey, or Scott, or Byron, or Landor, or De Quincey, or Shelley—I may add also Tennyson and Browning—have done so to the same extent. Besides, a collection of Wordsworth family letters is unique not only from what it tells us of the writers, but also from the side-lights it casts on the characters of those who are mentioned throughout. . . . It is somewhat curious that Wordsworth had no great interest in the letters written by distinguished men who preceded him, and that he took little trouble in the writing of his own. It is the more remarkable, because his were often so very good when inspiration came to him (as it did in his best poetic work), although he was frequently prolix and repetitive in style. I believe he scarcely ever took adequate time for the composition of his letters. He never tarried over them, and seldom revised them, while he gave days, and weeks, and months to the elaboration of some of his shorter poems. He often dashed off his letters without punctuation, and with important words left out."

Mr. J. A. HOBSON has composed, out of materials collected by the late Mr. Henry Lloyd, of Chicago, a volume called "The Swiss Democracy: A Study of a Sovereign People," which will be shortly issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Hobson is a believer in the Referendum and the principle of initiation, by which the will of the people is directly expressed in the control of its representative assemblies, so that his study of a country where the principles of direct popular government are fully carried out is sure to be of special interest. Readers of THE NATION know what unusual powers of clear thought and cogent reasoning Mr. Hobson brings to the discussion of the modern problems of social reform.

* * *

THE Italian Renaissance is a subject of perennial interest, and a volume called "Artists of the Italian Renaissance," by Miss E. L. Seeley, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are about to publish, should prove useful to a large number of readers. The work is largely made up of extracts from writers such as Vasari, Ridolfi, Lanzi, and others, freely translated and abridged, while a continuous narrative is formed by interweaving the accounts of contemporary history from Sanuto, Villani, Machiavelli, Varchi, &c. In this way the author gives a picture of the Italian artists as they were affected by the political history of their country, and traces the connection between the rise of art in Italy and the growth of the cities in riches and prosperity. The eager impetuosity which displayed itself in the fierce rivalries between the cities was, she holds, as manifest in the contests of art as in war. The book will be illustrated by a large number of colour plates.

* * *

THE first number of "The New Quarterly," just published, contains a number of articles of literary interest. Mr. G. L. Strachey writes on Beddoes, whom he calls "the last of the Elizabethans." Beddoes' highest claim to distinction rests, he thinks, upon "his extraordinary eminence as a master of dramatic blank verse." Mr. Arthur Symons, in an article called "A Triptych of Poets," deals with Mrs. Hemans, George Darley, and Thomas Hood. Of Hood Mr. Symons says, with justice, that he is "one of the great artists in English verse, especially in his serious play with double and treble endings." "Eugene Aram" is a masterpiece of horror. Since "The Ancient Mariner" there has been no such spiritual fear in our poetry, and the nightmare comes to us as if out of our own bed, the sensations translate themselves into our own nerves." There are articles on scientific subjects by Lord Rayleigh, Mr. Bertrand Russell, and Mr. R. J. Strutt, and a notable feature is the first of a series of extracts from the note-books of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," from which we give the following characteristic quotation: "An honest god's the noblest work of man." We congratulate Mr. Desmond MacCarthy on his first number.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life and Work of Vittorio Capaccio." By Pompeo Molmenti and the late Gustav Ludwig. Translated by R. H. Hobart Cust. (Murray, 52s. 6d. net.)

"Thomas Hood: His Life and Times." By Walter Jerrold. (Alston Rivers, 16s. net.)

"Colonel Nathaniel Whetham: A Forgotten Soldier of the Civil Wars." By W. D. Whetham. (Longmans, 8s. 6d. net.)

"From the Niger to the Nile." By Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. (Arnold, 2 vols., 36s. net.)

"In the Footsteps of Marco Polo." By Major C. Dalrymple Bruce. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

"The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins." By Henry Johnson. (Murray, 15s. net.)

"George Alfred Henty." By Manville Fenn. (Blackie, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Oxford Book of French Verse." Chosen by St. John Lucas. (Clarendon Press, 6s. net.)

"The New Theology and the Old Religion." By Charles Gore, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham. (Murray, 5s. net.)

"Adam Smith and Modern Sociology." By Professor A. W. Small. (Unwin, 5s. 6d. net.)

"Prose Idylls of the West Riding." By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. (Smith Elder, 6s.)

"Les Maitres du Roman Espagnol Contemporain." Par F. Vezinet. (Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50.)

"Giosue Carducci: Etude Littéraire et Biographique." Par Pierre de Bouchand. (Paris: Sansot, 1fr.)

"En Marge des Vieux Livres." Deuxième Série. Par Jules Lemaitre. (Paris: Société d'Imprimerie et de Librairie, 3fr. 50.)

"Les Belles Histoires." Par Pierre Veber. (Paris: Stock, 3fr. 50.)

Letters to the Editor.

"WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I observe that the expression, "National Church," is under discussion in your columns. May I give an explanation of it from the time of the Reformation?

At the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, she, with her advisers, before proceeding to frame the Act of Uniformity, proposed that a conference of the most eminent divines, both Roman and Anglican, should be held. It was held in Westminster Abbey in the end of March, 1559. The Romanists gave up the struggle after the first discussion, but we have the paper prepared by the Anglicans upon the second subject, which was this, as given in Cardwell's "History of Conferences" (pages 72 and 25):—

"Every particular church hath authority to institute, change, and abrogate ceremonies and rites in the church, so that it be to edify."

Their "discourse" begins thus: "For avoiding ambiguity in terms," it is not amiss to declare what is meant by the words of the proposition.

"By these words, 'every particular church,' we understand every particular kingdom, province, or region, which, by order, make one Christian society or body, according to the distinction of countries and orders of the same."

By the "order" of a country is evidently meant its constitution. The divines who conducted the discussion on the reformed side were Scory, Whitehead, Jewel, Alner, Cox, Grindal, Horne, and Guest, most of them, before or afterwards, bishops, and all men who had great influence in the establishment of the Church of England and its reformed services.

This definition of a "particular church" was made at a time different in many of its circumstances from ours. But I for one am prepared to support it as equally applicable to the England of our own time as to that of the sixteenth century.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. FREMANTLE.

The Deanery, Ripon,
November 19th, 1907.

"THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I would ask that the censorship of plays should be reformed, not abolished; the able gentleman who conducts it no longer an officer of the King's household, but the paid agent of the theatrical managers who cling to him so fondly, as well they may, for he is as useful to them as the safety-curtain which now descends in front of a pacified audience towards the middle of the evening, and convinces it that it has no physical dangers to fear. The harmless necessary "taster" who has passed the play they are even now witnessing has done the same for their sense of decency and fitness. Optimistic theatre-goers can be more or less sure, thanks to his careful choosing, of an happy complacent evening. They know they will not have to shiver under sudden draughts of doubt, or be assailed by wafts—from the pit of grotesque under-worlds not realised—or worried by the mere suggestion of uncompromising scourges held in reserve for their pleasant sins. They are sure not to be taken rashly into dens of ungilded vice, to dying bedsides, into churches—except medieval ones—into police courts or doctors' consulting rooms. The censor, retained by the thoughtful management, will have seen to all that. His hall-mark will have been affixed to all such plays as will never drag down a manager's grey hairs with sorrow to a premature end of the run, or affect his hard-won license. On the other hand, parents may look in the columns of the daily paper for a selection of plays "with

no offence in them," suitable for their daughters to witness. Such impeccable moralities would show, Under the Clock, like starred hotels in Baedeker.

Meanwhile, enterprising and public-spirited managers will be free to give their attention to developing the art of a country that grew Shakespeare and "the terrible graces of the forgotten Webster"—no mealy-mouthed ones, those!—and take their chance of police interference or hopelessly bored and disgusted audiences. Mr. Granville Barker may produce his own play and fill his theatre if he can. He will. The un-starred need not necessarily prove the ill starred.—Yours, &c.,

VIOLET HUNT.

South Lodge, Campden Hill, W.
November 20th, 1907.

THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be allowed to support the conclusions of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, M.P., against the criticisms put forward by two of your correspondents this week, to the effect that he had exaggerated the preponderance of the Bulgarian element in Macedonia? What is becoming more and more clearly recognised in England is that, while there are clearly defined Greek districts and Servian districts, the vast mass of the population is Bulgarian—or, more correctly, Macedonian. The insurrection of 1903 represented the struggle, against overwhelming odds, of a single and coherent nationality.

I began the study of this question some years ago with a distinct prepossession in favour of the Greeks, and a deplorable ignorance of the Slav peoples. The first evidence that strongly impressed me was that of Dr. Arthur Evans, a scholar without any political bias, who has travelled throughout the length and breadth of the country. He says:—

"It is an unpleasant duty to have to tell one's friends home truths, but the Greek claim to Macedonia, at least as regards the greater part of the interior of the country, is a dream . . . These artificial annexations do not go far. The language of the villagers remains Bulgar, and the deep underlying instincts of race are only held in temporary suspense. The friends of Greece can only regret that she should be misled by such artificial pretensions. . . . The late M. Tricoupi, to my personal knowledge, saw things much more clearly. He was well aware that, except a narrow fringe to the south, and some sporadic centres of no great magnitude in the interior of the province, the Greek element had no real hold on Macedonia." ("The Policy of Extermination in Macedonia," p. 2.)

The second was that of "Odysseus," now known to be the distinguished diplomatist, Sir Charles Eliot, who writes:—

"In European Turkey the only large masses of Greek peasantry are found in the three-pronged peninsula north of the Gulf of Salonica, and in the region behind Constantinople, which, is, however, sparsely populated." ("Turkey in Europe," p. 300.)

The impression thus acquired was strengthened on a recent visit to Macedonia by the aspect of the peasants—"the original Bulgarian type," to quote "Odysseus" again, "heavy frames with broad, flat, stolid faces, small eyes, and straight black hair"—testifying to the enormous preponderance of one race. But I should not have trusted such an impression if it had not been confirmed by the practically universal judgment of impartial foreign observers in Macedonia. This fact, which I had not fully realised before, seems to me conclusive. I talked with men of many nationalities, men high up in the consular service, foreign military officers, and other persons engaged in the execution of the reforms. It is obvious that I cannot quote the names of official informants; but I append some extracts from a note-book written up immediately after each conversation. They are selected simply as bearing on the question at issue, not as supporting a particular view.

"The population is mainly Bulgarian. The Bulgarian bands are defending their own homes. The Greek bands are, for the most part, aggressors coming in from outside. Both have shown brutality, but the Greeks have been the worse in respect of indiscriminate killing. The statements in the recent Bulgarian publications about Macedonia are accurate. I can verify most of the cases mentioned from my own knowledge." . . . "Both sides are equally brutal, and equally to blame, but the Greek bands are the larger. Practically all the villages in Central Macedonia are Bulgarian both by race and language. A good number of these villages are 'Grecising'—i.e., profess allegiance

to the Greek cause; but the great majority have done so through force, or the fear of force. A very few, partly from the fear of spiritual evil resulting from schism, genuinely want to be Patriarchists, and take a pride in belonging to the Greek party." . . . "In North-eastern Macedonia the vast majority of the population is Bulgarian, though there are Greek villages along the coast." . . . "My district is entirely Bulgarian, though the town is, in the main, Greek. There are bands of both sides in it, but the Greek are by far the larger." . . . "The Bulgarian bands, as a rule, kill people whom they regard as guilty of some particular offence, but not others. There have been one or two bad cases of 'general killing' lately, though." . . . "I came here a Phil-Hellene; indeed, I was selected because I knew Greek and sympathised with the Greeks. I was converted to the Bulgarian view of things because I have seen that practically all the people are Bulgarian. In my district [Note.—This is a district specially claimed by the Greeks] there are no Greek villages, and out of a total of eighty, only six are 'Grecising.' In my former district there are one hundred and twenty villages; eight are Greek, and from fifteen to twenty are 'Grecising.' The Greek bands do not attack the Turks, while the Bulgarian attack mainly Turks, though also Greeks. Hence the Turkish Government has every reason for letting off the Greeks. If they attack their bands, it is generally done only for show, and the attack is not pressed home."

What is even more striking is the weakness of the Greek case as presented even by its most intelligent advocates. It is difficult to believe that the theory of the "Bulgarophone Greeks" can be seriously held by educated men. The change in English feeling as to the Greek claims in Macedonia has to be explained by these apologists as the result of supernatural diplomatic skill on the part of Bulgaria. In reality, Greece is distinctly superior both in diplomacy and in propagandist work. The change is due to the permeation of the actual facts through channels of unbiassed observation.

Who began the quarrel? I refuse to apportion blame between Greek and Bulgarian. The blame is primarily on the Turkish Government, which has fomented the conflict by every means in its power; ultimately, and most heavily of all, it lies on the European Powers, who tolerate an age-long misery for the sake of momentary ease, or extremely problematical advantages. But I do not think there is much dispute as to the actual course of events. Until their national church, the Exarchate, was established nearly forty years ago, the Macedonians called themselves Greeks; speaking ecclesiastically, as it is the custom to do in those parts, they could not have called themselves anything else. The new church was the symbol and the nucleus of their nationality; an educational movement began, and more and more villages declared themselves for the national, as opposed to the foreign church. The Greeks, who, naturally enough, can never forget that their people ruled the whole peninsula for centuries, either politically or ecclesiastically, or both, were indignant at this process, just as many Englishmen are indignant at what they are pleased to call the "de-Anglicisation" of Ireland by a linguistic and political revival. They earned the furious hostility of the Macedonians by their support of the Government during the desperate insurrection of 1903. The Macedonians retaliated on every Greek, or "Greciser," that they could find. Since then the feud has continued, and produced a gradual demoralisation. Both sides are brutal, as men will always be under a Government which renders life a thing so worthless that it is readily taken and readily thrown away.

But all this does not alter the racial facts. If we want to judge what the nation is which is struggling against the Asiatic ascendancy, if we want to know what the sympathies are which would come into play as soon as violence was suppressed and any government worthy of the name established, we should surely look, not to the ecclesiastical label, which both parties admit to be changeable from year to year by means of force or bribery, but to the fundamental identities of custom, language, and race.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

THE PLIGHT OF THE ASSISTANT MASTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those who have had the good fortune to see Mr. Penley as "the Reverend Robert Spalding" in "The Private Secretary," may perhaps imagine him as the head of a household calling up his servants and saying "D'you know, I've taken quite a sudden dislike to you all. Proceed to pack up your goods and chattels and go." How such a

situation would be treated under the mysterious code of "Stage Law" the writer would not venture to guess, the only certainty being that in two minutes Mr. Penley would either be under the table, or behind the curtains, or in an ottoman. In real life, however, the matter would be comparatively simple. A householder has an absolute right to dismiss his servants; but if he chooses to do so in a capricious, unreasonable, or arbitrary manner, the law steps in and ordains that the servants are not to suffer on that account. Therefore, by the domestic Magna Charta to which duchesses and landladies alike have to submit, the rule is a month's notice, or a month's board wages. Serious misconduct alone justifies instant dismissal without compensation; and the householder who attempted to ignore the custom would find that the between-maid and the scullery-girl had rights which he would disregard at his peril.

In another way the mistress of a house where the servants are constantly being dismissed, even with due notice, or wages in lieu of notice, will find inconvenience. The fact becomes known amongst the registry offices and their clients, and she will discover that, if there are any candidates at all for the vacant positions, they will be of an inferior class to the servants of her neighbours.

In the case of a manufacturer, or employer of organised labour, any unreasonable treatment of his employés may have the most disastrous effects on his business. Here, again, the custom of due notice, usually a week's, is almost universal; and the master who summarily dismissed men without cause might find his name on a black-list circulating amongst trade unions throughout England. And he would assuredly find that to deprive a man of his living in an arbitrary way without giving him a chance to earn another was a very serious matter.

But one vocation is left where caprice may have entire legal recognition and encouragement. In the illustration above, if "the Reverend Robert Spalding" was appointed headmaster of an endowed school, and delivered such a speech to his assistants, they would have to go immediately, and their salary would cease with the expression of his dislike. It would be his pleasure that they should go, and if he was not foolish enough to give some corrupt, or false reason for it, they would have to go. A page-boy is entitled to due notice; a master of arts, who may have spent twenty or thirty of the best years of his life at such a school, is not entitled to due notice. This in effect is the result of the unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal in the case of "Wright v. Zetland," affirming that of Mr. Justice Lawrence.

Judges have to administer the law as they find it, even sometimes to their outspoken regret; and it is no disrespect either to Court of Appeal or of first instance to say that, unless the decision is taken to the House of Lords and there reversed, it is a matter worthy of the serious consideration of the Legislature. In the above case no fault was found, or even alleged, against the dismissed masters; the new headmaster wished for a "clean sweep," and dismissed them on the eve of the school term, when it was almost impossible for them to find appointments elsewhere. It was held that their service could be terminated "at pleasure" by the headmaster; and though Mr. Lough in answering a question on this case in the House of Commons stated that, as he was advised, "at pleasure" did not necessarily mean "without notice," the sense of the judgments seems to have been the other way. It was not necessary, however, to decide the point, for the action failed on a technicality. The headmaster was held not to be the agent for the Governors, and therefore the masters had no contract with them at all; they had no contract with the new headmaster; and the old headmaster had not given them notice. Therefore, although they might have had certain rights—which was exceedingly doubtful—there was no one against whom such rights could be enforced. The only parallel to this in English law is the case of the unfortunate creditor of a married couple who use the goods he supplies, but, if they know the proper jugglery sanctioned by the present state of the law, are not bound to pay him.

Two arguments, neither without a certain weight, can be adduced to support the arbitrary power of dismissal. In the first place it obtains in the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service; and in the second place slack masters can "let down" a school with most appalling rapidity.

But there are good answers to both. The necessity of discipline in the Army and Navy must be paramount to every other consideration, and if officer or man is making mischief or endangering mutiny, the machinery to deal with him must work at once. Similarly, a diplomat might have it in his power to force us into war with another nation, without this safeguard as a last resort. It is significant that as regards the King's civil servants, the power of summary dismissal was only definitely laid down a few years ago, showing that, though claimed, it is only exercised in the rarest cases. Those in the service of the Crown must, for the above reasons, risk unjust dismissal, and experience shows that the risk is so small that it is negligible. Moreover, it may be pointed out that the machinery does not lend itself to caprice; for example, a newly-appointed colonel cannot at once dismiss all his officers and start with any others he may choose for himself.

The high reasons for the Crown's prerogative do not apply to schoolmasters; if they grossly misbehave, they can be summarily dismissed, and this power would, of course, be retained. But the reasons which apply in other employments for requisite notices, apply here even more forcibly. The assistant-master is, as a rule, a graduate of some University and a man of good position, and if he loses his post he requires at least a term's notice before he can get another. The alternative to notice seems to be that hundreds or thousands of educated men must depend on their principal's temper to keep them from perhaps months of starvation.

It may be urged that there should be power to get rid of a slack man, even if he does not definitely misconduct himself; the answer is that the power of dismissal with notice is amply sufficient, or, as a last resort, the payment of a term's salary in lieu of notice. But, if a servant or a workman can be trusted in a house or a factory when under notice, a schoolmaster might be trusted also. In each case there is ample safeguard against definite misconduct.

A very short Act of Parliament could effect this reform; and it is safe to say that its supporters would be in a large majority, and come from every quarter of the House of Commons.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FELLOWS.

A SUNDAY POST FOR LONDON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Francis Jones opposes my desire for a Sunday post in London but gives no substantial reason for so doing. He "feels sure" that he is backed by "the common sense of London," but I suppose I have equal justification for declaring that it is nothing but *uncommon nonsense* that maintains this postal silence on Sunday when it is non-existent in every other town at home or abroad, and even where the facilities are much less abundant. Let me assure him that he is in a minority in his desire that this anomaly should continue, and he is inconsistent, too. He admits to doing "far too much work on Sunday, some of it my own fault, and some of it my misfortune," but he would give no such option to equally hardworked people, and would make it compulsory that they should have "a whole day's rest." Mr. Jones says that it will introduce into London "a new, very large, and very unnecessary amount of Sunday labour," but he only speaks half the truth. It will be "a new" and a "very large" service undoubtedly, but that it is "unnecessary" he has entirely failed to prove. As I have already said, it may mean additions to the postal staff, but as it meets a public need, and will be paid for by that portion of the public requiring it, here will be a legitimate way for rendering assistance to our present unemployed. It is ridiculous for Mr. Jones to point to the telegraph as a means of relief. He cannot possibly speak from any personal experience of the Sunday facilities in this respect. Should we ever obtain the one delivery on Sunday—which is all I ask for—Mr. Jones can leave his Sunday letters unopened, and be the "idiot" which he, by implication, designates me.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES E. NOVERRE.

19, Serjeant's Inn, Temple, E.C.
Sunday, November 17th, 1907.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In a letter in your number for November 9th it is said that there is a Sunday morning post in all other towns of the civilised world except London. This is by no means the case in Edinburgh—nor anywhere else I know of in Scotland. You may, indeed, get your letters by applying at the post office—during a short period of the day—in Edinburgh before 9 a.m., which is practically useless. In the same way, there are no trains on Sunday, except the English mails. And if our "dear ones" are so inconsiderate as to be dying on that day, they must die without our presence or assistance. I have made inquiries of the postmen themselves, and they say they would rather have a delivery on Sunday, as it would obviate the great extra stress of work on Monday. But we are too good here to let the postmen settle their own business in their own way. Even the tramcars have only run on Sunday a few years, before which you could hardly get across the town in comfort, or in any reasonable time.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP J. DEAR.

58, Findhorn Place, Edinburgh,
November 16th, 1907.

"COKE OF NORFOLK."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With reference to a review which appeared in the columns of *THE NATION* of the 9th inst. of Mr. Stirling's book, "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends," perhaps I may be allowed to mention an incident which is confirmatory of his widely-spread fame as an agriculturalist. At a dinner which succeeded an agricultural show in Cornwall some forty or more years ago, a farmer made the following speech, or something very like it: "I rise to propose the health of the honorable Chairman. The honorable Chairman has a-told you how much he has a-benefited the farmer, but he never told you how much the farmer had a-benefited he. In my opinion the man who has a-benefited the farmer most is Mr. Coke, the late Earl of Leicester that was, and if the honorable Chairman did do, as the late Mr. Coke did do, he would do a good deal better than he do do."—Yours, &c.,

J. F. COLLIER.

25, Croxteth Grove, Liverpool,
November 17th, 1907.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I correct a slip in the paragraph about my forthcoming book on Ancient Britain, which appeared in last Saturday's *NATION*? The writer, whom I thank for his kind notice, remarks that "the greater part of the book is occupied with the story of Cæsar's life on our island." He doubtless meant to say that I had attempted to tell the story of *man's* life in our island from the earliest times. That story might interest some people who would not care to read what I have written about Cæsar's invasions.—Yours, &c.,

T. RICE HOLMES.

11, Douro Place, Kensington, W.
November 20th, 1907.

RETRENCHMENT AND SOCIAL REFORM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—This month is all important for Mr. Asquith's Budget. If the military and naval estimates now being prepared are not heavily cut down our financial position next spring will be deplorable. It would be suicidal to heap on taxes in a period of financial crisis, and equally suicidal to reduce the Sinking Fund when public credit is perilously low. Liberal members of Parliament will have to choose between social reform and the Navy League, between old age pensions and Mr. Haldane's ridiculously costly army scheme, between financing the lord lieutenants and financing small holdings. Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Haldane have wasted prodigious sums for two years. Surely now the time has come to consider the interests of the people and to carry out the programme of the Liberal Party.—Yours, &c.,

SALUS POPULI.

London, November 20th, 1907.

Reviews.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.*

WE doubt whether any contribution has recently been made to the scholarship of English literature more entirely satisfactory than Mr. Pearsall Smith's "Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton." The task involved peculiar difficulties, and demanded a high degree of historical and literary equipment. The editor of the correspondence must hunt his thousand letters through Italian archives and college libraries and the muniments of English country houses, knowing that every letter, detected and transcribed, might involve puzzles which patient research alone could solve. The writer of the life must have a large outlook on history as well as an appreciation for trifles if he is to do justice to the diplomatist and the gossip; a knowledge of the arts if he is to appreciate the earliest English connoisseur of Italian painting and the first English writer on architecture; a light and delicate pen if he is to draw the portrait of the shrewd and gentle servant of James I., whose name has been kept fragrant by a malicious epigram, a few exquisite lyrics, and one of the most charming short biographies in the English language. Mr. Pearsall Smith has spared no labour, shirked no difficulties, and possesses all the gifts requisite to the successful accomplishment of his task. Of the five hundred letters which he has selected for publication more than half see the light for the first time.

Diplomatic correspondence, and the greater part of the correspondence printed in these two volumes may be so described, is seldom of high literary quality, though some diplomatists, Talleyrand, for instance, have written with exquisite point and clearness. Sir Henry Wotton, however, was, as his editor remarks, an admirable letter writer, just by reason of the qualities or faults which stood in his way as a statesman and an author. He had the large, easy, desultory temperament, the quick, spontaneous frankness, the taste for human conversation, and the curiosity about trifles which make the good letter writer; and passing, as he did, most of his official career in Venice, that "gowned State" where the clock of public business moved with elaborate slowness, he had time to observe, to reflect, and to divagate. "Among the somewhat formal and colourless epistles of that age," remarks the editor, "his letters are remarkable for their wit, their beauty of phrase, and the impress of his kindly and meditative nature." This is very true. Wotton was first a scholar and a wit, and only in a secondary sense a man of affairs. He had far too great a wealth of sympathy, too keen a zest in life, to be satisfied with any form of pedantic routine. His official reports are dashed with passages of such rich and charming irrelevance that we feel that "the honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country" has played truant, and is chasing his own pleasant whim at the expense of his unsuspecting employer. Now he paints a stately portrait of a Doge; now he waxes garrulous over a fire at his *palazzo*, or describes some small event in the current life of the town, not because it affects the large orb of politics, but because it is human, and the King may be amused to read what is certainly diverting to record. But amidst all this licensed trifling there is a strain of high and serious polemic, spiced here and there with touches of pleasant malice, which show that Wotton was not of the tribe of sombre haters. To every English Protestant of Wotton's generation, and it is worth recalling that Wotton took his degree in the year of the Armada, Rome seemed to be the chief political danger of the time. Here lived the Pope, who moved the armies of Spain and Austria, whose behests were obeyed by thousands of Jesuits and enforced by the cruel power of the Inquisition, who was stealing souls from England and making plans for the reconquest of Germany. Wotton's political ideal was the formation of an anti-Papal League, which should include Venice and Savoy, as well as the Protestant Powers. At one time, with the sanguine temperament which helps to make him so delightful a man, though it somewhat detracted from his efficiency as a politician, he expected to convert Venice to Protestantism, and with this end in view took some pains to distribute copies of the Italian New

Testament and other works of an edifying character, such as "Mr. Perkins his Problem." It is true that Venice quarrelled sharply with the Papacy in 1606, and was encouraged in her mutiny by Paolo Sarpi, the famous historian of the Council of Trent. But it needed something more than the suasion of "Mr. Perkins his Problem" to convert the city of San Marco from its Madonna and its saints, its immemorial festivals and joyous processions. The contest with the Papacy, which never extended to dogmatic questions, was composed in a manner most disconcerting to the zealous diplomatist, and the scheme of a Protestant mission to Italy melted into thin air.

Mr. Pearsall Smith justly remarks that Wotton's hostility to Rome was rather political than dogmatic. Religion, "the mistress of all the sciences," had been converted into "the handmaid of ambition," and the machinations of Rome had become a serious menace to the peace and security of the Protestant States. But though it was war to the knife with the Jesuits, Wotton was no professor of Puritan doctrine. It was fortunate indeed that he should have died in 1639, just on the brink of the great probing of the national conscience, and before his chivalrous and pious loyalty had been wounded by the spectacle of an English rebellion. Upon the wanton Scots and their solemn League and Covenant, that "sacred cover of the deepest impiety," the old servant of the Crown pronounced his damnnatory verdict; but he lived to praise Milton's *Comus* for "a certain Dorique delicacy in its songs and odes," and to give to the great Puritan poet a valedictory blessing expressed with all the golden richness of the Elizabethan age.

Saintliness was no attribute of diplomacy as the art was practised in the seventeenth century, and our Ambassador to Venice, employed spies and *bravi*, parleyed with cut-throats, secretly robbed the post, and openly defended the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. To few has it been given to taste a richer or more varied experience. He had voyaged with Essex to Cadiz, had desecrated the decaying power of Spain in the Azores, had campaigned among the bogs of Ireland and the "hovering humours" of its mysterious inhabitants. Success had come to him without any of the conventionality which makes success so dull and so encouraging. His first great opportunity rose neither out of an examination nor out of a job, but from an adventure flavoured like an Elizabethan romance; and even when from a central station he was watching the great wheel of European policy, the spice of peril and adventure was never quite absent from his life.

It was fitting that such a man should have a quiet end, and the letters of the last fifteen years, written from the Provost's house at Eton, are the most charming in the collection. Here it is pleasant to imagine the polished old Kentish gentleman as he stands on the river bank, with his friend Izaak Walton, watching till—

"The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at the well-dissembled flie,"

And it is not perhaps presumptuous to suspect that after a successful evening in May and a full basket, the ripe old Provost would be communicative to his dear companion; would talk of duck-shooting on the lagoons under a winter sky; or of how he would tend his ripening grapes at the pleasant villa at Noventa; and perhaps also of weightier subjects, too, "of unknown dooms and sudden executions," of his secret conferences with the incomparable Sarpi, of talks with the learned Casaubon, or of solemn audiences in the Collegio, when the Ambassador of England sat covered on the right hand of the Doge, and a secretary took down his every word, and noted every ripple of feeling which passed over his face as a fact of concern for the future of Europe.

A PUMP-ROOM HERO.*

To consecrate a large octavo exclusively to a Biography of Beau Nash would at the present, for anyone under the rank of a genius of the writing order, be little short of a literary misdemeanour. The "King of Bath" might, indeed, have been a remunerative subject for one of Browning's crepuscular "parleyings." But in no modern sense of the term

*"The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton." By Logan Pearsall Smith. 2 vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 25s. net.

*"Bath Under Beau Nash." By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. Nash. 15s. net.

can Richard Nash, Esquire, be deemed "Life"-worthy. Goldsmith's divertingly written *Life* was added by Dr. Johnson to his select library, and remains to this day one of the great unread; but the amount of information contained in it is, like Nash's own gold, "spread out as thinly and as far as it would go." To write another full-dress biography after this all-but-failure in the art of literary distension (Goldy only got £14 for his manœuvre) would be to court a deserved and ignominious failure. One might just as well attempt a monograph of similar length upon Joe Miller. The bulk of the material in either case is a book of jests; and such poor, dilapidated old jests many of them are in Nash's case—the mere rag and bone ash of superannuated scrapheaps.

Nor is there anything particularly interesting in the few things we do know personally of Nash. The stories of his youth are, in part, at least, certainly apocryphal. There is little to know of any significance until, in 1705, an adventurer of this name came down to Bath from London with the intention, doubtless, of retrieving his losses among the finished gamblers of the metropolis by playing with the less expert idlers of a small provincial town, marked out by destiny though it proved (and some were already predicting) to become the foremost *ville de plaisir*, as it already was, in a sense, the most ancient, in the whole realm. Nash's preferment to the post of master of the ceremonies at Bath was in the nature of a pure accident. He acted for a short while as *aide-de-camp* to his predecessor in that office, which was held, one might well suppose, in very little account. This man, Captain Webster, was killed in a duel within a few weeks of Nash's arrival, and Nash, who had a few Templars to back him, owing to the fact that he had once (in 1695) designed a pageant for the Middle Temple, was offered the post. Good fortune seems to have had the rare effect of benefiting Nash's character. Henceforth, the fortunate adventurer wore a mask of benevolent neutrality, of humorous bonhomie, but, above all, of official detachment. The opportunity was one exactly suited to his faculties. He set himself to provide amusements for the visitors and then to correct the provincial tone of a place, hitherto far too insignificant to have developed a *bon ton* of its own. A mirror himself, as far as might be, of the fashionable rake, Nash could not but regard with the pity of a great mind the rustic amusements of Bath. The place must reflect, as closely as might be, though with a certain Nash-directed difference, the airs and graces of the great metropolis. In this respect, and in the influence which he exerted as an arbiter in questions of dress and manners, and as an active discountenancer of sword-belts and duels, Nash may be regarded, as he has in fact been regarded by such historians as Lecky and Wyon, in the light of a social pioneer and a humble follower in the train of Locke and Addison, the master-architects of the mind and habit of the eighteenth century. Beyond this there is nothing to adorn the personal tale of Nash and his idiosyncrasy, with the exception of a few *ben trovato* stories of which this, as well narrated by Mr. Melville, is the best:

"When, one evening, at Willshire's Rooms, Nash was collecting funds for the Hospital, the Duchess of Marlborough entered the room, and, after an abortive endeavour to pass unobserved, tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, and said: 'You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pockets.' 'Yes, Madam,' he replied, 'that I will do with pleasure if your Grace will tell me when to stop'; and he took a handful of guineas from his pocket and began to throw them quickly into his white hat—'One, two, three, four, five. . . . 'Hold, hold,' the Duchess exclaimed, 'consider what you are about.' 'Madam,' said Nash, 'consider your rank and fortune. . . . Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.' The Duchess looked very angry, and attempted to interrupt, but Nash would not give her time to speak. 'Pray, compose yourself, Madam, and don't interfere with the work of charity. . . . Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.' The Duchess grew alarmed, and tried to seize his hand. 'Peace, Madam,' said the Beau, with affected dignity, 'you shall have your name written in letters of gold, and upon the front of the building, too. . . . Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.' 'I won't pay a farthing more,' said the great lady, in a rage. 'Charity covers a multitude of sins,' remarked Nash, calmly; 'Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.' 'Nash,' she cried, really alarmed, 'I protest, you frighten me out of my wits. Lord! I shall die.' 'Madam, you will never die with doing good,' he retorted; and then, with a twinkle, added: 'And if you do, it will be the better for you.' He was about to plunge his hand again into his pocket, when, seeing the Duchess had lost all patience, he, after much

altercation, compounded with her for a donation of thirty guineas. The Duchess was, or pretended to be, very angry, and when he subsequently came to the card-table, at which she was playing, she addressed him gracefully: 'Stand farther away, you ugly devil, for I hate the sight of you!' But, having a run of good luck, she went up to him later in the evening; 'Come,' she said, 'I will be friends with you, though you are a devil, and, to let you see I am not angry, there are ten more guineas for your charity.'"

Mr. Melville in the present work has adroitly avoided any possible charge of malbiography, for he has used Nash merely as a peg upon which to hang a description of the rise of Bath, and the external aspect of the city and its visitors during the first half of the eighteenth century. The transformation of a nasty little provincial town into a magnificent city, as completed by a series of speculative architects of a rather later date, is an achievement in which Nash undoubtedly had a preliminary share. This process will be found documented after a fashion by means of illustrative extracts in "*Bath Under Beau Nash*," which ranks accordingly rather as a work of descriptive topography than as a memoir proper. The difficulty of the theme has been enhanced enormously by the lightly-borne care and hard-won thoroughness with which M. Barbeau has gone over a considerable portion of it. But Mr. Melville has also shown a commendable energy in going over the ground, and he has gleaned a large amount of amusingly illustrative matter. There is, of course, a good deal of Anstey and a good deal of "Humphrey Clinker," there is also something too much of "the jests of Beau Nash"; but there is also a great deal of characteristic and out-of-the-way eighteenth century verse satire, while such little known works as Fleming's "*Life and Adventures of Timothy Ginnadrake*," Lucas's "*Lives of the Gamblers*," and John Burton's "*Iter Bathoniense*," are quoted with a certain cumulative effect. The chapters on Bath before Nash, on Nash's civil code, on the Bath Road, on Costumes and Scandals, on Visitors' Impressions, and on the Bath Tables, will thus be of considerable interest to Bath collectors; the select bibliography at the end will likewise be of service, nor must we omit mention of thirteen portraits and views, or of a complete index. The aptitude shown at Bath for the profitable organisation and exploiting of a popular city has hardly been surpassed, one might imagine, either by Brighton or by newer rivals, such as Eastbourne, Bournemouth, or Cromer. Few watering-places, if any, have had so many antiquaries, authors, and poets. Everyone who is interested in Bath during the transitional period of its existence, which corresponds pretty exactly with the so-called "reign" of Beau Nash, will find in the present work an appreciable fraction either of instruction or entertainment.

In going through the book we have noted a few slips, and against the publication of a second edition, which will certainly be called for if all good Bathonians do their duty, we will place them at Mr. Melville's disposal. The early battle which, with considerable hardihood, he locates in the vicinity of Bath was not Mons Bodonicus, but Mons Badon, Badonis, or Badonicus, and the supposed victor was certainly not Alfred but Arthur, some say Ambrosius. The particulars of the subsequent battle of Deorham also need correction. More exact details in regard to the visits of Mary of Modena and of Queen Anne (whose second visit in September, 1702, is the starting point of Bath's modern prosperity) could be obtained in the monograph of Martin Haile and in Boyer's "*Annals*." An early writer on Bath, whose work should perhaps have been mentioned, is Tobias Venner, a worthy rival in quaintness of his contemporary, Gervase Markham. The place is surely mentioned, too, by Drunken Barnabee. The last couplet on page 3 does not scan, owing, we think, to the word "all" being omitted. Mrs. Delany was formerly Mrs. Pendarves (p. 163). On page 223 "*atat senescit*" is surely wrong. It was in 1770, not 1700, that Dr. Harington erected the mural tablet in the Abbey (p. 251). On page 285 for Recardi read Ricardi, and 319 for T. B. Smollett read T. G. Smollett, though the second name is as much a dead letter in Smollett's case as in that of Dickens or Borrow. Brambe, on page 151, should of course be Bramble, of immortal memory, and the Princess Amelia, of whom we have a charming portrait (p. 65), was daughter not of George III. but of George II. She was the intended wife of Frederick the Great. The later Amelia, we need hardly remind Mr. Melville, was born in 1783, and

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could not possibly have elicited from Nash the reply that "he reigned at Bath, and that there *his* laws must be kept." The fine and rare portrait of the "Beau" which serves as frontispiece Mr. Melville owes to the kindness of Mr. J. F. Meehan, the well-known Bath bookseller and antiquary.

A LAIRD'S MEMORIES.*

THIS is a bad book which ought to have been a good one. The Duke of Argyll has seen a great deal of the imposing world in which he has lived—its "manners, climates, councils, governments"—has borne some part in action, and is not entirely stripped of intelligence. But he has failed to produce any pleasurable effect of reminiscence. His book is not charming, it is not informing; it has no merit of arrangement; and it does not produce the impression of character which the Duke's father, for example, conveyed in his least attractive mood. Its distinguishing note is a kind of weak censoriousness; it is full of anecdotes, indifferently told, of criticism without weight, of description which rarely hits the mark. The Duke saw many interesting figures at short range—Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Garibaldi, the three German Emperors, Tennyson, Disraeli, his own father. With the exception of a passable picture of Tennyson not one of them lives in these pages. Few of the personal judgments strike one as fine or accurate. Wordsworth's poetry is impertinently described as "placid, philosophic stuff, fit for mental invalids." William Morris is said to have been "not unlike Browning in general appearance." There could not have been a sharper physical contrast than Browning's good and strong, but inexpressive and even heavy face and bearing, and Morris's sparkling eyes and noble forehead, and lightly and beautifully poised head. His father the Duke describes as an orator "better than Gladstone and equal to Bright." This is farcical. The late Duke of Argyll had style, a fine though thin voice, and his face, which slightly resembled Bright's, possessed a delicate, if rather querulous, beauty of expression. But he was not in the rank of either of his two great contemporaries. The Duke relates, quite seriously, his personal efforts to induce Garibaldi to abandon his attempt on Rome. Fawcett, who never spoke foolishly in his life, though sometimes perversely, is said to have talked "his usual amount of nonsense about this [*i.e.*, the public payment of election expenses] enabling poor men to get into Parliament." Of Bright again we gather the sparkling observation that he was "ready to lick the dust off the foreigners' shoes."

A critic of this assurance should be commonly literate. This the Duke is not. He writes of "amocellement" when he means "morcellement"; he spells Stevenson's name Stephenson; speaks of the "Compte de Paris, *bête noir*"; the "Piazza d'Espagna" and "Monte Citorio"; spells Merivale correctly on one page, incorrectly on the next; talks of "Radzivills" and "Radziwills"; and on two occasions tells the same story twice. Here is a reference to Ireland, equally remarkable for sense and taste: "Her whole financial idea seems so topsy-turvy that one may call it for Ireland the 'murder and turf' theory, a favourite expression among very imaginative friends, who say they hate us when we feed them, and imagine that when separated and we don't feed them they will love us dearly." Leo XIII. was one of the most picturesque figures in Europe; no one who ever saw him in his pontifical robes was likely to forget him. This is how he appeared to the Duke of Argyll: "An old man, having a slight stoop, clad all in white as if he meant to challenge us to a game of tennis. He wore a white skull-cap on the back of his grey head, white flannel over his shoulders, and a white nightgown (*sic*) over his embroidered slippers." And that the reader may discover the full range of the Duke's accomplishments, this artist in prose presents us with an example of his aptness in verse in the shape of a musical comedy called "The Coach and Six," of which this is the opening stanza:—

BATSMAN: I'm the champion village bat,
What do you say, my girls, to that?
Don't we know the cricket chat?
I'm the champion village bat,

Ranji-singi—right you are,
Slip, and cut, and bowl, Houp-la!
Ne'er a stroke will your bowling bar!
Score as you toe the crease! Houp-la!

The Duke of Argyll was on the skirts of the Italian movement in 1867. He was actually in Rome when Garibaldi's expedition threatened it, saw the French march in, and Garibaldi and his staff headed off by Victor Emmanuel's troops. A little feeling, a sense of the movement of life in those stirring days, would have given colour, if not distinction, to his narrative. It lacks both: but the Duke has his lyrical moment. It occurs whenever he contemplates the Death Duties. They move him to a kind of Scotch passion, in which he appears as a quite vocal, and even half-poetical, Dumbiedikes.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN WAR.*

THIS little volume is a carefully edited amplification of the essay which won the Yorke Prize at Cambridge last year. Mr. Bentwich takes for his motto the excellent saying of Montesquieu—that peoples should do one another as much good in peace and as little harm in war as possible. We are sorry to observe, however, on reading through his book, that timidity, or caution, or perhaps veneration for his teacher, Professor Westlake, prevents our author from applying this maxim freely to questions at issue. Thus in his chapter on "Proposed Changes in the Laws of War at Sea," he seems to speak with two voices. In one sentence he calls the immunity of private property an "imagined principle," in another he admits that the future may see it adopted, in a third he hopes that the destruction and capture of private property may be eliminated by future international conferences and by the growth of public opinion, while in a fourth he fears that if naval belligerents are restrained from attacking commerce, war will be prolonged and its sufferings increased. Next time Mr. Bentwich writes he should make up his own mind.

Still, we cannot withhold our commendation from a book which provides a brief, accurate, and comprehensive account of laws and practices upon whose ameliorative progress the advance of civilisation and humanity so largely depends. Land warfare has been revolutionised since the age of Grotius. In regular wars between civilised Powers the taint of fighting for private gain has now been quite removed. The first step was the creation of a military code in every civilised State, enforced by every civilised general, by which any soldier who looted the property of non-combatants was severely punished. The last step was the adoption at the first Hague Conference by the assembled Powers of a code which prohibits soldiers from taking the property even of combatants. Until then such booty, snatched by soldiers from soldiers, was divided equally among the victorious army. Now, however, by the Hague Laws (7, 23, and 25) booty is entirely prohibited, and all the personal belongings of prisoners of war, except horses and military papers, are inviolable, and remain the property of such prisoners. Pillage is formally prohibited even when a town is taken by storm, and the only relics of barbarism are in cases of guerilla warfare, where, under plea or pretext of "military necessity," the laws of war "permit an invading army to devastate whole tracts of country, burn dwellings, and clear a whole district of supplies." This was the course taken by Lord Roberts in South Africa, and called a "process of attrition"; but the general outcry of indignation at home, as well as abroad, was so loud, and the military results so inconsiderable, that it may be doubted whether similar methods will be practised in similar cases in the future.

The history of warfare by sea, as Mr. Bentwich correctly observes, does not show the same progress in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as the history of war on land, nor a corresponding reform in the nineteenth. But the Declaration of Paris was a very important step, and it is to be hoped that a future Hague Conference may result in a Naval Convention that will put the laws and procedure of capture at sea on a much more satisfactory basis. Prize money must follow booty into the historical museum.

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The portrait of Valerie Upton, the heroine, is an extremely subtle piece of drawing. Indeed, could the author have forced herself to elaborate with as much skill and fairness the picture of Valerie's daughter, Imogen, the novel might have ranked as a high achievement of psychological insight. But Mrs. Sedgwick has not been able to bring herself to execute but a cruel exposure of this self-righteous young person. She hates Imogen with the cordial hatred of a woman to whom self-centredness and cold-heartedness are the least pardonable of feminine sins, and positively detestable when masked by a spirituality which seeks to "improve" people for its own glorification. The figure of Imogen has the satiric force of a caricature, but she is a type of the egoism which cloaks in moral formulas its unreal spiritual conceptions. The hardness, coldness, and shallowness of American transcendentalism is transfixed by the author's feminine shafts.

Valerie, who, as a young girl, has had a European education, has married the mediocre Mr. Upton, a Boston social reformer, who has exceedingly bored his wife and everybody else with his unending platitudes. Valerie has not been able to stand her husband's futility beyond a certain point, and has left him in New York with his daughter Imogen, and has come to England, where she lives "a semi-detached life" with English friends. Her oldest friend is her landlord and neighbour, Sir Basil Thremdon, with whom she is on platonic terms of affectionate sympathy. But a letter from Imogen announcing Mr. Upton's death recalls her to America, and reawakens her uneasy conscience that she has not done her duty by her daughter, although the latter from girlhood has always sided with her father and been very determined to "form her own character." Valerie accordingly quits her Surrey cottage to rejoin Imogen, leaving Sir Basil asserting that it is his intention to pay a visit to America before long; and she finds that her daughter is prepared to make her "one of her objects" and is ready to "help her to grow with all the strength and love there is in me." But these are only lip phrases. Imogen is odious in her spiritual patronage of her mother, odious in her self-righteousness, odious in her pose of universal benefactress. Indeed, so incurably false is this girl that we ask ourselves could her adoring fiancé Jack Pennington, who is "the ripe fruit of an ancestry of high endeavour and high responsibility," have possibly been taken in by her, as he is taken in till Valerie's arrival? Imogen, with her large calm eyes, always filled with the radiance of mild pity and magnanimity, accepts Jack's perpetual homage to her

spiritual perfection, while she remains unmoved by the appeal of his emotion or passion. In fact she sees herself, in her half-deliberate pose, as superior to the lower and selfish instincts of personal passion. "The depth, but not the tumult of the soul," is her favourite line, and she expects Jack to live on admiration of her beneficence, her spiritual radiance, her loving power, till the day comes when she will stoop to sacrifice herself to him and become his wife. This portrait of a priggish young girl will seem exaggerated to the English reader, but we suppose the author has had models from which to construct her typical figure. Valerie's cunning, however, opens Jack's eyes. First of all he sees her with the critical hostility of her daughter's glance, but insensibly her charm and exquisite graciousness win him over to her side, and he begins to penetrate into Imogen's mind, with her mother's smiling knowledge. Certainly Mrs. Sedgwick has a gift for indicating the magical secrets of personality, as the following passage will show:

"Valerie showed them thus more fully, the grace, the freshness, the look of latent buoyancy that made her so young, that made her, even now, in her black dress and with her gravity, remind one of a flower submerged, momentarily, in deep water, its colour hardly blurred, its petals delicately crisp, its fragrance only needing air and sunlight to diffuse itself. For all the youthfulness, the quality of indolent magic was about her, a soft haze, as it were, woven of matured experience, of detachment from youth's self-absorption, of the observer's kindly, yet ironic insight. Her figure was supple; her nut-brown hair, splendidly folded at the back of her head, was hardly touched with white; her quickly glancing, deliberately pausing eyes were as clear, as pensive, as a child's, with almost a child's candour of surprise in the upturning of their lashes. A brunette duskiest in the rose of lips and cheeks, in the black brows, in the fruitlike softness of outline, was like a veil drawn across and dimming the fairness that paled to a pearly white at throat and temples. Her upper lip was ever so faintly shadowed with a brunette pencilling of down, and three *grains de beauté*, like tiny patches of velvet, seemed applied with a pretty coquetry, one on her lip and two high on her cheek, where they emphasised and lent a touch of the Japanese to her smile. Even her physical aspect carried out the analogy of something vivid and veiled. She was clear as day, yet melting, merged, elusive like the night; and in her glance, in her voice, was that mingled brightness and shadow."

It is only poetic justice that Imogen's pose of spiritual superiority should be in the end her own undoing, for when Jack, in his clumsy masculine way, begins to defend Valerie from her daughter's persistent disparagement, the latter descends to all the ruses of a mortified feminine vanity from which she has claimed to be exempt. What is cleverly done in the novel is the analysis of the swift process of disenchantment in Jack's mind. And even better done is the descent of the "frosty, white-souled, high-principled Imogen," into the dark, fierce region of personal jealousy. She begins to hate her mother with fervent intensity because the latter, all unwittingly, has come between her and Jack, and she deliberately retaliates by luring away the simple-hearted and rather stupid Sir Basil when he turns up in America in fulfilment of his pledge. Imogen stoops to the baseness of using every weapon in the feminine armoury to make Sir Basil marry her instead of her mother, and in spite of Jack's frantic endeavours, her youth and beauty prevail, and she snatches at her prey and carries him off triumphantly.

The two main defects in "Valerie Upton" are, first, the over-emphatic strokes in the picture of Imogen's spiritual self-complacency, and her almost incredible tone of "self-centred rightness" in her conversations with Jack; and secondly, the author's tendency to use her male characters as mere instruments of feminine purpose. Both Jack and Sir Basil are really too simple, and we are left only half-convinced that the Englishman could have been fatuous enough to let Imogen's beauty and wiles blot out for him Valerie's charm. This being said, we have no fault to find with the author's merciless dissection of Imogen's motives. She is the type of feminine pharisaism. Valerie, we think, is made to be a little too kind to her daughter, a little too resigned to letting Sir Basil slip permanently out of her life. Indeed, Mrs. Sedgwick may be charged with having herself an ethical purpose, lying hid in what is ostensibly a pure work of art. But the novel will leave its mark on the reader.

* "Valerie Upton." By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Constable & Co. 6s.

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The Week in the City.

THERE have been several ups and downs during the week, but the downs have predominated, and towards the close quite a sickly feeling prevailed in the City. The truth is that the wonderful manufacturing activity in the North of England has not been fully reflected in London, which has by no means recuperated itself for the frightful losses of capital caused by the Boer War and the subsequent shrinkage of securities. The pressure of high taxation is also felt, and there is no longer much room for doubt that trade is on the verge of a serious decline. The spell of very dear money has only just begun, and one of the highest banking authorities in the City whom I consulted on Thursday expressed a conviction that we should not see any sort of ease until the spring. That the situation in America is no better seems to be proved by the premium on currency. It is, however, possible, I think, that relief may come sooner than is expected if Congress decides upon an issue of greenbacks. Such an issue, I think, would soon send gold streaming back to Europe. But its consequences in the States would not be wholesome.

GERMANY AND THE HAMBURG FAILURES.

There is much nervousness in the City about the position of the German banks, and the feeling has been accentuated by the news of another serious failure in Hamburg, which came on Thursday afternoon. The worst of mercantile failures in Germany is that the banks are nearly always heavily involved, because they invest far more of their capital and deposits in speculative firms and companies than would be considered proper in England. Unluckily, these failures come at a very inopportune moment, because the Reichsbank is in a weaker position than it has ever been in since its foundation. It is pretty clear that the German system of an elastic paper issue subject to a small tax is liable to great abuse, and has contributed to the inflation from which German credit and industry are now suffering. The Imperial Government, however, seems to be quite blind to the seriousness of the situation, and is piling up expenditure and debt in a light-hearted fashion as if no day of reckoning were at hand. Under the circumstances, investors who have subscribed to German loans should clear out at once, and put their money into some other Government security which is less likely to depreciate in value.

AMERICAN BONDS AND SHORT-TERM NOTES.

A New York broker, after stating in a circular dated November, that "a steady improvement in money conditions and general confidence is in progress," proceeded to print the following remarks, which really deserve reproduction if only to show what prophecies may come out of an alliance between conceit and stupidity:—

"In connection with the financial situation which recently developed, it is well to remember:—

"That millions of gold are being shipped from abroad to the United States, and the National Government would have continued to use its enormous resources to aid the New York banks had it been necessary. The Government is still co-operating in a broader way by providing facilities for an increase in circulation.

"That the financial institutions of New York City, and especially the Clearing House, have met the emergency in a manner not only inspiring confidence, but indicating their great resources and their ability to meet severe financial strain by concerted action.

"That the banks throughout the country which still rely largely on the eastern money centres are in better condition to maintain themselves than ever before.

"That our trade balances are still the envy of nations—exports for the month of September reaching \$135,353,715 and imports \$106,361,552.

"That from agricultural sources alone the country has increased its wealth between six and seven billion dollars during the past year.

"That the railroads are in excellent physical condition and continue to show large earnings."

The broker then points out that "at the present moment all standard railroad issues are selling at the lowest prices witnessed in many years. Recent sensational declines are no measure of intrinsic value, but are caused by the immediate necessities of sellers. Many gilt-edged and hitherto inactive securities have been thrown on the market, with the result of an average decline in bond values for the month of October of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At the present level of prices it would seem inevitable that there should be an enormous absorption of high grade bonds."

With regard to Government bonds, he points out toward the end of the month a new factor, materially affecting the prices of these, was introduced. As National Bank circulation was \$300,000,000 short of the amount permitted by the statutes, and as it was desirable to increase it by reason of the prevailing money situation, the Secretary of the Treasury decided at the close of September to receive other than Government bonds as security for public deposits, provided the released Government bonds were pledged as security for additional circulation.

"This would set free for that purpose \$90,000,000 Governments. It may be noted in this connection that the Treasury Department has ready for distribution to National Banks on presentation of the required security \$20,000,000 bank notes, and as the privilege accorded by the Secretary is being promptly availed of by the banks, a material increase of circulation will quickly follow from this source.

"The urgent need for bonds for the additional circulation referred to above, resulted in an active demand for 2s. and 3s., which carried the prices of these issues to 107 and 102 $\frac{1}{2}$, respectively, with very few bonds offered. The effect of the Secretary's decision will, without doubt, continue into November and result in a further advance in prices."

With a view to aiding his clients "in their consideration of investments at the present low level of prices," the New York broker gives the following interesting list of short-term notes, with prices and yields, as they stood at the beginning of the month:—

	Present Price with Interest.	Yield About.	Price at time of Issue (with Interest).	Yield About.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest January and July, Due January, 1910	91	9 $\frac{7}{10}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{9}{10}$
Atlantic Coast Line Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest March and September, Due March, 1910 (b)	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{10}$	97	6 $\frac{1}{10}$
Chesapeake & Ohio Railway ... Collateral Trust Three Year 6 per cent. Notes, Interest January and July, Due July, 1910	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{5}{10}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{5}{10}$
Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Collateral Trust Notes, Interest February and August, Due February, 1910 (d)	95	7 $\frac{5}{10}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{9}{10}$
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway ... Four Year 5 per cent. Gold Notes, Interest June and December, Due June, 1911 (b)	94	6 $\frac{9}{10}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{10}$
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Rly.... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest February and August, Due February, 1910 (a)	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{10}$	100	6 $\frac{1}{10}$
Louisville & Nashville Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest March and September, Due March, 1910 (b)	93	8 $\frac{5}{10}$	97	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
Michigan Central Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest February and August, Due February, 1910 (b)	93	8 $\frac{5}{10}$	100	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
New York Central & Hudson River Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest February and August, Due February, 1910 (a)	96	7 $\frac{1}{10}$	100	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad ... Five Year 5 per cent. Notes, Interest January and July 9th, Due January 9th, 1912 (c) (Denominations of \$5,000 and upwards).	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{10}$	100	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
Pennsylvania Railroad ... Three Year 5 per cent. Notes, Secured, Interest March and September 15th, Due March 15th, 1910 (Denominations of \$5,000 and upwards) (b)	94	8 $\frac{1}{10}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{2}{10}$

(a) Legal investments for savings banks in Maine and New Hampshire; (b) in New Hampshire; (c) in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire; (d) in Connecticut.

I notice that on Tuesday there was marked weakness of the bond market in Wall Street, which was credited largely to liquidation of bonds by savings banks, preparatory to possible withdrawals of deposits on the expectation of the thirty-day notices. Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Fours fell very heavily.

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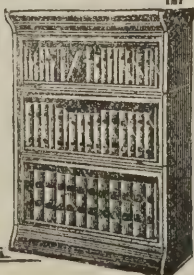
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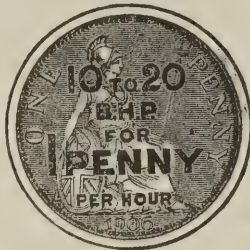
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The Nation

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1907.

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Diary of the Week.

THE Portuguese crisis, since King Carlos told the "Temps" that the Dictator, Senhor Franco, had his ungrudging support and a free hand for two years to come, is now more than ever a dynastic conflict. The Republicans are gaining ground, especially in the two large towns, but it is doubtful whether they have a plan of action. The Royalist parties are all united against the Dictatorship, but divided as to tactics. Some think they can induce the King to throw over Senhor Franco; others would prefer to depose him and put the Crown Prince in his place. Their plan of campaign was to get Parliament together in January, ignoring the refusal of the King and the Dictator to summon it. But unless rumour greatly exaggerates the unrest, the climax can hardly be postponed so long. The rigid censorship is itself an evidence of considerable tension. Senhor Franco has now suppressed practically every independent newspaper. He has also decreed that all political offences shall be tried by the machinery applicable only to anarchist crimes, namely, by a special court, sitting without a jury. Some three hundred of his opponents have been deported without trial.

* * *

ONE of the few surviving newspapers, which, of course, supports the Dictatorship, has called for English intervention to save the dynasty, and a leading article in the same sense, which appeared in the "Daily Express," suggests that wires are being pulled in London. Even if it were clear that the King deserved our sympathy, we have no right to intervene. Senhor Franco, a politician who has served in every party in turn, has no claims to Liberal support or sympathy. It is true that other politicians before him have violated the Constitution, but they acted at least with the support of one of the two governing parties. He stands alone, supported only by the King. His method has been one of

colossal bribery. At a moment of exceptional financial stringency, he has sought to buy power, by legalising the secret "advances" made by his predecessors to the King, by largely increasing the Civil List, and by raising the salaries of officers and civil functionaries. Even if he were the sincere and strong reformer, which the "Times" and the Harmsworth press take him to be, it is obvious that he cannot reform without popular support. He can only maintain himself by coercion. As for the King, his part in Portuguese politics has always been to arrange that the party in power should allow him to use the national purse as his own. The sovereign who played for popularity during the Serpa Pinto affair in 1891, by publicly refusing the Garter, is said to be the firm friend of England. The fact that he is a friend of our Court would give us no right to save his throne for him, if his people are really determined to be rid of him. Nobody interfered when Portugal went bankrupt in 1892, and no sufficient interest would require us to interfere to-day, even if the crisis should develop into civil war—an eventuality by no means probable.

* * *

THE German Government addressed itself on Thursday to defending its high naval policy and foreshadowing the heavy load of taxation which it implies. Baron von Stengel had to deal with the double difficulty of German finance, which includes two deficits, the first an extraordinary one of £15,000,000, due to so-called capital expenditure on military and naval works; the other of £6,000,000, reduced to £5,000,000 by the miserable device of laying hands on the sinking fund. Baron von Stengel hardly disguised the peril of the situation. His statement, says the "Telegraph," was "a recital of errors, miscalculations, disappointed hopes, increasing expenditure, enormous deficits, burdensome new taxes, and general pecuniary embarrassments." He admitted a failure in many branches of indirect taxation under the benign rule of a broad-based Protectionist tariff, such as Mr. Balfour proposes to inflict on this hapless land. Thus the tax on railway tickets has broken down, because a large body of passengers now travel fourth class, on which there is no duty, instead of third class, on which the duty lies. The need for economy was "urgent," yet fresh outlay on the army and navy was vital. The Baron hinted at further indirect taxes on spirits, sugar, and tobacco. The attitude of parties to this programme is menacing and confused. The Centre Party declare against spirit monopolies, and say that the new burdens must not be borne by the poor; the Conservatives will not have direct taxation at any price; the Radicals and Socialists oppose an extension of the crushing indirect imposts. A reduction of the swollen Navy Estimates is almost certain.

* * *

THE Prussian Diet met on Wednesday, and Prince Bülow, in a speech of extraordinary cynicism, introduced a Bill to authorise the compulsory expropriation of the Polish landowners in Polish Prussia, in order to facilitate the settlement of German colonists on their land. He declared that Prussian policy in this matter is still that of Frederick the Great, and intimated that there can be no thought of leniency until German racial ascendancy is firmly established. From 17 to 20 millions are to be spent in this scheme of "plantation." Despite this cruel and reactionary policy, Prince Bülow is still able to rely on the support of the so-called

Radicals. The Socialists, meanwhile, are renewing their agitation for the reform of the Prussian franchise, which Bismarck himself described as the worst in the world. The Radicals, though theoretically in favour of reform, will not co-operate with the Socialists, preferring a Conservative alliance. The Prussian, like the Imperial Budget, shows a heavy deficit; fresh taxation and fresh borrowing will be necessary in both cases. Imperialism, alike in its naval, colonial, and anti-Polish aspects, is proving to be a ruinously costly adventure.

* * *

Mr. ASQUITH replied on Tuesday, with great judgment and spirit, to four deputations—from the Free Church Council, and from the representatives of workmen's clubs, of public-house trusts, and of the holders of debenture shares in breweries. His general line was to indicate that the Government contemplated a practical measure, which both abstainers and temperance reformers who were not abstainers could accept. The Bill, he suggested, would restore to the community the control over the liquor trade of which the Bill of 1904 deprived them, though that control had been "immemorial" and was a "popular prerogative." This clearly points to an ultimate surrender to the nation of the monopoly value of licenses, by way of a time-limit. The legislation was not to be "unreasonable" or "confiscatory." As to clubs, no distinction would be made between rich men and poor men's institutions, but the law would aim at clubs that were mere drinking places under a thin disguise, competing with the public-houses without the restrictions and public levies to which the publican was liable.

* * *

On Thursday Mr. Herbert Gladstone saw a deputation of barmaids, representing the Barmaids' Political Defence League. Their protest was practically against either the limitation or the abolition of the employment of women in bars. Mr. Gladstone spoke, on the whole, in a sense, favourable to this demand. There was no intention to interfere with the free employment of women, under proper conditions. There were, he hinted, bars where undesirable conditions did prevail; and, for our part, we cannot see why barmaids should not be protected, as other women workers are protected, against long hours and exhausting toil. But, on the whole, the Home Secretary disclaimed any "drastic" attempt to check the employment of women in licensed premises.

* * *

THERE is a certain disposition in Nationalist Ireland to co-operate with Mr. Birrell in checking cattle-driving by moral suasion. Mr. O'Dowd, a Nationalist Member, has denounced it, and Mr. William O'Brien has declared it to be due to the "folly and foolery" of half-a-dozen men in the party who should have been repudiated. Mr. Redmond has not, as yet, directly rebuked the practice, and has declared at Cardiff that it could not be put down by coercion; but neither he nor the other leaders encourage it, and it is in the main due to the rather eccentric initiative of Mr. Ginnell. Mr. Birrell declines to gratify Mr. Ginnell's "passion" for prison. How, indeed, is it possible by any conceivable measure of coercion, regular or irregular, to stop the opening of gates by farmers' boys on cattle ranches in lonely districts?

* * *

THE Duma concluded the debate on the address on Wednesday by adopting a fulsome vote of thanks to the Czar. The Octobrists and Cadets Party alone voted for it, the Right and the Left abstaining. The interest of the debate lay in the attempt made by the reactionaries to induce the Octobrists to address the Czar as "autocrat," while the Liberals wished to introduce the word "constitution." Neither succeeded, though the Cadets are congratulating themselves on persuading the Octobrists to refer to "the reformed order of the State,"

established by the concessions of October, 1905. The Octobrists would, indeed, be stultifying their own position if they took their stand on the idea of a Constitution. They hold their position in the Duma only because the Czar violated the so-called Constitution, by altering the electoral law. If he can do that, he is an autocrat; if he cannot, the Octobrists ought not to be sitting as the controlling party in the Duma. The Labour Party introduced an amendment regretting the arbitrary alteration of the franchise, but the Cadets declined to support them. The position of the Cadets almost defies definition. They claim to be a party of Opposition, but they will not oppose even on a matter so fundamental as the altered franchise. Yet they suffer all the pains and penalties of opposition, for M. Stolypin continues to treat them as a proscribed and illegal party.

* * *

THE Constantinople correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," who is usually well informed, reports the renewal of Armenian massacres round Diarbekir, and says that as many as 141 villages have been destroyed. The veteran correspondent of the "Daily News" hesitates to confirm these figures, but fears that massacres may have taken place on a considerable scale. Ibrahim Pasha, commander of the Kurdish "Hamidieh" militia, is levying blackmail all over the country, plundering, devastating, and doubtless also indulging in massacre. The hopeful feature of the situation is that the local Turkish population, which at Diarbekir, as at Erzeroum, has become profoundly disaffected during the past two years, is as much opposed to the predatory Kurds as are the Armenians themselves. The Porte is said to be alarmed, as, indeed, it might well be, for while it may like to use the Kurds as the hammer of the Armenians, it cannot afford to strain the loyalty of the Anatolian Turks, who are the backbone of its military system. It is quite conceivable that the Eastern Turks, who are by race and language almost identical with the North-Western inhabitants of Persia—the people who made the reform movement there—may take the lead in a formidable agitation for a change of régime. Meanwhile it is all important to do something to save the Armenians. Even the German Ambassador has moved. We should not now find Russia an opponent, as was the case in 1895.

* * *

MR. BONAR LAW is a clever man, but he slightly overdoes cleverness when he states the case for Protection so inaccurately and so tactlessly as in his speech on Tuesday to the Middlesex Conservatives. In this speech he declared that it was beyond doubt that in Germany during the last twenty years wages had risen, and the cost of living had fallen. It happens that on the day on which this speech was delivered the "Times," which reports it, also summarises Herr Scheidemann's statement in the Reichstag, uncontradicted by the Government, that the average increase in the cost of living of the German people during the last ten years was 33½ per cent., and that the cost of many articles of general consumption had advanced over 60 per cent. If Mr. Bonar Law's statement of fact was inaccurate, his outline of Protectionist policy strikes us as singularly tactless. Mr. Law looked forward with barely concealed delight to a period of bad trade. Every one, he said, engaged in industries threatened by foreign imports, believed that we were on the eve of a new period of dumping. "When that happens," said Mr. Law, "then would be the opportunity of Tariff Reformers. . . . And what the Irish famine had done for Cobden's cause, two bad winters would do for the cause of fiscal reform." Protectionists can hardly expect the British workman to be drawn to a policy whose friends thus gloat over his prospective misery.

* * *

WE gather from Lord Tweedmouth's and Mr. Robertson's speeches that the Government have not the

smallest intention of granting an inquiry into the state of the Navy, a conclusion in which the great body of public opinion will warmly support them. The demand for an inquiry into naval administration and preparedness for war is made, with two or three exceptions, by civilians who, while they freely accuse Sir John Fisher of want of ability in war organisation, themselves know nothing of naval administration, or organisation, or war-making. We are sorry to see the "Spectator" suggesting that a spirit of indiscipline resides among the officers of the Navy. If this is the case, no one has contributed more to the promotion of this spirit than the editor of the "Spectator," who has published communications obviously inspired by officers in the service having a personal and professional animus against the present controllers of the Navy. Few of these statements are definite, and some are incoherent, and the public will not, we believe, regard them as furnishing material for a case for inquiry.

* * *

THE Board of Education issued on Monday last a Memorandum in explanation of the clauses in the Education Act of 1907, which provide for the medical inspection of children in public elementary schools. These clauses, which, as the Memorandum points out, are "the outcome of a steady movement of public opinion throughout the entire community," come into force on January 1st next. They impose upon every local education authority the duty of providing for the regular medical inspection of children, and also empower the authority to make such arrangements as the Board may sanction for attending to the health and physical condition of the children. The Memorandum lays down the principle that since the subject of school hygiene is not "a specialty or a group of specialties existing by and for themselves, but an integral factor in the health of the nation," the work of medical inspection should be carried on in intimate conjunction with the Public Health authorities, and under the direct supervision of the medical officer of health. With this view, the Memorandum provides that each county or borough medical officer of health should be provided with a number of qualified assistants for the purposes of the Act, and it rightly points out that "there are many cases in which women are especially suitable." The policy obviously intended is to bring the work of school inspection under the domain of the sanitary authority.

* * *

THE Memorandum decides that, for the present, three inspections of each child will be sufficient. The first inspection is to take place at the time of the child's admission to the school, the second at about the third year of school life, or the seventh year of age, and the third at about the sixth year of school life, when the child is about ten years old. If the measure is rightly administered, the gain to the community will be enormous. "Its justification," to quote again from the Memorandum, "is not to be measured in terms of money, but in the decrease of sickness and incapacity among children, and in the ultimate decrease of inefficiency and poverty in after life, arising from physical disabilities."

* * *

THE week has seen a sudden revival of the Moroccan anarchy. The Beni Snassen, a powerful tribe of the Riff country, near the Algerian frontier, has surrounded the small French force which is holding Ujda as a pledge for the punishment of the murder, far away at Mazagan, of Dr. Mauchamp. The fighting was serious, though the French succeeded in holding their own. A raiding party has also crossed the frontier into Algeria. The Algerian authorities and the "Temps" are pressing now for a wider field of operations, for an offensive-defensive strategy round Ujda, and for a punitive expedition against the Beni-Snassen. Yet Ujda had

committed no crime; it was a hostage for a distant town, and the Beni-Snassen are resisting an unprovoked invasion. But once begun, such movements can with difficulty be circumscribed. In the West, meanwhile, the troops of the Sultan have at last come into touch with those of the Pretender. General Drude reports that the Pretender's army was victorious.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH, the senior Judge of the Chancery Division, died somewhat suddenly on Friday night week in his seventy-sixth year. With great application and industry, he lacked the qualities of a thoroughly reliable judge, and the great mass of his decisions which were reversed on appeal amounted to something of a scandal. His appointment, indeed, was part of the unhappy leaning to mere partisanship which disfigured Lord Halsbury's nominations to the Bench. This is a fault from which Lord Loreburn is conspicuously free, and though the two lawyers best fitted to succeed Sir Arthur Kekewich—Mr. Warmington and Mr. Eve—chance to be Liberals, no one who has regard for the power and dignity of the Bench would criticise a competent appointment from the other side.—A rather unfortunate figure in Army life has disappeared tragically in the person of Major-General Sir Henry Colville. He was killed when riding a motor-cycle, which came into violent collision, at right angles, with a motor-car driven by his friend, Sir Henry Rawlinson. Sir Henry Colville was a type of the literary soldier, who had always succeeded very well in service in Northern and Eastern Africa. He failed in the South African War. Lord Roberts chose to hold him responsible for the surprise at Sanna's Post and the disaster at Lindley.

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THE English eleven in Australia beat a strong eleven of New South Wales on Monday, which included Trumper, perhaps the best living batsman, and five players of the highest Australian standard, by 408 runs. The victory was in the main achieved by the bowling of Barnes and Fielder, and the brilliant fielding of the Englishmen, for the match exhibited no especially brilliant feat in batting. The M.C.C. eleven has now drawn one match with some difficulty, and won the rest, and though two of its most accomplished players, Hobbs and Hayes, the famous Surrey professionals, are out of form, its six first-class bowlers, backed by exceptionally fine fielding, and fresh and high-spirited batting, ought to ensure success against a Commonwealth eleven. Australian cricket is not now at its top point; and ours is.

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MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "Cæsar and Cleopatra," now running at the Savoy Theatre, was written some ten years ago, and, in some respects, is so dated; but its charm, its frequent breadth and power of historic realisation, and its nearly always playful humour remain, and it should be as successful in London as it has been in the provinces and in America. The part of Cæsar gives Mr. J. Forbes Robertson a splendid opportunity for the display of his individual gifts. It makes demands on his powers of comedy; it has moments of rhetorical magnificence to which the actor's beautiful voice and finished elocution give full value, and it enables him to surround the author's conception with an atmosphere of romance. It might be said that the Cæsar of Mr. Shaw's play, as presented at the Savoy, is the joint creation of the actor and the author, even did the programme not contain a note to that effect. The Cleopatra of Miss Elliot is not so alluring. For half the play she is one of Mr. Shaw's rather waspish young girls, and for the rest she is something like the Cleopatra of history.

[The next number of THE NATION will be devoted to Christmas and Children's Books. It will also contain a fascinating account of explorations among the giants of the Soudan by Sir Alfred Pease.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LIBERALISM.

WE write in ignorance of the result of the West Hull election, but whatever this may be, the political issues which it has raised have fallen into a tangle of unreal controversies. It is unnecessary to say that we owe the largest measure of confusion to the representative of "Tariff Reform." Here, after nearly five years of discussion, we have Sir George Bartley, an advocate of preferential dealing with the Colonies, met with a simple variant of Mr. Asquith's poser to Mr. Balfour, whether he would be prepared to tax "imported corn, beef, and butter," and compelled to answer, "No." Probably no other reply would have been possible in a town whose industrial life depends on free imports. But the fact remains that hardly one practical step has yet been taken towards the construction of a Protectionist majority in the House of Commons, or, indeed, of a party, which, by mere reference to the electoral pledges of its members, would not go to pieces at the first attempt to construct either a Protectionist or a Preferential tariff. Sir George Bartley, however, is not the only one of the three West Hull candidates whose bearings are difficult to ascertain. There can be no doubt that, so far as the spirit and temper of the campaign are concerned, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Holmes are in opposition to each other. Yet, so far as, let us say, the politics of the next ten years is concerned, they represent little more than differing shades of the same profession. Both are Free Traders, both favour Old Age Pensions. If both could be sent to Parliament together, they would register nineteen out of twenty votes in the same lobby. Yet it is impossible to deny a real clash of feeling and opinion between these representatives of Labour and Capital. Mr. Holmes has denounced the famous firm of Wilson, without foundation as it appears, for allying themselves with free as against Union labour, and for assisting the importation of "blacklegs" during the strike at Antwerp. In return, Mr. Wilson's friends denounce and repudiate the more extreme economic doctrine of Mr. Holmes, who, in his turn, does not assume the title of a Socialist. Finally, all three candidates style themselves "Social Reformers," and the contest suggests the practical disappearance of the old Toryism, and an upward movement of so-called Conservative candidates towards the Liberal platform of, say, twenty years ago. The electors of West Hull have, indeed, been invited to choose among three comparatively new types of political faith, Radical Democracy, Tory Democracy, and Social, or Labour, Democracy. Of these professions, the Tory variety appears to make the faintest impression on the popular mind, and, while Whiggism and Free Trade Conservatism are practically effaced, the Protectionist creed cannot be framed in terms at which an English town population will look. The vital competition seems to lie between Free-trade Radicalism, non-Socialist in theory but tending to accept collectivist ideas, and a Labour Party which preaches Socialism but will not take the label or accept the full and resounding conclusions of the Socialist creed.

At first sight a situation of this character would seem to be disadvantageous to the Liberal-Radical Party. There is the danger that Liberalism may be

crushed between idealist Labourism or Socialism and Protectionist Toryism, quite willing to adopt, and incidentally debase, any Socialist idea which serves its purpose. The Government may lose touch with the popular imagination, and may come to be regarded as a pure instrument of "tactics," finally perishing, as Mr. Balfour's Government perished, in the attempt to pursue a medium course between two attractive political propositions. This, no doubt, is the calculation of the Tories, and perhaps also of the extreme spirits in the Labour Party. But we think it is a mistaken calculation, and for one very good reason. Neither of the rivals of Liberalism—if, indeed, the Labour Party is to be considered a rival—is in the least degree competent to take its place. The country and the Empire cannot be governed either by Protectionists or by Socialists. Protection would hopelessly embroil and confuse both; theoretical Socialism, as it stands to-day, could find neither the men nor the means for carrying them on for twenty-four hours. We have always thought and spoken well of the Labour Party, in and out of Parliament. It is a real asset in the business of government, and its influence in the House of Commons is towards purity and simplicity. It includes individuals of repute and force, and though, from its failure to attract the middle-class and professional element, it can present no candidates for constructive statesmanship comparable in knowledge and attainments to politicians of the type of MM. Millerand, Jaurès, or Briand, three or four of its members, such as Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Shackleton, and Mr. Barnes, would quite properly be included in a Cabinet of advanced politicians. But that is the limit of its governing ability. It could not sustain the foreign or the domestic policy of the country. It has hardly thought about foreign relations. It could not appoint ambassadors, negotiate treaties, or even construct or pass Bills. It is in the very first lap of its progress to power, and we are bound to add that it wants both a consistent policy and a definite intellectual ideal. It has not made up its mind to adopt Socialism, it prefers on the whole to remain a trade unionist and manual labourers' party, and it maintains one tone and attitude towards the Government in the House of Commons and quite a different line in the country. The quarrels in the constituencies are not entirely its fault, and we do not profess to understand why Mr. Gladstone's wise policy of a general, though quite loose, understanding with Labour candidates has been dropped at the Liberal headquarters, or even reversed. But the fact remains that while the Socialist-Labour Party attacks the Ministry's candidates in the country, it is unable, when it comes to close range with Ministerial measures and methods, to find and establish any serious ground of quarrel with it.

Therefore, we think that the Liberal Party is still practically without a rival in the effective conduct of affairs. But the condition of that effectiveness is that it should remain a party of ideas, and of ideas thoroughly conceived and pursued with faithfulness and courage. Here, indeed, it has fallen from its old ground of vantage. Not only is it without a great orator, who can make politics *glow*, but very unwisely, as it seems to us, it is stripping itself of the powerful emotional appeal to instincts of liberty and justice which Gladstone's foreign policy assured to

it. It has avoided a similar error in home politics. An honourable provision for old age is an idea; the taxation of wealth in proportion to its ability to pay, and the extent to which it owes its accumulations to social rather than to individual effort, is an idea; the return of the people to the land is an idea; the freedom of the Church is an idea. Within these limits lies an immense field of fruitful and inspiring action, within which neither of the rivals of Liberalism can move with equal freedom and power.

THE COST OF OLD AGE PENSIONS.

THE stoppage placed on Liberal legislation by the House of Lords has had this effect among others, that it has concentrated the attention of Liberals on those measures of social reform which fall within the undoubted sphere of the House of Commons alone. It is only in the region of finance that the Government is in the full sense master in its own house, and to financial reform accordingly the party is now looking for those constructive, organic measures by which alone so great a democratic majority can justify its existence. Two such measures are fully "ripe" for the political harvest of next Session. One is such a reform of rating as will transfer the burden of local expenditure from buildings to the land, relieve the poorer classes of ratepayers, and place at the disposal of every town a fraction of the wealth which its own growth creates. The other is a measure designed to place the relief of the aged poor on a new basis.

This method of attacking the problem of poverty is not, it may be, the ideally best. Scientific reformers expect more in the end from such changes of the economic system and such improvements in popular education as tend to equalise opportunities and improve the conditions of the working class. But, until the constitutional issue is decided, there can be no fair field for the discussion of such changes. It is a part of the necessities of the present situation, which the House of Lords, and the propertied classes who support them, have created, that the Government must concentrate its forces on the reforms which it can carry, and if the propertied classes do not like the increased burden of taxation, which must result, they have themselves and their special champions to thank for the particular line which reform is taking. The great question of the age is the question of the persistence of poverty in the midst of wealth, and a Parliament like the present must deal with that question or stand condemned. Above all, it must not peddle with the question. The problem is a great one, and its solution requires thoroughness and courage. The proposal of pensions for the aged poor approaches it at that particular point at which the solution, though by no means free from difficulties, is still relatively simple.

The assumption of all non-contributory pension schemes—and no others need be discussed here—is that the bulk of the poverty of the aged is a necessary consequence of the system of modern industry. That system has its merits. It is favourable to the production of wealth on an enormous scale. Improved as it has been by our Free-trade finance on the one hand, and the many-sided regulation of industrial conditions on the other, it is by no means so unfavourable to an

equitable distribution of wealth as it was a couple of generations ago. But when the best is said for modern industry and "free enterprise," it remains that the average wage of the industrial classes, that is the average income of some 70 per cent. of the population, is fixed by the forces of competition at a point which affords them a very modest share in the advantages of civilisation. If, again, we consider the lower half of this 70 per cent., we find them still but little above the "subsistence minimum." They live to bring up children, and that is as much as can be said. Doubtless, faults of character and defects of ability enter as factors into the question, but these faults and defects are in turn engendered by low wages, bad housing, and insufficient food. As political economists told us long ago, "economic injuries tend to perpetuate themselves." The governing condition of the situation is that as long as large classes remain economically helpless, so long they will be driven by the stronger to accept bad conditions of work and wages. Where, then, is redress to be found? No reforms at present suggested with any hope of practical success are likely to alter the fundamental conditions. It is impossible to "endow" the adult labourer without returning to the conditions of the old poor law. But it is possible to do something for the young and for the old, for those who have not reached, and those who have passed, the age for labour. So far as the old are concerned, the principle underlying the demand for pensions is simple enough. It is that, apart from personal faults and failings of his own, the conditions of industry do not enable the average person born in the poorer classes to earn such an income in his ordinary working life as will enable him to lay by provision for his old age. As a member of a rich and civilised community he is, it is held, entitled to the decencies of life, and in particular to independence. Such a guarantee against the worst miseries of old age should surely be the right of every decent citizen, and our own country is rich enough to afford it. Far from discouraging thrift, it is believed that the certainty of a small pension would stimulate hope by making independent comfort something more than a dream. Far from loosening the ties of family responsibility, it would tend to avert the disruption of the family by making the old people welcome house-mates for their grown-up children. Far from sapping independence, it would raise the poorer classes out of that slough of pauperism which, in old age, is the lot of probably one-half of its number.

If these hopes are to be realised, it must be kept steadily in mind that the pension is of the nature of a right. It is not to be won by special desert, nor to depend on the good graces of the authorities. These considerations rule out the various tests of thrift and industry which have been proposed. Substantially, the only condition with which they are compatible is an income limit. This means that no one with an independent income of, say, 10s. a week or more, would be entitled to a pension. The pension would, of course, not cease abruptly at 10s., but would be graduated so that the total income would not exceed some sum that would be fixed between 10s. and 15s. a week. We do not say that such a limit is desirable, and we think it possible that the middle classes, who, as income-tax payers, are at present anxious to keep down the cost of

the scheme, will, when it is once instituted for the poor, desire, even at some increase of cost, to come into it themselves. But that is as hereafter may be. A "universal" scheme giving 5s. a week at the age of 65, would cost $27\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and we may assume that no Chancellor of the Exchequer would be prepared to add the whole of that sum at a stroke to the national expenditure. Let us, then, consider what reduction an income limit would effect. We base our calculations mainly on numerous figures given in a useful work on "Old Age Pensions,"* by Mr. William Sutherland.

The number of people aged 65 and upwards in the United Kingdom is estimated for 1907 as 2,116,267. From this we should deduct 778,283 for those whose incomes exceed ten shillings a week, and 33,661 for aliens, criminals, and lunatics. Further, a deduction must be made for those who would remain in work-houses, infirmaries, &c., either for the sake of medical attendance or because unable to support themselves on their pension (we assume that the pension would be forfeited by any subsequent application for relief). We have no means of fixing this figure with precision, but it is likely that, at any rate in the first years of the present scheme, the bulk of the present indoor aged paupers would stay where they are. In any case, errors on this head are the less important because indoor paupers now cost the public more than 5s. per head, so that if a larger number take their pension, there should be a full per contra account. We deduct 75,000, then, on this account, a number which nearly corresponds to the actual aged-pauper population of England and Wales alone, and assumes that a balance proportionate to the remaining pauper population of the United Kingdom would quit the workhouse and come on the pensions list. These deductions amount to 886,944, and they leave us with a pension list of 1,229,323. At 5s. a week the cost would be £15,981,199. From this would have to be deducted a saving on outdoor relief, which Mr. Sutherland places at £2,000,000, leaving the net cost, exclusive of administration, at £13,981,199, or, with administration, of something over £14,000,000. Some minor possibilities of saving having been omitted, we may take this figure as quite an outside estimate.

Is some such sum out of the reach of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Given reasonable military economy, we think not. He started with $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions laid by last year. If we are not greatly deceived, the new system of income-tax returns has revealed unexpected accessions of wealth among those whose incomes fall short of £2,000 a year, and we shall not be surprised if the year's surplus swells the $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions to five. The success of the new system will of itself create an imperious demand for extending the requirement of full returns to the richest classes, and a very large accession to the revenue may be anticipated under this head. On these points it is, from the nature of the case, impossible to give figures, but so far we have been speaking of probable increments of revenue without increased taxation. We may point out that a graduated increase of taxation on large incomes so arranged as to bring in the equivalent of 6d. in the £ on incomes over £5,000 a year would, on a moderate estimate of the amount of those incomes, bring five millions to the Exchequer. Putting all the automatic increases together at five

millions, this gives us ten towards our total. Leaving out of account the promised tax on motor-cars, we may anticipate £2,000,000 from a graduated license duty, and if we cannot save £2,000,000 of the present military expenditure, we shall know where to put the blame.

It is, of course, impossible to specify accurately the sources from which such a sum can be raised without the help of figures which are not at present available. But what has been said is at least sufficient to indicate that the provision of £14,000,000 for the discharge of a great civilising duty is no intolerable burden on a nation whose gross income is estimated at £1,800,000,000, a very large proportion of which is concentrated in the hands of a small portion of the people. Should Mr. Asquith shrink from the provision of the full sum, we would for our part rather see the cost cut down by raising the age or lowering the income limit than by complicating the conditions under which the pension is obtainable. We want to clear the bulk of the aged poor out of the domain of the poor law. The scheme demanded of this Government must be wide enough and simple enough to establish this change in principle, and so remove from the normal life of poverty that shadow of pauperism which deepens with advancing age.

TWO GERMAN LEGENDS.

Two German legends have been much used for political purposes in England. The one is the legend of German prosperity; the second is the legend of a great German Navy. The first was introduced by the Tariff Reformers when Mr. Chamberlain hit upon German Protection as furnishing the model of a scientific tariff. It has also been used by Mr. Haldane, Lord Roberts, and the National Service League, to illustrate the value of military discipline and training for the working classes. The second was introduced by the Admiralty and Navy League, to take the place of Russia, which was our Naval Bogey until the Russo-Japanese War. Both these legends are just now on their trial, and they are brought into close juxtaposition by the appearance of the German Budget, with a huge deficit, to which an increase in the Naval Estimates largely contributes.

When we speak of the legend of German prosperity, we are very far from meaning that Germany is not a great industrial country. Ever since the Middle Ages the German towns have stood in the front rank. The industry and skill of the artificers and merchants of Nuremberg, Cologne, Hamburg, or Bremen have been famed for ages. The comparative peace of the last eighty years, the development of coal-fields, the great discoveries and inventions, the removal of a hundred tariffs, and the establishment of internal Free Trade throughout the new Empire of Germany, have given a tremendous impulse to manufactures and production. Englishmen may well recognise all this, and rejoice. It has made Germany our best customer in all Europe. The trade between the two countries is so vast, and their commercial intercourse so close, that interruption of it would spell ruin to thousands of merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the North Sea.

But we may rejoice without being envious. The industrial world is now apparently at the end of a great industrial boom. Here in England a recession in trade is just beginning to be felt. We could not

* Methuen & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

hope to escape entirely the effects of the American panic. But our trade is still very good and there is not the slightest doubt about the soundness of our commercial fabric, however much individual merchants and financial houses may be injured by the collapse in the States. Employment is already a little worse than last year; but as yet there are no signs of wholesale dismissals, though in America factories are being everywhere closed. But Germany, which has far less concern with the United States, is already in an evil plight. For several weeks past a series of important failures have occurred, beginning in the bureaucratic towns, with great merchant homes, and spreading inland to textile and other factories. The correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" in Berlin speaks of "the economic crisis on which Germany seems to be entering," and of "grave uneasiness in all sections of the German population." He illustrates the state of affairs by two local symptoms. In November, as a rule, domestic servants are difficult to obtain in Berlin, but "at this moment the registries in Berlin have more cooks and housemaids on their books than for very many months past. The fact is that people who formerly had two servants are now managing to get along with one, while families who kept only a single maid are frequently under the necessity of doing the house-work themselves." So much for the middle classes. The rich are also in difficulties. "Another ominous sign is the number of almost new motor-cars which are now offered for sale. Automobiles of the best makes that have been only a few months, or even weeks, on the road can be picked up by those rare people who have the necessary ready cash for the price of an old song."

It is evident from this that the famous tariff of Germany, that monument of modern statesmanship on which Mr. Hewins casts the envious eye of a humble copyist, is not doing much for the well-to-do. Their fortunes are not broadening with the broadening of the basis of taxation. The last tariff ought to have done wonders for them. It was most scientifically devised. All the experts were called in—Professor Schmoller and Professor Wagner, and the rest. Taxes were carefully increased on every food grown in Germany, as well as on every article manufactured in Germany; and, after months of preparation, a series of commercial treaties were constructed. What have all these instruments of prosperity done for the working man? Let us see. On Monday, Herr Scheidemann, a Social Democrat, who represents the Solingen division of Düsseldorf, interpellated the Government on the subject of food taxes. He quoted statistics (which were not controverted) to show that food and the necessities of life are, on an average, at least one-third higher than ten years ago. What then cost a mark now costs a mark and 33 pfennigs. But rye, the staple food of the labouring classes throughout Germany, has risen in the same period by no less than 62 per cent. The black 3 lb. loaf made of rye now costs sixpence in Berlin, as a correspondent of the "Economist" in that city pointed out only the other day, whereas the white 4 lb. loaf in London costs only 5½d. Since 1901 the price of wheat in Germany has risen 45 per cent., and potatoes are 12 per cent. higher this year than last. In ten years beef, veal, mutton, and pork have risen from 36 to 50 per cent. There is no pretence that wages have risen in anything like this proportion. Trade has been unusually active in the last

two or three years; but the lot of the German labourer has been growing harder. And now the new tariff is beginning to bite. According to the "Times" correspondent's summary of Herr Scheidemann's speech, "the working classes view the approach of winter with alarm."

However, the outlook may be bad; but Tariff Reform and Militarism combined will see the poor people of Germany through the cold weather. It is usual in the extreme winter months for the Berlin police to collect crowds of half-frozen people together, and to drive them into warm underground retorts, where they are thawed for half an hour, and then driven out to make room for a fresh relay. But in addition to social provision such as this for the emergency of very cold weather, the German Government now has in hand another remedy. The Kaiser's Generals and Admirals have met together, and have decided that last year's deficit was not large enough; so they will add to their expenditure, buy more guns, lay down more battleships, try to deepen the Kiel Canal, and enlarge the docks. Strangely enough, this prospect does not seem to please the Government's supporters. The "Bloc," which might have accepted the new expenditure, is coy about the new taxation. The brandy monopoly may be all very well, but the proposed taxation of cigars will be stoutly resisted, and as for an addition to the income tax, or the succession duties, the mere thought of it has sent a cold shudder through the representatives of the middle-classes. A correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" tells us that the talk of political circles of Berlin is the financial fiasco of "the so-called Tariff Reform" introduced by Freiherr von Stengel, the present Secretary of the Treasury, in 1905. The high expectations entertained of the taxes then imposed have been woefully disappointed. To a Free Trader this is not at all surprising. We know by old experience that as indirect taxes multiply or mount beyond a certain point, their produce decreases. But in Germany it was thought that the Broadening of the Basis and the Flowing Revenue would go together. The professors and officials are now undeceived, and great is the confusion. Already there is talk of a Government defeat and a dissolution. But what could be gained? To dissolve in the midst of a financial and economic crisis, amid the apprehension of the rich and the anger of the poor, would only play into the hands of the Social Democrats, who might, under such conditions, obtain a commanding position in the Reichstag. It is far more likely that (as has so often happened before) the Estimates will be curtailed and a further increase of debt sanctioned. The difficulties of the Empire are aggravated by the difficulties of Prussia. There, again, the Government cannot make both ends meet, yet it is introducing a costly scheme for buying out Polish landowners in order to plant German colonists. A real crisis is almost certainly at hand, which, though it must be accompanied by much suffering, may produce a welcome revolution in German politics.

THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

ONE of the most conspicuous facts in the religious life of the last two or three decades is the decline of the Oxford movement as an intellectual force. In its origin a product of the Romantic movement, which exercised such a fascination over Europe in the first half of the

nineteenth century, its strength, like Romanticism, consisted in its appeal to the emotions, the imagination, and the picturesque traditions of the past. It was a legitimate revolt from the frigid intellectualism of the eighteenth century; it offered a welcome outlet to the mystic, imaginative, and emotional elements in the breasts of men. The supreme ideal of the eighteenth century was the deification of reason. It was a magnificent conception; and it attained its end by giving a position to the powers of reason which they had never attained before. But the great luminaries in the eighteenth century did not sufficiently realise that man is more than a merely rational animal; that his nature finds some of its deepest satisfactions in frames of mind with which reason has little to do. It was the mission of Romanticism to correct this error; to give life a richer and deeper content; to revive the sense of awe and mystery imbedded in the inscrutable scheme of things. Until this task was accomplished, Romanticism produced a succession of admirable intellectual champions in literary, philosophic, and religious thought. But as soon as the truths of its teaching were absorbed in the general culture of the age, its weaknesses immediately manifested themselves, and it sank beneath the horizon like a light which has spent its force. It was inevitable that the decay of the Romantic movement should be accompanied by the decay of the Oxford Revival, which formed in this country so prominent a part of it. It is true Tractarianism drags out a degenerate existence in the form of ritualism. But the intellectual vitality has gone out of it; it has been superseded by a higher and deeper religious synthesis; it exists, like other superannuated things, as a survival from the past.

The causes which have led to the supersession of the Oxford movement are intricate and multifarious, but one of the most powerful of them has been the rise and triumphant development of historical criticism applied to Biblical and ecclesiastical literature. A purely historical study of the sources of the Christian faith and of the growth of the Church has irrevocably overthrown the Romantic conceptions of the rise and development of Christian institutions imagined by Pusey and his friends. Every serious student of Christian origins is aware of this, even if his mind is biassed in favour of traditional solutions. In these circumstances it is pathetic to see a man like Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Birmingham, picking up the *débris* of the old Romanticist theology, and offering its poor, mangled remains as a spiritual ideal for the modern mind. This is the manifest object of his new book on "The New Theology and the Old Religion." He has undertaken an impossible task. We cannot rest upon a past which history tells us never was present. But Dr. Gore, as Mr. Percy Gardner truly says, is not a historian. He has the dogmatic, not the historical, attitude of mind; and in all his discussions he mixes up history and dogma in a manner which is fatal to the truth of both. He does not look at the facts of sacred and ecclesiastical history with the legitimate presuppositions of the historian, but with the illegitimate assumptions of the ecclesiastical dogmatist. He reads the teachings of the Nicene Creed into the vital texture of primitive Christianity, just as the Pope reads the dogma of his own infallibility into an irrelevant Biblical text. Methods of this kind, it need hardly be said, are an outrage on the elementary laws of historical enquiry. If Dr. Gore were a private individual, we should be prepared to regard his peculiar method of interpreting history as a harmless eccentricity. But he is a Bishop of the National Church. In this capacity he informs us that he forces young men who wish to enter the service of that Church to read the substance of Biblical Christianity into the creeds; in other words, to read history in the same arbitrary manner as himself. Little wonder that a ministry recruited after this fashion is steadily losing its hold on public confidence, and a Church so administered is becoming, as

the Bishop of Carlisle asserts, more and more denationalised.

As far as the interpretation of history is concerned, the Bishop of Birmingham is half a century behind the times, and the same may be said of his interpretation of the substance of the Christian faith. According to him, the substance of Christianity is a scheme of dogmatic theology, expressed in the Creeds, and he demands a "real assent of heart and will and intellect to the teaching of the Creeds." He would admit no one into his diocese or into holy orders who does not *ex animo* believe the creeds. Here, again, we have the old, worn-out Tractarian theology, with its impossible demands on the Christian conscience; its repellent hardness and narrowness. It does not seem to occur to Dr. Gore that English bishops of more commanding powers than himself, and with a much deeper knowledge of Christian origins, take an entirely different view as to the essential nature of Christianity. The late Bishop Lightfoot—a name of world-wide reputation—has expressly and emphatically repudiated the idea that the Gospel is a dogmatic system, embodied in a creed or creeds. It is capable, he says, "of doctrinal exposition, and it is fertile in ethical results, yet its substance is neither a dogmatic system nor an ethical code, but a Person and a Life." According to Dr. Gore, the fundamentals of belief consist in a literal adhesion to the creeds; according to Dr. Lightfoot, these fundamentals are not a creed at all, but a Personality, whose spirit and character are set before us in the primitive canonical documents. All the best elements in modern religious life are rallying round the position that the supreme source and standard of Christianity is a Person and not a Creed. Dr. Gore's teaching on this vital point is obscurantist and reactionary.

It is illogical as well, for he refuses to accept the teaching of the creeds. He says that he recites the Minatory Clauses of the Athanasian creed "with a large qualification." What becomes of the claim for an *ex animo* assent to the creeds from others, when he confesses that he cannot give this assent himself? He feels this difficulty, but he maintains that in reciting parts of the creed in which he does not believe he is "only doing what the church which commissions him bids him to do." It would be interesting to have chapter and verse for this statement. In what authoritative document does the Church of England empower any of its ministers to recite certain clauses of the creed with "a large qualification which is not expressed"? Is it in the Declaration of Assent which every clergyman must make before he is ordained? It can be nowhere else. This declaration undoubtedly allows a large amount of intellectual liberty in the interpretation of the doctrines of the Church. But this liberty is not confined to a liberal interpretation of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed. It is mere arbitrariness to confine clerical liberty to these clauses alone. The Declaration of Assent makes no such distinctions. It makes no mention of the creeds at all. The Church of England in its official formularies attaches no more importance to the creeds than it does to the Prayer Book or the Articles of Religion. It permits us to exercise exactly the same liberty in interpreting the creeds as in the interpretation of the Articles. It is of this liberty that Dr. Gore is striving with all his might to deprive the clergy of the Church of England. In these efforts he will no doubt meet with the applause of ecclesiastical partisans. But the permanent forces and the historic movement in Christendom are against him. Creeds at their best are but symbols, and never definitions of supreme religious realities. The meaning of them is always imperceptibly changing, even when the words remain the same. Their real value consists in their capacity to take on new and higher meanings, so that from age to age they may remain as ancient vehicles for expressing the living experiences of faith.

Life and Letters.

THE DISLIKE OF THE INTELLECTUAL.

THE public enquiry into the case of Lieutenant Woods may or may not do a personal service to that officer, a point which we do not desire to prejudge; but it does afford some interesting material for a study of social life in a crack regiment. Mr. Woods is evidently an officer of much zeal. He passes out of Sandhurst, seventeenth among 120 candidates. For six years he earns good reports, both on service in South Africa and at home. He learns languages; he spends his leave in making investigations abroad at his own expense, for which he is specially thanked by the Intelligence Department. His chief desire is to gain experience, and he applies (unsuccessfully) for Egypt, for the Macedonian gendarmerie, and for the Staff College. But he neglects sports, does not frequent the Guards' Club, or join in the regimental drag, refuses invitations to ride and play golf, and, to crown all, absents himself while at Aldershot from mess, in order to take linguistic lessons in London. He is universally unpopular, "rubs people up the wrong way," and fills his comrades with a desire to be rid of him. One of them tells him in 1904 that "the best thing he can do is to go out altogether," remarks that he would not be seen in the same street with his corpse, and winds up with a hint that unless he goes there may be a ragging scandal. He shows, however, considerable independence and courage, and declines to go. In the spring of 1907 his superior officers warn him that, for the first time in his career, the report on his progress will be damning, and advise him to send in his papers within five days. He claims an enquiry, on the ground that these last reports were simply the expression of the regiment's desire to get rid of him. His superior officers reply that he really had a bad manner with his men, and had made mistakes in handling them at manoeuvres. It is possible that these charges are true, though they would not affect his competence for "paper" work. A good student is not necessarily a good leader of men. But it is quite certain that, even if superior officers had been compelled to report in this sense, for the first time in seven years, against a popular comrade, they would not have used pressure to drive him out of the service.

The moral of the case is quite clearly that an officer, however studious and zealous, cannot hope to have a smooth and prosperous career unless he joins in what is called "the life of the regiment." The life of the regiment, be it well understood, means its amusements. Its serious business, the duties which the nation pays it to perform, do not fall within the meaning of that significant term. Given the system by which officers live in common as men engaged in the civil service or in business do not, it is perhaps inevitable that this feeling should grow up. It may be all important to the country that an officer should study fortification or Japanese, but it looks as if his manners in the mess-room, his handicap at golf, or his form in the hunting-field were the things that made him an acceptable comrade. The "regiment," like every other social organisation, will defend itself against the "bore" and the "prig." By rudeness or by ragging, it makes existence intolerable for any sensitive man, and in the last resort it can apply to his professional work a carping and rigorous criticism which will close the door to promotion. The poor man, the "ranker," the studious and ambitious soldier, who is no sportsman, can be made unwelcome in a thousand ways, which afford no material to a court of enquiry. The authorities can, if they please, put down "ragging," but that only drives the regiment to other expedients. The interesting part of it all is that in all these measures which it takes to preserve the traditions of its social life, "the regiment" may be acting in perfect good faith. There is no conscious antithesis in its mind between its own interests as a club, and its duty to the nation. Mr. Rufus Isaacs's skilful cross-examination revealed something of the mentality of these Grenadiers. They ran into his traps

headlong just as they would have run into a Boer ambushade. One declares naively that it is only by playing golf and riding and mixing with his comrades in the mess-room, that an officer can hope to become a leader of men. Another opines that an unpopular officer will never be of any use to his country. There is a whole theory of life under these sayings. It is the typical theory of the English upper classes. They quite sincerely believe that a man with no tastes for games, a man who does not "get on" in a rather idle and frivolous society, is a "rotter" who must be "kicked," and told (as one titled witness put it) to "buck up." In their world intelligence counts for little, and science for less. It is quite incapable of understanding that there are activities in which other qualities do happen to count. Waterloo, says the spurious epigram, was won on the playgrounds of Eton. It is fairly certain that the battle of the Tugela was lost there.

Such a case as this is calculated to fill the sanguine military reformer with despair. He knows that the Army will never offer a tempting career to the type of man who may succeed in the more scientific professions, while this social atmosphere prevails in the "best" regiments. The type of mind and character which would really make a brilliant officer is to be found in a rather lower social stratum, among the young men who go out at present to build bridges in Canada, or dams in Egypt, or railways in India—eager, scientific, intelligent, and yet capable of great physical endurance and used to the management of men. That type of man, without any advantage of birth or social prestige, can govern, and govern without the aid of an iron discipline based on fear, by the sheer power of his ability and character. But he will not enter the Army. The existence would bore him; the sports would ruin him, the knowledge that keenness and ability are no certain passports to promotion would unman him. Against the massive caste prejudice which still rules the Army, even the Hegelianism of a philosophic Minister will break in vain. A man who has not trained himself to hunt otters and tame deer would not know "how to begin to kill an Afghan or a hairy Boer,"—the disgusting sentence occurred the other week in an article by a cavalry expert in the "Saturday Review." It shows how deep the conviction still is, even among the relatively literate men in the Army, that fighting is a kind of sport. The conception that war is in the main a matter of scientific organisation and a highly technical mechanical art has hardly begun to penetrate the brain of the fighting caste.

The education of the Army, if it ever comes at all, will be a slow and tedious process. For it involves something much more fundamental than the improvement of professional training. It involves the transformation of all the habits of thought, in which the men of the English upper middle class are reared from boyhood upwards. The first lesson which a small boy learns when he contemplates the time-table of his preparatory school is that sport is the substantial half of life. The second lesson which he learns, when he grasps the social structure of the school, is that a venerable and powerful hierarchy is watching over him to impose upon him a minute and rigid conformity to a set of unwritten canons of behaviour, which really rest on a deeply rooted, if unconscious, theory of life. Only the vigorous rebel, the untameable eccentric, succeeds in maintaining any elasticity of mind. The average product is a youth who will continue to believe that sport is the larger half of life, and correctitude, good form, and conformity to caste rules the only ideal of conduct. From such material a keen and zealous corps of officers could be formed only by a miracle. The reform of the Army means at bottom the reform of the school.

For the rest the moral of this case is, we think, that a Minister bent on reconciling efficiency with economy might very well begin by carrying out a drastic reduction in the establishment of the Guards. Lieutenant Woods was told by his Grenadier comrades that if he did not choose to expatriate himself to Uganda he had better go into a Line regiment, where he would

probably do very well. If the theory of the Guardsmen is that these privileged corps are no place for an officer who is too keen a student to spare time for polo and golf, the rest of us are driven to the conclusion that we might very well dispense with the Guards. If the Line is the haven to which all keen and zealous officers are ultimately driven, then the Line is quite sufficient for the purposes which the taxpayer has in view in maintaining an army.

THE HEART OF THE HEBREWS.

THE study of the Bible as literature has been deprecated by those who interpret "literature" as a criticism of style and decoration, unconcerned with the ultimate realities of existence. Against such a condemnation Mr. Courtney appeals in the preface to "The Literary Man's Bible" (Chapman & Hall). In a series of extracts from the Old Testament, its history, its prophetic and wisdom books, its poetry, he endeavours to provide the reader with some new material, of a new interest. He would exhibit the sacred books of the Hebrews as the expression through many changing centuries of the life of a nation; in the tragedy of overthrow, in the exultation of victory; passing from the beauty and simplicity of the early legends to the perplexity concerning the meaning and end of life, which always broods over an age of wealth and comfort, and security. And in this method there is found an escape from that even acceptance of chapter and verse which, as drilled into the mind in childhood, finds all the work equally profitable, all equally inspired, and (it must be confessed), in many cases all equally tedious. The splendour of that literature remains, the great conceptions of the life of God and the life of man, which were elaborated by this tiny, harassed people, crushed between the desert and the sea. There remains, also, the final and perfect expression, in an extraordinarily vivid imagery of the unchanging facts of human experience. Whatever large secular change may come in the future to the human family, we can scarcely conceive of any in which the Hebrew imagery will not be naturally accepted as the vehicle of man's expression. The transitory and hazardous quality of human life is in it, in unforgettable comparison; like a dream when one awaketh; like a tale that is told; like a watch in the night; like the grass that withers; like the leaf that falls; like the flower that fades. The unchanging life of man is there also, enduring the sunlight and the winter rain; flinging the seed into the ground, hopeful always of another harvest; storing little yearly dues of wheat, and wine, and oil. The olives, and the vineyards, and the cornfields, indeed, ring like a note of music through the varying episodes of this troubled history; theirs is the promise of the first incursion from the desert wilderness; theirs is the destruction so frequently consummated in rebellion and wild warfare—the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth, because joy is withered away from the sons of men. And with the sharp sense of the open air and sunshine, theirs is the abiding promise of all fruitful seasons, when the menace of the desert and the old throb of the sea shall alike be stilled, and each man shall eat the fruit of his own labour, none making him afraid. But perhaps its highest distinction is that confidence of a future redemption, which lightens the darkest hour with assurance of some purpose and meaning in it all; whose affirmations have expressed the desperate hopes of man through so many ages in which the blind brutal gods of Chance and Fortune have seemed altogether triumphant; which with a splendid audacity was content not only with the transfiguration of humanity in an ultimate accession of intelligence and kindness, but also with a whole transformed nature; when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the serpent and the insect, man's deadliest foes, shall become the playmates of his children, and the wilderness and solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

It is a fierce, almost blinding patriotism that beats from first to last through its passionate pages. We lose

the wonder of this emotion in our later mythical interpretations of "Zion," and in the light of the miracle of its subsequent fame. But Jerusalem, in this literature, is a tiny mountain village, smaller than most of England's county capitals, the centre of a pigmy kingdom of the dimension of England's lesser counties. It can be seen to-day in the more remote regions of an unchanging East, a huddle of narrow white streets, and tumbled white houses, set out upon a barren hillside, amid wild and desolate hills, with no sanitation or comfort, heavy with an Eastern squalor, peopled by wild men with bright eyes and temper never far from the surface. On either side of it stretched vast civilisations, complex and elaborate in life and ornament. To this little town these were less than nothing and vanity; it fought them through the ages as Montenegro fought the Turk; it defied them when they assailed it; it mourned in laments whose tragedy still sounds poignant across all the dead centuries; it longed for its home in the land of exile; it broke into fierce rejoicing when they were destroyed. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning," was the expression of those, whose prayer was also "May they prosper who love thee." "Mount Zion," was their pathetic boast of their sacred hill, is the "joy of the whole earth." "O be favourable and gracious unto Zion," is the petition of those who have sunk the sense of the individual in the desire of the race. "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem." And there still abides the sense of tears and happiness in the cry of deliverance which trembles across the vast spaces of time from a people so long dead and vanished: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion; then were we like unto those that dream."

Jahveh is the God of His people, and goes forth with them to victory. There is much at the beginning of the mere blind worship of a tribal god, who is leading their armies into the battle. Something of the Permanent Fear of the Unknown and Omnipotent is here also, with a god like Setebos in Caliban's soliloquy, who is jealous of any sign of human happiness, and must be placated with torments and bloody sacrifice. But by some magic this conception became transformed into a Deity to be loved as well as worshipped. From the heart of this fierce and passionate people there arose a vision of tenderness and compassion, until their God came to be symbolised in all terms of human endearment—"like as a father pitieth his children," "As one whom his mother comforteth," "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust." They had no faith in any restoration in a future existence, in which all the world's wrongs should be righted, and the human heart find rest. "The dead praise not Thee, O Lord," is their continual burden, "They that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth." They turned with shuddering from that after-world of thin and spectral shadows. They had not appreciated—or not until the end, in the pessimism of the wisdom books—the fundamental irony of a humanity praising God Who would bring all men to naught. These never joined in that defiance of the Creation before a Creator Who—on the assumption of this universal mortality—has tricked and played with the unfortunate race of men; the defiance of the gods in the later Greek tragedy, the defiance of the gods in much of nineteenth-century literature. Because "Thou hast fed one rose with dust of men"; because the sweet springs for all the pleasant streams, in the end become as bitter as the sea; therefore (is the modern proclamation), "All we are against Thee, against Thee, O God most high." This feeling is absent from the Hebrew literature. They were content with what life could give them: this short life of frost and sun. They praised their God—as in that marvellous "Song of Hezekiah"—when he delivered them from the sickness of death; not thinking that this was but a convalescence and reprieve. They thanked Him for the kindly harvest, for the air and pleasant sunshine, for deliverance from their enemies. They were content to accept—as children—life's greater bewilderingments, in an acquiescence, not without its pathos, that "the Judge of all the earth" is doing right.

It was only when increased prosperity had pro-

duced a class of wealth and leisure, and social diseases produced social discontent, that this simple creed of life broke down. Then came the questionings which could not be answered: Why the wicked obtain such prosperity and so fearlessly flourish; why the ungodly triumph for so long and have riches in possession; why the human heart wanders restlessly as a ghost through all the splendours of its material possessions, and refuses to be satisfied. The appeal is at first to Reason: that the wicked are set in slippery places; that evil shall slay the wicked; that, if not in some sudden lightening, yet in the slow process of time, the moral law will be vindicated. And then this collapses, the appeal is to Unreason: to the impossible, grotesque, wild, and irrational character of the world, in which uncouth sea beasts flounder in the ocean depths, and the number of the months and the propagation of the animals is equally inexplicable, and the sun falls on the desert where no man is. When they had attained to this affirmation, they had run through the gamut of ultimate experience; no further progress in national religion was possible. They had passed from such deliberate and swinging confidence as that of the Christian beginnings, with their cloudless vision of a world whose origin and goal is plain, into the Agnosticism, tempered by hope or embittered by a cosmic despair, which expresses the Europe of the twentieth century.

It is because in the main they went forward undismayed, with something of the simplicity of children, that their written works have formed the treasury of the humble in the subsequent time. They believed that human life could be made desirable and significant; they believed in the possibility of a social redemption; they looked forward to a better time coming. They faced life "without opium," in its bedrock realities, through plagues and famine, foreign invasion and domestic malice, and all the terrors of a time when a kind of furious madness seemed to have mingled with the seed of men. From all of it they derived lessons of consolation, of endurance, of indomitable patience; refusing always to give up and acknowledge the supremacy of the Powers of Darkness, content to face the unknown with a stout heart, unafraid.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

THE attitude of the ordinary reader towards such an exhibition of books as the "Tribune" Office presents this week, is one of bewildered impotence. The cheapening of books, as, indeed, of all forms of printed matter, which the last few years have brought, staggers him with the magnitude of his intellectual fortune. Amid such a multitude of vociferous claimants, how should he know what to read and what to buy? It is therefore, well that in this perplexity such a man as Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has made as full and as profitable a use of books as any living Englishman, should tender his advice. Mr. Harrison's advice may be summarised in two simple maxims, "Buy good books," "Read, or at any rate taste, your books before you buy."

It is matter of frequent comment that we who have in the course of the last few centuries produced a greater and more varied volume of fine literature than any other people, are not a nation of book buyers, or of readers. No one who compares the paucity of number and the paltry character of the bookshops in any ordinary English town with those of a town of corresponding size and character in Germany, France, Switzerland, or Holland, can doubt the accuracy of this judgment. That there is a considerable sale even of solid literature in this country is doubtless true. But it forms a trifling portion of the national expenditure, and is virtually confined to a minute fraction of the educated public. We doubt whether the proportion of the nation which buys as many as twenty volumes a year (excepting railway literature) would amount to more than one tenth of one per cent. of the total population, and a far smaller proportion could satisfy Mark Pattison's test of an educated man, that he should spend at least five per cent. of his income upon books.

As a people, we have never taken books seriously, as we have taken horses. Hence, as Ruskin has pointed out, we speak of men who are interested in collecting books as "bibliomaniacs," but have never even thought of coining the word "hippo-maniac" to designate those who squander far larger sums on horses and on racing.

Much, indeed, is said of the sudden loosening of cheap reprints of our great national literature, which new trade methods and the lapse of mid-Victorian copyrights are causing. That it should be possible, as it is, to purchase in attractive binding and serviceable print, the poetry of Keats for sixpence, and Macaulay's History for eighteen-pence, is a great opportunity of national gain. The enormous output of "great books" in this new shape is certainly substantial evidence of a national demand. These books are widely bought, and we fain would hope are widely read. But of this last fact we feel less certain. There are large, rising grades of English society where a bookcase filled with volumes of standard authors belongs to the equipment of domestic respectability. This was once true only of the upper-middle class. Now it applies also to a larger lower-middle and even an artisan class in Lancashire and other districts where this sale of cheap reprints is known to be particularly large. The present education of large classes has just reached the point where the names of great books and of their authors are known and command a certain half-superstitious veneration. There is just enough desire and curiosity to tempt to the possession of books which are clearly "bargains"; is there enough to last for intelligent perusal? But to this matter, it may be contended, faith is applicable, for proof is clearly impossible. We are, therefore, entitled to hope, perhaps to believe, that the works of the immortal masters of our tongue are for the first time beginning to find the hearts and intellects of our democracy, and to win a growing recognition that the volumes which contain "the best that has been said and thought" in the world are as valued a part of our national life as our commerce, our politics, our sport, and other serious pursuits in which we live and move and have our being.

But there are difficulties even for those who desire to get from books what they have to give. There is the need of a choice of books, a theme upon which Mr. Harrison himself has written with so much wisdom and erudition in times past. Before choosing, we must have the conditions of a choice. No general prescriptions for reading avail much: the same "hundred best books" does not rightly fit any two readers. Each man's own nature, education, and personal needs must count for much. "If you want a house, or a motor-car, or a wife," says Mr. Harrison, "you take a very good look at them before you invest." What Mr. Harrison preaches he likewise practises. But for most of us, it is not an easy saying. In most Continental cities, a bookshop of any pretensions is a place of free entry to book lovers, where they can find and handle not merely the novels of a season, too often, as Ruskin puts it, "the latest froth from the fountain of folly," but all the recent fruits of literature and learning in the principal languages of the civilised world. Even in America this is the case. Not merely in "Brentano's," but in the retail stores which most of the great publishing houses of New York or Boston support, the visitor can examine and taste not only the current output of the press, but a large stock of older masterpieces: he is free to come and go, can receive some part of skilled advice from a bookseller, who is not merely a pushing tradesman, and has the opportunity of choice which Mr. Harrison calls for. In the eighteenth century and later this was the common practice in London; and, for the few, such shops as Sotheran's, Quaritch's, and Bumpus's, still furnish these facilities to customers, while there survives a little knot of second-hand booksellers, who are popular educators of a very real and worthy sort. But these are rare exceptions in our modern trade.

Whether the publisher, the retailer, or the buying public is to blame for the lapse of this necessary condition of wholesome buying, we know not;

but the fact remains that the vast majority of book-shops make no appreciable pretence of stocking serious literature, still less of tendering skilled disinterested advice and of helping customers to clear-eyed acts of purchase. True, the widespread growth of public and private lending libraries furnishes some sort of substitute. Book-buyers of discretion can, and doubtless do, utilise this means of inspection and of trial with a view to choosing permanent additions to their personal library. This is indeed the most proper use of any lending library. But its right exercise implies a more serious intellectual habit than most members of our "educated classes" appear to command. For the lavish continuous flow of new books leads many to substitute the hurried tasting of many dishes for a solid meal: they taste instead of buying. To this is attributed the pitiful decay of many a library, the orderly upkeep of which once was a duty and a pride to families of inherited traditions of culture over the length and breadth of our country. The well-filled shelves are still rich with the representative works of our eighteenth and early nineteenth century writers, but no serious attempt has been made in the last decades to maintain the intellectual fabric by any well-considered choice of later standard works. Indeed, we are not sure whether the very conception of new "standard" works is not perishing.

This thought perhaps lurks in one passage of Mr. Harrison's address, where, half-humorously, half-pathetically, he alludes to the hardship of the living author who is brought into such keen competition with the dead, whose very deadness seems to clothe them with an authority not wholly warranted by intrinsic qualities of worth. It is not, indeed, unlikely that one immediate effect of the liberation of great Victorian masterpieces from the thralldom of copyright within the last few years has been to depress the purchase and the reading of the good books which have to carry in their price the maintenance of living writers. Indeed, a policy of subsidies to meet this "unfair competition" accompanied if needed, by a positive restriction upon the proportion of dead literature, which any "consumer" should be permitted to purchase in a year, would, we fancy, commend itself to some of our struggling bookmen, and would command a case at least as specious as can be made for any other sort of protection. But, the economics of bookselling apart, there are some higher grounds for cultivating moderation in our converse with the dead. For, though books play in the restoration of the past a part far more important than that which they can claim in rendering the present, there is even in the world of books some place for the saying that "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Only of the highest properties of the greatest masterpieces can it be said that their true worth and force outlast the ages. Both human nature and the world suffer deeper and more organic changes than the exclusive dwellers in the past are willing to admit. New dominant forces and issues crowd upon the stage of life, and the literature which shall help us to envisage and resolve them must be the literature, not of Greece, nor of Elizabethan England, but of to-day. So in our choice of books, as in other matters, we must clear our minds of superstition, as far as we are able, and do justice between the claims of the present and the past.

TROUBLE AMONG THE TROUT.

MR. W. M. ARMISTEAD, a professional student of fish-culture, has made an important discovery. The trout-fishing in a certain lake had been steadily falling off from year to year. There was no obvious explanation. The lake was not polluted; it was not overfished by legitimate anglers; poachers did not harry it in any exceptional measure. What was the cause of the decline? Was it that, while plentiful as ever, the fish were gradually ceasing to rise at flies? It would be well, Mr. Armistead thought, to know what stock the water held. To gain this information, he built a trap at the mouth

of a stream which feeds the lake. "Every fish leaving the lake to spawn was caught, and the amazing fact revealed that the proportion of males to females was only one in seventeen." This, of course, meant that the stock had been declining, and that it must for a time continue to decline. It is not known that trout are ever polygamous; if any of them are, it is certain that the departures from the rule are inconsiderable. Thus, Mr. Armistead was justified in inferring from the result of his experiment that out of every seventeen spawn-beds noted by the water-bailiffs soon after the trout had been set free only one bed was of any value whatever. The other sixteen beds were sterile. The lake was losing stock at the rate of many thousands of trout a year. There are other waters, rivers as well as lakes, in which the same waste has been mysteriously going on.

Why is it that in many a water the female fish tend to be much more plentiful than the males? There are two known causes of the disproportion. One is that large and well-nourished female trout produce more female than male offspring. This is stated by Mr. Armistead; and, as he has been engaged in responsible experiments for many years, we must take it, strange as it seems, to be incontrovertible. The other main cause is the destruction of young males by large old ones. Male trout, Mr. Armistead says, "fight so fiercely that any one who has had opportunity of handling wild spawning fish will frequently find males so badly wounded that they cannot live." Watching a stream carefully, you may see some of this hostility for yourself. It is to be noticed even in spring and summer, when it is a matter of pure selfishness. Wherever there is a particularly good hover, as just below the place where a ditch runs in, bringing a special supply of food, you shall see a particularly large trout. He is, in fact, the largest in the neighbourhood. Any male seeking to trespass in the choice corner will be immediately and fiercely attacked; indeed, if the intruder be small enough to be merely impudent, and not a serious rival, he will be actually seized and chewed. Should the large trout be caught by an angler, his place will soon be taken by the next-largest among those close by, and the state of siege and defence will go on exactly as before. This warfare is greatly aggravated when the time for spawning comes. The female trout seems to be invariably good-tempered, accepting the attentions of any male that offers himself; but the males are not indifferent. They have predilections. As far as you can make out, the large ones always desire to mate with the largest of the females; but, unfortunately, the small ones have the same ambition. Consequently, a trout-stream in autumn is the theatre of a great many unseemly battles. On almost any shallow you will see a fish furrowing the gravel with its fins. That is the female, making a nest. Very close to her, perhaps alongside, perhaps just behind, is another fish, perhaps approximately of the same size, but probably larger. That is a male, intending to be the father of the prospective family. Now and then, from one side or the other, a trout comes over, anxious to take his place; and either, as is usually the case, the intruder, being comparatively small, is attacked and defeated, or the intruder is heavier and more vigorous, and the mating pair are violently divorced. As a rule, alike in spring and summer and at the spawning time, it is the old trout that conquer.

That is to the disadvantage of the tribe. The old trout, though good fighters, are not good fathers. Their progeny, besides being female in excessive proportion, tend to be weaklings. Then, the old male trout are cannibals. Their consumption of the young is enormous. It is with good reason believed that an old male trout is as destructive to the young of his own kind as is a pike of the same size. How is the evil state of affairs to be redressed? How is the proper balance of the sexes to be restored? In order to arrive at an answer, we must first endeavour to understand how the balance came to be deranged. A decided opinion on that subject is not easily to be reached; but there are certain well-known facts which suggest what seems a reasonable conjecture. Lake trout rise freely to the fly only when they

are young or adolescent. There are exceptions, of which Lochleven and Blagdon afford the most notable examples; but the general rule is as we have stated. Consider the Highlands, in which there are more lakes than are to be found in all the rest of the Kingdom. On favourable days throughout the season the trout there rise to the fly very freely; but the average basket is not better than three-to-the-pound. How is that? It is not to be taken as indicating the average weight of the fish in the water. As you perceive when you troll a minnow with success, the lake has trout very much heavier than a third-of-a-pound, and it is reasonable to believe that the larger fish are plentiful.

The explanation is simply that when they grow beyond three-quarters-of-a-pound the lake trout as a rule cease to feed on flies habitually. That they feed largely on young fish is a fair deduction from the avidity with which they seize the trolled minnows or small trout. It is difficult for conjecture to go beyond this as to what happens when the fish are in the lake. We can hardly imagine that the large female trout devour their male companions, as female congers are said to do. Thus we are driven to the assumption that if what we have seen to happen in the streams at spawning-time is not sufficient to account for the scarcity of males, the fish must be fratricidal in the lake as well. As regards streams, however, an explanation is readily given. Wherever anglers are at liberty to use worm and minnow as well as fly, the stock of trout is well maintained. Witness the many free waters in Scotland, in which the fish, though declining in size, are not perceptibly diminished in number. On the other hand, wherever all lures save fly are forbidden, the stock constantly tends towards decline. Witness the highly-preserved chalk-streams in the South of England, in which the trout, while of much better average size, in consequence of a rule that fish under a certain weight must not be retained, are kept up in numbers only by artificial stocking every year. In streams of the one class the trout past taking fly and becoming cannibal are thinned out by anglers using worm and minnow; in streams of the other class the elderly trout, which only sunken baits would lure successfully, are preserved to become scourges of their species.

Clearly, then, wherever the balance of the sexes is seriously deranged, the old trout should be captured. That is the obvious remedy. At first sight it does seem paradoxical to say that in order that there may be more males we must put an end to the more elderly among the few that are to be found; but this is indeed the case. Destruction of the patriarchs is the condition precedent to a restored state of nature. This has been made manifest by the natural history of the problem. It points to an ideal system of management which will to begin with offend the understanding of those who are interested in "strictly-preserved" streams. "What?" they will exclaim. "Allow worm and minnow? Never!" It cannot be denied that there will be a certain reasonableness in their reluctance. Anglers using worm or minnow would catch not the cannibals only. They would catch young trout also. Still, it is demonstrable that the remedy suggested would do no harm even to the streams of Hampshire. Whilst it is certain that worm and minnow, deftly plied, would bring to bank many a trout that had escaped the fly, the rule as to what is a takeable trout would remain in force. All fish under the limit would be returned to the water. Only those above the limit would be kept, and of these not a few would be old fish of no use to the fly-fisher and of much worse than no use to the stock. Trout above two pounds would become fewer; but trout of that weight, and trout between it and the limit, would become so much more plentiful that artificial stocking would be no longer necessary. In other parts of the Kingdom, most notably in Scotland, the problem, as we have seen, is slightly different. On lakes generally fly-fishing is so attractive that worm and minnow, though not forbidden, are not much in use. They should be more in use. Unless the coarse utility of the net is to be resorted to, it is by means of them alone that the pirates can be kept down. As to the

rivers and streams, even those which are open to all-comers will attain their original excellence two or three years after general acceptance of the principle that it is unsportsmanlike and unwise to take a trout which is less than three-quarters-of-a-pound. If all fish under that standard were returned to the water, trout fulfilling the condition of capture, and trout still better, would ere long, in all clean streams, be as abundant as the most exacting angler could wish. Mr. Armistead says that "great care and judgment are necessary to maintain the stock of fish in lake or river at anything like its best." That is true. Until recently care has been the exception, not the rule, and such judgment as has been employed has been partly wrong. Owners of trout-streams and anglers generally are only beginning to realise that the science of their subject is still in an elementary state. Hitherto they have been inclined to assume that the fish take sufficient care of themselves. The truth is that trout need as studious attention as grouse or pheasants.

The Drama.

THE CENSORED PLAY.

Two problems suggest themselves with regard to Mr. Granville Barker's play, "Waste," the character of the work and the action of the Censor in refusing the right of public performance. On the latter point a suggestive light is thrown by the action of the dramatic critics. They all analyse it—mostly at great length, and with every appearance of intellectual interest in their subject, and then, with one or two exceptions, conclude, with no reason or with little reason, that they approve the Censor's decision. I take Mr. Walkley of the "Times" as an example of these critics. Mr. Walkley tells us that Mr. Barker's play is a work of "extraordinary power." He says that it deals with some of the "most fundamental facts of human life with an unflinching truthfulness." He adds that it is "the most vivid and probably the most authentic presentation" we have yet had on the English stage of great questions, "social and political," and that these questions "come home to all Englishmen's business and bosoms." And yet he finds that this play, as to which he alleges no indelicacy of treatment, is, for reason of "public policy and expediency" unfit for public performance. In other words, a drama which (a) deals with the facts that most deeply underlie human existence, (b) is unflinchingly truthful in its presentation of these facts, (c) treats of important social and political problems, *i.e.*, of things which, let us say, concern statesmen, ministers, journalists, and which deeply modify the aspect of the State in which we live, (d) also handles questions entering into the inner and outer life of the "man in the street," should not be openly played. Really, if it be true that Mr. Barker's drama exhibits all the moral and intellectual qualities which Mr. Walkley assigns to it, its performance would seem to be a matter not for State prohibition, but for State patronage and endowment. Personally, I do not put its value on quite so exalted a level as Mr. Walkley. But, when I recall the mass of light-minded or salacious nonsense on which the dramatic critic of the "Times" has for years been driven to exercise his wit and intelligence, this care for "public policy" strikes me as a trifle belated.

To quit all verbal play, let me ask at once, who is properly debarred from seeing this tragedy of Mr. Barker's? The answer is clear. Young people are debarred, just as they would be debarred from reading

much great literature. They would not understand its intellectual power and meaning; none of the problems of politics and conduct with which it deals arise in their experience or could be fitly interpreted by them. Who else is debarred? Magistrates? Ministers of the State and the Gospel? Politicians? Social Reformers? Fathers and mothers? Excepting one doubtful point of stage management, which Mr. Archer properly questions, the play contains no suggestion of indelicate or over-crude presentment. It certainly contains no indelicate speech or phrase. It exhibits no insincerity, and no light-mindedness—two qualities conspicuously present in a great body of contemporary English drama, with which Mr. Walkley and his colleagues have had to deal. It gives one minute to passion, and for the rest has entirely to do with retribution. The material of the play—the two problems which it raises—the character and the method of the average politician in contact with moral and religious questions, and the specially modern fear and hatred of motherhood, are, as I have said, admittedly important. Do not these concern the average citizen? I am driven to suppose that they are unsuited to the ears of editors. But then I remember that in a notorious case they presented to their readers, in only too gross and abundant detail, the circumstances of the crime with which Mr. Barker deals by recording its consequences to the man and woman whom it destroys.

So much for the attitude of the conventional critic to one of the half-dozen dramas, which during the last dozen years, it has been worth the while of serious men and women to go and see. When I come to the work itself, I speak, with all my admiration for it, and my sense that this forbidden play wipes out the trivial record of nineteen-twentieths of its predecessors, with some qualification. Mr. Barker has certainly an intellect of a most surprising quality. It is less introspective than Mr. Shaw's, but more receptive to the play of life, more sympathetic to the workings of average human nature. The conception of "Waste" is singularly broad and daring. It is an ambitious thing not only to try and describe the British politician at his mechanical business of Cabinet-making, but to present the British public with some verisimilitude of the types which govern it, and of the ideas and methods that underlie their statesmanship. All these tasks Mr. Barker achieves. It is all quite plausible and very suggestive. No great moral distance separates the calculations which make his Lord Horsham—a kind of Palmerston-Balfour—first decide to take Trebell into his Cabinet, and then to exclude him from it, from the intrigues which threw Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill together, and finally drove them apart. It is possible—though not probable—to conceive an Opportunist-Imperialist-Radical of the semi-materialist, semi-idealist type of Trebell, endeavouring to "square" the Tory and High Church Parties with some such plan of "concurrent endowment" in secondary education as Mr. Barker has sketched out. I smiled as I watched its development, for here at least, if the voice was Mr. Barker's, the hand was the ever-ready hand of Mr. Sidney Webb. Much more interesting and "verifiable," however, is Mr. Barker's view of the governing man. It coincides very closely with Ibsen's and Tolstoy's, and Mr. Barker may have been influenced by the fact that the two most powerful analytical minds in modern Europe agree in believing that the political world is largely in the hands of men who, by the nature of their business are faithless, cowardly, weakly designing, absorbed in "tactics," only able to understand the argument that appeals to party or personal advantage. The depressed observer of politics often comes to the same conclusion; and Mr. Barker achieves a real triumph of political satire when he exhibits the "Hof-Comite" of the Tory Party—not as some critics absurdly suppose, the Cabinet Council itself—debating whether it is safe to have Trebell and his wonderful Disestablishment Bill, whether the major scandal of his connection with a disgraceful case can be avoided, and the wronged husband tricked or argued into silence, and, if so,

whether the minor scandal of private gossip or spiteful journalism is not still too dangerous to face. All this is very subtly done, and is rich and suggestive material for a dramatist to handle.

It is when I come to the problem of Trebell's character and fate, that I feel some doubt as to Mr. Barker's entire success. What is Trebell? Certainly, a very bold adventurer in politics if he thinks that he can at the same time persuade the Ritualistic statesman of the type of Lord Hugh Cecil that he—an Agnostic, who would build the public school "on the site of the Church"—means to endow Anglicanism for ever and ever, and induce the Nonconformists to acquiesce in a universality of State-endowed sectarian training colleges. This would mean, not a deal, but a betrayal all round, and it is in harmony with the hard, purely egotistic side of this clever barrister, turned Disraelian statesman. Such a man might well crush a pretty butterfly like Mrs. O'Connell, when she catches him in an idle hour in a country house, and never trouble even to understand the sister who loves and understands him. But is he the person to kill himself not merely because his Bill is rejected, and his place in the Coalition Cabinet lost to him, but because he feels that some strain of mystic fatherhood has broken in him with the death of his victim? Would he have acknowledged his child if it had been born? Would he feel such a tie, formed under such circumstances? If he did, he would surely feel more. He would not feel merely like an animal trapped by unlucky circumstance, as Mr. Barker makes him sometimes feel. He would feel more for the woman; less for himself. He might even like to tell the whole truth, and face the world afresh, as Karsten Bernick in "The Pillars of Society" faces it. In a word, a moral arrest and revolution would have occurred, and there would have been a capital point, a decisive crown, to Mr. Barker's play. And if, on the other hand, Trebell was a mere egotist, he would have gone on and tried to rebuild his career, which, indeed, is not seriously compromised. It is here that Mr. Barker might have let himself go. As it is, his play suffers from a certain moral coldness and diffidence.

It is only fair to note the extreme delicacy of the verbal workmanship, and on this ground alone the public has a serious quarrel with the Censor. The play is over-long, and would bear free cutting, and the politics are too closely discussed for an audience of all sorts. But many of the sayings are most subtle and pertinent. "Who knows a Radical Bill when he sees it?" is very good. Here are two others: "One cannot work with men who make up their minds prematurely," "The country will accept anything, if there's money enough in it to bribe everybody fairly." It is astonishing that a young student of the drama should have gone so far, and shot such an arrow of strength and swiftness, as the author of "Waste." It is still more astonishing that the body of English dramatic critics should think such work fitted for the destroying hand of Mr. Redford.

M.

Open Questions.

THE FOUR-FOLD PATH OF SOCIALISM.

It is natural and proper for Liberals to disclaim and even to denounce that Socialism which desires to secure for the State "the ownership and control of all the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange," and to force all citizens to earn their livelihood as public employees. On the other hand, there is a Socialism to which, by past history and present intentions, they are committed, and it is right that they should realise its meaning. It is genuine Socialism, inasmuch as it involves the adoption of new functions by the State, increased interference with private enterprise and private property, and an expansion of the area of public employment. Every student of the development of modern Government knows that this movement is operative in various directions, and at different paces in every civilised country, and that it is a part of the very process

of civilisation. In one sense it is "opportunistic" in that each step is apt to be considered and determined, by the practical politicians responsible for taking it, upon "its own merits," and not as part of a larger movement. But though the conscious and intentional connection between the several steps is slight, they none the less form the related parts of an organic policy forced upon modern States by the material and moral needs of the situation. The fact that these needs must operate through the political mind of the people means that the movement is not inevitable in a "fatalist" sense, but that it is guided and moulded by the wisdom or folly of politicians.

What, then, is the nature of the "Socialism" which is going on, and to the furtherance of which most Liberals are committed? Mr. Sidney Webb recently spoke of it as "a four-fold path," and we may most conveniently lay it out in terms of this metaphor.

1.—The modern State (including the municipality and other areas of governmental action) undertakes to furnish to its citizens an increasing variety of goods or services which cannot safely or advantageously be left to private enterprise. This point I need not labour here: the reference is to the so-called "Gas and Water" Socialism of our cities, and to the assumption of the postal service and other carrying trades, public education, the monetary system, &c., by the central government. Wherever the use of land or other natural resources, the magnitude of the financial or business operations involved, the "routine" or mechanical nature of the goods or services supplied, or other natural or legal conditions preclude the feasibility of genuine, effective competition, or render it too inconvenient, the State or municipality steps in and undertakes the work, or exercises, by means of regulation and taxation, a control which involves semi-Socialism, and is commonly a half-way house to the fuller public undertaking. Most public monopolies in recent times are undertaken as the only alternative to private monopoly. Others are primarily due to motives of hygiene or police, as where public abattoirs, public drink houses, or milk depôts are substituted for private ones, the injurious results of whose competition cannot efficiently be otherwise controlled. There is probably no case where this "Socialism" is based primarily on the view that the State or city can do the work more cheaply: even the banking business of the Post Office came into being as a policy of public convenience and of public morals. As the conditions of modern industry develop monopoly or restricted competition, or dangerous excesses in competing trades, such as adulteration or irregularity of supply owing to conflicts with labour, more and more industries pass under the direct administration of public bodies.

2.—Industrial regulations designed to protect the wage-earners against injurious conditions of labour which, from ignorance or weakness of bargaining power, they cannot resist, or to protect the consuming public from the bad qualities of the goods or services they buy, or to secure the public health and safety against noxious or unpleasant results of private industry, such as the reckless carriage of explosives, smoke, or the pollution of rivers, forms a large part of modern practical Socialism. Everywhere it involves public interference with liberty of contract and with the right of private individuals to conduct their own business and to use their own property as they choose. The most important of recent movements in State Regulation is the insistence that the public has a right to intervene directly in the settlement of conditions of wages and hours of labour between private employers and employees.

3.—A third path of actual Socialism, not always distinguishable from the second, consists of the humanitarian measures adopted by the State to assist the weaker members of society to meet sickness, unemployment, old-age destitution, and other emergencies against which they either cannot or do not make adequate provision. The young, the old, the defective, the sick, the ignorant, the out-of-work, are everywhere the objects of governmental care. Although growing pity and sensitiveness for individual suffering have been powerful motives in impelling the adoption of these measures, they must none the less be interpreted as part of a rational self-protective

policy in modern societies. They are based upon two generally valid assumptions. The first is that the public health, morale, and industrial efficiency are seriously impaired by the mal-nutrition, bad education, compulsory idleness, sickness, and destitution of large numbers of our citizens. The second assumption is that the main economic springs of poverty lie so far beyond the control of the poorer members of the community as to render it impossible to expect them to possess or exercise the industry, intelligent foresight, thrift, and other elements of individual character requisite to cope with the modern emergencies of working-class life. In a word, the contention is that destitution and its related miseries are a poison in the body politic, and that individual effort is incompetent to eliminate it. Hence comes the application of remedies or palliatives by the modern State. This public policy is, of course, no novel one: in England it may be regarded in logic and in history as the development of the principles and practices of our Poor Law. It is in substance, as a writer to *THE NATION* has described it, "anti-destitutionism," driving piles into the quagmire of poverty so as to furnish a solid foundation for a sound individual and social life. The particular measures which express it, such proposals as universal non-contributory old-age pensions, free feeding of school children, municipal workshops for the unemployed, may be sound or unsound methods of assisting in this task, but the necessity of finding adequate supports to the defective self-help of social weaklings by the social self-help of the State is a generally accepted principle of public policy.

4.—Taxation, as a method or instrument of public action, implies in itself that Socialism is limited. Under "complete" Socialism no taxation would, of course, be requisite, for the entire income of the community would pass through the hands of the State, which would keep what it wanted in the process. But for the sorts of Socialism which are actually proceeding taxation is essential, and States are taking for public expenditure a larger and larger proportion of the incomes of private citizens by direct or indirect imposts. In more enlightened States the tendency is more and more to raise public income by placing taxes directly upon rents of land and other unearned elements of income, and to exempt from taxation incomes necessary to sustain the efficiency and industry of the productive members of society. The underlying principle of this taxation, now struggling into conscious policy, is the intention to take as much of this "unearned" income as can be got and to apply it to the furtherance of the fuller public activities along the three paths already described. This public income is needed, in part to subsidise public goods or services which the State or municipality holds desirable to supply to the public gratuitously or below "cost" price; in part to support the regulative control over industries which remain in private hands; in part to wage war against poverty and destitution.

To all these general modes of Socialism most English Liberals are now committed in sympathy and practice, if not in conscious theory, though upon particular measures, upon pace and order of march, many divergencies exist. What is needed is a firm realisation that such Socialism is involved in the constructive Liberalism of the present and the future, and that what Liberals must do who repudiate the extremities of "social democracy" is to convert their social reforms from a piece-meal opportunism into an organic policy consistent with the fundamental concept of Liberalism.

Believing as they do that the true welfare of the State and of society rests upon the maintenance of individual liberty, they are in possession of a test or gauge of reasonable Socialism which is applicable at each step which they are invited to take along the four-fold path. Let them require that each new enlargement of State functions, each fresh interference with private property or enterprise shall justify itself by showing that it creates more liberty than it takes away, equalises and enlarges the aggregate of opportunities for healthy individual exertion and expression, and strengthens the foundations of society, upon which individuals build their lives.

J. A. H.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE reply made by six Italian Catholics to the Pope's recent encyclical is the fullest statement of the Modernists' position and aims that has yet appeared. Apart from its controversial interest, the book is a valuable contribution to scientific theology, for it contains an exposition of the religious philosophy now held by progressive Catholics, a statement of their attitude towards the Higher Criticism, and a vindication of their right to re-state Catholic dogma in the language of the present day. We are glad to learn that Mr. Fisher Unwin has now made arrangements to publish an English translation of this interesting work. The translator is the Rev. A. L. Lilley, who has also translated the striking pamphlet, "What We Want," which we reviewed some time ago. Mr. Lilley has a thorough knowledge of the Modernist movement, and we believe that he has also in contemplation a study of its development to be written from an English standpoint.

THE two volumes of historical and literary essays by Lord Acton, of which we gave some particulars in an earlier issue, will contain a lengthy introduction, in which the editors discuss Lord Acton's view of history. As showing the moral point of view from which he regarded it, the following passages are of special interest:—

"The second tendency against which Acton's moral sense revolted, had risen out of the laudable determination of historians to be sympathetic towards men of distant ages and of alien modes of thought. . . . It became almost a trick of style to talk of judging men by the standard of their day and to allege the spirit of the age in excuse for the Albigensian Crusade or the burning of Hus. Acton felt that this was to destroy the very bases of moral judgment and to open the way to a boundless scepticism. Anxious as he was to uphold the doctrine of growth in theology, he allowed nothing for it in the realm of morals—at any rate, in the Christian era—since the thirteenth century. He demanded a code of moral judgment independent of place and time, and not merely relative to a particular civilisation. He also demanded that it should be independent of religion. . . . He thought that all men might agree in admitting the sanctity of human life and judging accordingly every man or system which needlessly sacrificed it. It is this preaching in season and out of season against the reality of wickedness, and against every interference with the conscience that is the real inspiration both of Acton's life and of his writings."

MR. JOHN LANE, who should be remembered with gratitude as the publisher to introduce Francis Thompson to the literary world, has an interesting project in view. He is publishing a four-fold series of volumes, which is intended to mark the arrival of four newcomers in the field of literature. The volumes will be called "A New Poet," "A New Critic," "A New Humorist," and "A New Classic." The new poet, we believe, is Mr. Abercrombie, an example of whose work we publish elsewhere.

THE volumes in "The Tudor and Stuart Library," issued by the Clarendon Press, are deservedly popular among book-lovers. The next in the series is to be "Shakespeare's Sonnets, and A Lover's Complaint," reprinted from the edition of 1609, with an introduction by Mr. W. H. Hadow, to whose careful scholarship students of English literature already owe so much. The problem of the Sonnets is a difficult one. In Mr. Hadow's view there is no more tremendous revelation of human weakness in all literature. The cry of Catullus is, he says, faint in comparison. But he also rightly insists that the Sonnets, though lyric, have a dramatic basis, and that Shakespeare's true self is revealed "not in the story which they narrate, but in the judgments on life and love which they contain."

IN the same series we are also soon to have reprints of Thomas Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique," and George Turberville's "Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting"—both famous books in their day, and still of value for the help they give in elucidating Shakespeare's language and metaphors. Judge Madden, in his admirable volume on Elizabethan sport, "The Diary of Master William Silence," disputes the authorship of Turberville's book, judging it to be the work of some hack scribe. At the same time he admits that it was the standard book upon the subject, and offers no ex-

planation of the fact that Gervase Markham and Nicholas Cox both attributed it to Turberville. Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique" is the first critical treatise in English. The directions are given with a good deal of humour, as witness the following sentence illustrating the alliterative style which he condemns: "Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual."

DR. H. B. SWETE, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has just finished a book on "The Appearances of Our Lord after the Passion," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish next month. It is described by the author as "a simple narrative of the appearances of the risen Lord, based on a study of the documents." Among theologians who have in recent years published studies of the Resurrection may be mentioned Schmiedel, Dobschütz, Meyer, Simpson, Ihmels, and Moffatt. We may expect from Professor Swete a valuable contribution to the subject.

MR. MUIRHEAD BONE, the Scotch etcher, whose prints are sought with assiduity alike by English collectors and foreign Governments, has devoted a great part of the present year to illustrating a novel of peasant life, "Children's Children," by his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Bone. It has been said by connoisseurs that the literary quality of the author's former book, "Provincial Tales," was as remarkable for spiritual delicacy as her husband's work is for purity of line. A finished edition on Japanese paper for collectors will be published early next month by Messrs. Duckworth, along with the ordinary edition for the general public.

THE interpretation of Mr. George Meredith's work is engaging a number of critical pens. Elsewhere we review Mrs. M. Sturge Henderson's "George Meredith: Novelist, Poet, Reformer," while Messrs. Routledge announce "Aspects of George Meredith," by Mr. R. P. Curle. In the latter volume there will be no systematic examination of Mr. Meredith's books, the author rather aiming at explaining different sides of Meredithian philosophy and thought from a personal point of view. A third book, "The Novels of George Meredith," by Mr. E. E. J. Bailey, is to be published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MESSRS. TEUBNER of Leipzig have just published a selection from the writings of the late Hermann Usener, under the title "Vortraege und Aufsätze." Usener was one of the greatest philologists of the last century, and these essays are an admirable introduction (quite popular in character) to Usener's methods and general point of view. The essay on Mythology is particularly admirable and illuminating, and the other essays in the volume are all of great value and interest.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The History of England During the Reign of Victoria." By Sidney Low and Lloyd C. Sanders. Volume XII. of The Political History of England. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Palaces of Crete and their Builders." By Angelo Mosso. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

"Dyott's Diary, 1781-1845." Edited by R. W. Jeffery. (Constable. Two Vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Fourteen Years in Parliament." By A. S. T. Griffith-Boscawen. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Letters of Edward Lear." Edited by Lady Strachey. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

"Studies in Venetian History." By Horatio F. Brown. (Murray. Two Vols. 18s. net.)

"St. Catherine of Sienna." By E. G. Gardner. (Dent. 16s. net.)

"The Comments of Bagshot." By J. A. Spender. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)

"The Empire of Christ." By Bernard Lucas. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Fruit of the Tree." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Le Quattrocento—Essai sur l'Histoire Littéraire du XVe. Siècle Italien." Par Philippe Monnier. Nouvelle Edition. (Paris: Perrin. 10 fr.)

"Le Peinture Anglaise de ses Origines à nos Jours." Par Armand Dayot. (Paris: Laveur. 50 fr.)

"Mademoiselle Dax, Jeune Fille." Roman. Par Claude Farrère. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.)

"Der Abenteurer." Roman. Von Rud. Herzog. (Stuttgart: Cotta. M. 4.)

Letters to the Editor.

INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The new Arbitration Bill now before the New Zealand Parliament has a special interest for our own country at the present time. The "New Zealand Herald" of September 26th reports the admission by the Hon. J. A. Millar, the Minister in charge, that the lower grade of compulsory Conciliation Boards at present existing there "are useless, and no method of amendment will make them better as long as the present system obtains." The reason is given that they have ceased to be "Conciliation" Boards, and are simply "lower Courts with professional advocates on both sides, which prevents any chance of conciliation being obtained." These professional men, the Minister continued, "are causing all the trouble," and he goes on to cite the action of the timber workers in Auckland, the iron moulders, and two other unions, who either have agreed or are agreeing directly with their employers, quite apart from the interference of the Court. That course is what the new Bill now proposes. Its "whole principle," its introducer says, "is to bring about conciliation between employers and employees without the intervention of any party that is not directly interested in the result of the conference." The only objections to the Bill appear to come from unions where secretaries are not members of the industries affected. Mr. Millar expects the Bill to pass this session. This new departure throws an interesting light upon New Zealand experience. The Minister casts all the blame for any breakdown on the professional men. To an English onlooker on the spot the system itself, admirable as it was in many ways, seemed necessarily faulty in this, that at the outset it converted both employers and employed into present and prospective litigants for all time. It is surely a wiser ideal to invite conciliation between the two parties in the first instance, and to reserve to the last any resort to a compulsory arbitration court. This obviously allows more elasticity, more *esprit de corps*, more experimental relationships in industrial enterprises, whilst it still substitutes an appeal to a judicial tribunal for open war in the last instance.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA ROWNTREE.

Scarborough.

November 19th, 1907.

MR. GALSWORTHY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was entrapped, by its deceptive air of being fiction, into reading an argument for Woman Suffrage called "The Mother," by Mr. John Galsworthy, which you published on Saturday; and cannot forbear from writing to suggest to you what a very bad argument it seems to be. He represents the case of a woman of saintly patience married to a criminal lunatic, who habitually beats her with a belt at the end of the day's work. At the first blush the moral seems to be that if women had votes such things would not occur; but that cannot be what the author meant, for all that "the Mother" has to do, under our present system of voting, to end her misfortunes, is to get two men in uniform to take her husband before another man, who will, according to the law which men have made, direct other men to shut the brute up in a house built by men, and punish him. If women had votes, they could hardly want much more, and they would still have to appeal to men to do it for them.

Mr. Galsworthy seems really to mean that if the man in his story has a vote, then the woman in it ought to have one, too. But anyone might write just as good a story, in which their natures were reversed, without its having any more bearing on politics than Mr. Galsworthy's. A railway-porter with a good, kind face and curly hair, for instance, goes out in the cold grey dawn, while his wife remains snoring off her drunken sleep under the only eider-down quilt; then she gets up late, beats the children, goes out without feeding them, and returns worse than ever at

6 p.m., "slipping along the railings of the houses," like Mr. Galsworthy's heroine, when she ought to be getting her angel-husband's tea. But this is no more an argument against Women Suffrage than Mr. Galsworthy's story is an argument for it.

In real life, the man would probably not have a vote, because the woman would have got the tyrannical sex to put this disgraceful member of itself in gaol. In any case, you would not find anybody who thought it a good thing that he should have a vote. That is, in fact, the only moral which comes logically out of Mr. Galsworthy's story; that the man he has invented ought not to have a vote, under any scheme of franchise, however widely extended. But if a man who beats his wife ought not to have a vote, it does not follow in the least that the wife who is beaten ought to have a vote. If a Prime Minister beats his wife he may be unworthy to be Prime Minister, but it does not follow that his wife ought to be Prime Minister. From some motive, probably artistic and not political, Mr. Galsworthy has made this particular woman quite unfit to have a vote; she has not two ideas in her head; when she is not brooding on her ill-treatment she "once more thinks of nothing," while her husband does at any rate take part in discussions at the public-house, and must have picked up something there. When she is put to it, however, the Mother manages to trot out that old argument about having borne six children; though for the life of me I cannot see why, because she has added six citizens to the commonwealth, she should claim a right to have a voice in its management, any more than I can see why a woman who is the mother of six colour-sergeants should expect to be made a colonel.—Yours, &c.,

G. CALDERON.

33, Buckingham Mansions, West End Lane, N.W.
Sunday, November 24th, 1907.

"THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am not concerned for one moment to deny a Slavophone numerical predominance in Macedonia; but I did take exception to Mr. Masterman's unqualified implication that the "native population" of the North, West, and South of Macedonia was "Bulgarian." It is by sweeping statements such as that, uttered by responsible English publicists and politicians, that the other elements in the Balkans are irritated and exasperated, and confidence in England's desire to bring about an equitable settlement is attenuated.

I have before me as I write a pile of Blue-books, and the works of some twenty writers of various nationalities who have travelled in the Balkans. I have no prepossession except against Turkish mis-government, and I have taken an active interest for the last fifteen years in the problem created by the existence of the Turk as a governing power in Europe. But I find it quite impossible to arrive at any wholesale conclusion such as that of Mr. Masterman.

Mr. Buxton quotes one of his informants as saying: "Practically all the villages in Central Macedonia are Bulgarian, both by race and language." I turn to the very able work by "Odysseus," quoted by Mr. Buxton, and I read: "The practical conclusion is that neither Greeks, Servians, nor Bulgarians have a right to claim Central Macedonia."

M. Brancoff, in his work on "La Macédoine et sa population Chretienne," counts the whole Slav population of the vilayet of Kossovo as Bulgars. I turn again to "Odysseus," and read that "The Slavonic population of the vilayet of Kossovo, north-west of Uskub, is homogeneous with that on the other side of the Servian, Montenegrin, and Bosnian frontiers." Mr. Buxton quotes Dr. Evans that "the Greek claim to Macedonia, at least as regards the greater part of the interior of the country, is a dream." But I turn to the very painstaking and impartial work of M. Edouard Engelhardt, "La Question Macedonienne," and I read: "L'ethnographie Macedonienne, si imparfaite qu'elle soit encore, met en pleine evidence ce double fait que l'élément slave domine au Nord et l'élément grec au Sud." I could continue these contrasts to great length if they would serve

to convince Mr. Masterman that his impressions have been formed rather hastily.

With Mr. Buxton's statement that "the insurrection of 1903 represented the struggle of a single and coherent nationality," as with that of his informant that "the Bulgarian bands are defending their own homes," I find it impossible to reconcile the evidence contained in our own Blue-books. That arms came from Sophia, that money came from Sophia, that officers of the regular Bulgarian army came from Sophia, are facts so abundantly clear as hardly to need re-asseveration. Our own representative at Sophia, Mr. Elliott, wrote to Lord Lansdowne on May 18th, 1903, that "there can be no question that the bands are assisted by officers of the Bulgarian Army, and by officials of the Bulgarian administration." Nor, in the light of the recent controversy in the Bulgarian Press arising out of the articles by M. Natchovitch in the "Balkanska Tribuna" (Nos. 221 and 222), does it seem open to doubt that members of the Bulgarian Cabinet were in intimate relationships with the Revolutionary Committees.

And there is abundant evidence that the movement was not spontaneously conceived or warmly welcomed in Macedonia, and that complicity in it was to a large extent forced upon the local Slavophones by terrorism. The deputation from the village of Sokolartsy to the Russian Consulate at Uskub (Blue-book Cd. 1875, p. 34); the request, reported by our Minister at Constantinople (18/5/03) of the Exarchist villagers of Vronon to be received back by the Patriarchate; the reference of our Consul General at Salonika to "Patriarchists who have been compelled, under threat of death, to change their religious appellation" (Cd. 1875, inclosure in No. 157); the refusal of the villagers of Dambéni to receive Chakalaroff (June, 1903); the spontaneous reversion of the slavophone villages of Karadjora and Gradobor to the Patriarchate in the same month; the visit of a large band under Chakalaroff to the village of Zhelovo to punish "some lukewarm or unreliable adherents," reported by our Vice-Consult at Monastir—these are but a few samples within a few weeks of one another of the many incidents which reluctantly compel me to disagree with the impressions and the inferences of Mr. C. R. Buxton. And as to his claim that the Exarchate is the national church of the Macedonians, I would refer him to "Odysseus's" history of the Exarchate: "It's language was the Bulgarian of Sofia, and not the local dialect."

I think, too, it should be borne in mind, in searching for a way out of the present impasse, that there is a natural lack of enthusiasm on the part even of large masses of Slavophone Macedonians, for any solution that would place them under the Bulgarian flag. As Sir Edward Dicey ("The Peasant State") wrote in 1894, the Bulgarians have not the qualities of a ruling race. Whilst they deserve every credit for the marvellous progress they have made since their emancipation by Russia in 1878, they have as yet hardly shown themselves capable of greater responsibilities or higher destinies. Their short history, again to quote Sir Charles Eliot ("Odysseus"), is filled with "a long catalogue of stirring events of a medieval flavour," an "interesting series of elections, ejections, wars, unions, ruptures, executions, assassinations, and reconciliations."

Finally, to Mr. Buxton's summing up of the factors to which we should attach importance in seeking a settlement, "the fundamental identities of custom, language, and race" or, as M. Engelhardt prefers, "les liens de la nationalité, de la foi, et des traditions historiques"—I would add a plea for the supreme importance of considering the actual wishes and aspirations of the people themselves.—Yours, &c.,

T. PALMER NEWBOULD.

November 25th, 1907.

"WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Dean of Ripon's interesting letter illustrates the proposition, which I should not dream of disputing, that in Elizabeth's time—if we except, and the exception is theoretically important, unbaptised children and ex-com-

municate persons—Church and State were coterminous. But it also illustrates the truth of my statement that in the Thirty-nine Articles the phrase "particular or national church" is antithetical, not to "sectional denomination," but to "church universal." I adduced legal evidence which proves conclusively, I think, that the approximate legal coterminity of Church and State has long since passed away. If I am right, the Erastian arch has lost its keystone. It is very noteworthy, therefore, that the Dean makes no attempt to show that I am wrong.

I happen to know a great many Nonconformists, and believe that a large majority of my English fellow Christians who are not members of my Church are among the most courteous and the most kindly of mankind. But there is a section which habitually forgets that Churchmen have both religious convictions and feelings. Mr. Snell must forgive me if I say that his letter was conceived in the spirit which animates the controversial literature of the latter group. He narrates what he describes as "the good story" of a drill sergeant who told an infidel recruit that until he had some religious convictions he was a member of the Church of England. Mr. Snell probably does not mean it as such, but I must tell him that this is the language not of argument but of insult. He has permitted himself on this occasion to take not only his law from the barrack-yard but also his taste. For the moment the one is as bad as the other. The tone in which the Church of England is referred to in some quarters is habitually discourteous. It is, no doubt, due to this fact that Mr. Snell did not detect a lapse which in any other connection he would at once have observed and deleted. If this is the case it is all the more necessary that in the interests of good feeling I should make a protest which is strong but not one whit too strong.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. BARDSLEY.

Barton St. Lawrence, Preston.

November 26th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Several of your correspondents have been busying themselves about the vexed question of membership of the National Church. It is disputed that in the eye of the law every member of the State is necessarily a member of the State Church, and it is further questioned whether all baptised English people are such members; while another correspondent appears to hold that only the confirmed are members of the particular Church of England, the baptised being only members of the Christian Church generally. In view, consequently, not only of the working of the new Marriage Act, but also of the cause of Church Reform or that of Disestablishment, it seems worth while to look a little more closely into the bearings of the whole question as it affects "Church and State." One of your correspondents asserts that the phrase "National Church" has no bearing on the subject. This can only be true on the assumption—often, it must be confessed, indulged in by the Pope—that the Church of England is not the historical Church of the nation. As it happens, the way in which the term is used in the XXXIX. Articles of Religion is distinctly not that of your correspondent in question. The phrase that the "Church hath powers to decree rites or ceremonies and authority in controversies" was specially added to the original form of Article XX., because this very power and authority, as exercised by the National Church, was being opposed. This is further enlarged upon in another Article in defence of the rights of independence and self-government which belong to every particular or national Church. The line adopted by the English Reformers was "in these our doings we condemn no other nations, nor prescribe anything but to our own people only." And with regard to what constitutes membership of the Church of England, the law recognises nothing narrower than the definition of "judicious Hooker" in his Ecclesiastical Polity, "that there is not any man a member of the Commonwealth which is not also a member of the Church of England." "One nation, one church," was always the rule, however much men might, and did, differ as to precise form; indeed, for a short period, it was not Episcopalian but Presbyterian. With this Blackstone agrees, saying that the laity of the Church are "such of the people as are not comprehended under the denomination of clergy." The Acts of Toleration did no more

than remove certain penalties and disabilities under which the nonconforming members laboured. The Acts of Parliament upon which the late Lord Selborne depended go no further than to require an additional religious test from certain individuals for certain specific purposes.

Not even in the appointment of lay Church officers has the franchise been essentially narrowed. The parishioners assembled in vestry—now dealing solely with ecclesiastical affairs—may elect as churchwarden any parishioner who does not happen to be either a Papist or a Jew. It has been truly said that “in law every parishioner is a Churchman, so that, if they will, Jews, Turks, Heretics, and Infidels can attend a vestry meeting, and vote on questions of vital importance to the Church.” In a larger degree this is also the case with the one other statutable body of Church laity—Parliament. Your correspondent under the guise of “Audi Alteram Partem” thinks all this is so extraordinary that it cannot be. He pathetically asks how a society could exist under such a constitution, and how such a “mixed multitude” of all sorts and conditions of men can be “accepted as representing the Church of England laity?” I may assure him that in this respect he does not stand alone. It is truly a wonderful thing that the Church of England does exist and do her work without autonomy; hampered and tied by laws, regulations, and conditions which are centuries out of date, and which manifestly must let and hinder her spiritual mission as a living Church. Is disestablishment too high a price to pay for freedom and reform? If it was any other branch of the public service the present unadjusted, archaic relations between Church and State would long ago have been condemned, and either mended or ended.—Yours, &c., J. F. W.

WANTED, A NEW HONOURS LIST.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The eulogium contained in your issue of November 16th relative to “this Government’s appointments” fails to take note of the grave inadequacy of the present machinery for securing reasonable attention in certain cases where the withholding of recognition is alike impolitic and inequitable. I venture to suggest that such additions should be made to the machinery referred to as would be commensurate with present day requirements.

Speaking of the awards to Civil Servants you characterise the same as judicious and timely. Whilst conceding that in each instance the honour conferred was well deserved, I am impressed by the objection raised throughout Canada that whilst honours are conferred on Civil Servants at home, it but rarely happens that merchants and manufacturers of the Colonies who have done, and are doing, so much to consolidate the Empire, are even noticed. There never was a time when the Colonies were imbued with a more loyal and patriotic spirit than at present, and I trust your readers will consider that the practice of recognising the services of Civil Servants at home, whilst excluding men of front rank standing in the Colonies, calls for early amendment.—Yours, &c.,

R. S. FRASER.

4, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.
November 19th, 1907.

A FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I venture to express the hope that the proposal discussed in your article of November 23rd, viz., the formation of a Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Commons, will not be allowed to drop. May I also suggest an additional argument in its favour?

We may assume that the Foreign Minister, while he will naturally resist any change which will add to his very difficult task, desires to act in general harmony with the public opinion that has appointed him. How he may be assisted in this aim by a Parliamentary Committee you have shown. From what disastrous blunders such a Committee might have saved England, Lord Salisbury’s later

opinion of Mr. Disraeli’s “Peace with honour” policy is an adequate illustration.

But perhaps, overwhelmed as he must be with problems too numerous to study in detail, the Minister is bound to consider, even before the representative character of his policy, the primary need that it should operate efficiently.

Now it is no doubt regrettably true that private organisations add to the labours of the Foreign Office. And again, although popular agitation is often the best weapon that a Minister has at his disposal in dealing with other States, it is a chance if this weapon is applied at the right moment; agitators are ignorant of the time when help is needed, in which case their potential help becomes an actual nuisance. Once more, popular agitations embarrass the Foreign Office, because they are regarded by foreign Governments as the underhand creations of the British Government. Thus agitators in England assume a quite undue importance abroad, so much so that among their duties is that of persuading the Ministers of foreign States that the suspicion of collusion is unfounded.

Why not, then, remove the *raison d’être* of these ill-informed movements? A Minister must often wish himself free from discussion, both in and out of Parliament; but in vain will he envy his confrère in Austria, where hardly even a Socialist paper will speak of foreign policy without consulting the Ballplatz. It is too long since the habit of debating foreign affairs was established by the Parliament of Charles I. to alter it now. But it may well be worth while to direct the habit into a more convenient channel by the adoption of some such method as the French—that of a Foreign Affairs Committee.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

2, Princes Gate.

November 26th, 1907.

SUNDAY LETTERS IN LONDON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I observe with satisfaction that correspondents of *THE NATION* are moving in this matter. It has always seemed to me a perfectly unaccountable phenomenon that five millions of people living at the heart of England should for one day in seven be cut off, and submit to be cut off, from communication with the outside world. Not only is there no delivery of letters, there is no collection on Sunday evening. In this latter case London, I believe, stands practically alone; at all events, it is much more easy to send off Sunday letters from a provincial town.

The phenomenon is partially explained by the fact that the British Post Office is run primarily as a profit-making concern, public convenience being subordinated to this consideration. So it comes about that in everything except the rapid delivery of letters, in which respect the service is, I willingly admit, quite admirable, the British Post Office is fifty years, at least, behind the Swiss Post Office, the best-managed post office in the world, which makes the public convenience its sole object. Postmasters-general are quite willing to play into the hands of Sabbatarians in order to augment the profits (devoted to the general purposes of the State) of an institution which, to justify its monopoly, ought to apply all its profits to the improvement of the service. But this does not explain why London should have been singled out for treatment more rigorous than that dealt out to Scotland, the home of Sabbatarianism. Certainly, no principle is involved. Besides, for a consideration, varying from 3d. to 2s. 9d., a letter can now be delivered in London on Sunday. What can be the justification for inflicting this tax upon the correspondent of a man dwelling just within the limit of the London postal area, while the correspondent of his friend, living half a mile further from the postal centre can get a letter delivered without paying this grievous tax?

The Swiss post offices all over the country are open on Sunday for two hours in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon; perhaps this is the minimum consistent with the public convenience.

No one would wish to inflict the delivery of letters on Sunday upon his neighbours; on the other hand, no one ought to desire to deprive his neighbours of facilities abso-

lately necessary in modern life. The Belgian Post Office has hit upon an accommodation. I enclose a postage stamp which has a detachable portion bearing the words "Ne pas livrer le Dimanche." If one wishes his letter to be delivered on Sunday, he removes this portion; those who object to Sunday delivery let it remain.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED MARKS.

155, Adelaide Road, N.W.

BELGIANS AND THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I trust that you will permit me to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that the Belgians, who now hold the Grand Challenge Cup, which they won at last Henley Regatta, are not to be allowed to defend it next year, and are forced to return the trophy without a contest.

To deprive the holders of a perpetual Challenge Cup, of any description, of the moral right to defend their title is not in accordance with the principles that have till now been popularly supposed to dominate the conduct of all things English.

If the Belgians had been defeated last year, or had voluntarily resigned the Cup, the authorities would have been in an entirely different position.

It is easy to imagine the kind of comment that is being made by people on the Continent and in the United States, who naturally expect that some privilege should be extended to the first foreign nation who have ever taken from this country the "Grand Challenge Cup for Eight Oars."

The arrangement to exclude foreign entries from the Henley Regatta of 1908 could not, and should not, have been intended to apply to the holders of a cup.

It is not too late now for the British nation to insist upon the Henley Stewards revoking their decision, and inviting the Belgians to demonstrate for a third time their ability to hold the cup.

It is important that the public should be informed that the Henley Stewards have nothing whatever to do with the Olympic Games Regatta, which is under the control of the Amateur Rowing Association, who are not in any way responsible for the action of the Trustees of the Grand Challenge Cup. Possibly if the sport of boat-racing possessed, like other sports, a Central Governing Body, this awkward situation would not have arisen.—Yours, &c.,

"FAIRPLAY."

London, November 25th, 1907.

P.S.—I enclose my card as a guarantee of good faith.

"IRELAND AND LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am sorry that my letter in your issue of October 26th should have been misunderstood by "A Non-Catholic Elector," with whom I believe I am in entire agreement; certainly it surprised me to find that anyone had read into my letter a "suggestion that the people are dominated in political and social matters by the clergy." The facts which your correspondent cites to refute this supposition are indisputable, and it cannot be too often reiterated in England that the Irish Home Rule movement is not, and never has been, inspired by the Roman Catholic Church. The essential point on which I insisted was that Nationalism and Roman Ultramontanism are ultimately irreconcilable. The clerical party in Ireland have never led the Nationalist movement; at the same time, it was beyond their power to resist it. But by identifying themselves with a strong Nationalist movement, as the great majority of them have done, they have undoubtedly gained an influence in other matters which I cannot but regard as excessive.

The paradox of the situation, then, is that during the greater part of the last century the most Ultramontane branch of the Roman Catholic Church has been compelled to associate itself with an essentially Liberal and democratic political propaganda; and it is obvious that the leaders of the Church in Ireland are becoming alarmed as they get a clearer view of the goal to which this unnatural alliance

is rapidly bringing them. So we find the Archbishop of Dublin saying that he can support the Irish Party no longer. Cardinal Logue has openly recommended Irish voters in an English election to support a Unionist candidate against a thorough-going advocate of Home Rule. In 1906 the Bishop of Limerick made a violent attack upon the Irish Party because they supported the Government in rejecting the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill.

Now there is more in this than a mere dislike of the educational proposals of the present Government. Though it has been vastly profitable to the Irish clericals to advocate Home Rule, its attainment would be by no means so agreeable. Among other things, there is not the smallest doubt that the Irish Parliament would insist on obtaining a complete control over all education, from the primary school to the University. That does not mean that we should have an entirely undenominational system; no one of any creed in Ireland desires that. But absolute responsibility to the civil authority will be enforced through every branch of education; and the clerical party naturally do not like the prospect of relinquishing the irresponsible control which they now exercise over the primary school. All that we ask of British Liberals is that they shall set free the Irish democracy, at present tied hand and foot, to deal with Irish Ultramontanism; no genuine Nationalist has any fear of the result.

This brings me to what I can only call the very narrow view of the situation taken by your correspondent "X." If I understand him rightly, his position is: "Because you cannot agree with us upon the education question, therefore we will not give you Home Rule." Now the only contention of the Irish Party was that undenominationalism, which is unpalatable to everyone in Ireland, should not be forced upon Irish children in England. A perfectly practicable modification of Mr. Birrell's scheme would have gained for it the support of the Irish members, whose opposition was never factious or uncompromising.

But, apart from this, may I be allowed to say that your correspondent's attitude seems to me to be one of mere vindictiveness? He does not apparently consider whether Home Rule is right or wrong in itself; it is to be withheld merely on the ground that the Irish Party were unable to assent to undenominational education. I cannot see how such a policy is calculated to promote even the one object which your correspondent seems to have chiefly in view. Suppose that the Liberal Party as a whole were to adopt his attitude; the only result would be the loss of some twenty or thirty seats in industrial constituencies, and the loss of even a qualified Irish support in Parliament. How all this is going to promote undenominationalism in England I cannot see.

The truth of the matter is that Irish Home Rule is only a part, albeit the chief part, of a wider policy. The present House of Commons presents the paradoxical spectacle of a hundred Irish members, elected solely on the Home Rule issue, voting on educational questions in England; of English members elected on all sorts of issues struggling with the bewildering perplexities of Irish land tenure, or with speculations on the difference between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland; of the Anglican Church maintained as an establishment in Wales in defiance of the unanimous wishes of the Welsh members. The English Parliament is in truth struggling with an impossible task, and the only logical solution lies in some scheme by which each of the four nations shall be set free to deal with its own problems. English Nonconformists may remember that it is necessary to grant Home Rule to Ireland if they are ever to get Home Rule for England.—Yours, &c.,

"A PROTESTANT ELECTOR."

FLOGGING IN INDIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been informed by the Under Secretary of State for India that Mr. Morley is about to address the Government of India on the general subject of flogging as a judicial punishment, and I share your "complete confidence that he will stop the practice." It is, indeed, high

time that a stop was put to the perfectly atrocious floggings which are permitted under the Indian Penal Code. Quite recently I got a Calcutta paper reporting at length the flogging to death of a male offender in an Indian jail, and Sir Henry Cotton, M.P., in a pamphlet published by the Humanitarian League, says he has known of many such cases!

In 1902 (the last year for which figures are available) no fewer than 25,186 floggings were inflicted on adult offenders, the punishment in many cases being for petty theft and the like. In many parts of India the floggings are administered publicly, on the bare skin, and the triangles are an unpleasant feature outside almost every criminal court in India. In Burma, flogging is a perfectly legal punishment for prison offences, and it is applied to "untried" as well as convicted offenders, if the discipline of these establishments requires it.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH COLLINSON,
Hon. Secretary.

Indian Humanitarian Committee,
53, Chancery Lane, London,
November 6th, 1907.

RUSKIN HALL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think in your paragraph on Ruskin Hall at Oxford you mistake somewhat its object. The intention was not to enable working men to take degrees and make them into schoolmasters and clerks, but to improve them as workers. An artisan, who is able, has many chances of rising in his own line; the best of shopkeepers in many trades have begun as journeymen, and the masters of many works began as apprentices. The University and other agencies have provided, and are going on to provide still more, for the boy who shows himself at school specially apt at bookwork, opportunities for development in this direction; but Ruskin Hall has not the means, and was never meant, to give a prolonged course of literary training. The aim is rather to help those workers who are helping themselves, to a certain extent to improve their intellectual status, and by this means indirectly to conduce to their advancement in life, and their grasp of questions which affect their lives as citizens and men. This is far more important than to enable units to get out of the class in which their friends and relatives remain, into one where they must of necessity occupy more or less the uncomfortable position of strangers.—Yours, &c.,

P. J. DEAR.

58, Findhorn Place, Edinburgh.
November 26th, 1907.

[Our comments were framed in full view of the point to which our correspondent refers.—ED., NATION.]

SUPPLY OF FEMALE LABOUR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article on October 26th, on "Women in Industries," the writer remarks that one of the chief reasons for the low level of women's wages is "the chronic over-supply of female labour for nearly all employments that are open to them." There is certainly one employment in which there is no "chronic over-supply." For the honorable and skilled labour of cook and houseworker, there is far greater demand than supply. Wages are high, and are increasing, and hygienic conditions of living are often excellent, and are on the whole much superior to those of other employments. The unlimited competition of women workers at factories and workshops could be brought into more manageable limits if there were large drafts into domestic service, and if there were some efficient instruction to fit women for that special form of employment. This good work, and the more skilled the service, the more the position of the domestic servant would be raised.—Yours, &c.,

B. BROOKSBANK.

October 26th, 1907.

Poetry.

SOUL AND BODY.

BODY.

ART thou for breaking faith, after these years,
These many married years
Wherein we have ourselves so well delighted?
Why art thou sick? Art thou beginning fears
That our dear joys have been unholy things?
Trust me, since we have been so long plighted,—
Whate'er be this white worship thou dost mean
To reach on these unlucky wings,—
Thou wilt miss the wonder I have made for thee
Of this dear world with my fashioning senses,—
The blue, the fragrance, the singing, and the green.
And thou wilt find, not having me,
Crippled thy high powers, gone to doubt
Thy indignation and thy love, without
Help of my lust, and the anger of my blood,
And my tears.
Try me again; dost thou remember how we stood
And lookt upon the world exultingly?
What is for rapture better than these?—
Great places of grassy land, and all the air
One quiet, the sun taking golden ease
Upon an afternoon;
Tall hills that stand in weather-blinded trances
As if they heard, drawn upward and held there,
Some god's eternal tune;
I made them so, I with my fashioning senses
Made the devoted hills: have their great patiences
Not lent thee any health of ecstasy?
Or when the north came shouting to the beach,
Wind that would gag in his throat a lion's speech,
And spindrift with a whining hiss went by
Like swords,—wert thou not glad with me?
O, who will lodge thee better than I have done
In exultation?—I who alone
Can wash thee in the sacring of moonlight,
Or send thee soaring even that above
Into the wise and unimaginable night,
The chambers of the holy fear,
Or bring thee to the breasts of love.

SOUL.

DEAR Body, my loved friend, poor thanks have I
For all this service. As if fires had made me clean,
I come out of thy experience,
Thy blue, thy fragrance, thy singing, and thy green,
Passions of love, and most, that holy fear:
Well hast thou done to me with every sense.
But there's for me a fiercer kind
Of joy, that feels not, knows not, deaf and blind:
And these but led to it, that we did try
When we were person, thou and I;
Woe for me if I should dare
Partake in person now I see
The lights of unaware ecstasy.
I must not in amazement stay,
Henceforth I am for a way
Beyond thy senses, beauty and fear,
Beyond wonder even.
I want neither earth nor heaven,
I will not have ken or desire,
But only joy higher and higher
Burning knowledge in its white fire
Till I am no more aware,
And no more saying "I am I,"
But all is perfect ecstasy.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Reviews.

STUDIES IN POETRY.*

MR. BROOKE'S "Studies" deal with the poetry of William Blake, omitting the so-called prophetic books, the poetry of Scott, the lyrics of Shelley, "Epipsychidion," and the poetry of Keats. The Inaugural Address to the Shelley Society (1886) is also included. The writer runs to the enjoyment of poetry with the quick delight of one of Blake's children possessed by the spirit of life, and racing forward with uplifted arms. His happiness draws the imagination of a reader into like attitudes of pleasure, and this is a kind of education for the feelings. The intellectual element which goes to make a complete criticism is less apparent, but a certain body of ideas is dissolved and held suspended in the spirit of enjoyment. It is a distinction to write briefly of Blake, and this Mr. Brooke has done. The Blake of whom he writes—Blake of the lyrical poems—is a man with the heart of a child. Even the "Songs of Experience" are songs of a wonderful adult child:—

"Blake's unmodified horror is not that of an experienced man, but such as a child would feel, who, suddenly taken from his mother's garden, found himself in the dark walls of a prison. All its ugliness, tolerable to those who knew it, would be seen with loathing unspeakable by the child. Blake in this way saw the most dreadful side of dreadful things; more than we see; and he could not distinguish, as we do, any touches of light in the darkness. His expression, therefore, of experience was as exaggerated towards misery as his expression of innocence may seem to us exaggerated towards joy—and this is just the temper of a child towards the pain and pleasure, the evil and the good of the world. . . . There is nothing like the burning whiteness of some of the 'Songs of Innocence' in the whole of literature. He touches, without danger, and without shame of fear, the lightnings of the sword of innocence. We get the archetypes of good. And now we get the archetypes of evil. The same hand which drew the lamb in its essence drew also, with a fierceness of imagination, the fiercest of all beasts—not a tiger, but all tigers in one—the essential tiger."

But is the tiger evil? Is he not as right and needful a part of the divine universe as the lamb, and is not Blake even more passionately delighted with the tiger's dreadful beauty and concentration of force than he is with the soft clothing and meek heart of the lamb? And is not "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" Blake's answer to these questions?

Mr. Brooke poses his sitters against two screens—the Romantic movement and the French Revolution. It cannot be said that he wheels in the screens, for the screens are there. But in one instance the sitter, with his back turned to the Revolution screen—all sunrises and rainbows—has his face in a shadow, which seems to alter its true expression. Mr. Brooke knows the man Walter Scott too well to imagine that melancholy—apart from the real sorrows of his life—was a characteristic feature of his mind. But he finds Scott often treating of sad themes in his poetry, and sometimes uttering poetic lamentations over the vanished past, and the critic goes on to tell us that "the prevailing temper of Scott's poetry was sadness," and that "as a poet, it was his apartness from the fresh movements of his age that made him sad." The prevailing temper of Scott's poetry is not sadness. Cheerfulness in work of the imagination, strange to say, is not the exclusive possession of the virtuous liberal in politics. Chaucer's poetry is more happy tempered than the poetry of the author of "Piers the Plowman." Scott dealt with sad themes because he saw life as it is, and sadness forms a part of life. He dealt with sad themes for a second reason—because they lend themselves to romantic art, and the paradox is true when we add that there is joy for the romantic poet in evoking beauty out of sorrow. Scott, says Mr. Brooke, felt his isolation, and felt that his isolation was sorrowful. He felt no such isolation. "About 1792," he wrote not long before his death, "when I was entering life, the admiration of the godlike system of the French Revolution was so rife, that only a few old-fashioned Jacobites and the like ventured to hint a preference for the land they lived in. Burke appeared, and all the gibberish about the superior

legislation of the French dissolved like an enchanted castle when the destined knight blows his horn before it. The talents—the almost prophetic powers of Burke are not now needed." In other words, Scott believed that the advance of the British people would be along the lines indicated by Burke, not along those indicated by Godwin, and he felt that he was at one with his people. But the chief thing to remember is that Scott was, as an artist, at the centre of one of the "fresh movements of his age," and was advancing that movement more than any other contemporary in the region of art. The Romantic movement, in order that it might be saved from such crude extravagances as those of Scott's friend, Matthew Gregory Lewis, needed not only the purification and refinement of romance, which it found through Coleridge; it needed not only the alliance of "the light that never was, on sea or land," with the realities of life, which it found through Wordsworth; it needed also the alliance of romance with the historical tendency, which the nineteenth century had inherited from the eighteenth. To effect this alliance was the work of Scott, and not alone in his prose writings. In this alone there was work enough for a lifetime. Scott as a student of history and an imaginative reviver of the past was far from infallible. But with him the historical spirit supports and renders sane romance. No stream of nineteenth century tendency has been more affluent, none has flowed with a broader or a swifter current than the historical. It has affected every province of human thought except pure mathematics. In going back to the past Scott was working for the future. And this being the case, it seems an unhappy thing—almost an impertinence—to pose him as a sitter against the French Revolution screen, and to exhibit his face in shadow.

The essay on Keats in this volume may be commended to the reader as one of special excellence.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

GEORGE MEREDITH.*

A GREAT artist or a great writer has not necessarily to create his public. It may be his good fortune to express thoughts and feelings which are already in the air, to strike a note for which his generation has been unconsciously waiting, to find beauty and truth in the raiment which can best secure to them the recognition of the time. He wakes to find himself famous, and the clear spirit gets its reward of fame before the abhorred shears slit the thin-spun life. Nor is such a genius properly to be accounted less original or less vital than he who breaks new ground. The pioneer must pass many years content to hope, or at best to believe, that the recognition of the many will at last follow the adoration of the few. His foresight forbids him to envy the popularity of the imitator. Wyatt and Wilkins a century ago, Gilbert Scott in our fathers' days, were accounted masters of Gothic art, and had their reward. Now we know them for daubers and destroyers. Our feelings will perhaps be repeated when our grandchildren look on the "restored" fronts of Peterborough and Exeter Cathedrals. Tennyson had to face an opposition which sixty years ago flickered out in Bulwer Lytton's mannerless attack. After half a century, in which he rode supreme, he is coming to the point at which we can tell which part of his work will live. The cloth wears in places, and the line which cost the smoke of ten cigars to make it seem spontaneous begins to show signs of its origin. Taine anticipated posterity in judging that Tennyson only imitated the sublime, and Matthew Arnold, in judging that he only imitated the simple. Poetry, like other arts, ought to be, must be, artificial, but there are two forms of artifice. We want two words that should make a distinction like the distinction between *simplicité* and *simplesse*. If we say that Virgil is artificial, we should mean it for a compliment. We should use the same word of Tennyson, but not always in the same sense. It is in this matter of the right and the wrong artifice that the judgment of contemporaries is likely to be least secure.

Mr. George Meredith is happily still among us. His work has won its way, not without dust and heat, into the hearts of his countrymen. He has crossed the seas, and

* "Studies in Poetry." By Stopford A. Brooke. Duckworth & Co. 6s. net.

* "George Meredith, Novelist, Poet, Reformer." By M. Sturge Henderson. Methuen. 6s.

his most popular novel, skilfully translated, has lately been running in the pages of the chief Italian review. But we cannot yet pass a final judgment, if indeed any judgment be final, on his merits. Something we know. We know that he need not fear the fate of Wilkins and Gilbert Scott, for he laid no claim to the touch of a vanished hand. We know that the waters of oblivion will not roll over his head, for a critical generation has accepted his work. We do not yet know what place our grandchildren will assign him in the hierarchy of the literary heaven. Thus, while we welcome Mrs. Henderson's acute and discriminating study, we cannot be sure that she has said, much less should we claim ourselves to say, that last word on the great novelist in whom we delight. Mrs. Henderson holds that George Meredith "may almost be said to have brought into existence" the kind of fiction which he composes. His own claim is that of "exposing and illustrating the history of man." The claim is not in itself new. It has been made implicitly by many novelists, and explicitly in the opening chapter of "Tom Jones." Human nature, says Fielding, is the provision which he makes for his readers, true nature being "as difficult to be met with in authors as the Bayonne ham or the Bologna sausage is to be found in the shops." But Fielding is not without regard for his story as told for its own sake. Indeed, as a story it is too complete, a fault visible in "The Antiquary," and carried to the verge of absurdity in "Nicholas Nickleby." Nor could it well reach its conclusion without a series of coincidences hardly to be found in real life. Mrs. Henderson would further argue that George Meredith's predecessors saw the spiritual and the material forces of the world as at war with each other, whereas he sees "spirit and matter unified," and outdoes his rivals by the strength that is at work behind his conception of his art. Thus the story sinks into the background. It is necessary because without it the idea could not be illustrated, but it is not wanted for its own sake. Here there is a superficial likeness to the sentimentalist, of whom Johnson said that, if you read him for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. Meredith never aims at the dramatic, nor, when a dramatic incident comes to him, does he always make it probable. Diana's sale of the secret is incredible, not that there are not women of character who may be driven by strange and blind impulses, but because we have come to know Diana as a woman of mind.

This neglect of purely dramatic interest shows, even if we had it not from his own lips, that Meredith is not by first instinct an artist. Virgil gave his life to poetry but always cherished the thought that he should have been a philosopher. His philosophy does indeed inform his verse, as philosophy informs Meredith's prose, but his exquisite taste forbids him to misuse it. Failing at first to please the world, Meredith, says Mrs. Henderson, took to writing for himself. He ceased, as Fielding would put it, to keep an ordinary and took to inviting his guests. Here we are to find one reason for the obscurity into which he is supposed sometimes to fall. In fact, such obscurity as there is lies rather in the subject itself. Macaulay demanded that the metaphysician should express his truths in language which could at once be understood by the man in the street. He might as well have held that Newton ought to have published a chart of his strange seas of thought for the use of children. Shakespeare has drawn the broad lines of egoism in such characters as Julius Caesar. If he had tried a Sir Willoughby Paternoe, he could hardly have avoided a difficulty of expression beyond that of the Duke in "Measure for Measure."

Mr. de Selincourt, who writes the chapters in this book which deal with Meredith's poems, rightly holds, against Mr. Trevelyan, that the novels and poems rest on a systematic idealist foundation. The line which tells us that—

"Earth was not earth before her sons appeared,"

recalls Hegel's dictum that God without the world were no God. Meredith knows well that, apart from thought, reality has no meaning; that, apart from the universal, there is no particular. The desire *esse aliquid*, to be something, is a poor and limited thing unless the phrase be interpreted to mean a whole. And the very realisation of self, which is thus postulated, depends upon a

self-denial. He who is no member, even he who is no worthy member, of a community is, in fact, nothing. Such a man does indeed walk in a vain show, unaware that he parades himself a pitiable phantom among those who are in form as angels and in apprehension as gods. The true man does not start with the *ego* as a subject of rights. Rather, he must begin with that fellow-feeling which not only makes us wondrous kind, but can alone open the portals of the spiritual world. Thus Meredith's novels are an exposition of the true meaning of sympathy. We have trespassed upon the domain of metaphysics. The fact is that Meredith is himself a metaphysician. It is a reason why he should not be primarily an artist, but the results of art may perhaps be reached by different roads. On the one hand Meredith tells us that narrative is nothing, on the other we learn from Aristotle that the first thing in a drama is the plot. The difference is not so great as it seems. One point may suggest a clue. Aristotle tells us that tragedy purges the passions. So far, then, the dramatic art has a distinctly moral purpose. Its instrument is pity and fear. We should not, perhaps, first name these emotions as the special instruments of George Meredith's work. Nevertheless, they are there. They have their part in the laws of human life less visibly now, it may be less strongly, than in earlier civilisations. Yet, still he that thinketh he standeth must take heed lest he fall. He can learn his lesson from the great masterpieces of past ages; indeed, he can hardly learn it without them, but the lesson is hard unless he get other help. He wants a contemporary picture as well. Metaphor misleads, and we should more truly say that he does not need a picture at all, but rather a light that will open to his eyes all the springs of human action, all that keeps it right and all that leads it into wrong. Therein lies the hope of reform, of an advance in civilisation, of a new heaven and a new earth. Our own generation finds its light in George Meredith.

THE TRANSLATION OF HORACE.*

IN regard of the influence which they have exercised over men, the poems, and especially the Odes, of Horace may be classed with the books of the New Testament. They express what may be called the natural philosophy of human nature; the temper which corrects the extravagance of fanaticism, secular or religious, the fallacy of extremes. How much better are men than their opinions! There is a fund of sense, goodness, and moderation in them which takes half their venom out of the most preposterous theories and the most mischievous creeds. Of this native and instinctive reasonableness Horace is the prophet. Hence his lasting vogue and value. The modified optimism which his outlook on life embodies commends itself to experience without flouting anticipation, and expresses at least one side of the truth of things and the meaning of life as nearly as we can grasp it. Enjoy simple pleasures; be moderate; live at peace with certain men and uncertain gods—it might all be paralleled from the Sapiential Books, and not a little of it from the Gospels. The malady of thought touched him lightly; he let the "riddle of the painful earth" go by. Life has its vicissitudes, but their lesson is one of resignation mingled with hope:—

"Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

The colours of good and evil are mixed:—

"Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum."

Therefore take short views. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:—

"Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Aetas; carpe diem quam minimum credula postero."

A good deal is left out in such a philosophy of life; but it is sound as far as it goes, and to ignore it means shipwreck. Attempt to rise above nature, and, in the long

* "The Odes and Epodes of Horace." Translated into English verse corresponding with the original metres by John Marshall, M.A., LL.D. Rector, Royal High School, Edinburgh. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

run, you fall below it: we are akin to the world of flesh and blood in which we live.

The time of Horace was in many respects like our own. It was one of acute transition; of material aims and progress; it witnessed a somewhat artificial religious revival, a cultus in which men had ceased to believe was galvanised into life for political and aesthetic ends. This is why he speaks to us in our own tongue. He is at once patriot and philosopher, censor and comrade, recluse and man of the world. His hermitage, indeed, was comfortable and picturesque—

"Hæ latebrae dulces, etiam, si credis, amoenæ";

and his mind matched it; the loftiness of Virgil, the sustained thought of Lucretius, the indignation of Juvenal, were not his. He recalls that inimitable creation of M. Anatole France, the abbé Jérôme Coignard, of whom it is said "il méprisait les hommes, mais il les méprisait avec tendresse": he is, on the whole, for righteousness, but he is not righteous over much. By conviction and sympathy an imperialist, his imperialism led him to throw himself into the arms of a Saviour of Society. It was perhaps, the only thing to do: society needed and was worth saving; yet, could men have seen it, there was a more excellent way. By temperament "parcus deorum cultor et infrequens," he accommodated himself, with the easy Latin conscience, to the externals of religion: he would have been a typical cardinal under a Medicean Pope.

There are probably few men of scholarly tastes who have not ventured on a translation of certain of the Odes: and, though the names of those who have given their attempts to the world include, even in our own time, Professor Conington, Sir Theodore Martin, and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Marshall's rendering has a sufficient reason for existence. It is with Professor Conington's that one instinctively compares it; and to say that it bears the comparison is to say that from the point of view both of scholarship and of literature it stands high. Mr. Marshall has avoided the temptation to reproduce the original metres. With few, if any, exceptions the attempt to do this has been a failure, and a grotesque failure, resulting in a caricature of the original. At the same time, "the first thing at which a Horatian translator ought to aim is some kind of metrical conformity to his text. Without this we are in danger of losing not only the metrical, but the general effect of the Latin; we express ourselves in a different compass, and the character of the expression is altered accordingly." So Conington: and Mr. Marshall has acted on the wise counsel. Take, for example, I. II. :—

"Leuconoe, dear, seek not, I pray, to know what Heaven hath hid;

The span to me accorded, or to thee, is lore forbid!

Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes! More wise, what comes, to bear;

Nor fret, whether some winters more from Jove fall to our share,
Or this, which lashes now the Tuscan shore, our last decreed.
Be wise, and strain the wine! Since short at best of joy our meed,

Prune distant hopes. E'en as we speak, grim Time speeds swift away;

Seize now and here the hour that is, nor trust some later day!"

or the lines to Lalage I. 22:—

"Place me where o'er the dull and frost-bound plain
No tree is e'er by summer's breath restored,
Beneath a sky where endless beats the rain,
And storms abhorred.

Or in a homeless land my steps exile,
Where the fierce sun-god's car rolls all too near;
My Lalage's sweet voice, her gentle smile,
Shall still be dear"

Petronius remarks the "curiosa felicitas" of Horace; Quintilian describes him as "variis figuris et verbis felicissime audax." And this charm of thought and phrase is often a crux to the translator, who has to preserve the substance and to create anew the form of the idea. Except in rare instances Mr. Marshall is successful in the double task. "Infames scopulos" becomes "those cliffs of doom"; "siccis oculis," "unwavering eyes"; "monstra natantia," "strange weltering beasts"; "simplex munditiis," "simple but exquisite"; "linque severa," "let grave things be"—

"dicimus uvidi

Cum sol Oceano subit,"

"this, when wine is drawn,
We'll speak, what time suns seaward set."

The translations are eminently calculated to inspire young scholars with a genuine appreciation of the poet and his work. Few who use them will fail to echo the graceful dedication to the "Vates Amicus" which the author prefixes to his book:—

"Give me to know, friend, poet, preacher, sage,
The tenderness, the love of all that's kind
And good and unaffected, which I find
Only in perfectness in your dear page.

May I, like you, think small things of myself,
Much of my country, much of friends, and love;
Delight like you in hill and stream and grove,
And all things else deemed good, save power and self."

PETRARCH.*

It is a commonplace to say that in considering Petrarch's place in the history of literature, we are to distinguish between the Italian lyrist and the humanist, but it is not so generally recognised that under humanism itself two very unlike things are confounded. It is one thing to have revived the interest in classical literature, to have acquired a certain elementary historic sense, to have widened the range of Latin literature and opened up the literature of Greece, to have cherished a heartier relish for natural enjoyments, and to have broken up for good or ill the ecclesiastical conception of virtue and the scholastic conception of wisdom. It is a totally different thing to have diverted Europe from its freshly-made discovery of the magnificent possibilities of its own vernaculars for literary purposes, and initiated the pathetic and futile effort of two centuries, struggling with passionate energy and conviction to create literature in a dead language by scrupulous and minute imitation of models, while neglecting the living tongues in which the Troubadours and the Minnesingers, Chrestien, Ville Ardouin and Joinville, Dante, Petrarch himself and Boccaccio, the authors of the Romance of the Rose and Chaucer, and the epic biographers of the Cid, had written with independent and creative force. The one movement was on the central line of historical advance and initiated modern life; the other perpetuated under a bastard form the medieval régime of a unified Latin Europe against the rise of the federation of independent nationalities, which constitutes what Comte called the Occident, and forms the characteristic background of modern literature, life, and politics. On its own ground this perpetuation of Latin as a vehicle of European communication may have been desirable enough, but when it invaded the territory of literature proper it was pure reaction and pedantry, and its influence was no less than disastrous.

To understand the gravity of the reverse we have only to compare the splendour of the vernacular literatures in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the barrenness of the early fifteenth, and the long struggle of the following periods. A well-authenticated contemporary tradition tells how Dante hesitated whether to write his great epic in Latin or Italian, and thanks to the disastrous turn given to literature by Petrarch and the humanists, Ariosto had to renew the struggle two centuries later; and having decided in favour of Italian, he reaped the reward of being deliberately and even scornfully placed by the finest Latinist and the greatest critic of the day—Lillius Gyraldus—behind a whole tribe of Latin poetasters, whose very names are now forgotten. And even when the inevitable victory of the vernaculars came at last, young men were still trained to write Latin verses with the aid of a "Gradus ad Parnassum," that provided them with a huge store of ready-made epithets, synonyms, and paraphrases, by which any conceivable prose might be "made into poetry." Wherever the humanist tradition survives study may be a passion and an inspiration, but literature is only an accomplishment. The revival of letters well-nigh proved to be the death of literature.

Petrarch represents both sides of European humanism, and also the patriotic and national life and literature on which they reacted in such contrary directions. His "Canzoniere" is the perfect flower of the lyric poetry of

* "Petrarch, his Life and Times." By H. C. Hollway-Calthorp. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

Provence and Italy. Remote as he is from the exaltation of Dante or the exuberance of Boccaccio, he has a secure place of his own from which it is impossible to imagine that he will ever be dislodged. Probably the most perfect master of style that the world of literature has seen, he represents the supreme point at which beauty of diction strikes deeper than the mere sense of taste and refinement, and becomes an organic force. No one who has literary sense can fail to be moved by Petrarch's verse. The greater, then, must be our wonder and regret that the author himself deliberately slighted his own immortal creations, and chose to base his claims to recognition on the Latin verses, of which his most ardent disciples can only speak with cold apologies.

It is difficult not to connect this strange phenomenon with the fundamental weakness of Petrarch's character, his want of perfect sincerity. This want of sincerity was, indeed, so deep as to be unconscious. Had his passion for Laura been what he thought it was, it is impossible to conceive that he should have looked upon the poems that enshrined it in the light of a literary effort unworthy to be compared with the poem in which he commemorated the merits of Scipio Africanus. Was Petrarch incapable of distinguishing between an emotion valuable for literary and artistic purposes and genuine passion? It is almost a miracle that in his "Canzoniere" he should have succeeded in compelling his reader, who can never get away from this suspicion of insincerity, to recognise in his poems not only technical mastery, but a moving, nay penetrating, delineation of human passions, hopes, and regrets.

When we consider the whole circumstances and the atmosphere and standards of his time, we must admit that too much has been made of Petrarch's paternity, "irregular" as it undoubtedly was, of a son and daughter during the very period in which he was languishing for Laura. But his disgraceful friendship with the Visconti, the worst of the Italian tyrants, at the very time when he was full of zeal and eloquence in the cause of Italian liberty and republican freedom, forms an uncomfortable parallel which it is harder to get over. Yet probably his political zeal was more sincere than his enamourment, and quite as sincere as his religion. In two things only was Petrarch's sincerity an adequate guarantee of decent consistency. They were his love of classical literature and his love of his friends. The best that can be said of Mr. Holloway Calthrop's book (which has many defects, and some serious inaccuracies of translation, and must be pronounced decidedly inferior to the work of a somewhat similar scope produced by the American scholars, Robinson and Rolfe, in 1898) is that in its much exaggerated admiration it at any rate succeeds in deeply impressing these two sincerities on the mind of the reader. Those who derive their first impression of Petrarch from this volume will see him as a faithful and fascinating friend, a copious and charming correspondent, and an irresponsible but earnest amateur politician, licensed to address, rather than capable of influencing, the greatest men of his time, in virtue of a vast literary reputation that rested on Latin works, which no one now reads, unless under some form of compulsion.

DELIGHTFUL GOSSIP.*

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM's fame was never very great in England, in spite of the fact that his poems reached the glory of a Collected Edition in six volumes, that he edited a "Ballad Book" in a popular series, and that his correspondence with Dante Gabriel Rossetti was issued some ten years ago and made interesting reading. In Ireland he endeared himself to many hearts by his "Emigrant's Adieu," with its refrain:—

"It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waters wide,
And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return,
To my native Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne."

*"William Allingham: A Diary." Edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford. 1907. Macmillan. 12s. net.

And then everyone knows his delightful song of the fairies, beginning:—

"Up the airy mountain
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!"

Here, eighteen years after his death, we have from him a charming volume of gossip about his contemporaries. Its editors, who modestly sign themselves "H. Allingham" and "D. Radford," are perhaps better known to-day to the great public than the writer whose diary they have so happily given to the world. Mrs. Allingham is famous through the many delightful pictures in which she has made known the beautiful green of the English countryside and the glory of its many gardens to the denizens in our towns. Mrs. Ernest Radford again, under the signature of "Dolly Radford," has added much music to contemporary verse. As for William Allingham, he is a further proof of the fact that a love of poetry was more in vogue in the sixties and the seventies than it is to-day. A quiet Irishman in his Majesty's Customs, the recipient of a most modest salary, would not find, upon the strength of the books he wrote, that all the doors of the literary aristocracy of the hour were opened to him as they were opened to Allingham. He was not a great writer, but he will live in the various anthologies which every year puts forth by many poems of real distinction. He will live still more by the "Diary" which his widow and her friend have just given us. Not one of the hundred or more of literary biographies and autobiographies of the past few years has so well justified itself as does this book. The pictures of Carlyle and of Tennyson here presented are of real value as an aid to the understanding of these great men. Other contemporaries are here also. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, for example, who throughout is irreverently called "Ned"; Leigh Hunt, chatty, cheerful, humane; Robert Browning, frankly satirical over the obscurities of his verse; Ruskin—of all the later Victorians we have glimpses. But it is for the gossip concerning Carlyle and Tennyson that we are most under obligation. Mr. Froude dismisses the last few years of Carlyle's life very summarily. No one else has presented the grand old man of those last sad years as does Mr. Allingham—large-minded, generous, tolerant. It seems from this book that all the qualities which we had learned reluctantly to deny to Carlyle in old age were his. Here are hundreds of judgments upon men and affairs, and scarcely one of them ill-natured; only one injudicious and unfair appraisalment has been perpetuated. It is on the writings of Mr. Swinburne. But then Carlyle was never a good critic of poetry. He always asked the poets whom he met to write in prose. Shakespeare and Burns, he said, had better have written in prose. He made that practical suggestion to Browning. He begged Allingham to give up verse and write a History of Ireland. The book is still wanted, but Allingham, with his strong anti-national bias, could not have written it. To those who, not knowing Carlyle but loving him withal, have never got over the disastrous impression which Froude's biography conveyed to almost every reader, Allingham's record of many conversations will do much good. Not quite equally inspiring are the conversations with Tennyson at Freshwater and Aldworth. The greatest Victorian poet was a bundle of prejudices. The recording of conversations with him are amusing rather than edifying. His political sentiments were bitter. His hatred of Ireland was as ill-considered as that of an average stockbroker. His views on all public questions were trivial. But as a literary critic he was admirable, although he declared that he "hated biographies." All the world knows of his admiration for Jane Austen. Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" was "a Koh-i-noor among novels." Shelley and Keats were our greatest modern poets. An exquisite sanity stamps throughout Tennyson's literary conversations, which are conveyed to us here with the real Boswellian spirit. The Diary of William Allingham is a book that the reader will add to the more permanent side of his library, and will refer to again and again.

A STORY OF SPAIN IN THE SIXTIES*.

It is a pity that the translator of this striking novel of Galician life has not prefixed to it a short critical sketch of the work of the Señora de Bazán, who is, we understand, the most gifted woman writer that modern Spain can show. There is nothing in "The Son of the Bondwoman" to settle the date of composition, and we are left to conjecture whether it first saw the light in the eighties or is a comparatively late work. And here we may add our regret that no English publisher should have thought it worth while to bring out translations of the novels of Ibanez. Modern Spanish literature apparently excites not the slightest curiosity in England.

In "The Son of the Bondwoman" the author repays the debt which she evidently owes to the French realists. Firmly handled and well balanced, the novel derives its strength from the writer's intimate familiarity, probably acquired in childhood, with provincial life in Galicia. The story is pitched in the late sixties, but in essential characteristics this description of a decaying landed gentry, sinking into the poverty-stricken and stagnant stage so common to old families in Italy, Russia, Ireland, and Spain, would probably hold good to-day. There is reason to fear that the national life of Spain is still as much at the mercy of the official politicians and their army of parasites as in the days when the tale opens.

The young priest, Julian Alvarez, who has been recommended for the post of chaplain to the Marquis of Ulloa, arrives at the gloomy and antiquated country-house, Los Pazos, to find that everything is in shocking disorder. Don Pedro himself, a vigorous man of thirty, has, underlying his arrogant manner, something of the brutality and savage rusticity of the boor. Careless of his affairs, and occupied almost exclusively with hunting and field sports, Don Pedro is in the tenacious clutches of his astute steward, Primitivo, a man who controls the whole administration of the estate, and who has made himself indispensable to his master by his business capacity. Primitivo, little by little, has gathered the reins of power into his hand, and while leaving the empty honours to Don Pedro, has quartered his own relatives and half the village on the estate of Los Pazos. He receives the rents, accounts for the expenses, levies secret toll on all the produce, and cheats Don Pedro right and left. Everybody fears and obeys this fox-like man, whose cunning vindictiveness is as much feared by his master as by the poor people to whom he lends money as village usurer. But more than this, Primitivo's coquettish daughter, Sabel, is the mistress of the Marquis, to whom she has borne a beautiful boy, Perucho, and though the Marquis has tired of her, and suspects her of infidelity with a labourer, he is afraid to get rid of her, as Primitivo has threatened that he will "put a charge of shot" into any woman who takes her place. The attitude, indeed, of the steward to his master resembles that of a crafty Oriental minister, who indulges an Eastern potentate in his pleasures that he may himself bleed his realm undisturbed. Don Pedro is, however, sick of being plundered, and eaten out of house and home by the numerous hangers on, and enraged one day by Sabel's behaviour at a village dance, he makes up his mind to marry one of his cousins, the Señoritas de la Lage, who have long sighed after him in vain. He hastily quits Los Pazos for the town, taking with him the young chaplain, Julian, though Primitivo, "the man of bronze," throws obstacles in their way, and, indeed, prepares an ambush for them! The feeling conveyed of the steward's crafty purpose and resourcefulness is admirably rendered throughout by slight pregnant touches.

The breaking away of Don Pedro from the entanglements of his boorish life at Los Pazos affords the author the occasion for a brilliant sketch of Spanish domestic life in a decaying country town. The old hidalgo, the Señor de la Lage, and his four marriageable daughters, whom he keeps shut up in the family mansion through fear lest they should marry some plebeian, are admirably observed; and none but a clever woman could have so subtly suggested the undercurrent of feminine deception beneath the paternal rule. "Cousin Perucho," as Don Pedro is called, is received with great archness, with secret whispers and serious glances by

the young ladies, who divine in an instant why he has come; and most admirably indicated is the business-like though joking attitude of their cousin while deliberating, under the teasing eyes of the girls, the question to which of them he should throw the handkerchief. The Spanish author shows us with truly feminine malice how Don Pedro chooses the serious Nucha, the woman least suited to him, inspired by a suspicion that the frank and lively and provocative Rita, his real mate, may make of him a jealous husband. In his coarse masculine way the Marquis wants to feel absolutely safe, as he understands conjugal honour in a truly Spanish sense, "very indulgent in the case of the husband, and implacable in that of the wife." The description of the scene in the lumber room, where the laughing girls dress themselves and their cousin up in the moth-eaten eighteenth century finery of their dead and gone Galician noble ancestors, is as admirably done as is the accompanying picture where Don Pedro in the dusk mistakes Nucha for the lively Rita, and, being repelled, man-like, determines that she is the wife for him. It is a tribute to the firmness and sobriety of the Señora de Bazán's art that she is able to make us ourselves actors in these rallying yet serious passages between the sexes. The solemn and lugubrious Spanish marriage, in the old style, is also indicated with an artistic economy that preserves for us everything that is essential. The chaplain, Julian Alvarez, is despatched to Los Pazos by the bridegroom to "make arrangements," and get Sabel and her child out of the way, but, of course, in the hands of Primitivo, the steward, he proves himself a child. Primitivo, outwardly submissive and respectful, tells the chaplain that Sabel is going to be married; but while the days slip by peacefully nothing is done, and when the Marquis comes home with his bride everything is going on at Los Pazos exactly the same as when he left it.

The tragedy that is slowly preparing for Nucha in the coarse and unfriendly atmosphere of her new home is precipitated by Don Pedro's bitter chagrin when she bears not a son and heir but a girl. He has married to have a son, and he soon begins to neglect her and leave home on hunting expeditions when he finds her ailing and weak and wrapped up in the care of her child. There is the finest feminine insight shown in the study of the young priest's feelings, and of how his dormant paternal instincts are awakened by Nucha's need for protection and love. Quite beautiful are some of the little scenes where the priest, the mother, and the child find an innocent domestic happiness in the illusion of family life, and the effect of these is heightened by Nucha's affection for little Perucho, who is always hanging round the baby's cradle, fascinated by this strange new arrival. But the day comes when Nucha discovers the secret so carefully kept from her by Don Pedro and the priest, and all her jealousy awakens that this beautiful boy is her husband's son. Her face is transformed at the sight of the child, she thrusts him away whenever the baby coos for him, and she will not allow the latter to be a moment out of her sight. Meanwhile, the young priest, to his horror, discovers that the Marquis has again entered into a degrading amour with Sabel. His marriage has turned out a complete failure.

The catastrophe comes through the machinations of Primitivo, who has instilled suspicions into Don Pedro's mind that his chaplain's devotion to his suffering and tormented wife is of the earth, earthy. The savagery and coarseness of the boor is awakened in Don Pedro's nature, and in a terrible scene the young priest answers his slanderer, his blood boiling with indignation, as he casts in the face of the other all the indignities that the distraught Nucha has suffered. So innocent are the accused that they have actually been planning Nucha's flight back to her father without dreaming how the world would have misinterpreted their action. The young priest is thrust ignominiously from the house, and news is brought to him six months afterwards of the martyred woman's death. The last chapter, which shows us the chaplain's return, after ten years to the neighbouring church of Cebre, and his prayer by Nucha's grave, is beautiful in its fresh force of feeling, and we have little doubt that this touching scene has been inspired by a reading of that supreme piece of art—the scene of the old parents at Bazarov's grave in Turgenev's "Father and Children."

* "The Son of the Bondwoman." By E. P. Bazán. Translated from the Spanish by Ethel Harriet Hearn, John Lane. 6s.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE, says M. Faguet, united in herself "almost everything that the whole seventeenth century had produced which was distinguished, pleasant, and elevated," and he adds that she possessed "a quick intellect, incredible fertility, and the most original, the frankest, the most direct, the easiest, the richest, as well as the most picturesque style of any French writer since Montaigne." We have no English letter writer who equals her, and a large number of readers will turn with pleasure to "The Queen of Letter Writers: Marquise de Sevigné," by Janet Aldis (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net). The author does not attempt to give a *resumé* of Madame de Sevigné's complete correspondence, but has written her book "mainly with the idea of giving the personal history of the Marquise in its relation to her times, of showing how intimately she was connected with the great events of her day, and of showing how closely she came into contact with the great personages who were, consciously or unconsciously, occupied in making history." The attempt has been a most successful one. The author has a good knowledge of the history and memoirs of the period, she has a just admiration for Madame de Sevigné's personality, and she makes excellent use of the Marquise's delightful letters. Not the least useful portion of the book is the way in which we are introduced to the famous people who formed Madame de Sevigné's world. Her uncle, the Cardinal de Retz, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Bussy-Rabutin, Fouquet, Lauzun, Turenne, and many others, figure in these pages, and they are all hit off with a lightness and sureness of touch that give a special charm to the volume. The great merit of Madame de Sevigné's letters is their ease and naturalness. To use her own phrase, she allowed her pen to trot, "throwing the reins upon its neck," and her biographer appears to have acquired something of the same ease and charm. "The Queen of Letter Writers" is a thoroughly delightful book upon which the author is heartily to be congratulated.

* * *

IN "Clubs and Clubmen" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d. net) Major Arthur Griffiths has an attractive subject to which he fails to do full justice. His book contains an amount of entertaining gossip and anecdote concerning the foundation and subsequent fortunes of the chief London clubs, but it gives nothing like a complete history of those institutions. Instead of this we have a number of details of club management which might well have been spared. Who wants to know, for instance, that "a good kitchen to be well served needs also a scullery-maid and an odd-maid, who acts as general servant or charwoman," that "a useful functionary is the kitchen clerk," or that "the barman is also often a sort of odd man to the cashier, whom he supplements and replaces on occasion"? Yet the chapters entitled "Club Administration" and "The Inner Life of a Club" are largely taken up with statements of no more interest. It must be admitted, however, that the first three chapters on "Clubs in General" are written in an entertaining style, and contain much interesting matter. The same may be said of the concluding chapters, which treat of art treasures in clubs, and enable the author to gossip about the actors and actresses whose portraits are to be found in the Garrick. Though the book cannot be regarded as a serious contribution to the history of clubs, it is written in a readable style, and Major Griffiths's fund of anecdote will probably make it attractive to many readers.

* * *

IN these days of lengthy biographies Mr. F. K. Aglionby's "Life of Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bishop and Poet" (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net), has at least the negative merit of being written in brief compass. The whole book runs to little more than two hundred pages, which is perhaps about as much as the average reader will care to have about the late Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Aglionby, who was curate under Bishop Bickersteth, and afterwards became one of his examining chaplains, writes with full personal knowledge of his subject. His admiration for Bishop Bickersteth's work and character does not blind him to the Bishop's error of taste in adding a fourth stanza to Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," a treatment of that beautiful lyric which he admits was all but universally

felt to be uncalled for. Bishop Bickersteth's ecclesiastical activities call for little comment. After a few years in a country living he became vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, where he was very successful, and he was chosen to be Dean of Gloucester in 1885. In the same year, just too late to prevent his installation to the Deanery, Mr. Gladstone nominated him to the Bishopric of Exeter, which he held until 1900, when he resigned and spent the closing years of his life in London. At Exeter he did unostentatious though useful work. He cultivated good relations with the Nonconformists, and a large number of them attended a service at the cathedral which he held for Nonconformist ministers. Bishop Bickersteth is known to thousands by his hymn "Peace, Perfect Peace," which, despite its unfortunate second line, has always been immensely popular. Mr. Aglionby has given an excellent record of Bishop Bickersteth's career, and his book might well be taken as a model by more voluminous biographers.

* * *

BOOKS of African travel have been so numerous of late that the subject has lost a great deal of its freshness, but "A Woman's Journey from the Cape to Cairo," by Mary Hall (Methuen, 16s. net), deserves to be read as an unpretentious but very pleasant and readable account of a unique achievement. The author is the first woman who has made the entire journey from the Cape to Cairo, and although the expedition was for the most part safe and comparatively easy, she met, while travelling in the unsettled region to the south of Lake Victoria, with difficulties which required courage and resolution to surmount. There is some interesting information about the habits of the different native peoples she met with, as well as a number of entertaining anecdotes illustrating their peculiarities. The author had no opportunity of inspecting any of the Belgian settlements. For the administration of German East Africa she has nothing but praise, and she also speaks highly of the work of the various mission stations which she saw. A number of capital photographs add to the interest of the book.

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"CONCLUSIONS OF AN EVERYDAY WOMAN," by Hildegard Gordon Brown (Lane, 6s.), contains a number of essays upon such subjects as "The Mantle of Self-Satisfaction," "The Asset of Silliness," "Tinsel," "The Zest of Life," "The Untamed Element," &c. We can see no reason for publishing them. The thought is commonplace, and although there is a certain vivacity of style, we believe that most everyday women could, without undue exertion, produce a similar volume of essays if they were minded to do so. We have always considered "inoffensive" as one of the most offensive of epithets, but it is an accurate description of the book before us.

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MOST readers are now able to guess the kind of fare that will be provided in a volume of essays by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. "A Pocketful of Sixpences" (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net) is as clever and as readable as its predecessors. Mr. Russell gossips anew about politics and social changes, about eminent men in Church and State, about "great ladies" and famous ecclesiastics. There is the same thorough knowledge of what we may call "the oral tradition" concerning notabilities of the Whig and High Church parties, and the same power of apposite and felicitous quotation. Two of the essays on Beaconsfield as a writer of fiction are charmingly written—easy, fluent, and happily allusive. Beaconsfield seems to have a peculiar attraction for Mr. Russell. The title of his book is explained by a quotation from "Lothair": "He was not an intellectual Cæsar, but his pockets were full of sixpences." Among Mr. Russell's sixpences there are several pieces of more precious metal.

* * *

Two beautifully produced anthologies are "The Call of the Sea," compiled by Mr. F. G. Aflalo (Grant Richards, 4s. net), and "The Charm of London," compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt (Chatto & Windus, 2s. net). Mr. Aflalo has aimed at offering as much variety in his selections as was compatible with the size of the volume. His quotations, which are all in prose, accordingly range from the Bible to the work of living authors, such as Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Filson Young—three writers

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who have little in common except an admiration for the sea. The extracts given are in various languages, and describe the sea under almost every possible aspect. Mr. Aflalo has done his work well, and although a maker of anthologies can never hope entirely to please anyone but himself, every lover of the sea will be glad to possess this dainty little volume. Mr. Hyatt's book includes verse as well as prose, and contains a large number of extracts in praise of London. The plan is novel, and Mr. Hyatt's execution of it deserves praise. He admires London with an almost religious veneration, and in a prefatory note he expresses the hope that his book may help readers "towards a still greater appreciation of London whose every street is 'holy haunted ground,' and whose every bye-way is fragrant with the spirit of the past."

* * *

THE nine chapters of Mr. Edward Fraser's "Champions of the Fleet" (Lane, 6s.) give a spirited account of some interesting episodes in our naval history. Mr. Fraser begins by telling the story of the Dreadnoughts—the present battleship is the seventh man-of-war to bear the name, which was first given to an English vessel by Queen Elizabeth in 1572, the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Other chapters tell of the taking of the "Téméraire" by Admiral Boscawen; of Hawke's capture of the "Formidable" in Quiberon Bay; of the help given by the navy to Clive in 1757; while, of course, Mr. Fraser has much to say about Trafalgar and the famous "Victory." As might have been expected from the author of "Famous Fighters of the Fleet," the book is written in a fresh and vigorous style. It is just the book to give to a boy who wishes to read of the most thrilling events in English naval history.

* * *

It is strange, says Mr. Alexander Macdonald, in his interesting book "In the Land of Pearl and Gold" (Blackie, 10s. 6d. net), how little really is known of Australia even by Australians. Mr. Macdonald was for some years a prospector and miner in Australia and New Guinea, so that his book is mainly taken up with the less explored districts of those countries. Some of the adventures he met with in prospecting were highly exciting, and Mr. Macdonald tells them with a great deal of narrative power. Such a story, for instance, as that in the chapter "How we held Mackay's Find," with its mixture of adventure, humour, and bluff, gives the reader a better idea of the fascination of prospecting than is to be found in most novels. Some of the accounts he gives of "rushes" to peg out newly discovered gold or copper fields are also well done, while the description of a midnight "corroboree" of natives is wonderfully impressive. Mr. Macdonald seems to have been chiefly attracted by the adventurous side of gold and opal hunting, and as he possesses unusual power of vivid description his book makes capital reading.

* * *

"THE POEMS OF COLERIDGE, with an Introduction by Ernest Coleridge, and Illustrations by Gerald Metcalfe" (Lane, 10s. 6d. net), is the first illustrated edition of the poetical works of Coleridge as a whole. The basis of the text used is that of the edition of 1834, but Mr. Ernest Coleridge has in many cases chosen other readings, though no synopsis of variants is given on the ground that it would be out of place in an illustrated edition. The volume contains all the poems not subject to the law of copyright, together with some that have appeared in newspapers but have never been published in book form. Mr. Metcalfe's pictures are effective. He succeeds in conveying something of the weird quality of Coleridge's poems. To do more than this no artist can hope. As Coleridge said, his mind "made pictures," "the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions." Mr. Metcalfe is to be congratulated on his success in catching the spirit of the poems.

* * *

THE expiration of the copyright in "Alice in Wonderland" has led a number of publishers to issue editions of Lewis Carroll's delightful volume. One of the best of them is published by Mr. Heinemann (6s. net), and contains illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham. It was a bold undertaking to rival Tenniel on this almost classic ground of the imagination, but Mr. Rackham's whimsical fancy and gift

of grotesque elaboration give a special charm to his pictures of Alice's adventures. Messrs. Cassell publish an edition (6s. net), with pictures by Mr. Charles Robinson, and Mr. Thomas Maybank has illustrated yet another edition, issued by Messrs. Routledge (2s. 6d.); while Messrs. Macmillan, the original holders of the copyright, have published an edition, containing Tenniel's illustrations, at a shilling.

* * *

MESSRS. BLACKIE have just made three interesting additions to their "Red Letter Library" series (2s. 6d. net each volume). These are Kinglake's "Eothen," with an introduction by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch; Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse; and Hood's "Poems," to which Sir F. C. Burnand has written the preface. In their "Red Letter Shakespeare," the same publishers issue "Antony and Cleopatra," "Twelfth Night," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Cymbeline" (1s. 6d. net each), each volume containing short notes and an introduction by Mr. E. K. Chambers. Both series deserves high praise. Print, paper, and binding are all excellent, and we know of few cheap reprints produced with more care or in better taste.

* * *

In her preface Miss Mitton explains her title, "A Bachelor Girl in Burma" (Black, 6s. net) by saying that "Bachelor girls are scarce in Burma," and her book by saying that it is *not* a book "on Burma." She thus somewhat unfairly deprives the reviewer of his sharpest weapons, and, deprived of his foil, he is left to do the best he can with a wooden sword. A weapon of some sort is unfortunately necessary. There seems to be so very little *raison d'être* for "A Bachelor Girl in Burma"; there is no reason for her being a bachelor, beyond the fact that with Burma the word makes a halting alliteration; and there is nothing particularly Burmese about the book, beyond the geographical names, and here and there a pagoda. Perhaps the mistake of the book is that, in the shortness and hurry of her visit she has not been able to adopt a point of view. Her book, not being "on Burma," conveys no information either from the sociological or the ethnological point of view. Miss Mitton speaks of having obtained glimpses into native life. If that is so, she keeps her secret well, for beyond a few superficial touches, she gives us nothing which carries us out of England to other climes and races. She has lived with "England" everywhere in Burma. "The Way to China" is perhaps the best chapter in the book, and that is because of the suggestiveness of the title. When Miss Mitton describes a signpost inscribed with "The Way to China" as calmly as though it were "London: 60 miles," she touches our imagination. Her own has evidently been touched, too, and we feel that for once she is not looking at things from the point of view of the inquisitive tourist. Her relations with the boy, Chin-nasawmy, are interesting, too, for there the personal touch has slipped in almost unconsciously, and we no longer have long descriptions—and they are good descriptions in their own way—standing by themselves in absolute detachment from anything human, English or Burmese.

* * *

A NEW and cheaper edition of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" has been published by Messrs. Constable (5s. net). Messrs. Chatto & Windus have issued an edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's useful "Short History of our own Times" (6s.) which has been revised and additional matter added, bringing the history down to the accession of King Edward VII. Messrs. Macmillan publish a fifth edition of Professor Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece" (5s. net) with a new preface. Messrs. Routledge have added Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," Archbishop Trench's "Parables of our Lord," and Sir G. W. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse," to their excellent "London Library" (2s. 6d. net each). The same publishers send us in their "New Universal Library" (1s. net per volume) Macaulay's "History of England" in five volumes, Longfellow's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" in three volumes, Newman's "Apologia," Ramsay's "Scottish Life and Character," and Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle" and "Rookwood."

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Dear Mr. Parker,—

War Office, 1st October, 1907.

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The Week in the City.

DURING the past week there has been a distinct relaxation of anxiety. The bank return is much stronger, and the market rate of discount has fallen away in anticipation of an early reduction in the bank rate. The American demand for gold has fallen off, and with it the pressure on currency. If all goes well, the banks in the United States hope to resume cash payments in a few days' time. This does not mean that all difficulties are at an end. The "sequelæ" of the panic may be long and painful, and I do not see how we can hope to escape our share of the trade depression. But the situation certainly looks much clearer than it did. I should now advise the professional pessimist, if he is disappointed in America, to turn his eyes to Germany.

MERCANTILE MORALITY IN AMERICA.

People both in London and Paris have been quite shocked to find that in the United States it is considered quite the thing to pay bonds engraved as "payable in gold" in a depreciated paper currency called "Clearing House Cheques." The New York Press endeavours to apologise for this roguery and dishonesty in various ways, but principally by saying that such things have always been done in first-class panics. The thing, of course, is utterly illegal, and it is interesting to learn that the United States Government is refusing to take cheques for taxes and duties. However, the Yankees themselves are beginning to be alive to the fact that honesty is the best policy, and that evasion of obligations does not pay, and ought not to be allowed. There has been quite an epidemic of cancelling orders in all the principal industries. But the manufacturers are leaguely together to resist it, and to compel purchasers to carry out their contracts. If this crisis ends in a raising of the standards of commercial and financial life in the United States, the losses and misery it entails will be repaid over and over again.

THE IRON BAROMETER.

The iron trade is usually regarded as the best barometer of industrial activity in a great manufacturing community, and therefore the severity and suddenness of the slump in American trade may be measured by the following facts which I take from the "New York Journal of Commerce," a well-informed and respectable newspaper. In October the United States was producing pig iron at the rate of over 28,000,000 tons annually; in the middle of November the rate had fallen to less than 22,775,000 tons per year; and a further heavy decrease was expected in the next two weeks. The steel companies led the movement of contraction. In the East the finished output had been cut down over 50 per cent.; in other sections the curtailment was less, but there was a minimum decline of 30 per cent. The situation in the Pittsburg district was reported as follows:—

"General retrenchment and curtailment of production are in evidence in all parts of this district. As a rule, orders for material are not being cancelled, but producers are asked to postpone shipments sixty to ninety days. Buyers give tight money as the reason, and intimate they will be in a position to take the material in two or three months. The Jones & Laughlin Steel Company has asked for a postponement of shipments of material for the new plants at Alliquippa, and it is understood that construction will be stopped until after the first of the year. The Lindsay, McCutcheon plant has ceased operations, and it is reported that the Neville Island plant of the United States Steel Corporation will close this week. Practically all steel plants are reducing the number of employés."

Mr. Carnegie's industrial home seems to be in a specially bad way. The Pittsburg Stock Exchange has been closed for weeks, and the currency famine in the town has been almost intolerable. Reports from Chicago stated that contraction in the iron and steel industry had resulted in wage reductions of 5 to 10 per cent. at many operating mills, and that more general reductions were pending. Only from 65 to 75 per cent. of the mill capacity would be operated the remainder of 1907. Let us hope that the decline of trade in Great Britain will only be a faint reflection of the conditions that trusts, tariffs, over-trading, over-speculation, bad banking, and dishonest finance have produced in the States.

AMERICAN RAILWAY BONDS.

In view of the possibility that American railways now may be somewhere near the bottom, I give below a list of twenty railroad bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, with the prices as they stood at the beginning of the month and the income to be derived therefrom, in comparison with the highest prices of the same issues in the year 1905, an average year.

	Early Nov. Price.	To yield about	Highest 1905.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway... General 4s, Interest April and October, Due October, 1895	91	4.45	106
Atlantic Coast Line Railroad: First 4s, Int. March and September, Due July, 1952 ...	85	4.85	103½
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad: First 4s, Int. April and October, Due July, 1948 ...	89	4.60	106½
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad: Prior Lien 3½s, Int. January and July, Due July, 1925 ...	88½	4.50	97½
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad: South-western Division 3½s, Int. January and July, Due July, 1925 ...	83½	5.00	93½
Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroads: First Refund- ing 4s, Int. January and July, Due April, 1951	90½	4.50	100½
Central Railroad of New Jersey: General 5s, Int. January and July, Due July, 1987 ...	118½	4.25	136½
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad... Illinois Division 3½s, Interest January and July, Due July, 1949	83½	4.45	98
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway ... General Mortgage 4s, Interest January and July, Due May, 1899	101½	4.00	107½
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway ... Chicago and Pacific West Div., First Mort- gage Gold 5s, Interest January and July, Due January, 1921	106	4.55	118½
Chicago, Rock Island, & Pacific Railway ... General Mortgage Gold 4s, Interest January and July, Due January, 1888	90½	4.50	107½
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, & St. Louis Ry. General 4s, Interest June and December, Due June, 1893	93	4.40	104½
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway ... 25 Year Debenture 4s, Interest March and September, Due September, 1928	86	5.15	102½
Louisville & Nashville Railroad: Unified 4s, Int. January and July, Due July, 1940 ...	93	4.50	106
Louisville & Nashville Railroad ... 5-20 Year Collateral Trust 4s, Interest April and October, Due April, 1923	90½	4.90	100½
Manhattan Railway: Consolidated Gold 4s, Interest April and October, Due April, 1890	95½	4.20	107
New York Central & Hudson River Railroad... Gold Mortgage 3½s, Interest January and July, Due July, 1897	85½	4.15	100½
Northern Pacific Railway: Prior Lien 4s, In- terest quarterly January, Due January, 1897	94½	4.25	106½
St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway Unifying and Refunding Mortgage 4s, In- terest January and July, Due July, 1929	79	5.80	96½
Union Pacific Railroad ... First Mortgage and Land Grant 4s, Interest January and July, Due July, 1947	94	4.40	108½
Wabash Railroad: First Mortgage Gold 5s, Int. May and November, Due May, 1939 ...	101½	4.90	119½

All these bonds are legal investments for savings banks in various States of the Union.

THE ELECTRIC UNDERGROUND NOTES.

It is very unfortunate that the electrification of the Underground, undertaken by Mr. Yerkes and Messrs. Speyer, and the extension of the tube system, have so far proved a financial failure, for there is no doubt that from an engineering point of view the work has been well done, and has proved a great boon to the people of London. It must be conceded that both Mr. Yerkes and Messrs. Speyer were far too sanguine in their anticipation, and it is to be regretted that such large amounts of capital have been lost by investors. The case of the Underground Electric Notes is particularly serious, and it will be seen from our advertisement columns that a plan is now being prepared by the directors for submission to the noteholders and shareholders. The coupons falling due on December 1st are to be purchased at their face value by Messrs. Speyer Bros. of London, Messrs. Speyer of New York, and Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellissen of Frankfort. Let us hope that before next summer the traffics will improve sufficiently to make the outlook for the London Underground Railways substantially better.

LUCELLUM.

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How Time is flying underneath our Feet:
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To the Holders of the

5 PER CENT. PROFIT-SHARING SECURED NOTES OF THE

Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited.

The Board of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited has been for some time considering in conjunction with Messrs. Speyer Brothers of London and Messrs. Speyer & Co. of New York the best plan for dealing with the Notes which fall due on 1st June, 1908.

A plan is now in course of preparation for the extension and conversion of the Notes and the provision of further moneys for the requirements of the Company.

Owing to the serious financial situation all over the world the Directors feel that it is inexpedient at the present moment to take the steps necessary in order to carry through the Plan. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made the Plan will be published and submitted to the Noteholders and Shareholders for their consideration and approval.

In the meantime the above-mentioned Houses and with Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellissen of Frankfort o/Main have arranged to purchase at their face value from the Noteholders the Coupons falling due on 1st December, 1907 and the Sterling Noteholders are invited to present their Coupons in due course to THE LONDON & WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, Lothbury London E.C. for the purpose of carrying through this arrangement.

A statement of the Company's affairs will be published with the Plan.

By order of the Board

W. E. MANDELICK,

Secretary.

HAMILTON HOUSE,

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, E.C.,

27th November, 1907.

To the Holders of the

5 PER CENT. PROFIT-SHARING SECURED NOTES OF THE

Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited.

Messrs. Speyer Brothers of London, Messrs. Speyer & Co. of New York, and Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellisson of Frankfort o/Main, have arranged to purchase, at their face value, from the Noteholders, the Coupon falling due on the 1st December, 1907, and the Sterling Noteholders are invited to present their Coupon in due course to THE LONDON & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, Lothbury, London, E.C., for the purpose of carrying out this arrangement.

The holders of the Sterling Notes are invited to deposit their Notes, with the Coupons, at THE LONDON & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, pending the publication of the Plan mentioned in the Company's advertisement of to-day's date. The Bank will issue against the deposited Notes Receipts transferable by delivery.

If within twenty-one days of the publication of the Plan any Bearer of a Deposit Receipt by notice in writing, addressed to THE LONDON & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, expresses his dissent from such Plan, or if the Plan be not published before the 1st day of June, 1908, a Note of equal nominal value to that represented by his Deposit Receipt will be delivered free of charge to the Bearer of such Deposit Receipt in exchange for such Receipt duly endorsed. If within 21 days after the Plan is published such notice of dissent is not given by the Bearer of a Deposit Receipt, the aforesaid Bank may treat him as assenting to the Plan, and may give on his behalf any formal assent which may be necessary. When the Plan becomes effective the Bearer of the Deposit Receipt will be entitled in exchange for his Receipt, duly endorsed by him, to the rights and benefits attached by the Plan to the Note represented thereby.

A similar notice will be published in New York by Messrs. Speyer & Co. dealing with the Notes in United States currency.

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The Nation

VOL. II., No. 10.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A SERIOUS and inexplicable situation has arisen in Zululand. Without a word of warning, or even of plausible explanation, there has been a general summons to arms in Natal, for an expedition to Usutu, under the command of Sir Duncan Mackenzie, against Dinizulu, the successor of his famous father, Cetewayo, in the headship of the Zulus. A force of 3,500 men is being gathered, leading up to a general levy of the white population. Dinizulu has offered to repair to Pietermaritzburg to answer any charges that may be brought against him, but it is said that his reply does not affect the policy of the Natal Ministry or the despatch of the force. He has also repeatedly telegraphed to the Government expressing his surprise at the preparations against him. Sir Arthur Hime, the ex-Premier of Natal, supports the Government, while declaring that he is ignorant of the grounds of their immediate policy, and even calls for the use of Imperial troops. The Government of Cape Colony appear to have promised assistance, but opinion in Capetown is bewildered and irritated at the absence of any stated cause for a resort to arms. Reuter's correspondent with the field force says that he sees no sign of unrest among the natives. One or two isolated murders, of doubtful origin, in a very large country, are the only facts known to the public in support of this astonishing action.

* * *

THE debates on the address on the Reichstag have given rise to a farcical but interesting crisis. Prince Bülow had made one of his now familiar appeals to the groups of the Liberal-Conservative coalition, in which he urged them to stop prating about principles and attacking one another, and to unite for a practical and national policy. A conscious aim and self-restraint were the two

desiderata. It is unfortunately the Conservatives who supply the aim, and the Liberals who contribute the self-restraint. They do, indeed, so far realise this, that a Bismarckian "Liberal," Dr. Paasche, responded by attacking the War Minister for his mildness in dealing with the officers exposed in the Moltke-Harden trial. General von Einem made a feeble but irritated answer. The Reichstag immediately rose, and the parties of the "Bloc" sat in conclave. Prince Bülow intimated that he would resign at once, unless they observed the discipline and silence that become a Governmental majority. After reflection, they decided to support him, and on Thursday their leaders rose, one after the other, to express their confidence in him. The Radicals, however, amid general laughter, added the reservation that they "maintain their principles." Nobody believes that the truce can be durable. The financial situation, with a deficit of 5 millions, is very grave. Indirect taxation, with depression in the air, and prices already intolerably high, would be unpopular and unproductive. Direct taxation would be unconstitutional, for it is the prerogative of the federated States.

* * *

MEANWHILE, in the Prussian Diet, the unreality of the coalition has been much more gravely exhibited, and Prince Bülow has met with an even sharper check. The monstrous Expropriation Bill, which was to clear out Polish estates by compulsion to make way for German "colonists," has been unexpectedly rejected by the Standing Committee to which it was referred. The radicals voted with the Centre and the Poles against it. The National Liberals and most of the Conservatives are for it. This does not necessarily mean that the Diet will reject it, for the officials who form so large a proportion of its members will, of course, support the Government. Moreover, a bargain may even yet be struck with the Radicals. But the chances of the Bill are not bright. In Austria the demonstration against the Bill in the Reichstag has been followed by a popular manifestation at Lemberg, where the residence of the German Consul was attacked, and the Kaiser burned in effigy. However much Prince Bülow's personal credit may be staked on this Bill, its defeat would save him from a grave international embarrassment.

* * *

THE Government have dealt with the offence of cattle-driving in Ireland by prosecuting, under the ordinary law, both Mr. Farrell, a member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and a number of smaller offenders. The Archbishop of Tuam has answered Mr. Birrell's appeal for aid in the keeping of the law by instructing his priests to denounce the practice as "illegal and immoral." Some of the prosecutions have been successful, others not. At Galway five men were sentenced to four months' imprisonment apiece, but at Dublin and Limerick the juries have disagreed in the face of fairly clear evidence, and at Cork, in spite of strong pressure by the Chief Justice, they returned a verdict of not guilty. At Dublin, Mr. Farrell, one of Mr. Redmond's colleagues, has been tried for heading a party of cattle drivers and exclaiming, "There are the cattle, drive them." The jury have disagreed. Mr. Ginnell has again defied the Chief Secretary, and declares that Mr. Birrell's speeches really meant that the people were to "apply the hazel to the ranch cattle with all their might." The "Westminster Gazette" calls for Mr. Ginnell's prosecution in terms which, we are afraid, will be considered a veiled plea

for coercion. Mr. Ginnell can doubtless be prosecuted, but how? Is trial by jury to be suspended? Or are the juries to be packed? These are the historic methods of coercion. Are the Government prepared to adopt either of them? Mr. William O'Brien still urges the repudiation of the cattle drivers, and we hope Mr. Redmond is endeavouring quietly to suppress them.

* * *

THE West Hull election, whose significance we discuss elsewhere, resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Guy Wilson, by a majority of 241 over Sir George Bartley, the Unionist and Protectionist candidate, and of 1,111 over Mr. Holmes, the Labour and rival Free Trade candidate. Thus the joint Free Trade majority was 4,753, and Protection proves, as usual, to be hopeless electioneering. Yet a slightly larger transference of votes from one Free Trade candidate to another would have turned the representative of a small minority of the electors of West Hull into the member for the whole constituency, and given the victory to Protection. Since 1905 the strength of the Labour vote has grown from 1,400 to 4,512.

* * *

THE speeches of Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Haldane do not point to the expected reductions in the Army and Navy Estimates. Mr. Haldane, speaking at Manchester on Tuesday, and later to the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily News," defended the present expenditure of £27,600,000 upon the army, and compared it with the German estimates, with which, of course, it has nothing to do. He admitted that his new territorial forces might cost more than the expenditure on the Volunteers and Yeomanry. It is difficult to believe that the Cabinet can have accepted a proposition which stereotypes the present cost of the army. Even under the late Government, the whole Liberal Party united with a powerful section of Unionists in demanding the reduction of the regular army by 27,000 men. Meanwhile, the attempt to organise the new County Associations proceeds with some success in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the manufacturers are co-operating with the Lord-Lieutenants, but with small or no results in the South, South-East, and West of England, where the undemocratic character of the Associations—which almost revive the old feudal militia—tells heavily against their success. Meanwhile, Lord Tweedmouth, speaking on Tuesday, at Chelmsford, outlined the Admiralty's scheme for a great naval basin at Rosyth, large enough to accommodate 112 ships of war. This is, of course, the new "watching basis" against the German Fleet. Lord Tweedmouth admitted that Rosyth would cost a great deal of money. The situation, therefore, is serious for the large body of Liberal Members of Parliament who are deeply pledged to a substantial reduction in warlike expenditure.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's annual message to Congress was given to the world on Tuesday, having first been printed for the private information of the Western world on the previous day. It is of interminable eloquence, suggesting in tone and contents a papal encyclical rather than a political document. It declares that the financial crisis is largely due to dishonest men, and that there is need of "unflinching perseverance" against them. Both the American Constitution and the needs of the hour call for an "extension of federal activity." Thus "big concerns engaged in inter-State business" should be compelled to submit their accounts to Government inspectors, and inter-State monopolies of the necessities of life should be forbidden. The President suggests a vague scheme of currency reform, but declares for the protective system, and for a tariff high enough to create a parity between the cost of labour at home and abroad. He favours both a graduated income tax and an inheritance tax. He re-affirms his big navy

policy, thinks that America should provide for four battleships in the current year, and "plenty of torpedo boats and destroyers," with a fighting policy based on "hard hitting and an aggressive sea-going navy." The American Press comments with some sarcasm on this curious jumble of idealism and philistinism.

* * *

THE proposal of the Budget Committee of the French Chamber, to reduce the period of service on manœuvres from 28 to 21 days for reservists, and from 13 to 8 days for territorials, has led to a painful display of "incoherence" on the part of the Government. General Picquart, then a contributor to the "Aurore," was among the first to advocate this reform in 1904. He advocated it officially as Minister before the Budget Committee. But during the debate in the Chamber, he urged that the time had not yet come, and even declared that it would compromise the national defence. M. Clemenceau, realising the strong feeling in the Chamber on behalf of the reform, was silent. As one critic put it, he did what the balloon "Patrie" ought to have done in the face of the storm, "il s'est dégonflé." The general expectation is that the Senate will reverse the vote of the Chamber, and, indeed, the Government is supposed to have reckoned on this solution. When the vote of the Senate comes back to the Chamber, on the eve of Christmas, the Government will doubtless enquire, "Gentlemen, will you have a conflict, or will you have your holidays?" and the Chamber will answer, "Holidays." The episode is interesting, for it shows how heavy the burden of military service is felt to be, and how reluctant a directly elected chamber is to oppose any alleviation of it. This is the more remarkable, as the latest manœuvre of Prince Bülow has revived all the alarms of 1905. Another symptom of the same tendency is a proposal, which will probably be ripe next spring, to impose conscription on the Arabs in Algeria. If carried, this would relieve the French troops of an onerous and unpopular service, and at the same time add a large additional force to the French Army.

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE, speaking at Sheffield on Thursday, resisted all proposals for a restriction of the veto of the Lords. The Prime Minister had called for a "fundamental change" in the Constitution, and his case was based on "frivolous arguments." At the same time Lord Lansdowne confessed that the Lords were not "perfectly organised" for legislation. He thought that their work would be better done by "a carefully selected body" of members, chosen presumably on the representative system. He said nothing on Protection, and hinted in dubious phrases that the Colonial Conference should be reopened, and an effort made to "tighten the bands of Empire." The "big pistol" was fired again, with a blank charge. Retaliation was to be used to "strengthen the country in its negotiations with the foreigner."

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has rendered a second great service to British industry. Proceeding to Manchester on Thursday, with heroic self-conquest, straight from the funeral of his eldest daughter, he was able to conclude the work of conciliating the menacing dispute in the cotton trade. His earlier intervention had secured a fortnight's respite, and an authoritative opinion from the Law Officers of the Crown on the disputed clause of the complicated Brooklands agreement, which now regulates rates of wages, so far as the payment for fine spinning at Oldham was concerned. The breathing time was wisely used by the employers to make what the "Manchester Guardian" describes as a proposal of a 9 per cent. advance in the wages of a far greater number of workers than those who asked for a rise of 10 per cent. On this basis the Conference of masters and men came to an agreement on Thursday, which was at once communicated to Mr. George. Nothing can have

been more tactful than Mr. George's method, which wisely observed the limits of an outer conciliating force in a complicated technical dispute.

* * *

WE observe that Sir William Holland pleads in the "Times" for a recognition of Mr. George's services to the State by way of raising the salary for the President of the Board of Trade from £2,000 to £5,000 a year. This proposal, which is not new, suggests itself not merely as a personal tribute to Mr. George, but as a necessary acknowledgment of the importance of a Ministry of Commerce in the greatest of commercial States. It is absurd that the head of the Home Office, whose work is nothing like so important as that of the Board of Trade, should be a Secretary of State, with £5,000 a year, while the President of the Board of Trade has no such status, and has only £2,000 a year. Public life in England is costly—too costly. It involves a great deal of entertainment, and as there is nothing so important to Great Britain as her trade, it is absurd to cut off a poor Minister of Commerce from this side of his responsibilities. The Liberal Government owes the country a reorganisation on modern lines of the pay, the duties, and the constitution of the great public offices.

* * *

LORD MILNER seems determined, with the help of the "Morning Post," to place himself at the head of a school of Tory democracy. In opening an exhibition of sweated industries at Oxford—which included a show of straw hats sold for 1s. 6½d. as against a payment to the maker of 1½d., and of a lady's "bolero" costume sold for 31s. 6d. and made for a shilling—he declared boldly for the establishment of Wages Boards by the State, with the power to fix minimum rates of wages. He thought this a better remedy than the driving of the home workers into factories, which would involve great suffering. The fixing of a limit below which wages must not fall already existed practically in the State service and in staple industries, like cotton and iron. He approved Sir Charles Dilke's Bill for establishing Wages Boards in certain employments, such as tailoring and shirt-making. Sweating meant a "rotten" basis for the national industry, and thousands of workers should not be allowed to live in a "preventable state of misery and degradation," for the State had a "supreme interest in the efficiency and welfare of all its members." Lord Milner endorsed the Victorian policy of Wages Boards.

* * *

WE do not know for whom Mr. Fuller was speaking when he talked at Warminster on Tuesday of a pension scheme to cost between seven and eight millions, to be restricted to the poor and the deserving. An income limit the country will accept on grounds of economy. But, as we have recently shown, a scheme which is to include all people over 65 with incomes of less than 10s. a week will cost not 7½ millions, but nearly fourteen. Mr. Fuller must mean to halve the cost by excluding the whole class of those now in receipt of poor relief, outdoor and indoor together. That is to say, he will omit that class which the scheme is specially designed to benefit. The test of desert destroys the whole value of the pension, the object of which is to emancipate the aged poor from the harsh scrutiny of the poor law, and to render them the elements of a bare but independent living as of right. The Government will do better to produce no scheme at all, than to start the pension system on radically wrong lines. If they cannot meet the fourteen millions required on the basis of the 10s. income limit their next best course is to raise the age limit, and for the intervening years adopt the French plan of extending the pensions to those who are medically

certified as disabled from following their ordinary occupation.

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THE Nasi trial (our Rome Correspondent writes) has again brought to the front the discussion concerning the differences which exist between the North and South of Italy. On this subject Deputy Colajanni, a Sicilian Radical Member of Parliament, has just delivered an interesting speech, showing that the North and the South, taken as a whole, differ so much in their historic traditions and in their economic and moral conditions, that perhaps a federal form of Government would be preferable to a uniform rule. A few figures will better illustrate this situation. The average wealth of each individual in the North of Italy is calculated at £103, while in the South it is only £63, in Sicily £64, and in Sardinia £32. The money deposited in the savings-banks of Lombardy alone amounts to £44,600,000, while Sicily has only £4,600,000. In the North each inhabitant consumes an average of 150 lb. of meat a year, 3 lb. of coffee, and 40 lb. of sugar, while in the South the meat falls to 60 lb., the coffee to 2 lb., and the sugar to five pounds. The same difference exists in illiteracy, and in criminality. All this, however, must not be understood in the sense that everything is good in the North, and everything bad in the South. While murders are numerous and frequent in the South, the modern delinquency of stealing fortunes is prevalent in the North. The South is practically immune from alcoholism, suicide, corruption of the family, which are the main curses of the North.

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THE French airship, "La Patrie," escaped from its moorings and the hands of nearly 200 soldiers at Verdun, in a gale, and having shed its ballast, passed at great speed over the Channel, was sighted at Cardiff, and came in contact with the ground near Belfast, where it lost some of its machinery and flew off again into the upper air. It is clear that these machines have wonderful powers of motion; their steerability still lies within a narrow compass.

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OUR City correspondent writes: On Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday the markets were quite buoyant, and people began to look for a reduction in the bank rate. But on Wednesday it became known that the gold premium in the United States had hardened, and that further large withdrawals from London might be expected. In view of this the bank directors on Thursday made no change in the bank rate, and on that afternoon a very serious failure was announced, that of the National Bank of Commerce in Kansas. The statement of its affairs will, it is to be feared, deepen the gloom, distrust, and anxiety that seemed to be lifting a little on the other side of the Atlantic.

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MEANWHILE, the Pittsburg Stock Exchange remains closed, by daily action of the directors each morning, and is likely to remain closed during the remainder of this month, and possibly until January. The bankers are in control of the situation, and the exchange will not open until permission of the Clearing House Association is obtained. This pitiful state of things is attributed to the scarcity of currency. It has been found that the country banks have been piling up reserves, and it seems that they would close out every loan they possess. "In fact, so scared were some of them, that 100 per cent. reserve seemed small," to quote a Clearing House member. The result was, that as soon as the exchange was closed, all the out-of-town loans were promptly called. One broker, a fortnight ago, was called for 1,000,000 dol. before noon. "He could not pay, and said so; and, the exchange being closed, the country bank was afraid to try to close him out."

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW TREND OF POLITICS.

THE trend of the bye-elections since the birth of the present Parliament is something altogether new in our politics. Hitherto it has been the accepted rule that bye-elections tell against the Government in power, and mark the gradual swing of the pendulum towards the opposite side. Liberal Governments lose seats to the Tories, Tory Governments to the Liberals. Thus the strong Gladstone Administration of 1868 lost twenty seats, the Disraeli Government which followed lost six. The second Gladstone Government lost seventeen, and the first Salisbury Administration twenty. Between 1892 and 1895 the Liberal Government had time to lose five seats. From 1895 to 1900 the Unionists lost eleven seats, and from 1900 to 1905 they lost twenty. In 1906 the Liberals came back with an unexampled majority. The circumstances of the election were peculiar. The Conservatives were divided, and lost a great number of seats owing to the unpopularity of Chinese labour, the dislike of Mr. Balfour's tactics, and the growing zeal of social reform. Almost any observer, with a knowledge of English political history to guide him, would have said that the result must be a very unstable equilibrium. The Liberal Party, he must have thought, owed its great numerical preponderance to a combination of causes which could hardly occur again, and in particular to mistakes of its opponents of a kind which are soon forgotten. Here, if anywhere, was a case where the pendulum had swung to its extreme limit, and where the backward movement might be expected to show itself vigorously in the bye-elections.

But what has happened? The Unionists have, it is true, gained two seats. But only one of these was won in a straight fight between the parties. The Brigg election remains the solitary genuine success that the Unionists can boast in nearly two years. If we look at other elections, particularly in the populous districts of the North, we find the whole trend in the opposite direction. The Liberals have lost two more seats, but they have lost them to a Labour representative and a Socialist. If we examine the votes cast the result is still more striking. We find Labour candidates polling votes by thousands, drawing them, as far as the figures enable us to judge, from both parties, but drawing two, three, or four votes from the Liberals to one from the Conservatives, and in the result establishing a division of the constituency by three rather than by two, as the normal state on which party agents have to base their reckonings. At Cockermouth, where he is least successful, the Labour candidate polls 1,436 votes; at Huddersfield he gets 5,422, coming within 340 of the Liberal member; at Jarrow he wins the seat with 4,698; and in the Kirkdale division of Liverpool he polls 3,330 in the face of a concentrated attack on Socialism of extraordinary bitterness; and now in Hull he polls 4,512, and, nevertheless, leaves the Liberal with a margin of 200 over the Tariff Reformer. A Socialist obtains 1,740 votes in South Aberdeen, and wins the Colne Valley division.

The importance of these figures is much greater than the mere loss or gain of a seat. Who gets the odd 200 or 300 that decide the victory is, in judging the permanent trend of things, of much less significance than the rise of

a new party from zero or from a few hundreds to as many thousands. Nor is this significance lessened when we consider the character of the constituencies in which this new phenomenon is appearing, and recognise that the forces which are redistributing political power are solidly based in the hard-headed populations of the great industrial districts of the North, the home of all that is most vigorous and living in the England of to-day. What the figures show is that this great industrial population, far from reverting towards Conservatism, is advancing in the opposite direction. It is not more Conservative than the Government, but more Radical. It does not want less democratic legislation; it wants more. It is not taken by the bait of Tariff Reform. It is thinking of old-age pensions, land questions, housing questions, unemployment. Though the ranks of democracy are divided by the new movement, Toryism gains far less than of old from the division. The democratic parties at Huddersfield, or Hull, or Jarrow, have, it seems, three or four thousand votes in hand. They can squander them on internal divisions, and yet leave the Tory candidate out in the cold. The Conservatives have sunk to a third, or less than a third, of the electorate.

If these proportions are to rule in the future, the democratic ideal has at length the big battalions on its side. It remains to employ these forces with wisdom and economy. The present division between Liberalism and Labour, which, under existing conditions, must inevitably grow, squanders strength. Nor does it correspond, as every close student of politics knows, to the real division of political ideas. Between the thoroughgoing democratic Liberal and the average Labour leader there are doubtless differences of formulæ, but there are very few divergences as to practical politics. The voter finds it difficult to choose between them, and we believe that at Hull there was, till the eve of the election, the greatest doubt about the result owing to the large number of voters who appeared equally friendly to Liberalism and to Labour. The voter himself did not well know how to choose between the two, and probably did not make up his mind till the last moment. It is absurd that divisions between men so nearly allied on practical issues should weaken the forces of progress. But the worst of the absurdity is that the advent of Labour is indiscriminating. If all the democratic forces were to combine, they would easily form a body of opinion strong enough to overcome those social and official influences which emasculate a certain type of Liberalism when it comes into power. They might secure a democratic budget, a sympathetic administration of the Unemployed Act, a humane and liberal diplomacy, the sweeping away of ornamental military expenditure. Such things are desired by the Labour Party. They are desired by the bulk of Liberals. In the House of Commons Labour and Liberalism, on the whole, work together to obtain them. But in the country these two forces are recklessly opposed.

How is this opposition to be dealt with, so as to prevent a paralysis of the democratic forces? In part, by changes of political machinery. The principle of one man one vote was simple enough as long as there were only two parties in the field, though the arbitrary division of the great towns struck a blow at their healthy political life from which they have hardly yet recovered. But with the growth of a third party the principle is put out of date. There is now in every other election the

possibility, even the probability, that the elected candidate will represent a minority of the constituents. The time will come when a thorough overhauling of the democratic machine will be recognised as essential for true progress, and it will probably be found to involve the reconstitution of the larger constituency in accordance with more natural boundaries, and the institution of the proportional system, as the only adequate method of representing the real opinions of the country, and liberating democracy from the tyranny of the "machine." Such a change will not be undertaken all at once in a country which hates ideas. But some steps leading to greater freedom in the selection of candidates are rendered immediately necessary by the new distribution of parties, and either the principle of the second preference or the second ballot will doubtless be adopted by this Government before the end of the present Parliament. At Hull last week a mere accident might have secured the return of a Tariff Reformer against something like a two-thirds majority of the electorate. Had the voters been able to express a second preference, it is probable, from the figures, that the bulk of the Labour votes would have gone in the second place to Mr. Wilson, who would thus have secured a majority proportionate to the real feelings of the constituency. Similarly, in a second ballot, there would have been a straighter fight between Free Trader and Tariff Reformer, the issue of which would have shown the real opinion of the electorate.

Beneath the question of the machinery, however, there is another issue of even deeper import for Liberalism. The new Labour force is not at bottom antagonistic to Liberalism proper—the vital Liberalism which kept alive its protest through the Boer War and all the worst years of the Reaction. But unless true Liberalism can get its way with its own leaders, the quarrel will go on. The masses of people who are now being brought round to a dim idea of political possibilities, hear protestations and promises on all sides. They have no means of judging the value of these promises except by results which they can see. Hitherto, for long years, Liberalism has done nothing to strike their imagination. This Parliament, though it has done much useful work of the sound order, has not done enough to hold the mind of the people, no great Act to which its missionaries can appeal, and say: "This is what Liberalism has done for you; this is what Liberalism means." To arrest the masses, now floating between friendship and hostility, to fix them in loyalty to Liberalism, we need a statesman of boldness and decision. It will be his task to gather together the efforts towards social reform, and focus them in some great measure, which will stand out in our generation, as Free Trade and the Factory Acts stand out in the nineteenth century, a turning-point in our social history.

THE CYNICISM OF PRINCE BÜLOW.

It rarely happens in the modern world that a great Power suffers in its external prestige and its diplomatic relations for the oppression which it works at home. Thrice in the past century could Turkey reckon on the armed support of Liberal England. Russia in the worst spasm of reaction contracted the French alliance, and the *coup d'état* of last June did not even delay the English rapprochement. But with one instance to the contrary we have long been painfully familiar, and this week has brought a second exception to our knowledge.

Just as our failure to improve our relations with Ireland at home has made the Irish race in the United States a perpetual source of discord and disturbance in our relations with America, so the persecution of the Poles in Prussia is beginning to have its reaction on the sensitive links which bind the two leading partners of the Triple Alliance. The peculiar political conditions of Prussia may render such a measure of race persecution as Prince Bülow has just introduced in the Diet comparatively safe for the time being at home—though even there it has met with an unexpected check. With a franchise which gives to the wealthier 15 per cent. of the population exactly double the voting power of the remaining 85 per cent., the governing classes have forgotten the meaning of the word Nemesis. It will cost twenty millions to carry out the scheme of "plantation" which Prince Bülow meditates, in order to establish German racial ascendancy in the Prussian provinces. But undoubtedly it offers certain advantages to both sections of the class which confounds its own interests with those of the German race. When the Polish landowners, large and small, have been compulsorily dispossessed of their estates, there will come ample opportunities of gain to the Prussian Agrarians, who find agriculture, and, above all, speculation in land, decidedly profitable under a tariff which has added 87s. to the annual bread bill of the working-class family. When the Polish peasants, evicted to make room for a German "garrison," are driven into the towns, the industrial capitalists who form the other half—the "Liberal" half—of Prince Bülow's coalition, will reap their reward in the form of an increased supply of cheap and easily exploited labour. Nothing, it seems, has been forgotten within the range of the Chancellor's calculations. He knows, of course, that an intelligent and conscious race cannot be crushed without resistance. The pendant to the Prussian Polish Expropriation Bill has therefore been introduced into the Imperial Reichstag. While ostensibly extending the right of meeting to satisfy "Radical" scruples, it forbids the use at public meetings of any language other than German. The Poles (and incidentally the Danes and the Lorrainers) are to be shorn, but they will at least be shorn dumb.

The forces at home had been studied. Prince Bülow is undoubtedly as clever as he is shallow, as adroit as he is cynical. Even the "Radicals," who as doctrinaire Liberals ought to be fighting the whole system of Imperialism and class rule, have been bought, in the Reichstag at least, by a Bill, dear to their Jewish and financial *clientèle*, which legalises speculative operations on the Bourse. In the Prussian Diet, on the other hand, they are restive, and their opposition may possibly kill the Expropriation Bill. But one aspect of the Polish problem Prince Bülow had forgotten. It is an international question. If a common dread of Polish nationalism unites the Prussian and the Russian bureaucracies, a common sympathy links the oppressed Poles of Prussia with the prosperous and powerful Poles of Austria. Universal suffrage has given the future to the Slavs of Austria, and in the face of such provocations as this, they have learned unity. The demonstration in which the Poles, the Czechs, the minor Slav races, with the Italians of the Tyrol and the Social-Democrats, combined with the assent of the President of the Reichsrath in a solemn protest against

the persecuting policy of Austria's ally, opened a new chapter in the history of the Triple Alliance. The Slavs with their willing allies are the masters of the Parliamentary situation, and unable to strike directly at Prince Bülow, they are quite prepared to vote against the Austrian Foreign Office estimates. The Germans of Austria are no longer the ruling race, and the Cabinet now includes several Slav deputies. The Alliance, of course, will not be broken or publicly disavowed. The Government, indeed, has rebuked this demonstration as an unwarrantable comment on the internal affairs of a friendly Power. But in private we may be sure that Baron von Aehrenthal will have something to say to the German Ambassador about the Polish question. The Triple Alliance has long been moribund. The Austrian Slavs will have little difficulty in diminishing what residuum of vitality it still possesses. It is the habit of German publicists to complain that M. Delcassé and King Edward between them "debauched" their allies, and engineered the isolation of Germany at Algeiras. This Polish incident should teach them how unnecessary is any artificial scheme of isolation. The real engineer of German isolation is Prince Bülow himself. It is the Prussian spirit which isolates Prussia. A bureaucracy which defies all the aspirations of modern Europe, and builds its prosperity on might alone, can hope for no natural or congenial friends beyond the frontiers of Russia and Turkey.

Prince Bülow's review of foreign affairs has done nothing on this occasion to diminish the suspicion with which every European democracy regards his policy. His references to Great Britain were correct and even cordial, though we do not forget that the Kaiser's visit to England coincided with a serious increase in the German Navy Estimates. His allusions to France and Morocco were unobjectionable, if cold, though he admitted, with somewhat gratuitous frankness, that Germany was on the eve of war with France before the Algeiras Conference. But no sooner was the speech printed and telegraphed to Paris than the official "North German Gazette" published a criticism of French policy which has excited in France an indignation as natural as it is unmeasured. An unofficial journalist, wielding a free pen, may express an unfavourable opinion of French policy in Morocco without giving cause for national anger. We have ourselves had occasion to criticise some of the incidents which marked the affair of Casa Blanca, and the "North German Gazette" only repeated what the Socialists have said both in Paris and Berlin. But such criticisms when they come direct from a Chancellery are not the comments of a disinterested spectator watching from outside the pageant of the world's affairs. They are the views of the Government, whose Monarch made half the present trouble by his escapade at Tangiers, the opinions of a Chancellor who has admitted that Morocco may and nearly did furnish a *casus belli*, the pinpricks of a Foreign Office, whose agent, Baron Oppenheim, was detected in the act of printing seditious anti-French manifestoes in Algeria itself.

For the rest the criticism is, in our view, as unjust as it is malicious. Prince Bülow's organ insinuates that the French deliberately neglected their defensive precautions at Ujda and on the Algerian frontier, in order that they might afterwards have a pretext for extending their operations unduly. We have seen little reason to

admire either the skill or the humanity of French policy in Morocco. But its failure, in the view of any unprejudiced observer, has sprung from an almost morbid fear of assuming unnecessary responsibilities, and exaggerating the scale of the necessary interventions. It has shrunk from prompt and drastic measures, and confined itself to inadequate, and therefore bloody, displays of force, solely because it sincerely meant to avoid a policy of conquest and adventure, and sought, above all things, to spare German susceptibilities. The manoeuvres of German agents have caused half its difficulties. And now its very virtues and hesitations are converted into a ground of suspicion and offence. This ill-natured comment will have no overt or immediate consequences. But it will serve to remind official opinion alike in London and in Paris how little Prince Bülow is to be trusted when he talks of promoting a *détente* which will in time beget an *entente*. It will also warn the friends of peace in both countries that nothing is to be gained, even in the high cause of international amity, by ignoring the psychology of the ruling classes of Prussia.

Prince Bülow, indeed, went out of his way to inform us that we must not reckon on his co-operation in any of the humaner common purposes of Liberal Europe. The recent aggravation of the Macedonian anarchy has horrified public opinion, not only in England and France, but even in Austria and Russia. The Concert has under discussion a trivial but well-meaning little scheme of judicial reform. The Sultan is preparing to forestall the Concert by elaborating a scheme of his own, which will be even more trivial and more ineffective. But Prince Bülow has thought it advisable to advertise the merits of his competing scheme, and to assure us that he "counts upon the particular interest with which the Sultan takes in his Macedonian subjects, and upon the sagacity which he has so frequently exhibited in dealing with difficult questions." Such diplomacy as this stands outside the range of European sympathy, we had almost almost said of European tolerance. But it will survive while the class-franchise reigns in Prussia, and Prussia continues to dominate Germany. While it lasts, Germany will have the allegiance of the only friend whom she appears to value, the regard of the only ally whose susceptibilities she respects. She will be the mentor and the confidante of Turkey.

THE LINES OF LICENSING REFORM.

THE main lines of the Government Licensing Bill, which the Prime Minister has stated will be the first important measure of next Session, have, we believe, been approved by the Cabinet, and the details are now being worked out by a Committee. The task to which Ministers are committed is one which will need their utmost resources of courage and statesmanship, for the coast which they have to navigate is strewn with wrecks. It is a necessary condition of success that they should secure for their bill, not the languid adhesion, but the enthusiastic support of one temperance party, including that large body of good citizens who, though non-abstainers, are willing to see great changes in the licensing laws, but are not prepared for anything that savours of prohibition. It is an equally necessary condition that they shall not alarm by anything that impartial men can fairly describe as confusion, investors in licensed pro-

party who are now, through the operation of the company system, widely diffused among all classes of the community. Mr. Asquith's and Mr. George's speeches show that within these limits the Government mean to act faithfully and courageously, and on lines capable of simple and intelligible statement. For the Bill must not be merely a complicated catalogue of technical amendments to an unduly complex body of legislation; it must be the expression of ideas and broad principles.

What are the ideas that it should embody? First of all, surely, that the moral and social evils of drunkenness, and the enormous economic loss to the nation through the excessive expenditure on intoxicating liquors, even by those who are not in any sense drunkards, may be mitigated by legislation vigilantly and honestly administered. Second, that the national system of licensing must give opportunity for the reforming energy of local communities to exercise itself, with growing freedom of initiative and experiment, as the enlightenment of the public conscience in these localities, and its power of making itself effective, increase. Third, that at the earliest moment compatible with financial justice, the vested interests which now fetter the exercise of this reforming energy shall be removed. And, lastly, that as soon as is possible, there shall be appropriated to the use of the community, that monopoly value which has been brought into being simply and solely by its own restrictive policy—which would, indeed, be absolutely non-existent if the sale of liquor had not for centuries been regarded, and rightly regarded, as a privilege which must be restricted and regulated by the State.

How can these ideas take concrete form in any Licensing Bill which it is possible to pass into law during the next Session of Parliament? The first provision on which thoughtful temperance reformers, abstainers and non-abstainers alike, are unanimous, is that a time limit must be enacted, at the expiration of which all retail licences will terminate. It may be regarded as certain that the period of seven years which Lord Peel's report proposed in 1899 before the legislation of the late Government, must be exceeded. But what is vastly more important than the length of the time limit, is that it should be an effective one—that is to say, that it should be a limit on the existence of the licences themselves, and not merely on the continuance of the compensation provisions of the Act of 1904. We had occasion last March to point out to the Government, when they were considering the provisions of the measure they were then drafting, the fatal effect of adopting an illusory time limit, which would leave to those who have to administer the licensing system of the country when it expires a legacy of embarrassment and confusion. Sir Thomas Whittaker has lately repeated this warning with characteristic terseness and clearness of statement, and it was reiterated by Mr. Arthur Sherwell in his powerful speech at the National Liberal Club on Monday evening. We are glad to be able to infer from the remarks Mr. Asquith made when receiving the debenture holders' deputation that the Government are determined, at the end of the time limit, to secure to the nation in respect of all licences the monopoly value which, as he then pointed out, is recognised by the Tory Act of 1904, in the cases of new licences, as the property of the community. Any faltering on this point would take away from the Bill the momentum without which the

Government could not hope to carry it into law. The reduction of licences with compensation while the time limit is running must be accelerated by the simplification and improvement of the machinery created by the Act of 1904, by making the compensation levy national and compulsory, and by identifying the basis of compensation with that of taxation. By this means not only will the national and local revenue from licensed property be considerably enhanced, but also the process of reduction will proceed at an increasing ratio. For, of course, the number of years' purchase of the annual value of a licence awarded as compensation will diminish year by year as the expiration of the time limit approaches. The reform of public-houses, to which experienced licensing administrators look with even greater hopefulness than to mere reduction of their numbers, may be made possible by restoring to licensing authorities the power which their unfettered right of refusal before 1904 gave them, of imposing reasonable conditions with regard to the management and conduct of the licensed premises. We notice with satisfaction that the Liverpool Licensing Justices, mostly Conservatives in politics, the success of whose efforts in this respect give them a right to an attentive hearing, have pressed on the Government with clearness and force the vital importance of this reform. Its great virtue is its flexibility and the possibility it gives of improvement in the conduct of public-houses as opinion ripens, and as the success of previous experiments makes further progress practicable. Either under the operation of such provisions or by express legislative enactment it is also possible to shorten the hours of sale, to close public-houses on election days, and during a much larger part of Sunday than the law at present allows, and to deal drastically with the evil of the presence of children on licensed premises.

The thorny question of clubs will also have to be attacked if the legislation with regard to licensed houses is not to be nullified in practical operation. To deal with it will need courage, for the electoral power of clubs is considerable. And moreover, any legislation must differentiate between bogus or merely drinking clubs and institutions which are as much a social necessity for the working classes as for other sections of the community. But the moral effect of shirking this question would be disastrous to the Government Bill, more particularly when it is remembered that the small but progressive Licensing Act of the Conservative Administration in 1902 created the precedent of dealing with clubs in one and the same measure with public-houses. The registration of new clubs, at any rate, should come under the control of the licensing authority. And, in justice to the publican and the taxpayer alike, all clubs, new and old, should make a substantial contribution to the public revenue. Some of the reasons which call for legislation with regard to clubs apply also to off-licences, with which we have no further space to deal. We have not attempted to discuss the anomalies of the licence duties, which is a matter for the Budget, nor have we referred to the larger questions of local option and disinterested management which interest so many licensing reformers. If they are not dealt with in the Bill there will no doubt be considerable disappointment among the various sections of the temperance party. But they are reforms which cannot have effective operation until the expiration of the time limit. Whether they should be dealt with in the measure of next session, or postponed to some time nearer the period in which they can be put into actual working, is largely a matter of Parliamentary tactics on which the Government have the best materials for forming a sound judgment.

REBELLION-MONGERING IN NATAL.

BEFORE it is possible to understand the significance of the expedition into Zululand, and the proclamation of martial law, it is necessary briefly to rehearse the leading facts in last year's "Natal rebellion." The Press censorship under martial law, combined with a concealment of many material facts in the carefully postponed official documents, succeeded in hiding from the British public the plain outlines of one of the most shameful episodes in the recent history of the British Empire.

An illegal attempt to enforce upon Kaffir tribes the premature payment of a poll-tax in February last year, led to a police affray near Richmond, in which two policemen were assailed. Thereupon martial law was proclaimed over the entire Colony, on the pretence that a dangerous conspiracy of Zulu chiefs existed, of which this police affray was the first overt action. Troops were despatched to harry various tribes, which were accused of "unrest," and of intended "disloyalty"; when chiefs were tardy in delivering up suspected tribesmen, they were themselves treated as rebels, their kraals were burned, their cattle confiscated, and their persons subjected to indignities. No serious resistance was offered to these marauding expeditions, except in one instance. A turbulent chief, Bambaata, already in bad odour with the Government, and deprived of his chieftainship, turned outlaw, gathering round him such malcontents as he could seduce from his own and neighbouring tribes. These men, the only "rebels" in the whole affair, turned against their hunters and showed fight, killing some half dozen of their foes. Escaping into the bush districts of Zululand they were at last crushed with immense slaughter, Bambaata was killed, and the remnant of his band remained as outlaws in the Nkandhla forest.

The net effect of this "drive," misnamed a military campaign, was that several thousand Kaffirs were butchered, in many instances after surrender, some scores of villages were burnt, the cattle of whole tribes seized, the crops destroyed, and thousands of women and children exposed to starvation. Alleged ringleaders of sedition were tried by courts of mock justice under martial law, nearly a score were executed, a dozen in one batch, hundreds were flogged, and large numbers sentenced to imprisonment, twenty-five chiefs being exiled to St. Helena. No tittle of solid evidence was ever adduced in support of the alleged conspiracy, or of any intended or actual rebellion, such as was made the pretext for this destructive work. During the whole period of agitation no instances were recorded of attacks by natives upon any of the thousands of white men's farms scattered over Natal.

The instigators of these misdeeds were not, however, wholly satisfied with the results. Incessant rumours had been set afloat implicating in the "conspiracy" Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo; and charges were brought against him which completely broke down. The acquittal of Dinizulu has been rankling in the breasts of those who were anxious to bring the whole Zulu business to a head, for purposes quite intelligible to students of Natalian policy. The present expedition, as we read it, is simply the next move in an attack upon the territorial integrity of Zululand. The theory of the instigators of this expedition is that a rising is contemplated in Zululand, of which Dinizulu is the prime mover, and in support of it they make allusion

to a "recent great increase of murders and outrages." Now what are the facts adduced to substantiate these general charges? A murder of a "loyal" chief, Sitzitzhela, is attributed, probably correctly, to the outlaws, and another murder by unknown persons has taken place in South Zululand. A sergeant of police is said to have been fired at by someone unknown, a native post-runner is alleged to have been assaulted, and somebody appears to have done wilful damage to a bridge. Such are the hard facts. There is nothing to connect them with Dinizulu or with any widespread disaffection of any kind. What could be more certain than that a few sporadic acts of violence should issue from last year's lesson in destruction? Suppose that all these deeds could be traced to outlaw Zulus, they furnish no justification for martial law and a military expedition. If when the Act of Indemnity was passed, by which the Government of Natal whitewashed the perpetrators of last year's marauding expeditions, they had offered amnesty to the fugitive Zulus, these desperate men would doubtless have settled down in peace after the terrible lesson they had learned. This was not done.

We shall doubtless be told that the Natal authorities, whose action we criticise, are alone in possession of the full facts of the situation, that we have no right even to speculate upon their motives. In reply, we point to the plain teaching of most recent history. We defy any honest student of official documents to construct out of the materials furnished by the officials and the soldiers concerned an even plausible defence of the allegation of a conspiracy or a rising, when martial law was proclaimed last year. No tittle of solid evidence has ever been adduced against Dinizulu. As for the general condition of Zululand, the official reports of the resident officials have always paid a high tribute to the excellent behaviour of the natives ever since the settlement by Sir Marshall Clark, and we observe that even now Mr. Dunn, who is perhaps more familiar with the native mind than any other white man, expresses his astonishment at the expedition, in view of the pacific state of the country in which he lives. If any valid ground existed for suspecting illegal conduct on the part of Dinizulu, why send an army to arrest him? He came down quite quietly last year into Natal to meet the worthless charge against him, and would doubtless have done so again if requested. An armed expedition, forcibly to arrest and carry off their honoured hereditary prince, is the one course most likely to resuscitate the dormant fighting instincts of a martial race, and to give reality to a "rebellion" which has hitherto belonged to the realm of fiction. We sincerely hope that Dinizulu's influence with his people will be sufficient to prevent their armed interference with his arrest, but we hardly venture to expect so pacific an issue.

It must be remembered that this is not the first nor the second, but one of a long series of attempts of politicians and concession-mongers in Natal to break into the Zululand reserve. Those who think that the white inhabitants of Natal can be trusted to deal fairly and humanely with the rights and interests of natives would be surprised and grieved were they to read the recent report of the Native Commission. There is set down the strongest condemnation of the native policy as a system of land-grabbing, money-lending, and enforced labour, with a wealth of evidence which cannot be gainsaid. What these men have done with the broken tribal system of Natal they seek to do with Zululand. They will probably succeed after much bloodshed and disorder, if there exists in our civilised Empire no hand of justice to restrain them.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SERMONS.

IN a sermon which would occupy nearly twenty columns of a newspaper, Mr. Roosevelt repeats all the things he would like the Government to do for the improvement of the United States. All these proposals he has enunciated separately upon many occasions: he now puts them together in a single document, designed as a preliminary programme for the great Presidential campaign next year. Most of them stand midway between pious aspirations and practical proposals: they are designed to leave upon the mind of good American readers a sense of something strong and definite, without committing the author or his party to any concrete act of policy. We do not wish to imply that Mr. Roosevelt is not thoroughly in earnest as an advocate of economic and social reforms. As an administrator he has always shown himself courageous, energetic, and most pertinacious in the pursuit of justice. Indeed, it is to these qualities he owes the fact that the present financial episode will go down to history as "Roosevelt's panic." But neither in this Message, nor in the legislative policy which he seeks to procure, can one discern the high qualities of statecraft needed to deal with the extraordinary situation which his country presents. Here is a nation where the concentration of industrial and financial power is further advanced than in any other nation in the world, where one or two little groups of trust-owners, railway-men and bankers, control the destiny of entire provinces, and the livelihood of millions of "free and equal" fellow citizens. Yet no political instrument exists enabling the people, through the Government, to protect their most vital interests against abuses of this economic oligarchy. There are two reasons why the present democracy of America is incompetent to perform its functions. In the first place, the rigid federal Constitution gives no power to the Government at Washington to carry through the necessary legislation. In the second place, the machinery of the two great political parties, through which the will of the people is compelled to seek expression, is dominated by men to whom the naked term "enemies of the people" is strictly applicable. The business-politicians of the great national parties will not permit the passing of laws by the national or State Governments calculated seriously to impair the financial power of their paymasters, the great railroad, banking, and financial corporations.

No one who understands the force of these two barriers can set great store upon the radical proposals of federal reform embedded in the great rhetorical conglomerate of Mr. Roosevelt. Does he really disclose any practicable method of distinguishing "good" from "bad" corporations, or of remedying the abuses of monopoly which he denounces? In most civilised countries no safe settlement has been found for the railway problem except the national ownership of the nation's high roads. Such a solution is neither constitutionally nor politically, nor, one might add, economically, feasible in the United States. The Inter-State Commerce Clause of the Constitution does indeed give to the federal Government a right of control; but though this power enables an energetic administration to hurry and to worry railroads in the Courts, it cannot really force them to compete when it is their interest to combine, or even to refrain from giving preferences of rates or other facilities of transport when it pays to do so.

Still smaller is the constitutional power of legislating effectively against industrial trusts. Here Mr. Roosevelt still entertains the notion that the Supreme Court may allow him so to stretch the spirit and the letter of the Constitution as to establish a federal registration and control over the great manufacturing and commercial businesses, upon the sole ground that in the course of their operations they use the railroads. We do not believe that the highest judicial body in America will take their trust so lightly as to consent to any such lax interpretation of the Constitution. But even if they did, control of the kind foreshadowed by Mr. Roosevelt, and in fairness to the two parties, we may add, by Mr. Bryan, is chimerical. "No corporation or association of any kind should be permitted to engage in foreign or inter-state commerce that is formed for the purpose of, or whose operations create, a monopoly or general control of the production, sale, or distribution of any one or more of the prime necessities of life or articles of general use and necessity." An excellent-sounding maxim, with a ring of plausible formality about it, but a veritable sieve, when it forms the basis of a legal enactment. Even Mr. Bryan's crude proposal to prevent any corporation from doing more than half the business in any single trade, would not prove more difficult to express in law or to enforce. That something might be done through federal registration, were it constitutional, to protect investors against inflation of capital and other financial jugglery, is possible. But that federal control could be exercised over contracts for sale or purchase, or other ordinary incidents of business operations, so as to restrain "monopoly" on the one hand, and "unhealthy competition" on the other, is a pretty obvious delusion.

Mr. Roosevelt's currency reforms are couched in even vaguer terms, and exhibit a very proper note of caution. Apparently he does not look in the direction of a federal bank of issue, or of any radical reform of the existing National Bank system, but is content to secure an emergency issue of currency, to be made by the private banking corporations under federal regulation; in other words, to secure more elasticity, without altering the instruments and avenues of money. On the important matter of taxation, he is at once conservative and radical, the latter where his Government is incompetent to act, the former where it is competent, but where party considerations preclude action. So we have large language about the desirability of a drastic policy of inheritance and income taxation. The latter of these proposals has already been pronounced unconstitutional, while the former would probably meet the same fate, if embodied in a law. On the other hand, there is to be no tampering with the sacred principle of a protective tariff, though this system is manifestly responsible for many of the abuses of monopoly against which Mr. Roosevelt inveighs. Tariff readjustment is indeed promised, but it is to be carried out, not by the enemies, but by the friends of Protection, and after, not before, the next election. Until Mr. Roosevelt, or some American whose statesmanship is equal to the task, directs the reforming energy of the nation to a radical alteration of the constitution, so as to secure for the central Government the constitutional power needed to grapple with the concentrated power of capitalism, such utterances as these of the latest Presidential message will continue to be little better than "hot air."

Life and Letters.

THE PEASANT'S HOPE.

HE is vanishing from the world, and there are few that regret his departure. "Progress" has effected a destruction where penury and starvation had failed. He endured through all the lean years, somehow obtaining nourishment and rearing his children, clinging tenaciously to the earth, within the earth-bound horizon. At length appears the end of a long tradition stretching back into the dim centuries; a rather squalid and ignoble ending to a life which had once stood for the bed-rock life of England. The peasant's resources, the peasant's vigour and resistance, the peasant's slow-moving, deliberate mind, had borne the burden of war and change. From his villages came the old folk-songs of the nation; he built the village churches, which are the glory of rural England, and once took a pride in them. His secret wisdom, the fragments of half-heathen, half-Christian philosophy, his standards of bitterness and enjoyment, made up the temper and mettle of the common people of England. The period of his greatest degradation coincided with the period of a sudden offer of escape. As the common land passed from his occupation, and he sank steadily to the landless depth of day labour, the cities, with their unlimited demands for the peasant energy and vigour, opened to him welcoming arms. We are devising legislation hastily with a view to retaining, perhaps, a remnant of what remains. The "Land Hunger" (so ran the cant last summer in Parliament) is dead in England. No one wants small holdings. Allotments merely stand derelict, growing plentiful crops of weeds and thistles. The landlords and farmers are only anxious to encourage the labourer to an independent position on the soil. As to rural tyranny or rural opposition—any allusion to such an impossible prejudice evoked in the debates in the House of Commons a somewhat similar sentiment to that excited by an improper story in the drawing-room.

Well, we shall see what we shall see. The Land Act is already revealing a quite unexpected stirring of enthusiasm. Those who continued to assert, despite all ridicule, that the Land Hunger still remained, however dormant, the inheritance of generations who had lived close to the soil and drawn strength and familiarity from that contact, seem likely to be vindicated. In his forlorn picture of the crumbling village life, "Where Men Decay" (Fifield), Colonel Pedder declares that this is the one hope for the future; the spark in the dark night from which a great fire may yet be kindled. He shows the two great wants of the labourer still unsatisfied—Hope and a Home. He laments the passing of the old village gentry, who still had some sympathy and channels of communication with the labourer; and the substitution for them of the large farmer, who utterly hates and despises the class beneath him. "'As long as a man stays on the land, he can't call his soul his own,' is an expression often heard among the poor." He exhibits the striking contrast between the brother and sister: the sister who has "gone into service," and found a demand for her work, and acquired under such conditions hope, independence, and a vigour of mind; the brother left on the fields, with the prospect before him of unchanging manual labour, at unchanging, scanty wages, until the workhouse absorbs him at the end. He shows the tragedy of the mere material collapse in the material conditions; village after village, in which no new cottages have been built for a hundred years; crumbling walls, falling into decay; crowded families, with all the starved life and degradation inevitably associated with such overcrowding; the whole presenting an aspect of fatigue and of decline. "To outsiders, who live in country villages, the wonder is not why many leave, but why any stay." Here is a testimony which would have created something like a "scene" in the Parliamentary debates of last summer. "'Still as a slave before his lord,' repre-

sents the attitude of the farm hand in the presence of his employer. No sheep before her shearers was ever more dumb than the milkers and carters and ploughmen at the village meetings to which their masters choose to summon them. They are cowed. It is to this that the race have come whom Froissart described as 'le plus périlleux peuple qui soit au monde, et plus outrageux et orgueilleux.' Pride is dead in their souls."

"The monopoly of great farmers must be broken up," he boldly declares, "before the dawn of hope can rise upon the English peasant." Yet he does not despair of the future. He has discovered deep in the heart of the country labourer that "Love of the Land" which has survived through all the generations of hopeless drudgery. He recognises it as "a survival from the days when an able-bodied Englishman, bred on and to the land, might cherish the hope of one day calling a corner of it his own, at least as the tenant of a landlord without personal interest in the degradation of his dependents." Here is the sole asset we possess in the work of rural revival. The labourer to-day is slowly and doubtfully realising that Parliament has passed a law which is designed to work for his benefit. The whole conception is new to him, "Law" he has hitherto regarded as something remote or inimical, symbolised by the village policeman or the magistrates, who penalise poaching and petty larceny. Those who have made themselves missionaries of the new Act in the villages tell everywhere of this first incredulity. They announce the decree of Government that henceforth the first charge on the land shall be the allotment or small holding; that nothing is to stand in the way of the provision of such holding when it is desired; that, if necessary, by compulsion, the claims of sport, the claims of pleasure, the ambitions of the large farmer adding field to field, the prejudice or caprice of those who dislike the creation of these small plots and gardens, are to be made to yield to the primary necessity of finding land for the landless. The labourer is silent, astonished, doubtful, wondering if this is a new trick designed for his disadvantage. There are meetings at night, to which men come furtively; suggestions that one is a "spy," and dogged silence until he has departed; wonder and doubt as to what Mr. A. (the landlord) will think of it, or whether Mr. B. (the farmer) will dispossess all those who apply for land, or if Mr. C. (the vicar) will be inclined to look favourably on the affair. But the stirring and the movement is real, far more real than many had ventured to hope for when the Act was passing through Parliament. The testing time will come next year, when the rather cumbrous machinery is put into operation. If the Parish Councils and County Councils and Central Commissioners prove adequate to the situation, they may yet reveal life where there now is little but death, and a transformation of England's deserted countryside. If they prove hostile or—what is more probable, and far more dangerous—dilatatory and timid, embarking upon one experiment chosen from ten applications, postponing for months or years any energetic action; there will be no vocal protest, and few who cannot look beneath the surface will realise what has happened. The serene life of rural England, viewed from the country house or city observatory, will continue undisturbed. There will be no revolution, red flags, open riots, rick-burning. But the people will quietly melt away, into the cities, beyond the sea. The last of the Sibylline Books will have been flung into the flames.

What this vanishing life signifies, in its strength and in its weaknesses, can only be revealed to those who through months and years have made it the subject of sympathetic study. The landlord, the farmer, the clergyman, the newspaper correspondent primed with casual conversation in the village inn, thinks that he knows his labourer. He probably knows nothing whatever about him. With his limited vocabulary, with his racial distrust of the stranger, and all of another class, with a mind which maintains such reticence except in moments of overpowering emotion, that labourer stands, a perplexing, enigmatic figure, alone in a voluble, self-analysing world. Only in such a

study as that of Mr. George Bourne does the figure of the real man becomes gradually apparent. In the "Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer" (Duckworth & Co.) this writer has given a picture of the last days of an old man who himself stands for the last days of a vanishing race. He has collected and treasured the sayings of "Bettesworth" as he passes slowly downward in the day's decline; remarks trivial or commonplace, worldly wisdom, strange superstitions, acceptance of the sunshine, bewilderment before the hostile forces of the world. There are years passed in almost daily intercourse before his master discovers that Bettesworth had once fought through the Crimean war. That experience had made no permanent impression of horror or of pride. The events of the day which influence men's passions in some mobile, distant universe filter down into this quiet country like the noise of something far away, and the South African war and the death of the Queen and a General Election scarcely do more than ripple the edge of these deep sea waters. Of more importance is the untimely summer rain which spoils the harvest, dispossession from a cottage, the illness of a wife, the calamity of advancing age. Mr. Bourne reveals the heroic patience and endurance of the labourer in face of the accepted and inevitable changes. He resists the embraces of the workhouse and infirmary with that dogged despair with which the English rural poor have resisted the "Bastilles" since their foundation. He clings to life and its possible activities, continuing his work suffering and half blind, meeting death when it comes as the poor have always met it, without hope and without fear; his mind at the end with the past rather than with the future. The Pagan remains, and refuses to be silenced by the long centuries of Christian tradition. There is scepticism concerning "these here places nobody ever bin to an' come back again to tell we." "Nobody don't know nothin' about it. 'Tain't as if they come back to tell ye. There's my father what bin dead this forty year, what a crool man he must be not to've come back in all that time, if he was able, an' tell me about it." And as to the Vicar, "What do he know about it more'n anybody else?"

WINTER SLEEP.

THERE are at the present time two growing points at which science seems to be in the stage at which we may at any time hear of something new and suggestive in the way of discovery. Experiments on the effects of stimulants, organic and inorganic, on various organs in plants and animals, are leading to very important results, and opening up new lines of research. On the other hand investigations as to the nature of the agents and conditions which have the effect of slowing down and even of suspending the vital functions, and of allowing them to be resumed after prolonged intervals of time, give promise of results still more interesting when viewed in their possible relationship to human life.

As the days of our northern winter shorten and darken towards the December solstice, certain wild animals in this country, which during the summer and autumn are much in evidence, completely disappear from view. It is not that, like the land-rails, fly-catchers, swallows, and cuckoos, they have migrated to follow the sun in its southward march. They are still in the land; they have only retired to hiding-places and fastnesses where, secure from observation and disturbance, they fall into the death-like trance known as winter sleep. Our native animals which hibernate, do not all exhibit the habit of winter sleep in the same phases. Our common bats, hedgehogs, squirrels, badgers, field-mice, frogs, toads, and certain fishes, are examples in which the habit is displayed in many varying degrees of intensity. In its most extreme forms, the conditions of hibernating sleep are very striking; so much so that it is probably only because of the difficulty of observing animals in this state in nature that the subject has not been much more widely studied. Some years ago the present writer was struck with the recurrence from year to year of accounts in the newspapers of live toads said to have been found embedded in wood or clay, cut

off from food and water, and apparently from air for prolonged periods. He began a series of observations with toads, and the results obtained were so unexpected—the animals suffering no inconvenience—that a more prolonged series was attempted. For instance, a common garden flower-pot of a large size was taken and lined with clay, to a depth of some inches. On this, near the bottom, a live toad was placed, under an inverted flower-pot of smaller size, the larger being then firmly packed to the brim with impervious clay, completely hiding the smaller pot. The large pot was further thickly covered over with clay, so that it was the centre of a ball some feet in diameter. The whole was then buried deeply in the ground, in a bed of firm London clay. Had it not been for previous experiments with the animals, it would have been impossible to believe that any breathing creature could continue to live under such conditions. The burial took place in July. In August of the following year the pot was dug up, in the presence of three persons, who had followed the experiment, and who were entirely sceptical as to the result. The toad proved to be alive, and in good condition. It was torpid at first; but it became quite active in a few hours, and it lived for long afterwards.

The usual explanation in experiments of this kind is that some air must reach the animals in conditions of sleep-trance or suspended animation. There are other observations, however, which show that all air may be excluded for a time, from animals in the profound torpor of winter sleep. One of our native warm-blooded creatures, which passes deeply into the hibernating condition, is the hedgehog. Early in the winter it buries itself under hedges, banks, and other places. If it be dug out in cold weather, it may be observed to be in a state in which the life functions are almost suspended. No secretions will be observed for a long period. Even the action of breathing appears to be interrupted for long intervals. The creature may be placed in coal gas for a considerable time, without any inconvenience being noticed. It may be sealed in a jar for hours, and it will take no hurt. It may even be put under water for half-an-hour, if the winter torpor is deep, without causing it injury. Bats exhibit an almost similar condition of suspended life functions in their winter sleep. Torpid dormice may be placed for hours in coal gas, or in carbon dioxide, without causing them injury. In most cases the state of trance into which true hibernating animals fall is slow in its onset, and it gradually increases in intensity with the advance of the year, until at its maximum the vital functions almost cease. Yet it is not always this maximum condition of inertness which is accompanied by the most remarkable results. In the case of frogs and toads, the outward appearances of winter sleep are not nearly so much in evidence as in the case of bats, hedgehogs, badgers, and other warm-blooded animals. The torpor of the former animals never appears to be profound, and movement readily takes place. Yet frogs, which breathe through lungs, will lie under water for long periods during winter, or they will bury themselves deeply in mud. It is said in these cases that exchange of air must take place through the skin, and this is true in certain circumstances. But there is no doubt that we must recognise that no air at all is necessary for long intervals. The writer has put a torpid toad in a hermetically sealed bottle, from which the oxygen contained in the air had been burnt out. At the end of two days, the bottle was opened, and on testing it the contained gas instantly extinguished a light. The toad, however, was none the worse, and it lived for months after.

The most interesting question underlying all the aspects of hibernation and winter trance in animals is—how far does the suspension of vital functions really go? Can the machinery of life ever completely stop and yet resume its motion again? And yet further—if there is only suspension of functions is the tale of life taken up where it left off, so that the suspended interval does not, as it were, come out of the creature's capital of longevity? The answer to the last question, in particular, has an important bearing on many interesting prob-

lems of human life. In the case of hibernating animals we appear to have all the gradations, from ordinary sleep to the conditions of such profound insensibility as has been described. Not only is there sleep in the deeper stages, but there is absolute loss of sensation, as in anaesthesia. In cases of true hibernation the descent towards insensibility is gradual, and affects all the senses to an overwhelming degree. The recovery is similarly gradual, so much so that animals in a deep state of winter sleep often die if suddenly awakened. All these conditions point to the completeness with which the functions of the body have been suspended. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the interval of torpor is economised, and that the life processes are taken up again at a stage at, or near, where they were left off.

The only condition in human subjects which can be compared with those of winter sleep in animals, are those of ordinary trance. There are many well-authenticated instances of persons who have slept continuously for years, the sleep being so profound that they could not be roused. One case in which certain of the Professors of McGill University were interested some years ago was that of a woman who had spent a considerable portion of her life in an unconscious condition. She had intervals of sleep-lethargy from which she could not be awakened, the last continuing for thirteen years. This case resembled others of the kind in human subjects, in which, however, the conditions fall far short of those prevailing in the profound winter sleep of animals. The bodily functions are not usually suspended to the same degree. The woman mentioned, who would not otherwise have been reckoned a good life, died at the age of seventy. There was no clear conclusion to be drawn as to the effect of the long intervals of unconsciousness on the patient's longevity, although the indications were that it had been extended.

THE SEEKERS.

THEY fringe the plate-glass windows—an ever-moving mass of silhouettes—and follow closely the contour of the shops, moving fitfully as people at a picture show; and they are equally intent.

They gaze and gaze and gaze, and the gazing crowds around them are as nothing. For they know not what they want and look for inspiration; therefore they look long at everything, craning their neck or bending their head in thoughtful concentrated stares, and take no heed of the gentle onward push of others coming on behind. Then they pass on slowly, for seldom at the first time do they make up their mind to enter in and buy. With lingering, sideways gaze, they move, so that others must give place to them or collide. But there are few collisions. For they side round each other easily, meeting and passing without hitch, as the oiled links of driven gear chains pass over the toothed drum.

Though they all seek something, there is no competition; and the harassed frenzy of sale scrambles is absent, though they are mostly women hovering to buy. For theirs is a task of discriminate selection, accomplished leisurely, and only at the end is there any necessity to hurry. Thus they are different to the methodical, busy folk who race round a pre-arranged route, at the last moment, consulting lists and spending money in appointed places.

They block the pavements, because they do not know beforehand what to get, and, though they publish their indecision plaintively, they concentrate on their search with contented enthusiasm. Slowly and resolutely they move to and fro, up one side and down the other of a street, seeking with fastidious critical inspection to shape a hazy, preconceived idea of what will suit and be acceptable. Though they are all actuated by one motive they are attracted by many different displays, each governed by many limitations.

By their interests and remarks you shall know something of them and of those for whom they choose. For they are almost invariably in pairs, and talk aloud,

oblivious in their zeal, exchanging knowledge of the wants of many pet-named people.

Outside the blaze and sparkle of the silversmiths, they argue the suitability of inkpots, and describe accurately the writing table to be adorned; they hesitate between date calendars and cigarette cases, and inventory the possessions of relatives and friends; they gauge the size of silver frames for photographs; they question doubtfully pencils, match-boxes and many-chained chate-laines, for fear that they have been forestalled. The wealthy few point out the jewellery, and speak openly of others' favourite stones.

At the book-shops they criticise the literary tastes of many individuals and advertise their own difficulty to choose according, because theirs does not coincide; they read aloud many titles, and interrupt the inspection of their companion to beg advice on all the books they do not know. They choose a first prayer-book with mentioned memories of their own, and pounce thankfully on wondrously coloured picture books for the children of acquaintances and old dependents.

Around the children's wonderland of toys they gather in almost stationary crowds; they talk of many strange requirements, of forts and soldiers, of motor cars and dolls, and boats which will go by clockwork in the bath; they discuss the educational effect of paint-boxes and the quieting advantages of bricks; they recall memories of the joys of picture puzzles, and the pride of proprietorship in dolls' houses and butchers' shops. They discuss the ages of many little nephews and nieces, and their eyes wander up the window in the hope of finding something extraordinary for each. They become plaintive in their bewilderment as to what will amuse and what will be execrated by parents; they suggest real-steam-driven trains and reject them because of the danger; and they calm their fears as to the watery nuisance of magnetic ducks with the plea that they can easily be kept for rainy days. During their long inspection they become reminiscent over traditional possessions, and eloquent in recounting the observed tendencies of many very youthful individuals. For here they spare no effort of discrimination, because there is so much to be considered, and here their choice is so serious—to the recipient.

Many linger around the varied assortment of dainty unnecessaries, and their task is not so hard; for where everything will suit anybody they may indulge their own fancy in the choice. Even so, though they mention multitudes who want a purse or fan, they speak of many who seemingly have everything that is displayed. But they do not despair; they gaze and gaze, and pick out something which will do, with sudden joy, mentioning for whom it is to be. They choose many things, and give many different reasons for their choice—a suddenly remembered wish, a reminder of an oft-repeated joke.

So they cluster in continuous, adjoining groups, continually changing but never dwindling away, and each shop has at least a quota of the crowds.

They choose gloves of many sizes, and ties of many hues, handkerchiefs also, and bits of lace. Even at the chemists they linger with thoughts of scent and soap; and some, perforce, consider the everyday necessities of wear. For they are of every cash denomination.

This they reveal continually, gauging the price of things unmarked with calm or anxious wonder, or a certain conviction that it is beyond their means. Some go in to ask the price and others move reluctantly away; for each thing must bear its proportion to a preconceived sum total of expense. Even so, they all invariably exceed. Though they start out with firm resolve, though they make so many careful calculations by the way, they reach their limit all too soon, because there are so many to remember and everything was just a little more; therefore their expenditure mounts up until they wilfully forget it.

When the last brown-paper parcels have been carried home on Christmas Eve they are very poor—for the joy of giving possessed them, and made them very reckless at the end.

Travel and Adventure.

THE GIANTS OF THE SUDAN.

[BY SIR ALFRED PEASE.]

THE word Sudan, rendered into English, simply means the country of the *Blacks* (Arabic—*swad*—black, masc. plural *sud*, with locative terminal *an*). The blacks are of many races, tribes, and languages; together they represent the aboriginal inhabitants of the Sudan. I do not know of an older race in the Egyptian Sudan than these blacks whom we may class together as Nilotic negroes. There may be a still more ancient family of man yet to be identified, such as we find in other parts of Africa, similar to the diminutive light-coloured Bushmen of South Africa, the pigmies of the Congo forests, or the representatives of a later family, such as the Midgans of Somaliland. I have not space here to allude to more than two or three of the black nations of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The Shilluks, Dinkas, and Nuers, among the Nilotic negroes, have many characteristics in common. These three races are at certain points contiguous. Their country may be very roughly described as that of the banks of the upper White Nile and its tributaries. Beyond them, further West and South of the Bahr el Ghazal, are the Nyam-nyams, a people said by some travellers to be somewhat higher in the scale of intelligence than those just named; and this in spite of the fact that they are cannibals.

As for the country itself, there are two kinds of Sudan; the one more or less real desert, that is to say even when it is bush or scrub country, there is, if not an entire absence of water, a great scarcity of it. The other is the land of rivers and swamps, where water is often too abundant. But both may truthfully be described as thirsty lands, for I have heard a man say that even among the rivers, it was not much better than being in the desert, as wherever you may be in the Sudan there is never time enough to drink enough. On the other hand, some faint notion of the heat is to be gathered from the story of the unfortunate man, whose favourite beverage in the desert was hot tea, and who, having taken a good supply of this with him in thermos bottles, died of thirst, as he could not reduce the temperature enough to drink it.

If travelling in the desert has its drawbacks, so has sailing on Sudanese waters. During the winter months, the North wind blows steadily, and you can sail as far South as navigation is possible, but you can not hope for a South wind to take you Northwards before March. On our homeward journey, even on the White Nile, where the river is often wide enough to allow of tacking, we once took ten days to make sixty miles. Another drawback is the insect life—mosquitoes in such variety, and in such myriads, that after sundown every kind of mosquito protection is wanted. On the Bahr el Ghazal I saw, besides the dreaded Anophele and other noxious kinds, the Elephantiasis mosquito, and we observed some horrid cases of elephantiasis among the Nuers. Among the plagues of daylight I may mention one, the Seroot fly, a large gentleman, who literally gashes you as he strikes you. On the Bahr el Ghazal, I was once attacked, in the night, by a countless host of marsh ants. This, I think, was the most unpleasant experience I have ever had, and I would rather take on a dozen lions alone, than face a similar army of ants again.

In point of height, the people of all the three tribes of Shilluks, Dinkas, and Nuers are above the normal stature of mankind. There are many Dinkas who are giants, and it is common to see men among them 6 feet 5 inches high. The Shilluks are not so tall, but the Nuers considerably taller. I have been in a village where they were all literally giants and giantesses. Of three men I was with one day, only one of which I measured, the shortest measured 6 ft. 8 in. At one place the average height of the men could not have been much under this, and the tallest women must have come within an inch or two of it.

Comparatively early in the last century, Mehemet Ali crossed the Nubian Desert, and conquered the Northern Sudan. Ismail Pasha continued this policy of expansion, and under him the railway towards the Sudan was begun, and the telegraph reached Khartum. Khartum became the emporium of the Sudan slave and ivory trade, and European Consuls, merchants and adventurers, pushed further into the countries of the Southern blacks than we have yet reached. Man-hunting and elephant-hunting proved a very

lucrative occupation, and those who pursued it gave the first reliable information we have of the Nilotic negroes. To Pretherick, the British Consul at Khartum, belong the first honours of the first records in English of the countries south of the Bahr el Ghazal.

It was not till 1871 that the Egyptians, with some 700 troops, at Fashoda, finally subdued the Shilluks. In these times the Bahr el Gebel, now the highway to Gondokoro, was choked with sudd, and such communications as there were with the countries in that direction were *via* the Zeraf. The Shilluks then were estimated at about 1,200,000 people, supporting themselves by a pastoral life, some agriculture, fishing, and hunting. They were well organised, under chiefs of villages, and these under chiefs of groups of villages (50 to 100 villages). The village place equivalent to our market square is the centre of the life of these primitive communities. Here, under the protecting clouds of cow-dung smoke, they sit and have their smoking concerts, or talk and dance late into the night. Instead of the market cross, you find a tree or dom palm, on which hang the drums which are used to tell the news of the day, to warn, or are employed in the orchestra. The Shilluks, like the Nuers, wear a diabolical aspect from the habit of protecting themselves from mosquitoes by covering themselves with white wood ashes, mixed with certain unsavoury ingredients. They are a tall race, but not as tall as the Dinkas. They, at least the men, affect a great variety of head-dress. Some of their fashions, in this respect, are similar to the Dinka's. They are armed with spears and lances.

The Nuers, however, are the race which I am to deal with here; the race of giants which has its home amongst the awful swamps that spread North and South of the Bahr el Ghazal. We were warned by the authorities that if we came across them we should possibly find them unfriendly, and at any rate shy and difficult to get into touch with. Sir William Garstin, who had himself been up these streams, said that on such occasions as he saw them, they waved their hands with a deprecating motion, as if they were averse to having any communication with strangers. It is in the winter that the best opportunity of seeing something of these people is afforded; for when the rivers are in flood and the water out over the whole of the adjacent regions, the Nuers retire to the drier ridges and islands of the interior. In the winter, as the waters recede, they desert their inland villages, and take up their residence in their winter ones, on ridges of dry swamp clay, within a few miles of the main channels. The first of the giants whom I saw were on a spit of bush and high grass country, between the Zeraf and Ghazal. I was hunting, and was following some roan antelope, which I had seen disappear into grass so tall that nowhere could I see over it. Suddenly I saw three hideous heads and shoulders and spear-heads moving towards me. I moved a few yards, to where there was an open spot, which they would have to cross if they held on in the same direction. Immediately they stepped into the open they marked me, and stood rooted to the spot with amazement at the apparition of myself and my Arab Shikari. Each of them was, at a guess, 7 ft. high, stark naked, of course, for afterwards, when we had penetrated further into their country, we found both sexes innocent of any clothing whatever. In one hand each held two spears, in the other a knoberry; their covering of white ash gave them a grey, corpse-like appearance. The custom of breaking out their lower incisor teeth, which causes the upper teeth to grow down and protrude (hence the name, Abou Senoon, Father jut-tooth), their hair, by means of clay and gum, worked into a sort of curved peak, after the pattern of a guinea fowl's crest, or the front and sides of the head shaved, and the rest of the hair towzled out behind into a mane, (and treated by a process I will not describe to make it red), all added to the strange and weird appearance of these warriors. One of the three turned and fled, another put all his weapons into one hand, and made the deprecating sign I had heard of. I immediately imitated it. The effect was all I could desire. They came up to us, and the senior of the two took the Arab's hand, and bending over it, spat into it; I, with a little more ceremony, received the same salute, and then we gazed in smiling and mute admiration at each other, the giants looking down on us, and we looking up at them.

(To be concluded.)

The Drama.

MR. SHAW'S "CÆSAR" AND THE CRITICS.

No student of contemporary English drama will have been surprised by the attitude of the critics towards Mr. Barker's "Waste" and Mr. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." It is precisely what might have been expected. The dramatic critics have, as a body, accepted the state of degradation into which the English stage has fallen under the reign of the commercial drama and of the actor-manager. They are not likely, therefore, to extend a warm welcome to a movement of reform. If that movement exhibits traces of excess, a touch of the morbid introspection, the pessimism, which belongs to our time, it is natural for the journalists who have acquiesced in the absence of sincerity, the frivolous and immoral atmosphere, of the London theatre, to exaggerate these characteristics. This has been the fate of Mr. Barker's work. It would have been far better for an added touch of reserve, a softer, more human, note. But can any serious playgoer doubt that the atmosphere of "Waste" is a more moral atmosphere, and a far keener intellectual one, than that of "The Spring Chicken" or "The Gay Lord Quex"? Yet it is difficult to discern among the professional critics of the play an endeavour to institute this kind of comparison—in a word, to "standardise" the productions with which they have to deal.

Yet this is surely the first business of criticism. What relation has this or that drama to life? Has the author any views about life, save, let us say, the common, superficial, light-minded view of the amusement-drugged playgoer, the average sensual man and woman of our day? Is he existing for them, and them alone, or has he any thought for the better minds and affections of his audiences? Does he care to make them acquainted with pity and terror, or does he aim merely at finishing the evening agreeably for a well-dined audience? We know that, with us, he is thinking in the main of the latter aim, and that in the main the critics encourage him to pursue it. In this moral heedlessness the English Press stands almost alone. We cannot imagine the more cultured newspapers of any country but America taking the same view, let us say, of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" and Ibsen's "Ghosts," as our Press took when the late Mr. Clement Scott, then the leading dramatic critic in London, described Ibsen as a "muck-ferreting dog," and as it is evidently quite prepared to take now. Ideas, and the pursuit of ideas, are still hateful to us, or despised by us. We still see with complacency the decline of the drama towards the standard and method of the music-hall. For example, a class of play has lately sprung into favour, the humorous attraction of which consists largely in long, eccentric monologues in the vein of grotesque comedy. The idea of these monologues is borrowed from the pantomime or the music-hall stage; their chief feature is their absolute disconnectedness from the piece, and the way in which each joke is divorced from its predecessor. All effort of imagination is thus spared to the audience. These frivolous monologues, which are mere displays of the vanity and complete irresponsibility of a clever actor, may be quite amusing in their way; but they indicate a long step on the road to the complete abasement of the British drama.

It is easy to trace this acceptance by the critical world of the contemporary drama as it stands to-day—degraded and unconscious of its degradation—in the treatment of work to which the author has attempted

to give some intellectual significance. Till within the last few months the Court Theatre has been the home of the intellectual drama. It has now been transferred to the Savoy, and Mr. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" has succeeded his much inferior, but interesting, "Devil's Disciple." For the most part the critics will not have "Cæsar and Cleopatra," any more than they would have "The Doll's House." The atmosphere being absolutely innocent, and the dialogue scrupulously reserved, it cannot be accused of impropriety. So it is largely treated as a mere freak of Mr. Shaw's fancy, incidentally insulting to Shakespeare. One gentleman suggests that it would have scored as comic operetta. From some of the criticisms one would gather that the writers believed Rufio, and Pothinus, and Achilles, and Theodotus, and other historical figures, to be as fabulous as the Sphinx. It is not for me to enjoy all the characteristics of Mr. Shaw's art. It is possible to think some of its teaching, notably that of the third act of "Major Barbara," very bad for mankind, and to regard his passion for joking, in season and out of season, as a blot on his dramatic method. But his "Cæsar" is neither a contemptible nor an unhistoric conception. It is Mr. Shaw's way of translating into terms of modern thought, and through the reflection of his own ironical temper, Mommsen's theory of Cæsar as the "entire and perfect man." Here and there I suspect Mr. Shaw has allowed the unspeakable Froude to draw him into a misconception of facts; but on the whole the author's presentment of Cæsar—his calculated clemency and geniality, his subtle management of men, his more than Napoleonic power of making soldiering serve statesmanship, his personal temperance in eating and drinking, his serenity and sweetness of temper—is a real addition to the stage portraiture of great men, and is in line with the modern view of the great Roman's character.

Moreover, the main intellectual design of Mr. Shaw in drawing his Cæsar and his Cleopatra—namely, to show that mankind, new and old, is all of one pattern—is the design of all writers of power; to them the whole world is kin; there are essentially no new discoveries to be made about it, so far as the main stuff of human character is concerned. These are not contemptible or fantastic notions, though they are worked out with touches of fantasy, sometimes rather crude and capricious fantasy. Are they not worth discussing? In any other capital but our own, the validity of Mr. Shaw's idea of Cæsar, its worth as drama and as literature, would have been seriously canvassed. I cannot find that it concerns even the cleverest of our dramatic writers. It is the lighter kind of technique which mainly absorbs them. And not till an intellectual and moral standard is set up in literary London, as it is set up, for example, in literary Paris, will they have a right to criticise, as, for example, Mr. Archer has a right to criticise, the shortcomings of Mr. Shaw's dramatic ideas, and the disconcerting play of his temperament. It is little to their particular school of criticism what Mr. Shaw meant Cæsar to be and to represent, and how far he may truthfully call such a presentation a fair interpretation of historical truth. To take a small point, more than one gentleman scoffs at Cæsar's rejection of wine and elaborate cookery, and his calling for a glass of barley water. Yet nothing is more natural or more in harmony with the evidence, friendly and unfriendly, of Cæsar's personal habits. After the wildness of youth, Cæsar probably established as good a model of moral restraint as the world in which he moved could understand and appreciate. On another disputed point Mr. Shaw is clearly right. Cæsar was merciful beyond all contemporary ideas of mercy; his great enemy, Cicero, was eager to admit and extol the virtue which, incidentally, spared the orator's own life. It is, no doubt, open to say that Mr. Shaw has given too little dignity, or plausibility, to this or that side of his hero's character. But Mr. Shaw's brains and fancy are on the whole the best brains and fancy available for English dramatic work at this moment, and it is idle to belittle them.

Contemporaries.

I.—FRANCIS JOSEPH.

MORE perhaps than any man now living Francis Joseph has confounded the wisdom of the wise. That he should still be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary must on any reckoning be held one of the most remarkable facts of modern politics. Nothing seemed less likely sixty years ago when, as a youth of eighteen, he ascended a throne shaken by revolution and tottering, as all thought, to its final overthrow. The ferment of resurgent nationalism and democracy that in '48 swept through Europe from Dublin to Milan was nowhere so fierce and complex as in the historic realm of the Hapsburgs. A five-cornered revolution was Francis Joseph's introduction to the cares of rulership. The world, men said, had ceased to believe in monarchy. Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns and their ascendancy with them would vanish utterly from the earth, or if they survived it would be but as constitutional conveniences and figure-heads, possessing at the utmost a mere social primacy. The popular view was that monarchy as an institution had exhausted its mandate and could never again be the political, still less the autocratic, force it had been. Wilhelm I., the present Kaiser, Napoleon III., and Francis Joseph are the ironical answer of history to these expectations, and in many ways Francis Joseph seems the most complete and the most ironical of them all. In Germany and France monarchy regained or consolidated its position by victories on the battle-field. But Francis Joseph has always been defeated. By the fortune of two bloody wars precious parts of his empire have been lost to him for ever. Moreover, he has barely known a year of domestic peace. The vengeance he took on the insurrectionists of 1848, or that was taken in his name, thrilled Europe with horror. His name became the symbol of all that was bigoted, reactionary, cruel, and tyrannical. He rode rough-shod over nearly a dozen races. He tried to Germanise by force a realm four-fifths of which had grown to loathe the very name of German. He suppressed all popular liberties; he placed all education, public and private, in the hands of the Church; he revived, in all its infamy, the alliance between the sword and the cross. The first twenty years of his reign were as repressive and unenlightened as absolutist instincts stimulated by and working through a stubborn priesthood, a secret police, and racial militarism could make them. The last forty have shown a painful, often halting, but on the whole constant approximation towards Liberalism. No living monarch has made more or worse mistakes; none has retrieved them with a greater success. No one by his irresolution has helped to provoke more crises or has disentangled them with greater patience and persuasiveness. The ruler who sixty years ago was not less than a menace to his peoples and the Empire has become the kindly, revered, fair-minded protector of both.

Looking back on the blunders and obliqueness of his early years, one might with justice plead for Francis Joseph that he was not a free agent. He came to the throne a pupil of Metternich in politics, and spiritually almost a vassal of the Holy See. His mother was the incarnation of eighteenth-century Toryism. The Minister he found in power was Prince Schwarzenberg, Metternich's inferior in everything except the violence of his reactionary principles. And Francis Joseph himself was a young and ardent soldier, intelligent no doubt; but when you have a whole realm ablaze, what is the intelligence of a boy of eighteen worth? Force, and plenty of it, is his

sole conception of a remedy—a remedy in this case buttressed by the bias of education and training, by the opinions of all around him, and by every tradition and instinct of his House. It is the distinction of Francis Joseph and his great certificate of fitness for the kingly craft that, though he has learned slowly, he has always learned at last. It took him twenty years to undo the results of his first false start—twenty years' expulsion from the German Confederation and the loss of the Italian provinces. But character may be revealed more truly in bearing the consequences of errors and crimes than in their original commission; and Francis Joseph, if he has lacked insight and foresight, has rarely failed to assimilate the warnings of experience. From the moment he was tardily convinced that absolutism was not the key to the Austrian puzzle, his growth has been continuous. Considering, indeed, all that he had to throw off and break away from, his sustained effort to live with the times may fairly be called wonderful. He found Austria a feudal State; he will leave it with the fundamental liberties as secure as they ever can be in a realm where race is everything. A Constitution, trial by jury, the right of public meeting, freedom of the Press, and now universal suffrage—he has consented to them all. The Concordat is abolished, the serf is no longer subject to the lord, the shackles of the old trade guilds have been largely removed, and commerce allowed more or less to seek its natural channels. That the non-settlement of the Bohemian question is a reproach to the Emperor's sagacity or strength of will, and that in his conception of the State the barracks still come before the factory, is probably true. But he has at least grasped the principle of equal justice to all the nationalities of his polyglot realm; he would probably subscribe to Gladstone's prophecy that Federalism is the ultimate destiny of the dual monarchy; and amid an infinity of difficulties—Austria-Hungary is a whole series of Irelands—he has done much to make it a reality. Both in form and spirit the Austria of Metternich seems centuries removed from the dual monarchy of to-day.

A monarch who has merely presided over so swift and vast a transformation deserves at least the credit of his adaptability. A monarch who, like Francis Joseph, has guided, and, to some extent, has initiated it, may prefer a higher claim. As the semi-autocrat of a would-be constitutional system he has raised the throne to the position, almost, of a final court of appeal, to which all his peoples have learned to resort with confidence. That is to put the royal office to a fine and statesmanlike use. Fortune, no doubt, has befriended him. The clash and turmoil of race and of wrangling groups, by paralysing Parliament, has brought to the occupant of the throne a freer scope, a more decisive authority, and larger opportunities. Francis Joseph, in the maturity of his character and experience, has known how to make the most and best of them. He has schooled himself into moderation and impartiality, the qualities of all others that the politicians of his Empire most lack. With a native gift of industry, and a real capacity for affairs, toiling for sixty years at little else, he has amassed an experience such as no Minister can pretend to; and the throne is at last a watch-tower from which a king with eyes may see his kingdom steadily and see it whole. The sliding procession of Parliaments and Cabinets has but emphasised the permanence of the monarch. All races and parties have come more and more to lean on him; the trust in his disposition and his sense of fairness, if not always in his judgment, is implicit. Francis Joseph has won the kind of confidence that is never refused to men of his simple, conscientious, frank, and dependable nature. The great tragedies of his life have penetrated that confidence with an irresistible emotion of tender and affectionate sympathy. To call him the most hapless of men is to forget the high reward his sufferings have found in the unique devotion and gratitude of his peoples. To call him the least successful of monarchs is to forget that under his rule the realm of the Hapsburgs has been revolutionised, and that his peoples and the common opinion of Europe, with perhaps an exaggerated fearfulness, have come to look upon him as the chief pledge and bulwark of unity and peace.

Letters from Abroad.

GERMANY'S IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Almost simultaneously the Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag have been reopened after their long holidays. The Reichstag has been presented with two significant Governmental Bills: the draft of an Imperial law on assemblies and associations, and a Bill to amend the existing law on the Stock Exchange and the wholesale trade in stocks and commodities. It has also received the Budget Bill, and, with it, the confirmation of the existence of a considerable deficit. The Empire and State increased expenditure must be met by increased taxation, and the Imperial Government insists, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herr von Henzel, declared, on taxes on commodities and for Government monopolies. Food and other provisions—already much increased in price—are to be made dearer still. Why not? The biggest item in the additional expenditure of the Empire will be for “the navy, the fighting navy.”

Of the draft Bills put before the Reichstag, the Stock Exchange Bill is the least objectionable. But the Bill on Associations, as presented by the Government, does not better the state of things even in Prussia, whilst for some German States it would mean a serious reaction. Some of the obsolete and ineffective proscriptions of the Prussian law of 1850, the creation of the reaction after the revolution of 1848, have been dropped, but others of the same type will now be applied to the whole German Empire. Associations dealing with public affairs will in future be everywhere obliged to send their rules and the names of the members of their committee to the police; public meetings, except at an election, must be announced to them twenty-four hours before their time; and meetings in the open air are to be dependent upon the permission of the police. These regulations are now mostly unknown in quite a number of German States.

Besides all these reactionary provisions, Clause 7 of the Bill prescribes that the language in all the meetings dealing with public affairs must be German, exceptions being only obtainable from the central authority of the State. This provision is in the first instance directed against the Poles, although it may also in time be applied to the Danish-speaking population in Northern Schleswig, and the French-speaking population of Alsace Lorraine. As an anti-Polish measure, it is on a par with the Expropriation Bill submitted to the Prussian diet.

Whilst the speech from the throne in Prussia has been dumb on the question of franchise reform, for which, on Tuesday last, more than a million of people have demonstrated all over the Kingdom, the Prussian legislature is asked to empower the Government to acquire in the two eastern provinces, Posen and Westpreussen, Polish estates by compulsory expropriation, in order to settle German agriculturists on them. The existing fund for the increase of the German element in the Polish provinces is for this purpose to be augmented by 300 millions of marks. 350 millions have already been spent on its head, another 100 millions are demanded for regular purchases under it, so that on the whole the fund will amount to no less than 750 millions of marks, or 37½ millions of pounds sterling.

It is not necessary to raise the question of the right of the Poles to an independent united Polish State, in order to judge the wisdom of the policy to which this fund is devoted. Until now the representatives of the Poles in Prussia have again and again denied any intention to join a movement for the severance of the Polish districts of Prussia from the Prussian State. Quite apart from the question of acquired historical rights, a glance at the map of Prussia is enough to show that the State, as at present constituted, would rather sacrifice twenty or thirty times the above amount of money, and thousands of lives, than

acquiesce in such a severance. Already the Eastern frontier of Prussia is, from a military point of view, badly formed. With the two provinces severed, it would be almost indefensible. The possession of the two provinces is for the present Prussian State a political necessity. This the Prussian Poles know, and since 1848 no movement for a new Poland, including these provinces, found adherents amongst them.

But what they insist upon are the rights solemnly promised to them when the Polish tracts of the Provinces were annexed to Prussia, particularly the right to the free use of their own language, and for many years there was no quarrel in this respect. The Poles did not object to have German taught them in addition to instruction in their own language. They performed their military service as obediently as any other Prussian citizens, and in the wars of 1866 and 1870 they freely shed their blood for Prussia and Germany. Things began to change with Bismarck's so-called Kulturkampf against the Catholic Church. The Poles are Catholics whilst the German inhabitants of the two Provinces are mostly Protestants. Catholic and Pole, German and Protectionist are there quasi synonymous concepts. Great love, it must be admitted, has never prevailed between the two sections. But with the Kulturkampf the friction became more acute, and consequently the national feeling on the side of the Poles more accentuated. Bismarck intensified it by offensive speeches on the Poles and several measures in the direction of compulsory Germanisation. It was under his rule that the settlement fund was founded. When he was dismissed Count Caprivi tried a policy of conciliation, and the Polish nobles, up to then the leaders of the Poles, were eager in supporting the demands of the Government. One of them, Herr von Koszielsky, obtained for his fervour in regard to navy grants at that time the nickname of “Admiraliky.”

But in the meantime important social changes had been going on in the ranks of the Polish population and now they began to make their influence felt in politics too. At the time of the partitions of Poland, the provinces finally taken by Prussia were of the poorest and the population extremely ignorant and dependent. Prussian legislation freed the peasantry from feudal obligations, and for some time the peasant could be played against the noble or the squire. But later on this opposition ceased, and the Polish peasant looked upon the Polish noble as his born national representative. Up to the sixties and seventies there was very little of a Polish middle-class in Prussia. The better trades and professions were in the two provinces in the hands either of Germans or of Jews. From that period, however, a Polish middle-class began to evolve. The peasants got better instructed, and at least a number of them improved their social standard, whilst out of the Polish labourer—once the most submissive of beings, very slaves in the social meaning of the word—grew a class of workmen with a sense of independence and an understanding of the political problems of the time. Defenders of the present policy of the Prussian Government like to point to this improvement and say that the Poles owe it wholly to the good government and administration they enjoy under Prussian rule. But it is at least as much due to the energies and the capabilities of the Poles themselves. They have shown that they are not the lower beings they had been believed to be. But whatever the reason, Polish society having changed, the traditional policy of the nobles did not any longer answer their claims and social conceptions. A radical movement sprang up and quite naturally took a more pronounced national colour.

It must be admitted that the situation of the German population of the two provinces has simultaneously become more uncomfortable. The Poles are much more closely united than the Germans. Caste feelings, and religious or racial differences, divide the Germans. Semi-feudal squires and Government officials of all sorts form one section of them, and not a small number of the German-speaking population are of Jewish descent and creed. Consequently, the German clubs are split up, for the East Elbian squire is a born anti-Semite, and of most members of the Prussian upper bureaucracy the same can be said.

But in another and a much more important respect the squire stands out as the cause of the weakened position

of the Germans in the two provinces. By a policy of buying up farms, and settling large estates in the shape of entail, he has through generations deliberately prevented the growth of a healthy German peasantry. By low wages and bad treatment he has driven away the German tenant and the German labourer, and he has also, by depopulating the country, hampered the development of towns that would, by and by, have become German strongholds. In 1875 the province of Posen had 720,000 Germans and 880,000 Poles; in 1900 the latter have increased to 1,200,000, the Germans only to 750,000. If you compare with this the increase of the German population in the whole State of Prussia—from 25 millions in 1875 to 37 millions in 1900—you will at once see that the lesser fertility of the Germans cannot have been the reason of the present misproportion in the population of Posen. As a matter of fact there was, year after year, a wholesale emigration of Germans, sometimes approaching a flight. Villages formerly mainly German have become almost wholly Polish, and towns have changed their character in the same way. Thirty years ago, the only decent hotels or inns, in most places, were German; to-day, in a great many cases, it is the reverse. In the capital town of the province, Posen, you find to-day a much greater number of Polish shops than of German ones; and the Polish theatre greatly outshines the German theatre.

This evolution has, of course, not remained unnoticed, and, pushed by a Nationalist German association, the Prussian Government has for about twenty years tried to counteract the relative decline of the German population by buying up Polish estates and settling German farmers there. But it was for a long time the work of the famous Mrs. Partington. The many millions devoted to the purpose did much to relieve the indebted Polish squirearchy. They sold their encumbered estates at a good price to the Prussische Ansiedlungskommission, and bought through their agents German estates at a cheaper price. This led to a policy of out-bidding, and prices were finally screwed up to quite ridiculous rates. To-day land is, in the two provinces, the object of reckless and most dishonest speculation, the costs of which the nation at large has hitherto had to pay.

The Expropriation Bill is meant to remove this evil and would in so far be justified. From a Socialist point of view a Radical inroad into the privileges of property is naturally welcomed. In fact, on the day when the Socialists want to expropriate in favour of the Socialist State, some clauses of the Government Bill would serve their purpose admirably. But the Bill, besides being revolutionary in regard to property, is at the same time a wanton violation of the principle of equal rights. It aims at Polish landholders alone. They are to be singled out, although they are citizens of the State, like their German fellow-landholders, and fulfil in the same way all their civic duties. Nay, they have, in conjunction with their German neighbours, consistently supported the policy of agrarian protection, and they were their good allies in the campaign for high duties on corn, cattle, and meat. Thus they have been in conflict with a great section of the Prussian Poles themselves. But, in face of the Government Bill, these questions will be forgotten. As it aims at the Polish landholders, not in their capacity as land monopolists, but as Poles, it cannot but weld the Poles together irrespective of class differences.

The measure is doomed to failure. In its three eastern Provinces together, viz., Posen, Westpreussen, and Silesia, Prussia has from three to four million subjects of Polish nationality, and they are not to be demoralised by the settlement of some ten thousand German farmers between them. They will all the more throng into the towns, and if they make good their threat to have a boycott proclaimed in Russian Poland and Galicia amongst the agricultural labourers against German land-holders, they may cause the latter rather serious damage. Agriculture on the larger estates in all the eastern provinces of Prussia is to-day in a high degree dependent upon a supply of labour from the neighbouring Slavish states, particularly for season work, such as harvesting and the like. The relations of the Prussian Poles to the Prussian State can in several respects be compared to the relations that exist in the United Kingdom between the Irish and Great Britain. But the German Irishman need not cross the ocean to

meet countrymen outside the pale of the Government he fights. Passing the south-eastern frontier of the Prussian State he is in Galicia, where the Poles are the ruling nation, and immediately beyond the eastern frontier from eight to nine million Poles live under Russian rule. Formerly most tyrannous, this rule has begun to loosen, and with the progress of constitutional life in Russia, the laws that keep the Russian Poles in a state of subjection must and will fall. How can the Prussian Government in the face of all this hope to achieve anything against its Polish population by such provocative measures as the Expropriation Bill? At all times it would have been a most doubtful enterprise to denationalise a people, about 16 millions of whom live on a territory which, though politically divided, forms a great compact entity. In our era of facilitated traffic, it is a sheer impossibility. That Prince Bülow is capable of resorting to such a policy, the very opposite of the policy of a Gladstone, nay, even of Mr. Chamberlain, shows how much, with all his pretended modernity, he is steeped in the prejudices of the Prussian Junker. He pleases himself now, in the part of the strong man; but his strong measures are far from constituting a strong policy. They are not suited to solve the great problem of making the Prussian Poles true citizens of the Prussian State and the German Empire. They are, on the contrary, of the kind to aggravate all the evils that exist in the two provinces, in the nature of constant strife between Germany's Irishmen and the Germans, led by a type of politicians—the "Makatists"—who reproduce all the bad features of the Ulstermen in England's Poland.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Poetry.

ON A RAILWAY PLATFORM.

I.

A DRIZZLE of drifting rain
And a blurred white lamp o'erhead,
That shines as my love will shine again,
In the world of the dead.

II.

Round me the wet black night,
And, afar in the limitless gloom,
Crimson and green, two blossoms of light,
Two stars of doom.

III.

But the night of death is a-flare
With a torch of back-blown fire,
And the coal-black deeps of the quivering air
Rend for my soul's desire.

IV.

Leap, heart, for the pulse and the roar
And the lights of the streaming train
That leaps with the heart of thy love once more
Out of the mist and the rain;

V.

For the thousand panes of light
And the faces veiled with mist,
Streaming out of the desolate night
In ruby and amethyst.

VI.

Out of the desolate years
The thundering pageant flows;
But I see no more than a window of tears
Which her face has turned to a rose.

ALFRED NOYES.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON will shortly need a shelf in the library all to himself. Messrs. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, have in the press a novel by him with the whimsical title, "The Man who was Thursday." It seems that Mr. Chesterton intended the book to be a farce, but, in process of writing, it became an allegory representing the struggle which is apparent in the universe and attempting to reconcile the existence of evil with a belief in God. So that although written in the fantastic style of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," there is, as in that volume, an undercurrent of serious meaning. Other books upon which Mr. Chesterton is intermittently engaged are a biography of Mr. Bernard Shaw in "The Stars of the Stage" series, a Life of Charles Kingsley for the "English Men of Letters" series, a fairy tale to be called "St. George and the Dragon," and a companion volume to "Heretics," which will be published by Mr. John Lane. This latter volume is called "Orthodoxy," and is a reply to the critics—in particular, Mr. G. S. Street—who have objected to what they regard as the destructive character of a great deal of Mr. Chesterton's writing and have challenged him to produce a statement of his own position. It will be interesting to read Mr. Chesterton's dialectics in defence of orthodoxy.

* * *

THE collection of drawings by old masters in the Oxford University Galleries and the Library of Christ Church has in some respects more interest for students than those preserved at the British Museum and at Windsor. A number of these drawings have been issued during the past five years in six parts. These reproductions have now been collected and will be published almost immediately by the Clarendon Press together with a general introduction and critical descriptions by Mr. Sidney Colvin. The first of the Oxford collections, Mr. Colvin says, was bequeathed to Christ Church by General John Guise in 1765 and is chiefly made up of relatively commonplace and monotonous Italian drawings of the decadence. Then came the bequest made to the Bodleian Library by the eccentric, irritable, admirable bibliophile and antiquary, Francis Douce, the "Prospero" of Dibdin's "Bibliomania." The next considerable acquisition of drawings by the University was that of the examples by Michelangelo and Raphael from the Lawrence collection. Lastly, Mr. Chambers Hall presented the chief part of his magnificent collections to the University of Oxford in 1855. These include drawings by Rembrandt, Claude, Leonardo, Correggio, Dürer, Van Dyck, Rubens, and others, while English artists are represented by Wilson and Gainsborough. It will be a great gain to have this fine set of reproductions in a form in which the different schools are separated and arranged in regular order for study.

* * *

MOST English readers are unacquainted with even the names of those American writers whose work appeared before the time of Poe and Emerson. A book which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation, "Heralds of American Literature," by Miss Annie Russell Marble, may possibly do something to dispel this ignorance. Following an introductory chapter, it gives biographical and critical studies of Francis Hopkinson, Philip Frenau, John Trumbull and his friends among the "Harvard wits," Joseph Dennie, William Dunlap, and other early American playwrights and novelists. The authoress believes that, though the work of these writers is often crude, still it reveals the customs and aspirations of their age and announces the dawn of a national literature.

* * *

EARLY next season Mr. Murray will publish "The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566)," by Mr. William Miller. No complete history of the Latin States of Medieval Greece has appeared for over thirty years, and as Mr. Miller has made use of documents from the archives of Venice, Naples, Palermo, and Barcelona, his book should add considerably to our knowledge of the Fourth Crusade and of the States which were at

that period carved out of the fragments of the Byzantine Empire by Western adventurers.

* * *

ONE of the last letters written by the composer, Edward Grieg, contains an interesting judgment passed upon two of the greatest men of letters whom Norway has produced. "In spite," he says, "of the profound difference in the way in which they understood the Norwegian character, Bjørnson and Ibsen are complimentary to one another. The former is an optimist and glorifies his fellow-countrymen; the latter is a pessimist and scourges them." In another letter he explains that his refusal to write a cantata for the accession of Haakon VII. was made upon principle. Art, he thought, should never be placed at the service of politics. He also states that his refusal to write a coronation march for King Edward VII. was dictated by the same reason.

* * *

THE interest taken by French critics in English literature to which we have frequently drawn attention in THE NATION, shows no sign of lessening. Among its latest fruits are two books of distinct value—a capital biographical and critical study of Coleridge by M. Joseph Aynard, which has just been published by Messrs. Hachette, and a very full account of the life and work of Emerson by M. M. Dugard, of which Armand Colin et Cie. are the publishers. Emerson, it might have been thought, would have been one of the last writers in English to attract a French critic, but M. Dugard's volume shows the contrary.

* * *

"THE JEWISH LITERARY ANNUAL," which has just appeared, contains a number of articles of general interest. Among them is a reprint of the able presidential address on "The Hebrew Note in Literature," delivered by Mr. Laurie Magnus. Mr. Magnus combats the opinion that Hebraism represents law, and Hellenism intellect in human life. We are far too apt, he holds, when we contemplate the elaborate code bequeathed by the Hebrew legislators, to forget the goal of perfection that was aimed at by that code, and he inclines to the view that the distinction between Hebraism and Hellenism as sources of inspiration in modern life have been too much emphasised by the critics, especially of the nineteenth century.

"The idea of righteousness as the sum of the Hebrew contribution to the thought of the world is not complete if it means—as it is commonly taken to mean—that the Jews taught morality to the nations, and that their teaching stopped at that point. They taught the far higher and the very much more difficult lesson that the capacities of the human intellect never achieve the full powers of their opportunities unless and until it is recognised that the sanction of the moral law resides in the reason of man, and that in this sense reason and faith are not logical contraries, but are identified in complete wisdom. . . . One of the chief signs of the Hebrew note in literature is a luminous simplicity and directness in the expression of transcendental thought. The Hebrew mind crossed the boundary of human experience with singular boldness. The Hebrew sent out scouts into the territory beyond, and left them, as it were, to their own devices. He neither affected the folly of furnishing the scouts of his imagination with an elaborate equipment for an expedition, the conditions of which were unknown, nor did he take refuge in the cowardice of counting the unknown as unimaginable."

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"England in the Seven Years' War." By Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"Ancient Britain and the Invasion of Julius Caesar." By T. Rice Holmes. (Clarendon Press, 21s. net.)

"Queen Mary's Book." Edited by Mrs. P. S. Mackenzie Arbuthnot. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The King over the Water." By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Quaker and Courtier. The Life and Work of William Penn." By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Social Fetish." By Lady Grove. (Smith, Elder, 5s. net.)

"The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance." By Bernard Berenson. (Putnam, 6s. net.)

"Cities of Italy." By Arthur Symons. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

"Forty Singing Seamen, and Other Verses." By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

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"The Glade in the Forest." By Stephen Gwynn. (Maunsel, 6s.)

"Taine, Historien de la Révolution Française. Par A. Aulard. (Paris: Colin, 3 fr. 50.)

"Camille Desmoulins." Par Jules Claretie. (Paris: Hachette, 12 fr.)

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Letters to the Editor.

THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust you will take it as the candid phrase of a friend if I tell you that the strange irritation which always attracts you to the discussion of Catholic philosophy will strike us rather as a tribute to its strength than as any evidence of its decline. We know very well that if the English Catholic Movement were really dying, you would be glad to let it die in peace. The truth happens to be exactly the other way. The controversy has declined, not because the Oxford Movement has ceased, but because the English people have largely ceased to object to the Oxford Movement. Of any ten objections to it raised in the time of Pusey, at least six have been silently dropped by the time of Dr. Gore. Who, except the quite ignorant, now says that prayers for the dead are shocking, or that ritual is wrong, or that the Middle Ages were barbaric? If you really want to know how far the Catholic Movement has faded, the test is quite simple. Most of us, I suppose, had Protestant fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers, reaching back perhaps to the time of the Puritans. Take all the objections that your Puritan ancestor had to Rome, and compare them with those which you have, and you will find that you have whittled them down to one or two. You do not think—as your Puritan ancestor did—that Rome is anti-Christ because it is opposed to predestination. You do not think—as your great-grandfather did—that Rome is wrong because she believes in Purgatory and a progress for the soul. You do not think—as your grandfather did—that Rome is wrong because she insults the Deity with art and music and symbolism. You do not think—as your father did—that Rome is wrong because Catholic countries do not encourage the complete industrial freedom of the manufacturing countries. Of all the converging objections to Catholicism which once rent Europe to its roots, you have only managed to retain one objection; the objection to a collective authority in religion. But the more pathetically you cling to this one last Protestant doctrine, the more we shall be reminded that you have openly abandoned all the others.

I understand that your objection to Dr. Gore can be summarised in three sections.

First, you say that the Oxford Movement was a part of the Romantic Movement; and was (as far as I can understand you) indifferent to historical fact. Seeing that no English religion ever cared a dump about history until the Oxford Movement, this is rather a lark; but I pass on. Secondly, you say that Christianity is, or ought to be, not a Creed but a devotion to a person. Thirdly, you say that the best thing about Creeds is that they gradually change their meaning; a thought much too precious to be commented on until we get to it.

Your two first and chief points are that Anglo-Catholicism was Romantic; and that Christianity ought to be devotion to a person. Now if there is one idea in the world which I think might fairly be called Romantic and nothing else, it is the idea of being devoted to a person, quite apart from what he is or he means or he tells you to believe. But the moment you introduce what he is or he means or tells you to believe, you introduce a Creed; something that can be stated in clear philosophical terms. I will take the most obvious of the hundred opportunities you give me of testing your case. You say that the Christian must be devoted to a person, but free apparently in all matters touching belief. I will ask you a simple question, and I will specially ask you to answer it. Does the freedom of belief include freedom to doubt the historical existence of the person? Is the True Christian (a very different person from the Christian) free to doubt that Christ ever lived? If he is not free to dispute this fair point, of what value is his freedom? If he is free to deny it, to what sort of Person is he devoted?

Surely the whole point is almost tiresomely plain. You may be devoted to your mother; but that very devotion

implies certain assertions about your mother, which are a Creed. It implies (1) that she exists; (2) that she is, in reality, your mother; (3) that your admiration for her is for her motherly qualities, not at least for her unmotherly ones, for feeding you, not for poisoning you; (4) that your devotion to her must take certain definite forms, the optimistic form of helping her to life with money, not the pessimistic form of helping her to death with a hatchet. All these things are implied in devotion to a person; and if Christianity had been founded on devotion to an old apple woman, it would still have produced a Creed, because it is a necessity of human thought. Suppose I started at this moment, inspired by your advice, to be devoted to the Person. I should want, out of my mere devotion, to know certain things about Him; notably whether He now exists. Could you answer that last question without beginning to make a Creed?

Lastly, I have looked at your last statement, that Creeds are valuable because they can change their meaning, and I give it up in despair. I cannot imagine what can be the fun of having a set of words which means one thing at one time and one thing at another. If you have a new meaning, why not get a new set of words? It would save a great deal of confusion. Suppose I say on Sunday (as I do), "I like beer." Suppose on Monday that means "Land's End is in Cornwall," and on Tuesday, "Napoleon was a Corsican," and on Wednesday, "twenty shillings make a pound," and on Thursday, "God is truth"; I really cannot see the pleasure or profit of the process. The Christian Creeds may have been right or wrong; but they were set down in black and white simply in order to clear the human intellect. It has been reserved for you to propose that they should be used solely in order to cloud and confuse it.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

December 4th, 1907.

[Mr. Chesterton asks us a great many questions—we will retort by asking him another. Is he a member of the Roman Catholic Church? If he is, his argument is intelligible; if not, it is merely an attack on Protestantism by a disputant deprived of the right of appeal to the authority that can alone establish and maintain the set of dogmatic, invariable formulæ which is his idea of the Christian religion. In practice, indeed, Mr. Chesterton is more obscurantist even than the most distinguished professors of the Church to which he does or does not belong. The belief that humanity continually plays on the personality and the ideas of Christ, and extracts fresh light from them, is held by all but the scholastic theologians. Has Mr. Chesterton ever heard of Newman?—ED., THE NATION.]

"THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I had not attempted to reply to Mr. Newbould's criticisms: firstly because there would appear to be in our knowledge no common ground of meeting, partly because those criticisms are strictly (to the main point at issue) irrelevant. But perhaps a word of explanation may be a courtesy demanded towards so staunch a champion of Eastern Liberation. We have no common ground of meeting because he has visited Greece ten years ago and I have visited Macedonia to-day. If I were limited to his first-hand information I have no doubt that I should think as he thinks. If he had taken the tour from which I have just returned, I am entirely convinced that, with his fair and unprejudiced mind, he would have come back with the same reading of the situation as my own. It is not indeed mine, but the unanimous opinion of every British official, every gendarmierie officer of whatever nationality (including those who had been branded as Phil-Hellenes) and every disinterested and impartial resident with whom I conversed. In face of such evidence, fragments of disjointed invective announcing that "the Bulgarians have not the quality of a ruling race" (unlike, we are to suppose, the Greeks) or that their history is in the main one of executions and assassinations sound a little absurd.

And it is irrelevant, because it is entirely disconnected from my main contention. I declared that Greek bands

recruited in Athens, aliens to the country, were devastating Central Macedonia, and murdering men, women, and children. I talked in the prisons with Greeks from Crete, from America, from the University of Athens, who had been captured on this chivalrous enterprise. They are not killing rival Bands: that would be intelligible at least: they are killing the unarmed population of the villages. I asked, as I still ask, for some active policy of suppression, to render human life tolerable to the unfortunate peasants who are the victims. Mr. Newbould appears to object to this suppression, because (in his view) Macedonia is rightly Greek, and because the Bulgarians began it first. If Macedonia is rightly Greek, it would seem to be all the more deplorable that the Greeks should devastate their own land, substituting the crime of suicide for that of murder. And if the Bulgarians began it first, is that any good reason why to-day we should tolerate the continuance of outrage and devastation, except on the monstrous theory that equality of suffering should be inflicted upon all?

Macedonia is not going to be divided between Greeks and Bulgarians. Even if such division were to be possible, its boundaries would not be decided by strangers like ourselves from England, nor by Odysseus and the Blue Books. But the most we can hope for at the present is European Executive Control, or an autonomous State. No one (in England at least) desires any other solution but that of "the wishes and aspirations of the people themselves." Those "wishes and aspirations" to-day embrace nothing so fervently as protection from alien marauders and Turkish misrule.—Yours, &c., CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN.

December 4th, 1907.

THE WEST HULL ELECTION AND ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The West Hull election has emphasised the fact that the next General Election will be contested by at least three organised parties, and, as the issues to be decided are of far-reaching importance, it is imperative that the result of the polls shall not be left to the chance working of present defective electoral methods.

Two reforms have been suggested—the second ballot and proportional representation. Each of these suggestions has been tested by experience, and, whilst the second ballot is falling into disfavour in those countries in which it is in use, proportional representation has given satisfaction to all parties, and its story is one of steady and increasing progress.

The object of our electoral system is to return a House of Commons which shall be representative of the national will, but the results of the Austrian and German General Elections demonstrated unmistakably that the second ballot only emphasises the defects inherent in a system of single member constituencies. In Germany the Social Democrats, who won a third of the votes, obtained one-ninth of the seats; in Austria the Christian Socialists polled half as many votes as the Social Democrats, and yet obtained more seats than the latter.

In the Report, issued this year to the Chamber of Deputies by the Commission du Suffrage Universel, it is stated that "the abolition of the second ballots, with the bargainings to which they give rise, will not be the least of the advantages of the new system (proportional representation)." M. Yves Guyot states that "the second ballot results in detestable bargainings, which obliterate all political sense in the electors. It fosters in the Chamber of Deputies incoherence, both in policy and vote, the greater part of the deputies being pre-occupied in giving satisfaction, both to the electors they represent truly, and to the minorities which have been indispensable to their success, but which have only accepted them as their representatives for want of better." The Report presented to the Belgian Senate in 1899, relative to the Government's proposals for proportional representation, condemned in unmitigated terms the working of the second ballot, and it was in large measure due to this unanimous condemnation by all parties that the second ballot was abandoned for a more rational electoral system.

Contrast this record of failure with the astonishing tale of progress of proportional representation made during the

present year. The first elections under the new proportional representation laws took place early in the year, both in Finland and Wurtemberg, and were in each case attended with complete success. The Swedish Parliament has passed Bills applying proportional representation to all parliamentary and municipal elections. A new electoral Bill applying proportional representation throughout the Colony, which is, for the purpose, to be divided into five districts, has passed through both Houses of the Tasmanian Legislature, whilst the Canton of Schwyz has extended the application of the proportional principle already in force.

These are accomplished facts, but the new proposals are no less striking. In accordance with the recommendations of a constitutional commission, the Dutch Government has introduced a Bill to amend the fundamental law so as to render possible the adoption of proportional representation, whilst the Danish Government has embodied the reform in a new municipal elections Bill. The Report by the Commission du Suffrage Universel in favour of proportional representation marks a notable advance in the French movement and an important deputation was recently appointed to wait upon M. Clemenceau to urge early legislation. Moreover, a committee of the Paris Municipal Council has issued a report in favour of its introduction into the municipal elections; the People's Power League has formulated an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Oregon providing for proportional representation in all legislative and municipal elections and, indeed, the demand for a true electoral method is increasing in all democratic countries.

This steady growth of proportional representation is due to the fact that it is based on the simple principle that parties should be represented in proportion to their strength. The second ballot, on the other hand, fails to give satisfaction because it does not yield a representative chamber which is a true expression of the national will.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,

Hon. Sec., The Proportional Representation Society.
107, Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.
December 4th, 1907.

"WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I quoted in your columns the case in which the House of Lords decided that Nonconformists are not members of the Church of England. I do not think that "J.F.W." knows more law than Lord Selborne, and if he did, the decision of the Final Court of Appeal would still remain the law of the land. Until an Act is passed in a sense contrary to that decision a large part of the arguments which have appeared in this correspondence and do duty in Liberationist speeches have less than the value of the Ptolemaic astronomy. That astronomy was at least based upon a study of the relevant facts.

Lord Selborne's censor not only ignores the decision of the Law Courts on the point which he discusses, he has fallen into several other inaccuracies which are worth noting: (1) He asserts that only Jews and Romanists are debarred from the office of warden. On the contrary in new parishes the wardens must be "members of the Church of England." (2) He asserts that the vestry can vote "on questions of vital importance to the Church." On the contrary they can only elect a warden who cannot act apart from the warden appointed by the vicar in the exercise of his few and very secular legal rights. (3) Parliament is not a "statutable body," neither is the vestry. The latter is as old as English history. (4) I think that "J.F.W." will find that Lord Selborne relies not so much upon the Acts which he quotes as upon *Baker v. Lee*. But here "J.F.W." surrenders his case. He says that these Acts which make membership of the Church of England the condition of a legal right "go no further than to require an additional test." But if they go so far as this, there is such a thing in law as membership of the Church of England. The phrase "Member of the Church of England" connotes more than citizenship and denotes less than the whole body of citizens. Like the Wesleyans, churchmen are a section of the community.

England is not a church state and the Church of England is not a State church.

One of your correspondents enquired when the legal narrowing of the Church took place. It took place at the moment when the relations of the State to the Church were more profoundly modified than at any moment since the conversion of Constantine. The Toleration Act was pregnant with vast consequences and revolutionised the status not only of Nonconformity but of Anglicanism. According to an important judgment of Lord Mansfield (*Chamberlain of London v. Allen Edwards*) it "established the Dissenters' way of worship," a result which was foreseen by Parliament in 1663, when it petitioned Charles II. against the principle of toleration on the ground that it involved "the establishment of schism." According to Lord Selborne, Nonconformists have since that date not been members of the Church of England. This result, so far as I can discover, first appeared on the Statute book in an early Factory Act (42 George III., c. 73). Nonconformists would not have received their denominational rights if reasonable Churchmen had not supported their claim. Reasonable Nonconformists are under a moral obligation to see that their rights do not become our wrongs. They cannot have it both ways. When they became by law "established," their moral right to intervene in the affairs of the Church of England disappeared.

But I must return to the subject of this correspondence. Church reformers agree with "J.F.W." in regarding Church law as largely out of date. They hold that the responsibilities which the law vests in a small class, the clergy, should be shared by a large class, the laity of the Church. My point is that the law is not too wide but too narrow. We would extend, not reduce, the area of enfranchisement. "J.F.W." suggests that "disestablishment," by which he means disendowment, should be the "price." Personally, I regard the suggestion as blackmail and immoral. If our endowments are not rightly ours, let them be taken away from us. But, in the meantime, we have a moral right to use them to the best advantage and to make the Church more efficient for her work in behalf of the common cause.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. BARDSLEY.

Barton St. Lawrence, Preston,
December 2nd, 1907.

THE CRITICS AND "WASTE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of your article on Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste" is much astonished "that the body of English dramatic critics should think such a work fitted for the destroying hand of Mr. Redford." I think "M" has not understood the position at all. What most of the dramatic critics feel, if I may make a deduction from my own attitude, is that while a dramatic censor is in existence he cannot be expected to license such a play as Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste." To my mind the seduction scene is the most suggestive thing of its kind that has ever been put on the stage. I must refer you to "Sappho" or "Le Marquis de Priola" for anything that can be compared with it. On an audience not accustomed to peer at passion with detached eyes such a scene could not but have an inflammatory effect.

The question of shirking maternity is one of grave import to the modern world and is, therefore, a matter which cannot be kept out of modern vital drama. At the same time it is not a question which should be discussed before an audience of mixed intellectual attainments, and the Censor justified his office in this respect. He is apparently not hidebound in his desire to preserve the conventions, for in "Votes for Women" he passed a reference to the same kind of thing. Moreover, Mr. Barker has dwelt on the matter *ad nauseam*. The humorous side of the matter is that although "M." has rejected the indecency of "Waste," he has given Mr. Barker an object-lesson in how such subjects may be treated without indecency. After all, one has instincts, and for myself I must confess that

Mr. Barker's discussions gave me a most uncomfortable half-an-hour in the Imperial Theatre.

Moreover, the author of "Waste," who has been publicly informed by a friend that he has written "a great play," has dragged in his seduction scene and his illegal operation. His play is bad art because it does not hold together and its psychology is weak. In the first place, the seduction scene is quite unnecessary. It need not have taken place on the stage at all, for the drama does not begin until three months afterwards. A great dramatist, such as Ibsen, would have understood that a realistic prologue of that kind upsets the drama from its centre. In the second place, the illegal operation has no real bearing on the drama. For the best part of a very long act—by far the best in the play—it looks as if Trebell's career will be wrecked by a scandal. That would be waste, if Trebell had been drawn as a man from whom good work might be expected. In the end the Cabinet-committee patch up the scandal with the help of the husband. The real catastrophe to Trebell is brought about by himself. Lord Horsham's colleagues find it impossible to work with him, on consideration. This has nothing to do with the averted scandal, but seems to have been brought about chiefly by an important member of the possible Cabinet sending a curt refusal of financial help for Trebell's scheme.

Mr. Barker seems to have modified his original conception. At one time he probably meant to waste his hero through a scandal, the result, as "M." puts it, of "one minute" of passion. This seemed rather obvious, I have no doubt, and so, in the last act, we have the development of a psychological "motif" already expressed. Trebell's mind is unhinged, because his inner nature, over which logic has no control, rebels against the loss of his unborn child. "M." feels some doubt of Mr. Barker's entire success on this point of psychology. I have no doubt at all: it is a complete failure. Men don't feel like that about their children when they hate the mother, as Trebell has come to hate and despise Mrs. O'Connell. Trebell looks back on the intrigue as he would on a fit of drunkenness. The existence of the child would have been the heaviest retribution.

How can "Waste," with its faltering psychology, and bad dramatic construction in the higher and unmechanical sense, be "one of the half-dozen dramas, which during the last dozen years, it has been worth the while of serious men and women to go and see?" Is it because Trebell's character is finely drawn? He is a mere wind-bag egoist, with no real strength of will or character, and is absolutely inconsistent. If the cold-blooded, deliberate scoundrel of the seduction scene is the real Trebell, then the logical idealist of the political part of the play is not the same man, or is merely a *poseur*. If it be true that he would shoot himself because he had lost a child of a woman he hates, Trebell must be suffering from some subtle hysterical mania, and would be the last man to lead a political forlorn hope. If he shoots himself partly because Lord Horsham has refused to include him in the Conservative Cabinet, then he is both a political and a human weakling. Where is the waste in the death of such a man?

Is the play great because of its political ideas? "M." does not seem to think so; but, perhaps, Mr. Archer does. I am a political tyro, but really I cannot seriously be interested in a man who has so little grasp of the reality of religious feeling in this country that he proposes, gaily and flippantly, to convert the Church into a new educational machinery, and when asked what he means to do about the teaching of religious dogma solves the whole difficult question with the flippant admission that "a little dogma is a good thing." I am afraid Trebell's politics are no more real than his character.

Is "Waste" great because of its deep sayings and witty epigrams? I admit that it is extremely clever, but at the expense of dramatic truth, and if Mr. Barker has shot several arrows of strength and swiftness he has also let fly from his bow-string a number which drift aimlessly here and there on the wind of rhetoric.

Finally, all who know Mr. Barker and are sure that he has more than a facile talent should not conspire to make him think he has written a great play. The only promising

points in "Waste" are the conduct of the Committee meeting, nearly as admirable in its way as the family council in "The Voysey Inheritance," and the real, deep human touch of the rebellion of Trebell's sister against her loveless life and her waste as the handmaiden of her brother's egotism.—Yours, &c.,

E. A. BAUGHAN.

London, December 2nd, 1907.

ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In his notes on my book, "A Bachelor Girl in Burma," your reviewer says: "there is no reason for her [my] being a bachelor, beyond the fact that with Burma the word makes a halting alliteration."

This is a very interesting suggestion. In these days of the overplus of women, and the difficulty of getting a whole man to oneself (*vide* Mr. Bernard Shaw) any additional "reason" for a state of singleness must be accepted with gratitude. In future, when I am asked why I am not married, I can always reply, "because bachelor and Burma begin with a 'B'!"—Yours, &c.,

G. E. MITTON.

Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W.,
December 3rd, 1907.

"WILLIAM ALLINGHAM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Referring to your review of "William Allingham: A Diary," you give a stanza of "his delightful song of the fairies." The first four lines of this stanza, and certainly the best, are a direct plagiarism of the stanza quoted by Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera," Vol. II., p. 189, and Mr. Allingham, in taking them, has altered them very much for the worse. I have never read the ballad of Hardikunti, and only know it from this reference to it, and quotation from it by Ruskin.—Yours, &c.,

Broompark, Duffield, Derby.

H. M. GRAY.

December 2nd, 1907.

METAPHOR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The American Press still holds its own for the manufacture of striking and vigorous phrases. A recent specimen may interest some of your readers. The writer of an article on the question of prohibition, pointing out the close connection between crime and drink among the negroes, describes the whisky sold in a certain district as "the sort of stuff that would make a rabbit spit in the face of a bull-dog." This calls up a picture of reckless audacity which it would be hard to beat.—Yours, &c.,

IRISH-AMERICAN.

London, Dec. 4th, 1907.

"TROUBLE AMONG THE TROUT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to a very able article in your issue of November 30th, headed "Trouble Among the Trout," and commenting on an article of mine which appeared in the "Scotsman" a short time ago, I should like to be allowed to make one or two points clear which might otherwise be wrongly construed:—

Your correspondent says: "The old trout, though good fighters, are not good fathers. Their progeny, besides being female in excessive proportion, tend to be weaklings." I had no intention of implying that aged male trout produce an excessive number of female progeny. I do not know that that is the case, but it has been ascertained beyond all doubt that they do not produce such healthy offspring as younger fish—up to, say, six years of age.

Large, well-nourished female trout, whose eggs are fertilised by a male in prime condition do undoubtedly produce a larger percentage of female offspring than male. This was very noticeable in the case of large Irish trout running up to 12 lb. in weight. On the other hand, in our mountain burns, where the trout run small—about eight

to the pound—there is a very much larger percentage of males than females. These trout are badly nourished, owing to the barren nature of the water in most mountain streams. Here, again, the geological formation has to be considered, as the conditions prevailing in a stream running through limestone are entirely different from those in a stream on the granite.

The statement that "Lake trout rise freely to the fly only when they are young or adolescent" is rather too sweeping, but it may safely be said that each year after lake trout have attained maturity, they are less inclined to rise to the fly. Fly fishing undoubtedly means the capture of precisely those fish which are of most value to the water and scarcely touches those which are past their prime and are useless as breeders, and owing to their more fully developed cannibal tendencies have become a menace to small fish. Worm fishing, inasmuch as it means the capture of ancient pirates, lurking in holes and under tree roots, is beneficial to any water, but I should hesitate to advocate the indiscriminate use of bait in preserved waters. It is rather a matter for those who have the care of the fish. The haunts of the old cannibal fish are well known to a good keeper, and when one is removed it will not be long before his empty abode has another tenant.—Yours, &c.,

WILSON H. ARMISTEAD.

The Scaur, Dalbeattie.

LORD ROBERTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You do Lord Roberts an injustice when you say in your "Diary of the Week" that "Lord Roberts chose to hold him (*i.e.*, General Colville) responsible for the surprise at Sanna's Post." Lord Roberts did nothing so absurd, and neither he nor anyone else has ever suggested that General Colville had anything whatever to do with the "surprise" of General Broadwood's force. General Colville was condemned, rightly or wrongly, for his action (or inaction) after the Boers had won their victory by means of the surprise.—Yours, &c.,

IAN MACALISTER.

Royal Societies Club,

St. James's Street, S.W.,

November 30th, 1907.

["Consequences of the surprise" would have been more accurate.—ED., *THE NATION*.]

MR. GALSWORTHY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I make a criticism on a criticism *à propos* of Mr. Galsworthy's article, "The Mother"?

The drunken labourer's question to his sainted wife is, "What have you done to deserve a vote?" Now, considering that the drunken labourer possesses a vote and that his way of putting the question implies that possession means desert, we may safely assume that Mr. Galsworthy, with his consummate knowledge of a certain portion of mankind, has more than once heard that question asked, with delusive self-complacency, by those who have themselves done nothing to deserve a vote, but everything to forfeit it.

The sainted wife's reply, that she had brought six sons into the world, should form some claim of merit, if we are to accept the great Napoleon's view. When asked by Mme. de Stael whom he considered the greatest woman in France, he curtly replied, "Madame, the one who has given the most sons to the nation." I do not regard this as an argument; for those sons might be perfectly worthless, or even mischievous members of society. I merely wish to call attention to the misconception in the mind of your correspondent, who, without any foundation for such an assertion, supposes Mr. Galsworthy to argue that because the husband is a drunkard therefore the wife has a right to a vote.

In the name of Justice and Expediency we demand "Votes for Women."—Yours, &c.,

EMILY TOMLINSON,

M.B., Lond., C.S. Girton Coll.

December 4th, 1907.

Reviews.

THE PARADISE OF THE FATHERS.*

THIS book is a translation of a manuscript in the possession of the Chaldean Patriarch at Mōsul, containing five separate works on the history of early Eastern monasticism, the longest being the *Paradisus*, or *Garden*, of the Fathers of the Desert, who flourished between 250 and 400, compiled by Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis about the year 420. The collection is of exceptional interest and importance; and historical students are indebted to Mr. Wallis Budge for making public a translation which was printed for private circulation in 1904. The *Paradisus*—the authenticity of which has been doubted, but on insufficient grounds—is the great storehouse from which the history and sayings of the “anchorites, recluses, monks, cœnobites, and ascetic fathers of the deserts of Egypt” current in religious literature are taken. Historical, if by historical be meant a record of events, it is not; but a witness, and a true witness, to the mind of the time it emphatically is. If we want to know how Paul, Antony, and the rest thought, here is the record of their thinking: it is as if a phonograph had preserved the spoken word.

Palladius (364-430), a friend of St. John Chrysostom, shared that great man's Origenistic tendencies. He was, as we should now put it, something of a Modernist. Tolerant, observing, critical, his leaning to asceticism was moderated by common sense and sound judgment. He was no respecter of persons; so great a figure as that of Jerome fares indifferently at his hands. This Doctor of the Church, he tells us, possessed “the vices of envy and evil-eyedness” to such an extent that none of the holy men would live in his neighbourhood: his account of the monasticism of his time, by which he was influenced, and with which he was in substantial sympathy, is discriminating and sincere.

In the East asceticism is endemic. The poverty of the nomadic population of Upper Egypt was not far removed from that of the monks and hermits, who, from an early time, had lived side by side with them; Christianity changed rather the spirit than the outward form of what was in those regions a traditional life. Pachomius is said to have been originally a monk of Serapis: in Christian, as in pre-Christian days, we have monks who went unwashed and even naked, who ate grass, and led as nearly as possible the existence of brutes. “His soul was diminished to such an extent that he could not bear the smell of men,” we read of one; and of another, “when it was evening I saw a number of beasts which are called buffaloes, and the servant of God was in their midst, naked, and his hair had been made a covering for his shame.”

The solitaries rivalled one another in feats of endurance. Macarius could not endure that another should go beyond him in these matters. Hearing that the monks of Tabenna ate no cooked food during Lent, he refrained from such food for seven years; being told that a certain hermit restricted himself to a pound of bread a day, he reduced his own portion to four ounces. Once he allowed himself to crush a gnat that had bitten him. The act made him despise himself: he went, accordingly, into the inner desert, and there sat naked for six months:—

“For there were many great gnats there, and they were so savage that they could pierce the skin of pigs, and they resembled wasps. And his body was so eaten and swollen that a man would have thought that he had the hide of an elephant. And when he came back to his cell they could only recognise by his voice that he was Macarius.”

Melania, called the Great, rebuked Jovinian for washing his hands and feet after a journey in the dust and heat of an Egyptian summer:—

“Dost thou not perceive the injurious effects that will be produced in thee by this washing? Believe me, for I am this day a woman sixty years old, from the time when I first took upon myself this garb, water hath never touched more of my body than the tips of my fingers, and I have never washed my feet, or my face, or any one of my members. And although I have fallen into many sicknesses, and have been urged by the physicians, I have never consented nor submitted myself to the habit of applying water to any part of my body.”

* “The Paradise of the Fathers.” Translated out of the Syriac with Notes and Introduction by Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D. Chatto & Windus. 2 vols. 15s.

But there was another side. The movement was not merely pathological. The goodness and sound sense inherent in human nature were unmistakable in it; Christianity moulded and refined the matter which had taken shape under the influence of race tendencies and popular paganism. “Unless a man say in his heart, ‘only God and myself exist in this world,’ he will not find rest,” said Abbâ Alônīs. “Moderate use of wine is better than immoderate water drinking,” was a current maxim: the virtue of temperance was not without, but within. The rule of Pachomius permitted the monks to eat when and, with certain restrictions, what they pleased. And there was “a more excellent way.” “If thou holdest thyself in thine own eyes to be of no account, thou mayest dwell where thou pleasest, and find rest.” “I eat only bread and salt,” exclaimed a brother, when meat was offered him at the common meal. An elder rebuked him, “It were better to eat flesh than to proclaim thy abstinence aloud.” The solitary life was not for all. “Certain of the fathers used to say, ‘God bringeth not young men to monasteries, but Satan,’” Censoriousness, the besetting sin of the godly, was checked rigorously: “It is better for a man to put himself to death than his neighbour, and he should not condemn him in anything.” And where is the “Wesen des Christentums” more manifest than in such a saying as this?—

“An old man was asked by one who toiled, ‘Is the repentance of sinners accepted by God?’ And he said, ‘Tell me, O my beloved one; if thy cloak were to be torn in rags, wouldst thou throw it away?’ And he answered, ‘No, but I would sew up the rents, and then I could use it again.’ And the old man said unto him, ‘If thou wouldst show pity upon thy garment which hath no feeling, shall not God show pity on that which He hath fashioned, and which is His work?’”

The theology, conscious or unconscious, of these ascetics was of a type which it would be difficult to parallel in later times. The Augustinian doctrines of predestination and grace, which underlie modern Christianity, Protestant and Catholic, were unfamiliar to them: they knew little or nothing of original sin, and regarded actual transgressions with a leniency which was foreign to the standards of their, as of our, age. The monastic movement seems originally to have lain alongside ecclesiasticism without much vital contact. Those of the hermits who lived in common met for the Divine mysteries only on Saturday and Sunday. Some attended public worship but once in three or four months. One priest sufficed for the needs of several thousand solitaries; Macarius lived thirty-two miles from a church. Sacerdotalism, the sacramental system, the whole temper and religious observance which we associate with Catholicism were absent: the lines on which their life moved were moral rather than directly religious. In so far as they carried on a tradition, it was that of the Apologists of the second century rather than that of Ignatius and Irenæus; a certain dryness makes itself felt. In dogma, as such, they took little interest. They became a force in the theologico-political controversies of the age; but they were a material force only, used by politicians, ecclesiastical or secular, as pawns in the game. The assimilative power of the Church comes out strikingly in the history of the movement. The leaders of the official hierarchy, an Athanasius, a Chrysostom, threw themselves into it: it was organised, administered, sterilised; stragglers were discouraged or brought into line. By the middle of the fifth century the great monastic establishments had their staff of priests; monks occupied the first episcopal sees. Monasticism, which had threatened the unity of the Christian body, had itself become an integral part of its content; the regular clergy had their place beside the secular, and the rivalry between the two had become, as it remains to-day, the key to much of the history of Christianity and of the Church.

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made any mistakes in doing so." Such was Ruskin's character of the author of "Rab and his Friends." Dr. John Brown's admiration of Ruskin, if reciprocal, ran on other lines. "He is odd and wilful, and not to be gainsaid; but he is pure and good, and an amazing genius." It was foolish "to be very angry at that strange man," and, when he is to be corrected, it must be with "the wrong end of the tawse." In these letters the stranger can piece together the elements which made Brown a model of friendship. We find him first as assistant to a surgeon at Chatham, fearful of spending money, and eager to cling to literature. It is almost a disappointment to reflect that when he writes "I will find time for a little reading," he means only "I shall." It cost him eighteenpence to borrow "Count Robert of Paris." The cholera came, and Brown's zeal and skill made a deep impression on the young Charles Dickens. The training of that Secession Manse was bearing its fruit, and Brown's letters at this time will seem, according to the reader's bias, either apostolic or priggish in their virtue. On his return to Edinburgh, he soon rose to distinction, both in his profession, and in the pursuit of literature. His life was somewhat clouded by fits of depression, but he was eminently worthy of the affection which he inspired. It is as a picture of the man that his letters may deserve perusal. In his time the art of letter-writing was already in decay, and he was not the man to revive it. His editors might have been more severe in their excisions, for the letters are often sadly commonplace. We do not want to know that Brown hoped his son had not taken cold, hoped he would some day go up the Alps, which are so wonderfully grand and beautiful. We cannot complain that Brown had not, as Cowper had, the leisure and the skill to pen fascinating epistles all about nothing; but we may claim that the reader should have been spared the trouble of making his own selection. The editors have failed to perceive that a good many of these letters might have been written by any body.

Scattered throughout the letters are divers critical judgments, often rapid, and perhaps not often right. Brown's view of George Eliot anticipated some later critics, but, while it hits the less pleasing side of the novelist's powers, it hardly does justice to her extraordinary insight. After denouncing her "gratuitous nastiness," he adds that her "views of life, of God, of all that is deepest and truest in man, are low, miserable, hopeless, and she seems always wishing to drag her readers down to her dead level." This criticism is more true than his averment that Mrs. Poyser is "born of Dickens," for that vigorous dame was certainly drawn from life, and has none of the abstraction which reduces like characters in Dickens to mere traits. Brown told Sir Theodore Martin that Matthew Arnold's "Ode on Stanley" was "pretentious, thin, and heartless," his sole reason, it would seem, being that a man standing at his friend's grave would not use such words as "cecily" and "externe." In fact, no word but the latter would exactly express what Arnold rightly wished to say, and Brown being unacquainted with Hooker, failed to see the line of meditation which led to the use of the former. Brown's epithets are sadly astray if applied to such lines as:—

"In some chance battle on Cithaeron side
The nursling of the Mighty Mother died
And went where all his fathers went before."

On the other hand, Brown says admirably of Byron, that "when he is a poet—which very often he is not, though always eloquent—he is the poet of passion, of the heart tumult; but he would have been a greater poet had he had the deep feeling, the quiet, steady, human-heartedness of Wordsworth." Here Brown shows none of that lack of the sense of proportion, which sometimes sounds oddly in other matters than literature. The Doctor must refuse an invitation to Lady Minto's, because he cannot leave the sick Lord Barcaple, whose death "would be the greatest loss to the Scotch Bench, and through that to the nation, that could at present be." Doubtless the Bar will approve that leech's point of view. The lack of proportion is a fault which Brown is ready enough to condemn in others. Thus he calls Colenso "a conceited, silly writer, unable to see the proportions of truths, or even to know truth when he sees it, unless it be the barest numerical truth." At the same time he was generous enough to see that Colenso did not deserve

all the shafts which the ecclesiastics discharged at him. When Dr. Peter Davidson attacked the Bishop's sincerity, Brown protested that this was not a matter on which the writer could fairly judge, and added, wisely enough, that you always gain by giving your opponent all that you honestly can. Colenso may not have been a wise writer, but he was the first of his cloth with the courage to claim what is now generally conceded.

Brown had a Scotsman's eye for a story, but does not tell many. Here is one:—

"A parish fool was crossing an upland moor, and was observed by a shepherd going and kneeling behind a fail-dyke. The shepherd crept up to the other side and heard Jock Gray howling out a desperate confession of his depravity, ending with, 'And, O Lord if ye were to gar this fail-dyke fa' this very moment and smoor me, it wad be nae mair than I deserve,'—upon which the shepherd sent it over upon him. He got up in a fury all over stour, and yelled out, 'A gey-like world this, whan a body canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en up in earnest.'"

CHEERFUL AND WHIMSICAL.*

THESE are not auspicious times for essayists. Circulation means money, the public is eager for novels, not for essays, and the writer of *belles lettres* must usually be content with the appreciation of the few, and the sale of hundreds, not of thousands. But the wise essayist first issues his meditations in journals, sends the honorarium cheque to his bankers, then amends and polishes the articles, and gathers them into a little book such as this—Mr. Lucas's latest—"Character and Comedy."

This slim volume, the reading of which will be a delight to all quiet souls, falls into two parts. The essays are the Lucasian subjective commentary on life—humorous, quietly sentimental, gently scornful, prankish and personal. The other section issues from the author's "Listeners Lure" spring, taking, as in that "oblique narrative," the form of a series of letters, under the general title of "Life's Little Difficulties." Those who followed the course of these skilful and witty flicks at the cuticle of Philistia in the pages of "Punch" will be glad to have them in a collected form. Here is sound satire in the polite form that the twentieth century approves. The reader is amused; the objects of the satire, even if they recognised themselves and their foibles, could hardly be annoyed. It is all very deft and neat, and one wishes that there were a Du Maurier alive to express in pictures Mr. Lucas's mental agility and satirical sensitiveness with the pen.

The essays vary in interest and in humour, but they are all the most readable kind of essay, *i.e.*, the narration of the adventures of the author's, no, not his soul! his intelligence in the bye-ways of life. His themes are the lowly humanities: he prefers talking with a gardener, or watching a conjuror, to any "burning" subject discussed in leading articles. In Ghent he remembers

"with most vividness not its paintings or its churches, not its canals or its Hôtel de Ville, not its streets or its ruined castle, but Sister Lucie Vinken of the Convent of St. Joseph, in the Petit Beguinage Notre Dame."

We remember most vividly the essay in this book called "A Philosopher That Failed," a theme that exactly suits Mr. Lucas's temperament. He disinters from the past one Oliver Edwards, a contemporary of Dr. Johnson's, plays with the meeting between the two, and drops on the last page of the essay the single remark by which Edwards is known, on which his fame rests:—

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," said Edwards. "I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher; but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in."

In reading the pages of "Character and Comedy" cheerfulness is always breaking in. That is something for an author to achieve. We tuck the little book on our shelf alongside the "Life and Works of Charles Lamb," and murmur: "Continue to be cheerful and whimsical, friend, and interested in the things that the big bow-wows ignore."

* "Character and Comedy." By E. V. Lucas. Methuen, 5s.

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THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

MRS. EDITH WHARTON is generally recognised as the subtlest practitioner in the school of introspective analytic fiction, which, created and developed by Henry James and Howells, is the fine flower of the American intellect. Both in its psychological strength and in its artistic shortcomings "The Fruit of the Tree" is absolutely typical of the school's style and method.

The theme that Mrs. Wharton dissects for us with the nervous acumen of an expert operator is a study of the disharmony between husband and wife which arises so often from the woman's intentness on the personal issue clashing with the man's devotion to the claims of his life work. Amherst, the handsome, energetic and enthusiastic student of social reforms, an assistant manager of the Westmore mills, in Hanaford, meets his future wife when she is paying a flying visit to the property of her late husband, Mr. Westmore. Despite the strenuous opposition of her relatives and her social circle, Bessie Westmore falls in love with and marries Amherst, entering, apparently, into all his schemes for humanising the grim, mean, and ugly lives of the mill hands, which have been stunted remorselessly to build up the Westmore fortune. Amherst, in love with his wife's soft and gracious beauty and winning tenderness, is man enough to believe that his plans will be her plans, his aims her aims after marriage as before; but he is soon disillusioned. Bessie does not wish to be second in his thoughts, to be subsidiary to his main interest, the social and economic reforms at Westmore. She is a fluid and adaptable creature, living only for love and social pleasures, and, bored by "business," with no real interest or enthusiasm in his plans, she allows herself to be made a battle-ground between the two contending forces of her husband's aims and her relatives' management of her "money interests." For every dollar spent on industrial reforms means a dollar less for Bessie's luxurious ways of life. When Amherst discovers that his wife only theoretically sides with him, that he has no real hold on her except through her emotional craving, that she wants him to be one of her own idle and pleasure-loving set, at her country house, Lynbrook, he is alienated, drifts little by little away, and turns to hard practical work at Westmore, as his refuge and safety valve.

So far, indeed for the first half of the story, there is nothing specially remarkable in the matter or manner of "The Fruit of the Tree." We are conscious that the loose impressionistic style of telling is fundamentally associated with a lack of grip in the characterisation. The fluid indeterminateness of Bessie's and Amherst's characters, so characteristic of the psychological explorations of Mr. Henry James, though very convenient for the author's purpose of springing on us subtle dramatic surprises, is scarcely compensated for by the sharply etched minor figures, Mr. Langhope, the hard and clever father, Mr. Tredegar, the family lawyer, Mrs. Ansell, the observant woman of the world. The author lays herself open to the charge of drawing Bessie as the generic type of feminine irresponsibility and in consequence, and we often lose patience with Amherst's density and woodenness in contact with his wife. The art is often defective, and the interminable introspective method, rarely relieved by conversations, exhausts our patience. But in the last half of the novel Mrs. Wharton sinks a deep shaft into the obscure subterranean region of our human impulses.

Justine Brent, who has come into Amherst's life, first as a nurse in charge of a maimed mill-hand in the Hanaford Hospital, is an old school friend of Bessie's, and, later on,

she accepts a post as her "companion" at Lynbrook. Everything about Justine is "quick and fine and subtle, and the muscles of character lay close to the surface of feeling." She is really the woman that Amherst should have married, and there is considerable subtlety shown us in this buried truth working up through the surface of their daily contact, till only the thin film of surviving moral ties and duties keeps the man from recognising what the unhappy wife, Bessie, has obscurely divined. Justine, to thwart the efforts of Bessie's "smart set" to entangle her, and arrange her divorce, writes to the absent Amherst, urging him to return and draw his wife nearer to him. But Amherst replies to Justine that, though he will not come back, he "has made no binding arrangement here, solely because you ask it." This fatal phrase, read by Bessie, renders unendurable all Justine's loving compassion and ardent sympathy. There is a fine scene between the women, in which Bessie's bitter mortification takes a feminine revenge on Justine's sweetness. She taunts her with this "tribute to her influence," and, in bitter defiance of her husband's postscript, "don't let my wife ride Impulse," the ill-tempered mare, Bessie dashes away for her last ill-fated ride, for she is brought back, three hours later, a huddled and writhing figure, with an injury to the spine.

Now come a hundred pages of brilliant analysis of a terrible position, which would do credit to the chief European masters of the realistic school. We have met scarcely anything in modern English fiction to equal the poignant and horribly true picture of the sufferings of the patient kept alive to serve the implacable scientific passion of the doctors, who prolong the infernal physical agonies of the shattered body for the triumph of keeping up the spark of useless life. Society, science, religion, in the persons of the relatives, the doctors, and the clergyman, all decree this fearful insensitiveness to the patient's cry, "I want to die," dumbly and hideously expressed in the eyes of the sufferer, when all expression by speech has failed her. "Horrible!" our readers may say, "such things should not be written of." On the contrary, these things have to be faced and understood in reality, and that is the justification of their treatment by art. If Mrs. Wharton's terribly suggestive yet restrained picture of the callousness of the human imagination face to face with human agony, should result only in ten readers out of ten thousand facing reality, instead of shutting their ears and eyes to human suffering, she will have reaped a rich reward. Wyant, the local doctor in charge, has a double motive for prolonging Bessie's agony and keeping up the flickering spark of life. He is in love with, and has been rejected by Justine a year before, on account of his habits of secret drug-taking. He wishes to rehabilitate himself in his profession, and by winning the encomiums of the great specialists in his struggle with death, to attain a position which will give him an opportunity of winning back the trust of the woman he loves. But Justine cannot face indefinitely the agonies of her friend. She seizes an opportunity given her, when Wyant's back is turned, to administer the wrong stimulant, and Bessie is at length at peace. Wyant guesses what she has done, but everybody else remains in ignorance, and Amherst, who is in South America, does not return till a week after his wife's death.

Now comes the justification of the title, "The Fruit of the Tree." Two years after Bessie's death, Amherst and Justine marry, but the woman conceals from the man the act prompted by pity. Woman's instinctive fear of the unexpected in man is subtly indicated. Justine's conscience is clear, and one feels the wisdom of her discretion. But when Wyant turns up later, a moral wreck, and blackmails Justine, she, unable to explain her previous silence to her husband, is too femininely apprehensive, and she prevents Wyant and Amherst meeting. When the truth has to come out, Justine finds that her reserve has clouded their relations. Her husband's mind is full of dim doubts. Mrs. Wharton's analytical skill here has a rich field for its exercise. One feels that her novel is truly a national product, in the sense that all these introspective Americans are saturated with a self mistrust. So the apprehension of guilt, the sense of moral expiation, finally work out in this story to Justine's sacrifice of her happiness.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE addresses "delivered at the request of various literary societies and commemorative committees" contained in Mr. Clement Shorter's "Immortal Memories" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) make excellent reading. Mr. Shorter declares in a modest prefatory note that they are not intended for his "brother journalists nor for the judicious men of letters," and he expresses the hope that those who will not buy his book for its seven other essays may do so because it contains Lord Acton's list of what he considered to be the hundred best books. The book needs no such apology. Mr. Shorter possesses the art—not common in England, but one which seems natural to every French man of letters—of writing literary essays in a pleasantly discursive style, free from pretence and pedantry, and free also from any attempt to "show off." Two of these essays are upon Dr. Johnson, for whom Mr. Shorter has a whole-hearted admiration pleasant to meet with in these days when Johnson's position as one of the really great names in our literature seems in some danger of being forgotten. The "Prayers and Meditations" comes in for warm praise from Mr. Shorter. He thinks it one of the most helpful books he ever read, and describes it with sound judgment as "a valuable inspiration to men to keep up their spirits under adverse conditions, to conquer the weaknesses of their natures; not in the stifling manner of Thomas à Kempis, but in a breezy, robust way." In the essay on Cowper, Mr. Shorter combats the absurd notion that Cowper's poetry lacked the true "lyric cry," and he instances the "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," the two sets of verses to Mrs. Unwin, and the sonnet to Wilberforce, as proofs to the contrary. Mr. Shorter might have called in Tennyson in support of his estimate of at least two of those poems. In the "Personal Recollections" added to Tennyson's "Life," Palgrave wrote: "Presently we reached the same poet's stanzas 'To Mary Unwin.' He read them, yet could barely read them, so deeply touched was he by their tender, their almost agonising pathos. And once when I asked him for the 'Lines on My Mother's Portrait,' his voice faltered as he said he would if I wished it; but he knew he should break down." The other essays are on Crabbe, Borrow, the literary associations of East Anglia, Ferdinand Lassalle, and Lord Acton's surprising list of the hundred best books, to which Mr. Shorter has added notes on the authors and editions. Everyone who cares for books will enjoy these essays while the information Mr. Shorter gives concerning the best or most accessible editions of his favourite authors should prove most useful.

* * *

"ACROSS PERSIA," by Mr. E. Crawshay Williams (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net), is one of the best books of travel we have read for some time. The country is a fascinating one, Mr. Williams has a gift of keen observation which is denied to the majority of travellers, and he writes of what he has seen in a vivacious and agreeable style. He resigned his commission in the Royal Field Artillery in 1903, and, wishing to avoid the monotony of a long sea-voyage, he determined to return to England from India by way of the Persian Gulf, Persia itself, the Caspian Sea, Russia, and thence, overland, to England. His account of the journey is highly interesting. The places of historic interest, the scenery, the character of the people and their social condition, supply him with a rich fund of material which he deals with in the happiest manner. One of the best chapters in the book is that in which Mr. Williams describes the ruined city of Shahpur, with its great stalactite cave, at the mouth of which lies the gigantic statue of King Shahpur. Mr. Williams made a detailed examination of the interior of the cave as well as of the ruins of the city, and he is of opinion that if excavations were carried on in the city and its surroundings the trouble would be well repaid. Bendemeer he found to be very different from Moere's description. "There certainly is no 'bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream' to-day, and the nightingale would find it a sorry business to eke out a living in the barren desert which lies around. . . . Through a desert plain, barren alike of verdure and of population, varied here and there by some grey marsh, from which at the approach of the traveller, rise countless thousand ducks

with a great whirring of wings to swish away overhead and circle ever lower again into settling-places in the soft sedgy recesses; through such a land there winds a sluggish little river between ugly mud banks. That is my Bendemeer; a sad contrast to the picture drawn by the poet." Want of space does not permit us to draw attention to several interesting features in Mr. Williams's book. It can be recommended as a useful contribution to our knowledge about Persia and an entertaining description of travel in that country.

* * *

A NEW series of selections, called the Elzevir Library, and published by Messrs. Seeley, begins with three volumes, "Fancy and Humour of Charles Lamb," "Wit and Imagination of Benjamin Disraeli," and "Vignettes from Oliver Goldsmith" (1s. 6d. each volume), each with a short introduction by Mr. George Sampson. In each case the selection has been made with judgment, and as the little books are prettily produced, they will probably be welcomed by those who wish to have their reading presented to them in this tabloid form.

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MR. JAMES MORGAN describes his book, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man" (Macmillan, 6s.), as "a simple, straightforward, yet complete biography of the most interesting personality of our time." With the qualification that our time may have produced other personalities at least as interesting as the President of the United States, we may accept this description as accurate. The book neither advocates nor criticises President Roosevelt's political policies, but gives an impartial account of the varied activities of his strenuous career. Although a host of writers have given us books about President Roosevelt, we believe that Mr. Morgan is the first to write a complete biography. Such a book could hardly fail to be interesting, and Mr. Morgan shows considerable skill in presenting striking episodes in a dramatic manner.

* * *

"WITH SHELLEY IN ITALY," edited by Anna B. McMahan (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), contains a selection from Shelley's Italian poems and letters, together with short introductions to the work of each year that Shelley spent in Italy, and sixty-four illustrations from photographs, the whole intended "to set the poems in their original environment and to conduct the reader himself into that very Italian atmosphere where they were born." We doubt whether such an attempt can be successful, but Miss McMahan's introductions are informing, and the illustrations possess great interest.

* * *

No anthology of English verse has won such general favour as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and many readers will be glad to have the fine illustrated edition issued by Messrs. Dent (10s. 6d. net), both for the sake of Mr. Anning Bell's pictures and for the excellent type in which the book is printed. Messrs. Dent also issue Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice" in their series of "English Idylls" (5s. net). Both volumes are beautifully illustrated in colour by Mr. C. E. Brock. Messrs. Greening have just added "The Battle of the Books" and "Miscellanea" (2s. net each) to the cheap edition of Swift's works which they have in process. Mr. Andrew Lang's charming "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," 2s. net, has been added to Messrs. Longmans' "Pocket Library"—a series deserving of high praise for its type, binding, and the choice of books included. From Messrs. Macmillan come delightful copies of George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" (5s. net), both containing charming pictures by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Mr. Froude publishes a capital edition of "The Poems of William Collins," with an introduction by Mr. Christopher Stone, and to the series of "The World's Classics" issued by the same publisher there have been added Smollett's translation of "Gil Blas," with an introduction and notes by Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly; Trollope's "The Three Clerks," with an introduction by Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore; Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," with an introduction by Mr. W. Hale White; and Coleridge's "Poems," with an introduction by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch.

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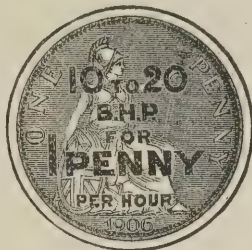
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THIS subject must be tackled, before long, by the insurance offices or it will develop into a veritable disease. If the offices are prepared to adopt a universal discount, without hardening present rates of premium, well and good. If not, a remedy must very shortly be found. The Insurance Brokers' Association, under the auspices of Sir John J. Runtz, has recently been formed, in self-defence, to stem the hurrying progress of universal commission, and it is manifestly clear that their apprehensions are not groundless. The insurance offices, some quarter of a century ago, only recognised as deserving remuneration by commission two classes—the agent and the broker. The agent lived by insurance, and in most cases represented but one office. The broker was concerned in such matters on the wholesale principle, dealing in large amounts, preparing plans and specifications, and parcelling them out amongst the offices in certain proportions.

To the lay mind, perhaps, this is "a distinction without a difference." In a recent ruling, the late Mr. Justice Kekewich has defined a professional insurance broker as one who "saw what the risk was, and he reported on special circumstances to the insurance offices, and in other ways he protected the offices. Therefore, the offices, as well as the person effecting the insurance, had a business interest in seeing that the insurance passed through the hands of a proper agent. It was important that expert agents should be employed rather than that persons should conduct their own insurances; and it was perfectly fair and businesslike to maintain, as far as they could, that intermediary." The offices, in the days referred to, only *sought* business through its agents. Their agents did the fetch-and-carry part of the work; and with respect to an ordinary agent, it was not even an essential that he should be versed in other than the rudiments of the business. But with regard to a broker, as previously explained, some real expert assistance was expected. The remuneration was identical, as the broker, although rendering more important service, had the additional advantage of being recognised by all the offices, whilst the agent, pure and simple, dealt with only one. In those days the employment of canvassers, euphemistically styled inspectors, was a thing of naught, and this material expense was saved.

The alteration in methods has come about through the indiscriminate appointment of men as agents for the sole purpose of securing, or maintaining, "own case" business. This function has practically elbowed out many an hard-working agent, who has seen his living vanish by the process, and it has forced the Insurance Brokers' Association into existence. In the ruling already mentioned, Mr. Justice Kekewich has further upset the equilibrium of the agent by stating that "it was perfectly plain that if one instructed an agent to effect an insurance for him, and that agent received a commission—without an agreement, express or implied, that the commission should be for his own benefit—the commission belonged to the person whose property was being insured, and not to the agent." It must not be supposed that this judgment has been the warrant for the disregard by the Offices of proper protection for their agent. They have no such justification. Let us imagine ourselves one of a family who combine to make their father's agency prosper. The wife does not deal where there is no *quid pro quo* in the shape of insurance for her husband; the daughters canvass their own employers, and the clothes and boots of the sons represent so much insurance purchased of their father. In the evening counsel is taken together, and joint methods are strategically devised for the assault. It can be imagined the feeling of disgust which would be engendered in the family when the father had to announce that the insurance on the large drapery establishment where his daughter worked, which she had secured at so much sacrifice, was to be transferred by his office, on account of the firm having become their own agents. The canker of discontent would have begun its work, and a sense of uneasiness set up. The last words of the agent to his wife that night would be that he must be on the look-out for some other employment than the agency,

as it was evident, by that day's experience, that there was no security or permanence in the business they had scraped together. The agent would look for competition from without, for it is the law of nature; but when it comes from within, it shakes his faith in the integrity of his office.

The broker has himself to thank for some of his troubles in this connection. He invariably considers the fact of the party desiring insurance having favoured him with the business to distribute amongst the offices, makes him the servant of the proposer, and that it is his bounden duty to protect his interests alone by offering cut rates and harassing conditions. He approaches the offices in this spirit, losing sight of the important fact that his remuneration really comes from the Insurance Offices. They not improperly consider that, as they pay the piper, the tune should be theirs. Their Association may bring about some change in this respect, and not all to their advantage. Their discussions, which, it may be assumed, form part of the routine of the Association, may lead to a little ventilation of a matter which, it is thought, has not hitherto received due attention. As a further argument against the indiscriminate bestowal of agency commission, it would be well to hear the words of Sir Edward Fry, who, on the death of Lord Russell of Killowen, fathered the Prevention of Corruption Act. He strongly reprobates the payment of commissions to persons who are primarily the confidential agents of their employers, such as solicitors, estate agents, clerks to public bodies, secretaries, and cashiers, as they are paid on account of the influence of these agents over their principals, and are retained by the recipient, although they belong in equity to their principals. He adds: "Every solicitor has, when a pupil, learned what is needful before a fiduciary agent can lawfully retain a benefit against his principal. The principal must know the existence of the benefit, the extent of it, his right to recover it. He should receive full and genuine advice from his agent; he must—to use an expressive phrase—'be at arm's length' from his adviser; and when, with all this knowledge, and in this position of independence, he thinks fit to make a present, then, and then only, has he a right to keep the benefit. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that in the common case of trust property, the trustees have no right and no power to give to the solicitor what really belongs to the persons interested in the estate."

If one looks at commission as remuneration for something done, the absurdity of paying it to the insured must be glaringly apparent. In the old days, already mentioned, the insured was content with thanks, and even these, in those independent times, he did not always get.

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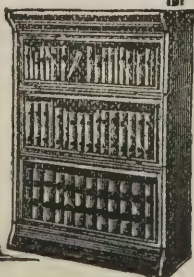
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THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE approach of the Christmas season brings to the minds of most of us the claims of certain little ones for new toys and children's books, while every year the search for the appropriate toy and book becomes more arduous to the fastidious giver. Dr. Axel Munthe, in his charming essay on toys and children's books, complains that modern toys do not stimulate the imagination. They are things to look at, to wonder at, things to weary of, but they are not things to play with. "Where," he asks, "are the simple toys that contented our fathers and mothers?" The ball, the hoop, the box of bricks, the doll *à treize sous*, made of rags or wood—the pauper doll—who never grows old, but dies young beloved of the gods. "She dies young, and wends her way to the strange Elysian Fields, where all that survives of broken toys sleeps under the shade of withered Christmas trees." "Tom Thumb is left to take care of himself in the trackless forest, and poor Robinson Crusoe, with whom we kept such faithful company, is feeling more and more lonely on his desert island, with our common friend Friday, and the patient goat, whose neck we have often patted in our dreams. Our children to-day have no time for dreams."

Most people, it would seem, imagine that, provided the child is amused, it does not much signify what he gets in the way of reading. "There's no harm in the book," is a common saying; but surely our children deserve a better mental diet than something which is only "not harmful." What of the beautiful, the stimulating, the helpful, the nourishing? It is difficult for adult readers who are case-hardened by much reading to realise the extraordinary effect a book may have on a child of parts and imagination. Let any grown-up person try to recall the impression of his first visit to the theatre; that, at a long distance, may enable him to appreciate something of what a book may mean to a young child. How many boys and girls have played at "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Children of the New Forest," or "Holiday House" for weeks together, impersonating the characters, adding fresh adventures, bringing in their favourite animals, and adapting the daily events of life to the story. In the days of fewer books, children read their "Pilgrim's Progress," delighted in the second part of "Robinson Crusoe," were held in amaze by the philosophical discussions with man Friday, and shed tears over the death of Mrs. Crusoe, which desolated the poor wanderer's home and drove him forth a second time to the island.

French people are filled with astonishment at the number and variety of books found in English nurseries and schoolrooms. French children do not have many books, but when they can read, there is a whole library of classical juvenile literature awaiting them. It is, moreover, literature in a true sense. Fables, ancient

and modern, Æsop's, Fénelon's, La Fontaine's; fairy tales from many lands; the books of the Bibliothèque Rose, beginning with the "Misfortunes of the Immortal Sophie"; these books, with "Robinson Crusoe," some historical tales, some books of travel, of science, of natural history, leading up to a selection of Walter Scott's novels, would form the staple of every child's library. They are all books excellent of their kind, all have stood the test of generations of eager young readers, many of them belong to the great literature of the world, some of them are models of literary style. There is nothing morbid or vapid about any of them; they neither preach nor moralise, but are all books which may fitly lay the foundations of a good education. There are naturally a few modern children's books amongst them, noticeable for their clever and often really beautiful illustrations. There are also some translations from the English, the Italian, and German; but there is an idea as to the sequence in which children should read books, an idea as to the best books for their juvenile digestion.

Compare this carefully selected literary diet with the sawdust we too often offer our children, under various attractive disguises. I was once given for my own children a handsome illustrated volume of fables with "up-to-date" applications, which were so odious that there was nothing for it but to consign the gift to the flames. The modern child's book seems to me to be written with an eye always to the "grown ups"; how else can we account for the clever but often vulgar illustrations, the allusions to a world in which children have no part. A child's book should be written in singleness of purpose, with love and reverence; that in the first place, while for a really good book there must be gifts of imagination, humour, sympathy, and understanding. But how few good children's books are there in the world. Probably most people would put "Alice in Wonderland" at the head of any list of children's books. I have, however, known many children who did not care for the immortal "Alice," and as a model she would not serve. I suggest that Sir Walter Scott's favourite tale of "Susan and her Lamb" is a safer and more normal type. Sir Walter said of it, "that where the little boy brings back the lamb to Susan, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." Unfortunately, Miss Edgeworth has given her book of tales a terrible name, "The Parents' Assistant," which frightens parents and children alike in these days; but I know of no such delicious children's stories. "Sandford and Merton" is still enjoyed by children, but if we can, let us get it in the unexpurgated edition. The superfine taste of to-day objects to Harry Sandford's admirable reply to Mrs. Merton. "Mr. Barlow says, M'm, we should not drink unless we are dry." A modern little girl was heard to wish that Mr. Barlow took girls, "she thought there must be real fun in going to school with him." "Evenings at Home" might very well be written up to modern standards, as might Peter Parley's histories, which were dear to children, in their little square covers filled inside with wonderful woodcuts. There were other books beloved by children sixty years ago, which we are glad to know would not be tolerated to-day. We may hope that no children now are allowed into the torture chambers of "Laneton Parsonage," or are exposed to the morbid influences of such books as the "Old Helmet," "Queechy," "Home Influence," and "Ministering Children." Charles Kingsley did his best to discredit these. The "Fairchild Family" belongs to the same class of book, and has had a recent *succès d'estime* for its unconscious display of human nature. A little party of distinguished men and women, who had been brought up on the "Fairchild Family," recently acted a little play of the principal

characters in a London drawing-room, to revenge themselves on the book.

There is no doubt, however, that children read these pernicious books again and again, and thoroughly enjoyed them. The child is a very serious little creature, occupied with the exploration of the world and all things in it; he likes to be taken seriously, he likes tales of other children—their joys, sorrows, and difficulties. It does not follow that all that he enjoys is wholesome for him, any more than a diet of unripe gooseberries. Some of the books we have mentioned thrilled and tortured him, but at least there was some stuff in them, something to think of, to remember, something real and tangible. We find *nothing* in many children's books of to-day. They are quite colourless and inane, they have no vitality, no spring of human character; there is no really good story-telling in them; no attempt, of course, at information of any kind. Modern literature for children seems to us, to use a characteristic French phrase, an *immense nullité!*

And yet, how important to a child's mind and character are those first books he reads—what impressions he may get from them, what interest they may excite, what curiosity they might rouse in Natural History and Science! It is in those very early days, and in the home, that a love and respect for books is fostered; we may add that a lasting distaste for reading may also be easily acquired. The old practice of reading aloud helped many children in days gone by to understand books which else would have been too hard for them, and greatly stimulated the desire of an intelligent child to help himself out of that dish. A child of ten, coming from a cultivated home, should have heard of the great masterpieces of the world in prose and rhyme. He might know his Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," a child's edition of "Don Quixote," and the "Arabian Nights." He might have had read to him in Pope's verse "The Tale of Troy," and the wanderings of Odysseus, might know "Tales from the Norse," and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," and the "Scandinavian Legends." These, with a carefully selected store of books of adventure, and children's books, "Treasure Island," "The Jungle Books," "Miss Edgeworth's Short Stories," "Alice," "Holiday House," "The Water Babies," "The Little Duke," the "Lances of Lynwood," &c., &c., would give him sufficient mental food and a love for books, and start him at school fairly—at all events he would not answer in class that "Mr. Sedgwick wrote the Odyssey!"

We have said nothing about style in books. But it is certain that children enjoy the lilt of Ballad form in verse, and will sing in recitative the lines that please them over and over again, and they will often correct the teller or reader of a tale who changes the words at a critical period of a story. Certain words seem to them appropriate, to "belong," and they will allow no others.

If it be objected that children will find such a course too hard and dry, the answer is that children have read, and do read, all these books with real love and joy—if you give a child rubbish, he will one day toss aside books in general as having no interest for him; if you give him a diet of lobster claw and yellow pickles, you will have destroyed his appetite for plain wholesome food. If, however, the child has the right book given him at the right time, he will read and enjoy it, supposing always you have not given him the taste for the wrong book. It comes then to this:—

- (1) What are the right books to give a young child, and in what sequence?
- (2) What are the results, if any, to be aimed at in the choice of books for his reading?
- (3) What books should a normal child of ten years of age have read?

In the answers to these questions should surely be found some satisfactory scientific basis for a good child's library. We imagine all would agree that imagination, admiration, observation, and reflection, need to be fostered and directed. Poor, thin, watery intellectual food cannot assist development. Fewer books, we say, but all of the best quality; and let us remember that it takes a genius to write a good child's book.

ETHELBERTHA HARRISON.

LOUISA ALCOTT.*

It is very good for a man to talk about what he does not understand; as long as he understands that he does not understand it. Agnosticism (which has, I am sorry to say, almost entirely disappeared from the modern world) is always an admirable thing, so long as it admits that the thing which it does not understand may be much superior to the mind which does not understand it. Thus if you say that the cosmos is incomprehensible, and really mean (as most moderns do) that it is not worth comprehending; then it would be much better for your Greek agnosticism if it were called by its Latin name of ignorance. But there is one thing that any man can fairly consider incomprehensible, and yet in some ways superior. There is one thing that any man may worry about, and still respect; I mean any woman. The deadly and divine cleavage between the sexes has compelled every woman and every man, age after age, to believe without understanding; to have faith without any knowledge.

Upon the same principle it is a good thing for any man to have to review a book which he cannot review. It is a good thing for his agnosticism and his humility to consider a book which may be much better than he can ever understand. It is good for a man who has seen many books which he could not review because they were so silly, to review one book which he cannot review because it is so wise. For wisdom, first and last, is the characteristic of women. They are often silly, they are always wise. Common sense is uncommon among men; but common sense is really and literally a common sense among women. And the sagacity of women, like the sagacity of saints, or that of donkeys, is something outside all questions of ordinary cleverness and ambition. The whole truth of the matter was revealed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling when the spirit of truth suddenly descended on him for the first and the last time, and he said: "Any woman can manage a clever man; but it requires a rather clever woman to manage a fool."

The wisdom of women is different; and this alone makes the review of such books by a man difficult. But the case is stronger. I for one will willingly confess that the only thing on earth I am frightfully afraid of is a little girl. Female children, she babies, girls up to the age of five are perfectly reasonable; but then all babies are reasonable. Grown girls and women give us at least glimpses of their meaning. But the whole of the period between a girl who is six years old and a girl who is sixteen is to me an abyss not only of mystery, but of terror. If the Prussians were invading England, and I were holding a solitary outpost, the best thing they could do would be to send a long rank or regiment of Prussian girls of twelve, from which I should fly, screaming.

Now these famous books of Miss Alcott are all about little girls. Therefore, my first impulse was to fly screaming. But I resisted this impulse, and I read the books; and I discovered to my immeasurable astonishment, that they were extremely good. "Little Women" was written by a woman for women—for little women. Consequently it anticipated realism by twenty or thirty years; just as Jane Austen anticipated it by at least a hundred years. For women are the only realists; their whole object in life is to pit their realism against the extravagant, excessive, and occasionally drunken idealism of men. I do not hesitate. I am not ashamed to name Miss Alcott and Miss Austen. There is, indeed, a vast division in the matter of literature (an unimportant matter), but there is the same silent and unexplained assumption of the feminine point of view. There is no pretence, as most unfortunately occurred in the case of other women of genius, like Georges Sand and George Eliot, that the writer is anything else but a woman, writing to amuse other women, with her awful womanly irony. Jane Austen did not call herself George Austen; nor Louisa Alcott call herself George Alcott. These women refrained from that abject submission to the male sex which we have since been distressed to see; the weak demand for masculine names and for a part in merely masculine frivolities; parliaments, for instance. These were strong women; they classed parliament with the public-house. But for another and better reason, I do not hesitate to name Miss Alcott by the side of Jane Austen; because her talent, though doubtless

* "The Works of Louisa Alcott." Sampson Low. New Edition. 6s. each volume.

inferior, was of exactly the same kind. There is an unmistakable material truth about the thing; if that material truth were not the chief female characteristic, we should most of us find our houses burnt down when we went back to them. To take but one instance out of many, and an instance that a man can understand, because a man was involved, the account of the quite sudden and quite blundering proposal, acceptance, and engagement between Jod and the German professor under the umbrella, with parcels falling off them, so to speak, every minute, is one of the really human things in human literature; when you read it you feel sure that human beings have experienced it often; you almost feel that you have experienced it yourself. There is something true to all our own private diaries in the fact that our happiest moments have happened in the rain, or under some absurd impediment of absurd luggage. The same is true of a hundred other elements in the story. The whole affair of the children acting the different parts in Pickwick, forming a childish club under strict restrictions, in order to do so; all that is really life, even where it is not literature. And as a final touch of human truth, nothing could be better than the way in which Miss Alcott suggests the borders and the sensitive privacy of such an experiment. All the little girls have become interested, as they would in real life, in the lonely little boy next door; but when one of them introduces him into their private club in imitation of Pickwick, there is a general stir of resistance; these family fictions do not endure being considered from the outside.

All that is profoundly true; and something more than that is profoundly true. For just as the boy was an intruder in that club of girls, so any masculine reader is really an intruder among this pile of books. There runs through the whole series a certain moral philosophy, which a man can never really get the hang of. For instance, the girls are always doing something, pleasant or unpleasant. In fact, when they have not to do something unpleasant, they deliberately do something else. A great part, perhaps the more godlike part, of a boy's life, is passed in doing nothing at all. Real selfishness, which is the simplest thing in the world to a boy or man, is practically left out of the calculation. The girls may conceivably oppress and torture each other; but they will not indulge or even enjoy themselves—not, at least, as men understand indulgence or enjoyment. The strangest things are taken for granted; as that it is wrong in itself to drink champagne. But two things are quite certain; first, that even from a masculine standpoint, the books are very good; and second, that from a feminine standpoint they are so good that their admirers have really lost sight even of their goodness. I have never known, or hardly ever known, a really admirable woman who did not confess to having read these books. Haughty ladies of the Fabian Society confessed (under torture) that they liked them still. Stately Suffragettes rose rustling from the sofa and dropped "Little Women" on the floor, covering them with public shame. At learned ladies' colleges, it is, I firmly believe, handed about secretly, like a dangerous drug. I cannot understand this strange and simple world, in which unselfishness is natural, in which spite is easier than self-indulgence. I am the male intruder, like poor Mr. Lawrence and I withdraw. I back out hastily, bowing. But I am sure that I leave a very interesting world behind me.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

FAIRY TALES NEW AND OLD.*

THE law of change affects the fairy tale like other things, and perhaps it is not surprising to find Mr. Carl Ewald's "Two Legs and Other Stories" coming from the country

* "Two-Legs, and other Stories." By Carl Ewald. Methuen.
"Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales." With illustrations by Helen Stratton. Blackie and Son. 5s.

"Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights." Edited and arranged by E. Dixon. Illustrated by John D. Batten. Dent. 5s. net.

"The Olive Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green. 6s.

"On a Pincushion, and other Fairy Tales." By Mary de Morgan. Alexander Moring. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Welsh Fairy-Book." By W. Jenkyn Thomas. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

"Fairies I Have Met." By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

"The Enchanted Castle." By E. Nesbit. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

which produced Hans Andersen. Andersen's tales stand mid-way between the books that entirely delight children and those which, written for and about children, chiefly delight their elders. Most of his stories are pure playfulness; others conceal a gently ironic treatment of life in the guise of tales for children. "The Snow Queen," "The Goloshes of Fortune," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Red Shoes," are all stories with morals which children may half perceive or not perceive at all. Mr. Ewald's stories are all morals. Their meaning, concealed from the child, like the meaning of "Gulliver's Travels," is patent to the grown-up reader. The theme of these remarkably clever tales is an ironic presentment of what the scientist conceives to be the true facts about natural life, that is the impartial and universal egotism of living things, and, most of all, of the supreme animal, man. This is specially the intention of "Two Legs," the most important tale of the series. Into the immense congregation of animal life enter the man and woman, walking erect, hand in hand, their foreheads high, their eyes steady. None of the congregation like their looks. But, as only man can combine with his fellows, the beasts, much as they would like to destroy the intruders, have to leave them alone. They soon have a taste of man's quality. For all his gentle looks, dragons of the prime prove to be "mellow music matched with him." He trains the dog to war with the wolf. He drives the otter out of the river, the monkey from the apple tree, and when his child is cold, tears the sheep's skin from his back to clothe it and himself, and devours the flesh. Calculation betters and overpowers impulse. The lower beasts kill when they are hungry; man stores and even pets his victims till he has need of them. And so, in turn, all the wild animals come to bemoan their dependence on this new and ruthless lord of life.

"He took away my wife and planted her in his garden," said the hop-vine.

"And he throws me out if I show the least, tiny green shoot," said the gout-weed.

"He shuts us up in hives," said the bee.

"He hunts us by clapping his hands and hitting us with cloths," said the moth.

"He locks us up and fattens us and eats us," grunted the pig.

"He sets traps for us if we try to get a morsel of food," said the mouse.

Mr. Ewald illustrates this egoism of all natural things in a number of briefer stories. The beeches out-grow the old oak and cut his path to the sun away from him. The female spider marries her mate in the evening and kills him in the morning. The wind at once fructifies and destroys, carelessly strewing thistle and dandelion seeds over the farmer's rye fields. Each being satisfies its needs in turn; the caterpillar at the gardener's expense; the parasitic fly at the caterpillar's; the swallow at the cost of the parasitic fly. Mr. Ewald's art is delicately conceived, and we suspect that children, whose imaginations are ruthless, will read him with delight. But his book is better food for their elders.

Meanwhile, we have a reprint of Hans Andersen, with pleasantly coloured illustrations by Miss Helen Stratton, and we cannot imagine a generation of children that will not delight in him. The same might be said of the collection of "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights," adorned with very delicately drawn and truly imaginative illustrations by Mr. John D. Batten, and produced by Mr. Dent with great care. Mr. Andrew Lang, in "The Olive Fairy Book," has drawn yet another volume from the immense French store of legends and *contes*, known as "*Le Cabinet des Fées*," first brought together in 1697, which the care of Messrs. Longmans provided for him. The tales in "The Olive Fairy Book" are largely Indian, and several of them are of Armenian origin. One of the prettiest is a translation of Anatole France's "Little King Loc."

Of truly original quality is the series called "On a Pincushion and Other Fairy Tales," by the late Miss de Morgan, with illustrations by her brother, the author of "Alice-for-Short." "Siegfrid and Handa" and "The Seeds of Love" have a certain suggestion of Andersen, but the setting is original and quite charming. In these tales the appeal is to the gentler side of children's nature, their sense of pity and their love of happy end-

ings to their books, and the style is remarkable for its delicate simplicity. "The Welsh Fairy Book" is a collection of Welsh fairy stories by a Welsh schoolmaster, who has been given access to "Celtic Folklore: Welsh and Manx," and has drawn some very charming stories from these and other sources. In all these Celtic tales, the fairy visitant is not, as in the Oriental story, a rather theatrical portent and *deus ex machina*. He, or she, is woven closely and tenderly into the home life of the farming people, suffers with and by them, and leaves them only when the two schemes of existence cease to run together. Mr. Willy Pogany's illustrations are singularly fresh. We note one striking feature, and that is a charming revival of the decorative title and initial letter. The art of colour illustration advances indeed in astonishing fashion, as the purchasers of "Fairies I Have Met" can see for themselves. The text is by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, a trifle precious for child readers. Mr. Dulac's experiments in colour and the fresh types of fairies, gnomes, wizards, and elves, to whom he introduces us, furnish the main distinction of this pretty book.

It is from Mrs. Nesbit, however, that the most original development of the modern fairy tale proceeds. Her stories are purely English. They take the English schoolboy or girl of to-day, without even idealising them, as Lewis Carroll idealises Alice. On this quite commonplace canvas Mrs. Nesbit paints a brilliantly varied pattern of grotesque adventure in which the real melts into the unreal, and the unreal is made to fade back again to reality, and French governesses, housemaids, policemen, and magic things and beings live together in a world where everything is topsy-turvy one moment and quite normal the next. "The Enchanted Castle" is as successful as most of Mrs. Nesbit's excursions into the under-world of a child's imagination, where the actual and the ideal lie down together in perfect accord.

SCIENCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF STARS. By G. E. Mitton. Adam and Charles Black. 6s.

THE writer of a book on science for children should keep continuously two great objects in view—the one to use very simple language suitable to those addressed, and the other to use terms so strictly in accordance with scientific accuracy that the young pupil will not acquire any erroneous notion which will have to be uprooted from the mind at a later period. The authoress of this very pleasing book succeeds fairly well in maintaining a simple style all through—a difficult matter in such a subject as Astronomy—an occasional lapse into a rather big, or "grown up," expression escaping her vigilance; but as regards the second object, it appears to us that the desire to be very simple has led occasionally to an expression requiring alteration.

We have read every page of the book with pleasure—all the greater because the writer takes that broad-minded view of the universe which refuses to confine the existence of living and intelligent beings to this insignificant little planet of ours, and because we regard the contrary teaching of the young as almost morally disastrous. How delightful it is, for example, to read in the pages dealing with Mars the evident belief in its inhabitants, the difficulties with which they have to contend, and the excitement with which they cry "The Floods are coming!" when their canals begin to be filled in summer with the liquid from their melted polar cap!

As we must be brief in our observations, we offer to the authoress (whose personal friendship with Miss Agnes Clerke is in itself a strong claim to our attention) the following considerations for the next edition. The science at the top of p. 16 is unsound, and that in p. 18 is vague. In p. 54 Mercury should be "he" and not "she." To speak of the earth's axis and those of other planets as "bent" instead of inclined (pp. 56, 76) is misleading. Herschel did not call Uranus the "Georgius," but the "Georgium," Sidus (p. 81). The "rôle" of names (p. 84) should be the "roll." Was it to a "professor of Astronomy at Cambridge" that Adams gave his results (p. 86)? A comet

should not be described as "he"; and at the top of p. 118 the use of this expression misleads the reader. It is not the *angle* (p. 118) at which a comet flies off that determines its return. In p. 149 for "every child" read "all children." Light should not be spoken of as a "force" (p. 161). For "Arcturus" (p. 169) read "Sirius."

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victim. Throughout the whole of this narrative of the "Flying Fish" we have a feeling of existing in a region of scientific romance to which, however, from the actual world of reality there seems to be but a short step.

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We do not see the appropriateness of the term "Romance" as applied in the title of Mr. Sidney Wright's book, which is a very sober record of facts relating to the habits of sailors, the construction of the boats, nets, and fishing gear which they use, and a thousand other things appertaining to their calling. The author seems to have omitted no country and no marine animal which is the object of pursuit; but it is not until we reach the part of the book dealing with the fishing in Eastern countries that we begin to feel the schoolboy's interest. In the early chapters, which deal with our own fisheries, the most interesting will be found to be that describing the habits of the salmon. The account of the Chinese fishing with cormorants is really entertaining, and the description of the shame-faced cormorant who returns empty-handed—or rather empty-billed—to his employer is full of amusement. The story of the north-eastern fisherman who visited London for a few hours and "steered" himself about by means of a compass and the weather-cocks is in the same light vein. The main purpose of the book is, however, not amusement but instruction. The later chapters contain an excellent account of whale, sponge, turtle, and seal fishing, with many illustrations; and the book can be recommended as a very valuable source of information relating to every kind of fishing.

Mr. Duncan's book is concerned chiefly with such marine plants and animals as we may meet along the shores of these islands, more particularly those most interesting of all shores which are to be found round the West and North of Ireland and of Scotland—the shores on which stretches of gravel full of burrowing bivalves alternate with seaweed-covered rocks and great deep pools, in which we expect to find a large variety of marine creatures. We who have visited such coasts know the excitement of trying to overturn some great, scarcely moveable, rock, which forms an almost complete cover to a large pool; and when at last we have heaved it over, what a splashing and a lashing of tails we hear; and when we have waited for the water to clear after this commotion, how many creatures more or less successfully concealed do we see! These form a considerable portion of Mr. Duncan's subject, but he deals with many others besides, all of which are represented by photographs taken by himself.

Perhaps the first chapters dealing with plants are somewhat too technical in their language, and might be curtailed, while some more of the above-mentioned pool dwellers might be introduced. With some simplification of language here and there, the work will be found to be a useful handbook for boys in their rambles along the shore.

G. M. M.

BOUTET DE MONVEL.

ON the cover of a French picture book,* an illustrated story of Jeanne d'Arc intended for young readers, there is a design in line representing a corps of modern French troops, advancing at the double. Leading them is a slight, fair figure, clad in medieval armour and mounted on horseback, whom one has no difficulty in recognising as Jeanne d'Arc herself. Within the book the same design, which is both an historical anachronism and a dainty patriotic symbol, is reproduced in colour as a frontispiece, and the following series of colour pictures illustrates the career of the French heroine. The work is that of M. Boutet de Monvel, painter and illustrator, whose drawings have adorned many books, but none, as it seems to the writer, with the amazing success

that these achieve. For here to the accompaniment of a text, which, despite its simple phrasing, vibrates under the intensity of the old romance, the sequence of pictorial ideas sings a wonderfully tuneful melody, swelling at times to dramatic passion, at times sinking to the gentlest modulations, but always well controlled by its central motive and well ordered in its sound technique. A production of this kind which can so readily attract notice and hold admiration tempts one to try and probe the secret of its author's success and if possible divine the sources by which his inspiration is fed.

The technical features of the Jeanne d'Arc drawings are soon done with. M. Monvel works in flat tints and clean, rhythmical line, never losing sight of his decorative intention. Realism he admits partially; the picture of Jeanne pleading before her judges, or that of her beset by a gaping crowd, and beating the church door which has shut out the last consolations of her creed, are cases in point. Perhaps one might say that realism is introduced sufficiently to humanise the triumph, the anguish, or the fear of the characters, with as little expenditure of facial modelling as possible. Of realistic modelling, in the sense we understand it to-day, there is little or no trace; the artist gives the sense of reality by some subtle and elusive process, which it is impossible to analyse. In order to realise how subtle are his means, one may compare him for the moment with two of his accomplished contemporaries, both of whom are illustrators of history. Take M. Leloir, whose "Richelieu" is one of his successes. His elaborate, many-figured compositions are not merely historically accurate expositions of the time, though one may note that the scrupulous fidelity to details is characteristic of this artist, as of so many of his French compeers; they are built upon noble qualities of design, space composition, and dexterity in colour harmony. Yet their realism differs from that of M. Monvel in being unmistakably obvious, and unmistakably French. Modern French illustration, from Daumier to Forain, has, like modern French painting, all tended towards realism—to realism which, we would say, is tinged with caricature. Its quality has been happily suggested by M. de la Sizeranne, in his use of the term *caractérisme*, denoting something that is less caricature than emphatic characterisation, that steps beyond what we should call portraiture, and stops short of the grotesque. Phil May introduced this emphasis into his character studies, but its real home is France, where it is an emanation, not only of the national art, but of the national character and temperament; to be classed with the emphasis of speech and gesture. M. Leloir's historic characters are typically French in this respect. So are those of "Job," whose well-known personifications appear to have influenced somewhat the style of M. Leloir. But M. Monvel's are not. Like Puvis de Chavannes, he stands a little aloof from the main current of modern French æsthetics, apart by reason of a greater delicacy, a more individual outlook, a more poetic conception.

Puvis de Chavannes has been mentioned, and, in the strength of his decorative feeling and the restraint of his modelling, M. Monvel bears some resemblance to this master, and appears to possess some of his affection for the naïveté of the primitives. But when one comes to the question of colour, it is like exchanging the twilight for the sunlight, for save in one or two cool-toned drawings—such as Jeanne prostrate at the base of the fortress whence she has fallen in trying to escape—M. Monvel is the essence of vivacious gaiety. Reds and purples, mauves and greens, mingle in a dream of barbaric splendour; amethyst is wedded to opal, gold and silver to pink coral; it is the palette of Tintoret, not of Corot. Yet the variety of tints is a demonstration rather than a riot, a clever balance of tones and an arrangement of Japanese orderliness keeping the exuberance within bounds. The art of the East has undoubtedly influenced M. Monvel in no small degree. Though this is not an exclusive quality, since one may safely say that every decorative artist in Europe owes something to the same source, its influence on his talent is worth a moment's attention. He seems to have extracted from Japanese art one of its less obvious and more important secrets, namely, the secret of combining decorative treatment with forceful verisimilitude. In the battle pieces, especially, the sense of movement is overwhelming; yet the treatment is conventionally decorative, when one comes to analyse it, and the

* "Jeanne d'Arc." Paris: Plon-Nourrit.

"Nos Enfants." Par Anatole France. Illustré par Boutet de Monvel. Paris: Hachette. 4fr.

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repetition of one or more ultra-conventional motives, such as that of the connecting lance, or pike, or halberd, makes one suspect it to be even more conventional than one thinks. But the action, we repeat, is eloquent. By dint of rhythmical and swirling line and curve, he has made the warriors spring forward and the horses charge like impetuous torrents. Their vigour is little less than terrific.

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its books should be seriously written. I have seen a small boy turn with relief to Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," because he preferred something he could barely understand to a so-called children's book that insulted his understanding by ignoring it altogether.

There is a touch of this kind of patronage in "A Wonder Book of Old Romance"; that is, if, as I am supposing, its irritating archaisms are intended as an appeal to the juvenile mind. No one, in the nursery or out of it, supposes that people in the Middle Ages talked exactly as they do to-day; but unless an exact reproduction of medieval language is given, in which case one would obviously choose to read the original stories, everybody wants these to be retold in good literary English, that is neither representative nor unrepresentative of any period. All the people in the book, whatever their nationality, are "fain" to do this and that; "nigh" is always used for "near"; and the result of this compromise between ancient and modern speech is an occasional ugly sentence of this kind: "I fear not even death, so as you be safe." This lack of honesty in style is the more regrettable as the choice of stories shows so much discrimination. Boys and girls alike will respond to the appeal made to their imagination in such stories as "William and the Werewolf"; to their love of adventure in "King Horn," "Guy of Warwick," "Havelok the Dane"; to their love of "scoring off" an enemy, in "Sir Cleges and the Cherries." "Floris and Blanche fleur" is a fairy story, pure and simple, telling of the beautiful slave girl who was sold for "seven times her weight in gold," and of her lover Prince, who went to seek her, equipped with "seven horses of price for his gear, two of them laden with silver and gold, two with money to spend on the way, and three with costly raiment."

In her collection of "Heroic Legends," Miss Herbertson has recognised the importance of good workmanlike English in rendering old-world romance; but she is inclined to overburden her stories with incident that she has not space to elaborate, and which, therefore, fails sometimes to catch the imagination in passing. "The Two Brothers," for instance, possesses all the features that attract lovers of romance, including a beautiful and wronged heroine. But, just at the end, when we expect to read how the villain was killed to slow torture and the heroine reinstated, the whole thing is dismissed in one short paragraph, which, properly expanded, would have made a good story in itself. The same criticism applies to the tales of Robin Hood, Roland, William Tell; that is why "The Knight of the Ill-Shapen Coat," to which it does not apply, is the most effective story in the book—and that should not be so, considering the magnificent material wasted in some of the others.

Greek stories do not seem to tempt their translators to tamper with the English language quite so disastrously as the merely medieval manuscript appears to do. In "The Children's Iliad," Mr. Church is frankly appealing to readers who as yet know no Greek; but he does so seriously and not patronisingly, and consequently maintains the right tone throughout his book. For little children his version of the story of Troy is an admirable one, catching as it does the simple narrative style of the original, so that any part of it would be effective if read aloud—and that is important in the case of people who cannot yet read for themselves. And we gather that Mr. Church's book is intended mainly for small and immature persons of this description, from the significant and interesting dedication, "To Alfred the Third—Across the Sea." There are many Alfreds the Third on this side of the sea, too; and I hope most of them will have "The Children's Iliad" read to them this Christmas. For it may help to give them a high standard of fiction for the rest of their lives.

Older children, by which I mean school girls, school boys, and those of all ages who have never properly grown up, will prefer "Tales of Troy and Greece." Mr. Lang has never done anything better than this scholarly and fascinating rendering of the fine old stories of Ulysses, of the Golden Fleece, and of Theseus and Perseus. Best of them all is the life story of Ulysses, the best adventure story that was ever put together; and every lover of romance will be carried along afresh by the swing of it, right up to the dramatic finish, when the wanderer returns in time to slay

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the woovers, single-handed against the fearful odds beloved of good and bad story-tellers alike. And a few will like best the little human touches scattered about the story, such as the picture of the child Ulysses, who begged for "fruit trees of his very own." So

"his father gave him thirteen pear trees and forty fig trees, and promised him fifty rows of vines, all covered with grapes, which he could eat when he liked, without asking leave of the gardener. So he was not tempted to steal fruit, like his grandfather."

I do not know if the "crib" has spoilt these old Greek stories for some boys; but I can answer for it that this is the kind of book that any girl would like.

In "The Golden Porch" Mr. Hutchinson has tried to turn the myths of Pindar into fairy stories, saying in his preface that "nothing in Greek literature, except the stories of Herodotus, is so steeped in the true fairy atmosphere." This free version of them—the writer has occasionally added touches of his own—has been put together with taste and imagination, and would appeal to any girl or boy with the right fairy feeling. "The Pansy Baby" is the story of Apollo and Evadne; "The First Horse" is that of Pegasus, a myth especially attractive to nursery people. "The Isle of the Rose" is the sunken land of the Telchines, where Helios, the Sun God, found the sleeping goddess whom he made his Queen.

"But at first she wept, because all her flowers were drowned; and where her tears fell, they became white roses, and the white roses she kissed turned red."

"The Story of Isis and Osiris" will appeal only to some young people, as Egyptian myth appeals only to some of their elders. Considering the difficulties in the way of making a continuous narrative out of material so fragmentary as the sources of this mystical legend are known to be, Miss Schofield must be admitted to have succeeded in her task. But one doubts rather if her achievement was worth while. The spirit of Egyptian myth is so individual that it necessarily lacks that universality which enables other myths to make their appeal outside their own country and their own time. But children differ, as other people do; and for those whose mystical side predominates Miss Schofield's book has been written, and very well written too.

There are some books, here and there, that are wrongly labelled as children's books, because they are sincere presentments of great truths, and books of this kind, to which belongs "Cradle Tales of Hinduism," make their appeal to young people and old people alike, as long as they are lovers of beauty and sincerity and wit and humour. All these are to be found in the stories of old Hindu gods and goddesses that Sister Nivedita has collected and told with so much regard for the fine simplicity of the original. The story of "Sati, the Perfect Wife," tells how Siva, the greatest god of all, who went about like a beggar, forbore to do homage to the god Duksha.

"His motive was pure kindness. We all know that there is nothing more unlucky for an inferior than to see one greater than himself prostrated before him. It is even said in India that if this occurs to you your head will at once roll off."

Duksha, however, failed to recognise this delicacy of motive, and trouble followed in consequence. One of the wittiest tales tells how Savitri, the Indian Alceste, outwits the god of Death, so that he takes the noose from her husband's neck and restores him to her, with the words: "Thus do the gods love to win defeat at the hands of mortals." Perhaps the most imaginative stories of all are those in the cycle of Krishna, and best of these is that of "Gopala and the Cowherd," the story of the little son of a mother "who was one of those who worshipped the Lord Krishna as a little child." So when Gopala was frightened to go into the dark wood alone, she told him to call upon the child Krishna to come and play with him. But when Gopala's school teacher went with him, the child did not appear. Only a voice came, saying: "Thy master still has long to wait. Few sons indeed are blest with a mother like thine." There is not a child in existence who will not find what he likes in this first-rate collection of stories. There may be some that he will not quite understand, but that does not matter. Besides, the same may be said of many a grown-up person, who, like Gopala's master, "still has long to wait."

EVELYN SHARP.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

AMONG the boy's books of this season now before us, the book of Australian stories, "The Settlers of Karossa Creek" (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.), by Mr. Louis Becke, is by far the best, whether it is judged as fiction, an invention of the mind, or as literature, a thing written. The writer for boys is often careless of his style, with the result that his incidents, however startling in themselves, have only the momentary effect of drams. The incidents of the careful writer, on the other hand, however mild they may be, become symbolic, as parts of the imagination of the world. We would not claim for Mr. Becke a supreme place among living British writers, but we have only to compare these three stories of Australian life with the half-dozen Christmas books before us, to see that he belongs to the class of careful writers, and that that class alone should be allowed to minister to the imaginations of growing boys. His tales are all, or might well be, "transcripts from (Australian) life," and though the cant of modern criticism condemns the "transcript from life," we think too nobly of the soul to agree with the modern critic. Mr. Becke, at any rate, desires to give us a faithful picture of certain kinds of Australian life, as he knew it years ago. His first story tells of the clash between two early settlers, a retired army officer and an old navy man, whose ranches adjoin. There is a great deal of jealousy between the two men, as no doubt, in such cases, there sometimes was. As time goes on, the cattle-thieves visit the district, and the major, quick to suspect his neighbour, arrests him as the thief, on the sworn deposition of a couple of hoboes. The hoboes quarrel among themselves, and the case is never brought to court. The second story is perhaps better suited to the boyish palate, because it tells of a boy who sets himself to find the *cache* of some opium-smugglers on the coast of New South Wales. He discovers the *cache* (a number of ginger jars each containing a pound of opium) and helps the smugglers (all of them dear personal friends) to escape detection. The tale is charmingly written. As in several other stories, Mr. Becke tells us something of the life of a boy in Australia, enough, at any rate, to make an English boy envious. The third story is rather too surgical. It deals with the case of a man who suffers from a knock upon one side of the head. A chance "tulzie" with South Pacific Islanders brings him a knock upon the other side, and this rather crude homeopathy restores his reason, such as it is. Mr. Finemore contributes exciting illustrations to the two first tales.

Most of the other books before us are of that kind which teaches a little crude history by means of much crude sensational writing. Mr. Herbert Strang is now well known as a writer of books for boys. Hitherto his works have been good historical romances, well written, well constructed, and well worth reading. In his new book, "With Drake on the Spanish Main" (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), he has evidently written in a hurry, so that the book shows none of his ancient quality. It is full of violent situations, and there is a good deal of bloodshed. But we miss Mr. Strang's old power of character creation, his merry humour, his very real skill as a teller of tales. Anybody might have written this book. It is hard to believe that it is by the author of "Harry Rochester." Another violent marine romance is Mr. Tinsley Pratt's "When Hawkins Sailed the Sea" (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), which treats of the disastrous voyage to St. John d'Ulloa much as Mr. Strang's book treats of the successful voyage to Nombre de Dios. We prefer Mr. Pratt's story to the other, perhaps because it tells of an English disaster instead of the usual, but unnatural, success which crowns British enterprise in books of the kind. We wish that Mr. Pratt (and all other writers of Elizabethan romances) would abstain from Elizabethan language, with its "Nay, then, minions," its "'Tis cold weather, gentles," and its talk of "my masters" and of "doughty blows." Mr. Pratt's book is illustrated by Mr. Butler Stoney, whose designs, though stiff and awkward, are effective. Mr. Strang's book is illustrated, very handsomely, in colour, by Mr. Archibald Webb.

Another naval book, much more exciting (and of greater value as history) is Mr. Edward Fraser's "The Romance of the King's Navy" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), a collection of short essays, each of which tells of some brave deed per-

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The army is not neglected. We have another of Captain F. S. Brereton's military romances, entitled "With Wolseley to Kumasi" (Blackie & Son, 6s.), a story of the Ashanti War. It is not among the best of Captain Brereton's books; but it is carefully constructed. It is a book which may profitably be given to the boy who intends to join the army. It will teach such a boy what to expect when fighting with savage tribes in tropical countries. We think that Captain Brereton would do well to imitate the methods of Mr. Edward Fraser (for whom, see above), or of Mr. Edward Gilliat, who, in "The Romance of Modern Sieges," a volume of The Library of Romance (Seeley & Co., 5s.), brings together a number of vivid accounts of modern sieges, English and foreign, from the siege of Gibraltar to that of Port Arthur. Such a book will really teach history, and at the same time interest the boy's imagination. Modern military history could very properly be taught from such a book. In the same Library, published at the same price, is "The Romance of Savage Life," a delightful work by Mr. G. F. Scott Elliott, an able writer of various talent. We think that such a book should be read to all children when they begin upon foreign geography.

Among the books before us are two examples, new and old, of the romance for boys. The new book is "The Pearl Seekers," by A. Macdonald (Blackie, 6s.), a tale with enough scientific detail to give it a smack of Jules Verne, and enough of up-to-date piracy to remind us of Mr. Max Pemberton. Some of the inventions (as shown in the illustrations) remind us of a book by Mr. Wells. It is a wild and wondrous story, but it is not so good as the old romance. "Hendricks the Hunter," by W. H. G. Kingston (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), in his new edition, with Mr. Finnemore's exciting pictures, is still the mighty hunter he used to be. Allan Quartermain himself will never quite eclipse the good Hendricks, for all his diamonds and his Ingoldsby Legends.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE GIFT-BOOK.*

FATHER XMAS must fill his wallet, and the book-shops at holiday time must not forego their piles of brightly-coloured volumes. Doubtless, therefore, these books have their uses, and most young folks are fairly indiscriminate in their tastes, and will enjoy the manufactured story as well as the story which lives and is literature. The reviewer, then, must not wax cynical over these productions, but must grant them their place with Xmas crackers, plum-puddings, and other manifestations of the season.

(1) "St. Jude's" is a collection of stories gathering about John Carmichael, the young minister of St. Jude's, and it contains some good, if obvious, character studies: of the wise and tender Carmichael himself, of the cast-iron

* (1) "St. Jude's." By Ian Maclaren. Religious Tract Society. 6s.

(2) "The Stolen Voyage." By Ethel Turner. Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.

(3) "The Unlucky Family." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Smith, Elder. 6s.

(4) "Under the Flag of France." By David Ker. Blackie & Son. 5s.

(5) "The Dragon and the Raven." By G. A. Henty. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.

(6) "The Pretenders." By Meredith Fletcher. Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

(7) "The Sniper." By F. Cowley Whitehouse. J. Nisbet & Co. 3s. 6d.

(8) "The House Prefect." By Desmond Coke. Henry Frowde & Son. 6d. net.

(9) "Muggins of the Modern Side." By Edmund Francis Sellar. Blackwood. 6s.

(10) "Betty's First Term." By Lilian F. Wevill. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.

(11) "A Discontented School Girl." By Raymond Jacobens. W. & R. Chambers. 5s.

(12) "The Adventures of a Dodo." By G. E. Farrow. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Calvinists who sit in judgment on him, of the miserly old man redeemed, of course, by "The Power of the Child," and other familiar types. The book is full of the well-known humour and pathos of the "Kailyard" school, too well known now to be quite effective.

(2) "The Stolen Voyage" is also a collection of tales, but it is not easy to determine whether it is meant for children or their elders. The title story is a good bit of characterisation which might appeal to either class; some of the remaining sketches are episodes of child-life, others are quite out of the range of young people's interest. None displays Miss Turner at her best, though "Taylor, Tram-Guard," is an effective study. On the whole, the book is—a gift-book.

(3) There is plenty of rollicking fun in "The Unlucky Family," and Mr. E. J. Reed's illustrations are irresistible. The adventures and misadventures of the Cockney family in their newly-inherited country house provide scope for endless drollery, and Mrs. de la Pasture makes very merry with her puppets. Yet from her hand the reader expects some genuine human feeling, and is not wholly content with this broad caricature. "A Book for Children" is the sub-title of "The Unlucky Family," and doubtless some children delight in broad farce. But a child's wistful imagination will find scant satisfaction in this volume of determined drollery.

(4) To escape from the modern world and ride forth "Under the Flag of France" is a relief. Bertrand du Guesclin is the hero of Mr. Ker's spirited romance, and a gallant hero he makes, fighting his own disabilities—the ugly face and uncouth figure which make him a mock among his young companions—as valiantly as he fights his foes. There are touches of mysticism and poetry in the story: the figure of Brother Michael, "God's Pilgrim," lingers in the memory, and the snatches of song sound winningly above the clash of steel. One suspects the writer of having enjoyed his work, not merely set out to produce a boys' book for Christmas.

(5) It is almost needless to characterise the late G. A. Henty's work. "The Dragon and the Raven" is in his well-known, long accepted style. His young Saxon hero is just a manly, public school boy, in old-world raiment, and all his adventures and escapes end happily in the good old fashion. King Alfred, his learning and valour—and his burned cakes—make due appearance. Mr. Henty was a practised craftsman, and the approval of generations of school-boys has sealed his success.

(6) "The Pretenders"—which has nothing to do with the Stuarts—has vital and amusing qualities. The twin brothers, who take advantage of their extraordinary likeness to each other to indulge in pranks "most various," are likeable little scamps, and Tommy, the narrator, who writes too well for his part, tells their story with verve. Monk, the dreaded monitor—who turns out less of a terror than was expected—and "the Shah," are both decidedly alive, while Tommy's real hero-worship for and apparently disloyalty to the latter bring a breath of romance across the scrapes and escapes. "The Pretenders" is, in fine, a pleasing little comedy of errors.

(7) "The Sniper" is a public school story of the familiar type, which carries its heroes out to the wider world beyond the school bounds and leaves them happy—one with a V.C. and the other with a lady love. It is pleasantly written, but we have read it many, many times before. Fortunately, new school-boys come forward for the old school stories, so demand and supply "go on for ever."

(8) But—shade of Tom Brown!—what shall be said of "The House Prefect"? Surely, Bob Manders is a most depressingly conscientious young gentleman, who spends most of his time moping and mooning over the scrape which he had not courage to own up. Mr. Desmond Coke is fond of talking about his hero's "almost morbid sensitiveness," and Bob's scruples and the woes of "the Catlet" do not make enlivening reading. The book closes, however, with a triumph in the county match, for sake of which boys will forgive much.

(9) So many books and still no literature! The Ancient Mariner was not in more melancholy plight with

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We doubt if Mrs. Molesworth's latest story, "The Little Guest," will occupy this position in many nursery bookcases. It is good, of course, as any book of Mrs. Molesworth's must be; but, judged by the high standard she herself has set up for us, it falls a little short of our expectations. There is no living writer who understands so well as she does the love of little children for stories that deal with the commonplace of nursery life, or who exercises so much fine restraint in rejecting the joke that may catch a laugh from the sophisticated reader, but will never produce a smile from any child. And those parts of "The Little Guest," that present the daily life of the Penrith children, with their small jealousies and childish passions and generous impulses, are excellent. But when little Elinor—who, by the way, is less real than any child heroine of Mrs. Molesworth's whom we can remember—runs away from her adopted home and falls in with her own father and helps to bring the story to a happy conclusion with breathless rapidity in the last chapter, we feel that a less accomplished writer than Mrs. Molesworth could have dealt more convincingly with the situation. We do not think this book of hers will oust "Carrots" or the "Cuckoo Clock" from their place in the nursery bookcase.

It was a good idea to re-tell the old Northern myths, which is what Mr. Thomas Cartwright has done in two small books, called "One for Wod and one for Lok," and "Sigurd the Dragon-slayer." They are just the right size to slip into the baby's stocking, but we are not sure that they will ever attain distinction on the baby's bookshelf.

"The Old Nursery Stories," on the contrary, set an example of the way in which familiar stories may be re-told without being spoilt. The nursery will probably feel, as we did on opening this collection of old fairy tales, that E. Nesbit has no business to be re-editing other people's stories, when she can make up such magnificent stories out of her own head. But the nursery will forgive her, as we did, when they read how well she has rendered the incomparable histories of "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and all the rest of the real heroes and heroines that nobody ever grows tired of reading about. For those babies who have not inherited the old nursery books of their mother, E. Nesbit has evidently made this charming new edition of them.

Uniform with "The Old Nursery Stories," is "Granny's Wonderful Chair," by Frances Browne. It is a pity that a sententious conclusion to the book should rather spoil the effect of simplicity that characterises it up to the last page or two; for all the tales in it are told in just that direct, unpretentious style that children respect, and the history of the lucky little girl who possessed the wonderful story-telling chair makes a good connecting link for a collection of original fairy tales. "Granny's Wonderful Chair" may safely be squeezed into the baby's stocking this Christmas.

The same may be said of "The Podgy Book of Tales,"

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though it will in this case be a very tight squeeze, and one which a full-sized person's stocking would scarcely bear. Most of these stories of nursery toys are amusing, especially the one about the china puppy that grew into a china dog, because he had a hopeless passion for a sugar mouse that the horrid little boy ate right down to its string tail—and "trouble always ages one." As light literature, the "Podgy Book," despite its stodgy name, may well take its place in any baby's library.

The instructive tone of the preface to "The Alphabet of Beasts," is enough to condemn the book in a child's eyes. "By the word 'beast,' we generally mean a four-footed animal," it announces solemnly. There is, however, a chance that this is meant for humour, read in the light of what children sometimes mean by the word "beast." The "Alphabet" fulfils the promise of the preface. To say that a bear "likes honey, and can learn to dance," is a misleading description, and calculated to make an imaginative child see the bear dancing with a ring through its nose, in its wild condition. The picture of an animal on every page may, however, condone for the deficiencies in the letterpress.

We have kept the best till the last, because, as everybody knows, that is the rule of the nursery. "The Children and the Pictures," by Lady Tennant, is too large and fat a book to go inside anybody's stocking, but it will balance with ease on the end of any nursery cot, because it has magic in it. Dream stories, as a rule, are not sure of success with children, because they are generally so badly done. In Lady Tennant's book the children do not go to sleep in the first chapter and wake up in the last, or anything obvious and clumsy like that; they just find out by accident that the people in the Old Masters' pictures, that hang on the walls of the downstairs rooms, sometimes come out of their frames and walk about; that the children in the pictures even expect to be played with; and these things occur at any time when the grown-up people of the household happen to be out of the way.

There are good reproductions of the Old Masters as illustrations to this capital story-book; but, best of all, there is inspiration in it, and Santa Claus will undoubtedly carry it with him when he goes on his wonderful journey round the world on Christmas Eve.

When rhymes are good, there is always a place for them on the nursery bookshelf. Mr. Cyril F. Austin shows considerable facility in rhyming, in his little books of nonsense stories told in verse, called "Edward Buttoneye," and "Little Blue Rabbit." With the help of the really excellent pictures, done by Miss Hilda Austin, these both stand a very good chance of pleasing the critical sense of babies. They will love the story of the two dolls who, in search of a job, found a coal barge to tow:—

"And as beside the stream they wound,
 Their burden felt so large,
 That Horace, every hour or so,
 Said, 'Are you sure coal doesn't grow?'"

And since rabbits belong by right to the land of which all young things are free, every baby will appreciate the tale of the rabbit who was born blue, much to his own distress, and afterwards fell in with kind children, who offered to wash him with soap:—

"Said Brand, 'We toned the Noah's Ark down,
 Who knows we may not wash him brown?'"

"The Baby's Day Book" has beauty in it, and for that reason some of the "women of four," for whom the title page tells us it is intended, may take it to their hearts. They will certainly find a place there for some of the very imaginative pictures, especially for that of the Flyaway Steed, and of the small woman of four who is courtesying to the baby moon. Most of the poems will, we fancy, leave them untouched.

"Cautionary Tales for children," is not for children at all. There was a laugh or two for the nursery in the same authors' "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," because there was good fun in it; but the humour of the "Cautionary Tales" will leave the nursery cold and untouched. The satire is excellent in "Lord Lundy," whom his family "shoved into politics":—

"In which profession he commanded
 The income that his rank demanded,
 In turn as Secretary for
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but it is not the satire of the nursery.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A SCHEME of judicial reform for Macedonia is reported, after interminable delays, to be ready at last for presentation to the Porte. There are to be three inspectors, Ottoman subjects, who will report to the Financial Commission, on which a European judicial expert will be given a seat. The one satisfactory point in this plan is that the idea of international control is preserved, and the range of the Commission's purview extended. But the Commission will have no right of direct interference, and everything will depend ultimately on diplomatic action at Constantinople. The scheme is trivial and nearly useless, but, none the less, valuable time and diplomatic energies are likely to be wasted in forcing the Porte to accept it. The “Times” correspondent in Constantinople reports that independent opinion there is unanimous that “the Powers are merely wasting time and trouble” in elaborating such schemes, while they take no adequate steps to end the anarchy caused by the bands, which often enjoy Turkish connivance or toleration. The only measure worth pressing would be one conferring executive powers upon the European gendarmerie officers. At present they are mere inspectors, and the work of coping with the bands is left to the unreformed soldiery. General de Giorgis, indeed, is so despondent that he has tendered his resignation. If these officers, free to increase their forces by enrolling some sort of village militia, were entrusted with the actual work of police, the anarchy would speedily come to an end. But we doubt if they would care to accept such a commission unless the civil authority placed over them were made responsible directly to the Financial Commission or to a European governor.

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THE treaty of annexation transferring the Congo to Belgium, with its voluminous appendices and inventories, has now been published. Criticism centres on two points. In the first place, the financial stability of the new Colony will depend entirely on the revenues it derives from the shares which it will inherit in the vari-

ous rubber-collecting companies. If forced labour were really checked, the inflated value of these shares would fall, and Belgium would have to choose between philanthropy and a deficit. In the second place, the revenues of the Crown Domain, one-tenth of the area of the Free State, yielding one-sixth of the rubber, are still reserved for “literary, artistic, and sumptuary purposes.” This has meant in practice the building of palaces for King Leopold, the subsidising of beauty in a frankly personal form, and the corruption of the Belgian Press. With these revenues the Colony might, perhaps, pay its way; without them, it must either continue the present system of exploitation or ask for subsidies from the Belgian taxpayer. The Treaty, like the Constitutional Law, will go before the Parliamentary Commission of seventeen members, which is unlikely to have its labours ready for the Chamber before February or March.

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ON Tuesday Dinizulu voluntarily and unconditionally surrendered to Sir Duncan Mackenzie's force, which arrived at his kraal at Usutu, without resistance. He had previously offered to come to Pietermaritzburg when the first news of the expedition reached him. The Government of Natal, without dealing with this offer, to which no reply was sent, now declare that they had evidence that his arrest would have been resisted if it had been undertaken by a police force. Reports have been spread of the presence of armed Zulus in Zululand and Northern Natal, of which, says the agency that sends them, there is “as yet no confirmation.” Dinizulu will be tried by civil process, which we hope will be carefully watched by the Imperial Government.

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MR. BALFOUR made a long speech at Devonport on Monday, in which he declared that the Unionists could no longer be described as a divided party, without, however, indicating the precise grounds of its unity. His speech was purely critical, dealing, as he said, with “two small studies in the art of misgovernment.” The first of these was Mr. McKenna's “administrative tyranny” in the matter of the sectarian training colleges, under which the State, which finds five-sixths of the revenue, proposes to open these institutions to an occasional Nonconformist student. Having attacked this impiety, Mr. Balfour denounced the Government for failing to put in force the Crimes Act against the cattle-drivers in Ireland, an omission due to Mr. Birrell's electoral promise not to resort to coercion. The Government were “afraid of their own speeches” and were “slaves of their own perorations,” a servitude which cannot be charged to Mr. Balfour. Similarly the members of the Government had been “hampered” by their “mendacious statements” about Chinese labour. The statements were not mendacious, and the Government have not been “hampered” by them. Already 16,000 Chinese have gone, and the rest are following.

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LORD LANSDOWNE delivered a high Tory speech at Edinburgh on Wednesday. He approved of Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy as non-partisan, sneered at the shattering of the Premier's “cloud-built castles” of peace—his policy of “fewer ‘Dreadnoughts’ and more canal boats”—through the failure of the Hague Conference, and suggested that the Anglo-Russian Agreement gave too much control over Persian territory, “stretching far to the south.”

The House of Lords was entitled to deal freely with the land, because its members knew about it, just as soldiers knew about the Army. He praised the English land system as working smoothly, producing a high return per acre, and giving rise to slight friction between the landlord and the tenant, who was a free contractor. The Lords were right in resisting the application to Scotland of the ruinous Irish system of dual ownership, and in maintaining the distinction between landholding in the western Highlands and the Lothians.

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MR. ASQUITH has spoken both at Nottingham and at the Eighty Club, declaring, at the first place, that though Free Trade "bored" Mr. Balfour, it had intense interest and importance for the mass of the people, announcing the Government's "fixed determination" to open up old-age pensions next Session, but discouraging "extravagant proposals." Step by step progress was necessary. At the Eighty Club dinner, he dealt with the House of Lords, denying that it had, during at least 150 years, possessed co-ordinate authority with the Commons, or that it had the right of calling a dissolution. But a Second Chamber might properly intervene when the Commons (a) "outlived their authority," or (b) perverted their mandate, or (c) did their work hurriedly and inexpertly. This suspensory veto would subsist under the Ministerial plan, by which the life of each Parliament could be cut down from seven to five years, or less, so as to avoid the danger of a House of Commons growing out of touch with the people.

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KING OSCAR II. of Sweden died peacefully on Sunday last, aged 78, after a long reign of thirty-five years. He was a grandson of the famous Bernadotte, one of the most adroit and most slippery of Napoleon's Marshals. He did not share his grandfather's good fortune. He was of noble presence, had real literary accomplishments, and his charming, if rather impulsive, character helped to sustain the always artificial union between Norway and Sweden for all but the closing years of his reign. But it broke down finally in 1905, by the act of Norway. The King showed both grief and anger, but his action was temperate and definitely repudiated the use of force. His personal popularity in Norway survived the embittered controversies on the consulates and diplomatic representation. He is succeeded by his son, Gustavus V., a connection by marriage of our own Royal family.

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THE German Reichstag has been busied with the discussion of the new Associations Bill, which extends the liberty of meeting in some minor ways, but forbids the use of non-German languages in public speeches. This repressive measure, an innovation, is, of course, directed against the Poles. The Socialists (as the only German Liberals) and the Centre (as Catholics) oppose it. The so-called Radicals are silent in public but restive in private. They are doubtless open to a bargain, as they are in Prussia, where the Polish Expropriation Bill is still being pressed despite its rejection in Committee. A sensation has been caused by the resignation of the Crown Prince of Bavaria of his position as Patron of the Navy List, by way of protest against the extremists, and in particular against General Keim. His action will doubtless induce Prince Bülow to countenance the League a little less openly.

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THE Temperance Legislation League, of which Lord Peel is President, held a representative Conference on Thursday, on the forthcoming Licensing Bill. An appeal was adopted and issued to the public. The various points on which there is agreement among temperance reformers are detailed and emphasised. With regard to the wider options of veto and disinterested manage-

ment, which could scarcely come into force before the expiration of the time limit, the League recognises that there will be great unwillingness on the part of the House of Commons to enact them at present. It repeats the warnings to temperance reformers which were given by the Prime Minister at Manchester in November, 1899, and by Mr. Lloyd George at the recent annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance. It recalls the various occasions on which, during the last forty years the confident anticipations of temperance people with regard to legislation have been grievously disappointed. It concludes by appealing to temperance reformers to put aside personal preferences, and unite in giving the proposals of the Government earnest and enthusiastic support. In the attitude which it adopts with regard to local option and disinterested management, the League is itself setting an example in the way of putting aside such preferences, and its action in this respect augurs well for the success of the policy of concentrating on essentials.

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BORIS SARAOFF, the brilliant Bulgaro-Macedonian guerilla chief, has been murdered by a private enemy in Sofia. A clever organiser, a magnetic leader, a gallant and capable soldier, he was at the same time an unscrupulous politician, a spendthrift with public money, and a "propagandist" whose hands were stained with much innocent blood. He once nearly provoked a war between Bulgaria and Roumania by his organisation of murder. It was probably he who originated the dynamite outrages that preceded the general rising of 1903 in Macedonia. While Groueff, the real hero of that insurrection, lived, Saraoff's sinister influence was held in check. Latterly, amid angry dissensions, he was working for another forward move. It does not follow that his removal will disorganise the movement; it may, on the contrary, make for unity. The fact that such a man, a strange compound of brilliant qualities and medieval vices, was the hero of the younger men in Macedonia, is itself an evidence of the demoralisation caused by racial feuds and Turkish tyranny, European indifference, and the futility of peaceful protest.

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THE Army Council, which is proving itself an unfortunate tribunal for the decision of military questions, has issued a thoroughly unjudicial and only half-intelligible set of findings on the case of Lieutenant Woods. It reports that he was inefficient as a regimental officer, and that the officers who reported against him were not actuated by "prejudice or bias," though they worded their reports with "abruptness" and "unnecessarily strongly." It declares that his unpopularity was due not to his "studious tastes or temperate habits," but to his failure to associate himself with the "modes of thought and work" of his brother officers, and to "identify his life and career" with the "working and interests" of the battalion, rather than with his "individual tastes." We do not suppose that Lieutenant Woods is a Napoleon, and he may have been awkward in the field, but every word of this absurd censure might have been applied to the conduct of the boy Bonaparte at Brienne. "Dark, solitary, and restrained," says one of his biographers, "the new scholar assumed the indifference of wounded vanity, despised all pastimes, and found delight either in books or in scornful exasperation of his comrades when compelled to associate with them." Lieutenant Woods's unpopularity certainly arose from his refusal to mix fully in the "working and interests" of his battalion. The "working and interests" were defined by one of his brother officers as "golf," "squash rackets," and "going out with the drag." The "Times" rejoices in a verdict which effectually discourages character and intellect in an Army not too bountifully provided with either, and proudly reflects that the "officer" and the "gentleman"

will be for ever associated. "Gentlemanly" armies are very well in their way, but they are apt to be roughly handled by "ungentlemanly" ones—like the Boers.

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THE conduct of the Works Department by the Progressive party in the London County Council has been thoroughly vindicated from the charge of bad, or even dishonest, accounting, which was advanced against it during the March elections. Mr. Waterhouse, who made the "commercial audit" demanded by the Moderate party, has reported that the commercial position of the department showed "sound and careful management," and that its transactions had been efficiently and accurately recorded. The Moderates tried to minimise the finding of the report, but, as Mr. Wood said, it destroyed the scandalous suggestions of "cooking, rigging, and faking," which blackened the department and the party that organised it last spring.

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THE last week or so has been marked by a series of outbreaks of rowdiness. The mild violence of the suffragettes in interrupting, but not breaking up, Liberal meetings has been coarsely imitated by bands of medical students asserting the right of the profession to do what they like with dogs, and of rowdy undergraduates affirming their intention of doing what they like with dons. The medical students attack suffragette and anti-vivisection meetings impartially, the latter on account of an inscription on a statue of a brown dog, vivisected in University College Hospital. The statue was erected in a Battersea recreation ground, and the inscription ran as follows:

"In memory of the brown terrier dog done to death in laboratories at University College in February, after having endured vivisections extending over more than two months, and having been handed over from one vivisector to another till death came to its release."

Attempts have been made by bands of demonstrating students to destroy this monument. Several have been arrested and fined. In Cambridge, bands of undergraduates have assembled, on Sunday mornings, before the rooms of an offending proctor, and escorted him, amid ironical musical tributes, to church. The growing license among undergraduates, both at Oxford and Cambridge, will probably lead to the abolition of the special University laws in their favour, and to their treatment by the police and the town magistrates.

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A NEW party (our Rome correspondent writes) has been started in Milan, and it has taken the name of the Italian Economic Party, it being composed of tradesmen, manufacturers, and industrial people of all kinds and without any definite political shade. The object of the new organisation is to bring about a resurrection of life in the Peninsula in all fields, by solving the economic problem outside of politics or, to be more exact, influencing politics through economic considerations. Their contention is that, in Italy, a progress proportionate to what every citizen is entitled to hope for, is not possible without a considerable increase of riches, which will also have, as consequence, a true moral and political amelioration. Therefore the country must be spurred to work more, to produce more, to spend more; but to reach this object the party deem it indispensable to have the chief organism of the State, Parliament, composed in a different way, that is to say, of men convinced of the usefulness of this programme and sympathising with it. The party openly says that it is a scandal that a town like Milan, the moral capital of Italy, being the centre of all that is produced in the Peninsula, should not be represented in the Chamber by a single man connected with commerce or business. Their first move will be a

crusade, inside as well as outside Parliament, against all unproductive persons. They remark that in Italy there is an average of 75 lawyers to every 100,000 inhabitants, which in some provinces rises to 155 for the same number of inhabitants. The priests are 129,893, viz., 28 to every 10,000 inhabitants, while for the same population Switzerland has only one.

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A SKILLED observer of politics writes us: "As the result of an extended tour of speech-making, I find a great body of vigorous and enthusiastic Radicalism in the country keenly interested in social reform and in the House of Lords question. This is especially true of Scotland, where a very powerful and striking anti-peer movement is in full progress. But I also note two movements of detachment. The first is on the right wing, the second on the left. On the right, the Tariff Reformers are making some progress. They have practically abandoned preferences, for which no one cares a jot, and they do not go in for full-blooded Protection. But they preach retaliation and anti-dumping with some skill and success, and alienate a few working-class votes. On the left side is the growing and serious trend to Socialism of the younger men, largely produced by the missionary spirit, the serious, passionate, and disinterested advocacy of the abler working men and middle-class Socialists on the one hand, and on the other the coldness and hardness of some of the elder Liberals in the provinces, and the absorption of the younger middle-class politicians and clubmen in amusements. This is the really menacing feature of the situation for Liberalism."

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THE German Emperor came up to town after completing his visit to Highcliffe, and, after a round of semi-private engagements, left this country on Thursday morning. On the eve of his departure the German Embassy issued a *communiqué*, notably friendly in tone. The Kaiser, it stated, had greatly enjoyed his visit, was especially pleased with the greeting he had received from the English people, and hoped that his sojourn with us would foster "friendly feelings" between the two peoples. The Kaiser has, by all accounts, public and private, exerted his powers of personal fascination with much success, and the gaiety and brilliance of his talk have won him many friends.—Mr. Roosevelt has at last definitely reasserted his pledge not to allow himself to be nominated for a third Presidential term. The cynical world of American journalism attributes this step—which is natural and honourable—to his desire to damage the candidature of Mr. Cortelyou, whom he introduced into politics. For the moment, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Taft seem likely to dispute the Republican nomination, while Mr. Roosevelt's retirement is said to have improved the chances of Mr. Bryan.

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THE University Rugby match resulted, as was generally expected, in a win for Oxford. The game was an exciting one, for Cambridge, though completely outplayed in the second half, more than held their own at the beginning, and but for the brilliant defence of the Oxford full-back, would certainly have scored. At the end of half an hour the attack of the Cambridge forwards lost its vigour, and Oxford finally won by a goal and four tries to nothing. The winning team owed their success to superiority behind the scrummage, though, at the same time, their forwards played, if a not brilliant, at least a plucky and tenacious game. The passing of the Oxford backs was good, their half-backs being particularly clever, and quite outclassing their Cambridge opponents. The game was an interesting one to watch, and both University teams are this year well above the average.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TWO UNIONIST VOICES.

It is easy to discern in the speeches of Unionist leaders which cover the columns of the "Times," the existence, not, indeed, of a consistent Unionist policy, but of an attempt to convince the public that such a policy exists. Yet nothing can be clearer than the essential disunity of aim. The Opposition is divided into two sections. One is almost purely critical and negative, and rests on aristocratic and old Tory conceptions of the State and the Empire. This is represented by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Devonport, by Lord Lansdowne in his address at Edinburgh, and by Lord Curzon in his lecture to the members of the Birmingham Institute. Mr. Balfour expends his ingenious but narrow and timid intelligence on criticism, not of the Government's Bills, but of its administration, with a special view to the revival and perpetuation of coercion in Ireland, and the maintenance of the hold of the Church of England, treated not as a national institution, but as a close sectarian body, over the fabric of public education. Lord Lansdowne endeavours to fix the Scottish and English land systems in their present position of dependence on great landlords and great estates—*i.e.*, their subordination to the dominant British interests of sport and pleasurable life for a small and favoured class. Lord Curzon appears to think that the main business of Englishmen is to maintain themselves in a state of brooding imaginative delight about the Empire, especially about that portion of it which exhibits none of the really great political achievements of the British race in their despised island home, or even in their self-governing Colonies. This is all. None of the really pressing problems of the British State—unemployment, and ill-paid and irregular employment, the condition of the old population, the conduct of the Poor Law, the diseases of child life, the allied problems of housing and homework, wealth and taxation—come within the horizon of these politicians. In sharp contrast with this attitude is the policy of the second Unionist group, which consists of Protectionists, under Lord Milner and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. They are all for reform. They would, of course, reform the tariff altogether, but they are also open to consider the questions of a minimum wage, the "distribution of wealth," and unemployment. This is Tory democracy—absolutely unsound in its economics, unprepared to provide funds for correcting the worst evils of poverty, or seeking them in the taxation of the great body of home consumers—but still striving to discover some connection between Imperialism and the people, and even finding the point of contact in a vague State Socialism.

If these are the first-fruits of the union of the Unionist Party, we may look at some future date to a renewal of the old struggle between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill for the capture and government of the Tory machine, and of the veiled but not less real antagonism between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. On the political question of the hour we shall soon come to a testing point. What will the Opposition do about the House of Lords? If the Commons again present a contentious Education Bill, and again pass the Scottish Valuation Bill and a Scottish Land Bill, will Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne

repeat the action of 1906 and 1907? If they do, they will have given a truly revolutionary turn to our political history. Hitherto it has been possible to argue that the Lords have only exercised the kind of veto which not merely Mr. Asquith, but, as far as we know, constitutional writers generally assign to them—namely, the power of remitting to the Commons for further consideration a Bill which, for good or bad reasons, they think was insufficiently considered, or ill-considered, or in flat disharmony with the will of the people. This is the suspensory veto, which, we may say incidentally, the Prime Minister's scheme expressly reserves to the Lords. It is fair to say that under the new and much extended reign of closure by the will of the Executive, some such power of reference, used by a competent and well-equipped body of fairly neutral statesmen, represents a useful, even a necessary, constitutional function. But no such conception arises in the minds of men like Lord Lansdowne. They defend the House of Lords as a stronghold of property, or of the special kind of property in which the great majority of the peers are interested. Why, he asked at Edinburgh, should not the country listen to landlords on problems of land tenure and management, of which they have special experience, just as it listens to soldiers on matters of army discipline? But the House of Lords question is not a question of *expertise*; it is a question of leaving the final decision on a great national concern in the hands of a body representing only one kind of interest, that of ownership. And that is the root of the trouble about this House. It has no true national outlook at all. It decides educational questions in the interests of the Establishment, for no Dissenters sit in it, Labour questions (when it dares) in the interests of capital, because it contains no representatives of Labour, land questions in the interests of the landlord, because it contains no tenant farmers and no agricultural labourers, political questions in the interests of Toryism, because nine out of ten of its members are Tories. And all this mass of bias and prejudice is only softened, and even temporarily diverted, when the word is carried round from the Tory Leader in the Commons that it is just as well, for the good of the Party, to put off the struggle with Radicalism to some more convenient season.

This is not a mere academic quarrel. Lord Lansdowne's conception of the Lords as a final court of appeal in matters of landed property shows that he is opposed to any serious changes in our land system, and means to use the peers to avert them. Everything, he says, is well under the English system of partnership between landlord and tenant. Under it "the land has been well cultivated, our acreable yield has been higher than in any foreign country, and hard cases have been rare." This is simply not the fact. It does not happen to be true that English land is profitably cultivated in comparison with our chief European rivals, and such a result can only be arrived at by comparing the poorest kinds of foreign land, which we relegate to pasture, with the much better English arable lands. France yields food for about 170 persons per square mile, that is to say for forty persons more per square mile than this country. It retains a far greater population for country life; that population is an independent and not a depressed community, and it provides something like nine-tenths of what the nation consumes. Our land

system is unscientific and wasteful, and our soil, rich as it is, feeds and rears a dwindling section of the people. These are the results of combining feudalism in economics with landlordism in politics. The Conservative Party, in its present hands, and in spite of the vague protest of the neo-Protectionists, stands for both these forces, and next Session will test their power of resistance to democracy.

MR. BIRRELL'S SUCCESS.

It is time, we think, for the Liberal Party to note that the little crowd of "Ascendency Men" who destroyed Mr. Wyndham's career in Ireland are endeavouring to perform the same service for his successor. In the interval they secured a Chief Secretary after their own heart in the person of Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Walter Long to-day is making himself the violent spokesman of their cause. Various efforts to re-create the Tory Party on the basis of some unanimous cry have proved ineffective. At the General Election a last despairing appeal to rally against "Home Rule" was brushed contemptuously aside by the electorate. To-day Mr. Balfour at Devonport is very content to devote five minutes to the Tariff Reform tangle and fifty minutes to denouncing the Irish administration of Mr. Birrell. The English people fail to respond. The agitators are discovered as the children sitting in the market-place. "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced. We have mourned and ye have not lamented." The piping becomes shriller and the mourning more clamorous as the noise fails to arouse responsive echoes. Mr. Long descends from the customary outlet in the "Times" to plead for coercion in the halfpenny papers. He deplores the apathy of people on this side of the Channel. That apathy is indeed deplorable. It is part of the general profound indifference to the internal conditions of any country but their own, which is the characteristic of the English race, and the unanswerable argument for Home Rule. If England had ever taken a persistent and intelligent interest in the Irish agrarian problem, the Irish agrarian problem would long ago have been but a memory. The process of restoration, now so slow-moving and tiresome and so clumsily delayed by hitches in machinery, would have long ago been completed. Disturbance in Ireland, the most crimeless country in the civilised world, is never inexplicable and random. It has always signified that for some reason the agrarian revolution has become blocked and impeded. The wisdom of statesmanship adopts such measures as are convenient for the suppression of disturbance. But it also repairs the machinery and starts it again forward on its beneficent action.

The present attitude of the average Englishman is not difficult to summarise. He is weary of the continual report of trouble in Ireland. Inwardly, he is convinced that Ireland is a pampered nation, and that Ireland has received in the past far too large a proportion of the nation's attention. He believes Irishmen to be irrational, inexplicable, irritating; always discontented, never satisfied. He would gladly leave them alone altogether, to "stew in their own juice," if he could be quite convinced that in thus leaving them alone, they would not brew up danger to this country, and if he did not distrust them on account of their religion. When he hears of "cattle-driving," he is a little agitated, for

he associates it instinctively with cattle-maiming, and he remembers the hideous stories of the outbreaks of twenty-seven years ago. When he finds that the process is merely driving cattle away at night, without bodily injury, he is inclined to think it is a silly sport; but he cannot get very excited about it. He thought that, by paying fourteen millions of his own money, he had got rid of the landlords; and he asks, somewhat wearily, why it is that the landlords have not gone. He is willing that cattle-drivers should be prosecuted; although his stomach turns a little at the idea of packing juries, or abolishing the recognised machinery of legal decision. He cannot understand the condition of mind in which, say, twelve men, chosen at random by lot, from any city or countryside, can be trusted to acquit, as innocent, men whom they know to be guilty. For he has never understood—he never will understand—the conception of a whole nation, united in passive resistance to his rule and repudiating his justice; which he is convinced—he is so sure of it—is the most benignant Government and the most impartial justice of the civilised world.

Such is England in its attitude towards Ireland: not the England of that tiny landlord class which has associated itself with the same class across the Channel, but the ordinary secure, sedate elector, who is the ultimate court of appeal. What of Ireland in its attitude towards England? Briefly that of a quiet but serious struggle between the bulk of a party which counsel moderation and a legal agitation, and the extremists who would revive the efforts of the old days of violence and agrarian crime. The application of coercion, by a Liberal Government, to deal with cattle-driving, is of course unthinkable. But if it were applied, without a shadow of doubt it would render all the work of moderation useless, and in a moment set the heather aflame. That is a deduction from the history of a hundred years. The idea that coercion has ever succeeded in quieting or pacifying Ireland is an idea belonging to the region of dreams. It has never had any result but that of attracting nine willing "martyrs" for every tenth which it succeeds in clapping into gaol. Ireland has never been pacified after each effort of the agrarian war, but by definite agrarian legislation and by the exercise of deliberate influence for peace amongst its national leaders. After the miserable violence of the '79 land war came dual ownership. After the De Freyne Estate agitation and the last dose of coercion came land purchase. Lord Dudley's Commission will report in a few days' time. That report is expected to declare for expropriation. No nation, was Lincoln's famous declaration which precipitated the Civil War, "can remain half slave and half free." Ireland, in the testimony of all competent observers, cannot remain half transferred to its own people, half in the hands of the alien. When the process is completed there will be no further indication of agrarian unrest in Ireland.

The present campaign is concentrating all its violence upon Mr. Birrell. He is written down a "failure"; he is rebuked for his humour; he is described as cowering before the agitations of rebellion or (in Mr. Balfour's pleasant indictment) shackled and tortured by the stupidity of his own former pledges and promises. No Chief Secretary who was honestly seeking the welfare of the common people of Ireland could fail to earn such objugations; which are entirely honour-

able to the recipient. So far from proving a failure, Mr. Birrell in Ireland is attaining an almost unexpected and quite remarkable success. No Liberal Chief Secretary up to the present has succeeded in winning any kind of sympathy or co-operation in Ireland from the native population. The Irish people are convinced that he is an honest Home Ruler. They are convinced that he is there with no interested aim. They are convinced that he is labouring under impossible conditions with the desire to effect what reform is possible in the general interests of the people. "Mr. Birrell," is the remarkable testimony of a Nationalist Member of Parliament, "instead of threatening coercion, appeals to the people themselves, and his appeal has already met with remarkable response." Belfast was in a condition of civil war while the soldiers maintained order; when the soldiers were withdrawn and the priests requested to keep the peace, tranquillity remained undisturbed. "The question for Government is this," says Mr. Stephen Gwynn; "do you want to punish cattle-driving, or do you want to stop it?" In such an alternative one type of mind will inevitably choose the former; another type of mind the latter; and argument between them is vain. Mr. Birrell has appealed to the people of Ireland, in the name of one who fully recognises the evil to which these demonstrations design to call attention, and who is determined to remedy it at the earliest possible moment. He has declared that the work of devising such remedy will be hampered and may be ruined by a further continuance of the agitation. In any other country but Ireland such an appeal might be received with derision; but Ireland is not as any other country. The advocates of force are half beside themselves at the idea of concluding treaties with "law breakers"; but the advocates of force have tried their policy for many decades and generations, and produced nothing but red ruin and the breaking up of laws. "To bring about the change from pasture to tillage," runs the remarkable confession already quoted above, "from eleven months' tenants to occupying owners, many of us held that agitation was necessary, and we advised it. Now feeling convinced that the necessity for land reform in this direction is just as clear and as urgent to Mr. Birrell and to Mr. Russell as to me, and that they mean business, I, for my part, shall no longer advise the continuance of an agitation which, if carried further, may hamper them financially and otherwise." "We believe in no man's infallibility," wrote Spurgeon of Mr. Gladstone, "but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." Men in Ireland are beginning to be sure of one man's integrity: of a man "who is prepared to stand by and act upon the fulness of his Liberalism even at the utmost political risk to himself." That attitude towards an English Chief Secretary is something new in the history of the two nations. It is an attitude which those who live upon the inherited hatreds of a subject and despised people will never forgive. But there are many who would be very content to shun success, if this is to be reckoned as failure.

NATAL AND THE EMPIRE.

Most English readers, unacquainted with the *lingua Nataliensis*, on reading of the unconditional surrender of Dinizulu, probably pictured the Zulu chief, at the

head of a rebel army, submitting to the superior force with which he found himself confronted before he had found time to carry into execution his nefarious design of swooping down with a murderous impi upon the unprotected farmers of Natal. It may, therefore be well to remind them that there is nothing in the official explanation of the military movement in Zululand to sustain the allegation of "the existence of a widespread conspiracy" leading to "a general rising." The official list of "outrages," no doubt, suggests that the outlawed remnant of Bambaata's band, which ever since the Mome massacre last year, has wandered in the Inkandhla bush, has sought vengeance on neighbouring chiefs who slew their friends and took their cattle. But, considering the magnitude of last year's havoc, these cases have been very rare, and there is no evidence of concerted action among their unknown perpetrators. The case was evidently one for police, and not for military, operations. As for Dinizulu himself, there has been absolutely nothing in his record to warrant the supposition, either that he was preparing rebellion, or that he would refuse to come into Natal to meet any charge his enemies might concoct. Only last May, on the invitation of the Natal authorities, he went to Pietermaritzburg, and underwent a searching examination before the Governor. He has repeatedly expressed his willingness to meet these new vague accusations in the same peaceful manner, and the march of these armed troops to within a few miles of his kraal looks like a deliberate act of provocative insolence on the part of the Natal authorities. It is now evident that even in Natal some misgivings, financial and other, exist regarding the wisdom of this military expedition. Though the "Daily Telegraph," which has given fuller attention to this Zululand incident than any other newspaper, fiercely denounces in its editorial columns those amongst us who venture to question the humanity and discretion of the Natal authorities, its own Natal correspondent shows that criticism is not confined to English Liberals. In a most significant telegram on Tuesday last, we read:—

"Admittedly an awkward situation has been established in Zululand now that Dinizulu has surrendered quietly. Although the prime object of the troops was to capture Dinizulu, the natural course of asking his surrender before despatching a force was not adopted. Until he offered to surrender the Government kept secret their intention to arrest him. It is complained now that the troops have been used expensively, for this purpose might have been achieved by a magisterial summons."

Exactly. Why then were the troops sent? Not to arrest "the rebels," for that, we are told, "the police were capable of doing." Either the despatch of this expedition was an act of folly and extravagance, or was certainly calculated, if not designed, to stir the latent fighting spirit of the Zulus, and to procure the rebellion which would then furnish an *ex post facto* justification for the policy of violence.

Dinizulu is, we gather, to be put on his trial at Maritzburg for inciting to rebellion. We hope the trial will be a full and fair one, though Dinizulu's experience of Colonial justice twenty years ago is not calculated to induce in him very sanguine expectations. Meanwhile the situation still remains a very serious one in Zululand and northern Natal, over which the state of anarchy named martial law still prevails. If, as is suggested, the troops are sent to capture all the chiefs alleged to

have "rebel tendencies," a recurrence of last year's bloodshed and destruction may be anticipated. For any evidence of resentment at an armed invasion of their lands, any refusal or tardiness in delivering their friends to the tender mercies of a court-martial, any flight at the approach of the troops, was last year systematically treated as rebellion, and brought upon its perpetrators a remorseless retribution. In order adequately to realise the state of mingled hate and terror, which must exist in Zululand as a legacy of last year's "punishment," we must remember that at least three thousand Zulus, virtually defenceless, were shot down, many thousands creeping, wounded, into the bush, that whole tracts of their country were devastated by fire, and a large population left starving and homeless. If these troops are given a free licence to arrest all persons against whom a charge of "intending rebellion" can be constructed, a repetition of these terrible scenes may be expected.

It is presumptuous, we are told, for us to express opinions upon an issue which Natal authorities alone are competent to determine. But this contention can no longer be upheld on the present issue. Last year the same charges were launched, in precisely similar phraseology, of conspiracy, intended rebellion and projected massacre, and facts gave the lie to these allegations. There was no conspiracy, no rebellion, and the massacre was inflicted by the white colonial troops. This terrible abuse of martial law last year is a valid basis for our appeal to the Imperial Government to use every legitimate authority to stay a repetition of the iniquity this year. Indeed, the conduct of Natal brings up for necessary consideration the whole larger issue involved in the unregulated use of martial law by incompetent Colonial Governments. That any self-governing colony, which has received its constitution from the Imperial Government under express guarantees of the maintenance of justice and of civilised institutions, shall be at liberty at its own will to renounce all these guarantees and, reverting to the license of military autocracy, be empowered to call upon the Imperial Government for a merely formal ratification of the Act of Indemnity by which it has whitewashed its illegalities, is an abuse of the imperial relations. It is a particularly flagrant case when a colony like Natal repeatedly recurs to this illegal status in order to deal, as her own laws will not permit, with the lives and liberty and property of those British subjects within her confines who are deprived of all share in self-government, and who, for the protection of their vital interests, can only look to the fair administration of laws made by the master race.

We strongly urge upon the Imperial Government the importance of devising effective remedies for these abuses of Colonial constitutions for the purpose of illegal treatment of subject peoples within their borders. No one questions that it is our imperial duty to secure the repression of naked slavery within all portions of our Empire. *A fortiori* there is an obligation to put down or prevent barbarities which are worse than slavery. We are well aware of the extreme delicacy of the question, but this condition does not warrant the British Government in shirking a plain duty, viz., to secure the life and liberty of her subjects against illegal force. So long as the Empire is to retain any reality and unity some function of imperial justice must remain for her to exercise. Some minimum standard of civilised gov-

ernment must be continuously maintained in all parts of that empire, unless we are prepared for a moral dissolution, to be followed, we may be sure at no distant time, by a political dissolution. And there is no part of South Africa where this minimum standard is so essential as in Natal.

The condition in which these subject races live, in colonies where their presence is a negation of true self-government, is incomparably the gravest of all our imperial problems. We are well aware of the extreme difficulty of attempting to enforce any close regulation or protection by imperial officers within the territory of self-governing colonies. No solution lies that way. But the case of Zululand may well induce the Imperial Government to consider whether the precedent of Basutoland, which was withdrawn from the control of Cape Colony when the latter had proved its incapacity to govern it peaceably, should not be made applicable here. In any event, when the question of the unification of the South African State comes up for settlement, care must be taken to secure more stable guarantees for justice and humanity to the native population than exist at present in the instance of Natal. If any further evidence was needed than the damning testimony of recent history to the incapacity of the small Garden Colony to govern with humane intelligence its Zulu tribes, it is afforded by the "Report of the Native Affairs," published two months ago. The Natal government of the natives is there roundly designated as "a system of government which disregards natural laws, leaves out of account the idiosyncrasy of a people, and is doomed to failure," and "which, as it fails to attract sympathy on the one hand, and loyalty on the other, stands self-condemned, and should be replaced by another framed more on natural conditions, and the habits and temperament of the people." Can a Government, guilty of such errors in its past, reasonably claim immunity from imperial criticism, and be expected to carry out, of its own motion, unaided by imperial assistance, an adequate code of reforms for the future conduct of its native affairs?

A LEGAL MINIMUM WAGE.

LORD MILNER was described on a historic occasion as a "lost mind." But before the loss occurred Lord Milner had imbibed from Arnold Toynbee and others some sound economic principles which appear to have survived the wreck. The chief of these is the conception that the State has a more positive responsibility towards its members, and particularly its poorer members, than that of securing them legal freedom and immunity from unjust or excessive taxation. These are indeed important things to secure. But it can never be ignored by anyone who looks the facts of modern industry steadily in the face that under the forms of complete political and legal freedom the economic forces of the modern industrial system may build up a tyranny under which the weaker are crushed as effectually as by a despotic system established by law. The woman who together with her children works from morning to night, and from week-end to week-end, stitching button-holes, fastening "hooks and eyes" on to cards, or making cheap coats and trousers, is legally free to take her work elsewhere if she is not satisfied with the conditions and the payment. If she thinks 1s. 6d. too little for making

a dozen shirts she is at liberty to find, if she can, anyone who will pay her 2s. Here, according to the old economics, the duty of the State in the matter ceases. If she cannot find anyone who will pay her more than 1s. 6d., then, according to the economists, 1s. 6d. must be assumed to be the fair price for that amount of work. No other test of fairness, it was alleged, could be assigned except that which the laws of supply and demand actually secure in the end for the worker. Let everyone have equal opportunity to get the best price he can, and the whole duty of the State is done.

Unfortunately the whole interest of the State in the matter is by no means ended. If as politicians or economists we are to have no bowels of compassion for the unhappy workers whose utmost toil cannot secure for them the bare necessities of decent existence, we are nevertheless as ratepayers compelled to stand between them and starvation. And of one thing we may be certain. The victims of the sweated trades are not really living on their sweated wages. Either they are being maintained by some outside support, whether of friends and relations or of public charity, or they are slowly or rapidly wearing away. Their strength, insufficiently supported by the pittance they can earn, is being wasted month by month, and sooner or later they, and probably their children with them, must come on the public for support. Meanwhile, at best, these same children are growing ill-nourished, ill-housed, and ill-clothed. They will be turned into the streets at the first moment that the School Attendance Officer will allow, to make coppers by street selling, or whatever semi-vagrant occupation comes to hand. They will learn no trade. They will do nothing to equip them for the struggle of adult life. They are merely preparing themselves to swell the ranks of the unemployable, and they in their turn will become a burden on the community. For the public "sweating" is no business proposition. It may enjoy the cheap goods, but it has to pay in hard cash later on for all the loss of human tissue that has made them cheap.

How then can society protect itself against the sweater, how can it alleviate this dark seething mass of human misery, how can it choke up this source of future pauperism? The remedy suggested by the Anti-Sweating League, to which Lord Milner gave his blessing, is the creating of Wages Boards, on the analogy of those in Victoria, to fix a minimum wage in certain scheduled trades. The principle underlying the proposal, whether it be accepted or not, is readily intelligible. It lays down that just as the State has prescribed certain conditions as to health, safety, and hours in industry, so it may also secure certain conditions as to the primary object of the worker, namely, wages. The grounds for interference are the same in both cases. On the one hand there is the economic weakness of the operatives, which induces them to assent to conditions which are not for their good. On the other there are the large permanent interests of society itself, which cannot view with unconcern the acceptance by any class of the community of conditions of work incompatible with safety or with health. It may be said that these arguments imply an enlargement of the functions of the State. They imply that it is among the duties of the State, not merely to guarantee subsistence to all its members—as is implied in the Poor Law system—but so far as lies in its power to secure them, in return for serious effort of their own, an independent maintenance in enjoyment

of, at least, the bare necessities of a civilised existence. If it is argued that this is an extension of State-responsibility, we may admit the impeachment, without shame.

But it may be asked: Can the thing be done? Can a minimum wage be fixed, can agreement be secured, and if so, will it not merely mean an increase of unemployment? As to the first point, it should be understood that there is no question here of a universal minimum. The proposal is to constitute Boards representing employers and employed, who would be thoroughly conversant with their own trade in their own district, and would legislate accordingly. They would in every respect resemble the many Conciliation Boards in the great organised trades, except that, instead of relying on the agreement which instituted the Board, their decisions would rest on legal authority. It would, of course, be the first object of such a Board to secure agreement. In practice it would proceed by "levelling up." It would raise the wages of the worst shops to those paid by the best and most capable employers. In so doing it is true that it would probably eliminate some very incapable workers from employment. This is a drawback which has to be faced. But may it not be fairly said that among those at present underpaid there are two classes? There are those whose work would be worth far more than they earn, provided they had but the economic position which would enable them to secure payment proportioned to their industry. There are also those who, miserably paid as they are, are not producing and cannot produce more than the value of their wage. The object of legislation is to help the former class to the honourable independence which, once achieved, they are able to maintain. In the case of the latter, it should surely be recognised that those who, through no fault but that of sheer incapacity, are permanently unable to earn a decent livelihood, are fit objects of wisely directed help. In a word, the consequence of the Wages Board legislation will be found to be an increased need for better provision for dealing with the unemployed. At all events, the very worst use to which we can put the incapable is that of helping by their competition to drag down into the mire of misery those a step above themselves, who might under more favourable circumstances be able to maintain themselves in modest comfort.

The practicability of Wages Boards in this country has been called in question. On the whole, the experience of Victoria seems to us quite as satisfactory as could be expected. There have been some partial failures. The most sanguine could hardly expect to escape them. In some five cases there has been friction, but in four of the five it has been in one way or another surmounted. Of forty-two Boards that have arrived at a rate of wages, only one has been a total failure, and the great majority have worked smoothly. Doubtless the English conditions are more complex, but, on the other hand, the task proposed in England is much more modest, being confined to a limited number of specially scheduled sweated trades. The scheme holds the field. No other method of dealing with this tragic side of our social life has yet been propounded. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has been well advised in taking steps to obtain a special report on the Victorian system, and if this report is as favourable as the Colonial official reports themselves, we have no doubt that he will find means of adapting the system to English conditions.

Life and Letters.

THE MORTAL MEANING OF FOG.

WE discussed in *THE NATION* the other day the contrast between private magnificence and public meanness, in the external structure of our British civilisation. Still more striking is the contrast between private cleanliness and public filth. While our cold tub and personal fresh air practices have gathered almost superstitious sanctions of propriety and decency, we are content to go on, decade after decade, breathing in our streets a common air, largely made up of the waste matter and noxious vapours given out in the processes of city industry and life. Except for a rare Sunday in a breezy spring or autumn, Londoners do not know what really pure air means. The normal state of London atmosphere, far short of fog, is so packed with particles of carbon and other far more harmful things, that the direct rays of the sunlight cannot penetrate, while free breezes cannot carry off its poisonous freight. Nor is it much comfort to Londoners to know that many of our great industrial cities are worse sufferers. We all, in private, admit the value of fresh air and sunshine. Nor will we deny that the increase of bronchial and pulmonary diseases must be due in some measure to the foul conditions of our town atmosphere, especially in the congested working-class quarters. The air we breathe is probably a more important factor in vitality even than the food we eat, and the high mortality, especially among children, in our city slums is largely attributable to atmospheric poisons. Dr. Tatham, the Medical Officer of Health for Manchester, has stated his deliberate conviction that the people living in the central district of Manchester lose 30 per cent. of their normal life from the conditions of their surroundings; and of these conditions foul air is certainly the most important. In London the issue is dramatised a few times every winter in some famous "fog."

The attitude of the public mind towards these fogs is typical enough. We grumble at them when they are upon us. But we are really rather proud of them. They even contribute an element of romance to the dull tenor of our routine life. We like to astonish foreign visitors with an experience of "a real London fog," and when we are informed that Paris sometimes suffers quite as heavily, we feel patriotically indignant at this mean theft of our supremacy. This fact that our fog has become a sort of sentimental asset contributes something to our refusal to seek a remedy. But our apathy and impotence are deeper rooted in the national psychology. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then when he saith to thee 'Wash and be clean'?" This surely goes to the root of the matter. We have no realising sense of the mortal meaning of our London fog. If we knew that on some one day each December the fumes of the neighbouring chimneys would sweep down the Strand in a poisonous stream of vapour, so strong as to asphyxiate the several thousand people walking in the street and destroy their lives, such a calamity would be unendurable, and no expense or effort of public authority would be spared to prevent it. Yet if this same calamity is spread out instead of being thus condensed, if it operates gradually instead of suddenly, irregularly instead of regularly, indirectly instead of directly, not only is it endurable, but it seems possible to generate no serious determination to combat it. "During a famous fog in London in 1880," writes Mr. Graham, in a little volume entitled "The Destruction of Daylight" (George Allen) "some 3,000 people more than usual died in three weeks. A still worse case occurred in 1892, when, after a heavy fog, there were 1,484 additional deaths in a week in London. A large part of this illness and death is caused by the soot passing into the breathing tubes and causing bronchitis; the delicate membranes of the lungs become clogged and inflamed with sticky soot, and so become diseased." There can be no reasonable doubt that the conversion of a comparatively innocent Thames valley mist into London fog, by an unnecessary addition of

smoke, is directly responsible for thousands of deaths every winter.

Yet it appears as if nothing effective in the way of remedy could be obtained. In order to get a quick and strong redress, a grievance must be novel and urgent in its nature, it must be perpetrated by known persons, and suffered by known persons. The causation must be direct and obvious, and must stir a feeling of outrage in the public mind. Unless all these conditions are present, it is scarcely possible to get a real remedy. A case in point is the grievance of the motor car. Here are present many of the semeia of a public outrage: a small number of known persons openly abuse the highways, offending and injuring every sense of the other wayfarers, habitually defying the law of the land, and causing loss of life and limb to many citizens. Yet somehow no remedy appears feasible. Why? Chiefly because the grievance, though tolerably rapid, has been gradual and continuous. In its inception, the motor car was interesting as a miracle, and as it grew into a nuisance and a peril, the habit of seeing, smelling, dodging, and enduring it grew likewise: at no particular time did it grow from a tolerable nuisance into an intolerable outrage, and so nothing has been done. If in a single season the revolution had occurred which has made our best highroads the private playground of a few thousand reckless plutocrats, even the tame Southerner would have taken arms against the injustice.

So with the smoke nuisance, of longer standing, of slower growth and of subtler injury. It is probable that the larger mass mind is immovable, because it does not really believe that good air is a condition of healthy life. In the vast majority of our town dwellers, we must remember, there is no consciousness of the ugliness and meanness of their city, no realisation of hygiene still less of the æsthetic value of pure air and sunshine. As a nation we do not believe that smoke is responsible for the vital injuries which Mr. Graham describes, and until we do we shall not exert the necessary effort to deal with it. In his careful, well-informed, and temperate discussion, Mr. Graham shows that several technical remedies for the worst of the evil already exist. Considering the contributions of the domestic grate and the factory chimney, respectively, to the smoke nuisance, he shows what can be done by the use of gas fires, coke, coaline, and other substitutes for our wasteful domestic fire, and sets forth the various claims of reformed methods of stoking, and other economies of fuel which have already been tested in industrial furnaces.

No serious doubt exists about the technical feasibility of stopping the smoke evil. It is entirely a matter of imposing certain immediate expenses and inconveniences of no great size upon business and private householders, and of securing an adequate enforcement of existing and required legislation. It would not cost very much, and the cost would rapidly be recouped in human and mechanical energy. But such solution, simple as it sounds, is very difficult. British cities are designed mainly for industrialists to work in, not for citizens to live in. This being so, it has been virtually impossible to get laws upon the Statute Book, or if they are there to get them administered, if the administration interferes or seems to interfere with some immediate economy of industry. Stupid or short-sighted manufacturers want to be allowed to waste their coal, to pollute rivers, and to exercise other sorts of industrial liberty, and as politicians, magistrates, and citizens, they prostitute their public influence to their private business interests. Therefore they got inserted in the Public Health Act of 1875 the qualifying words, "as far as practicable," to undo the effectiveness of the prohibition of injurious smoke, and, as local administrators, have in most towns, by refusals to convict, or by the imposition of trivial fines, reduced the law to a dead letter.

The conquest of smoke belongs in truth to that great struggle to secure the city for the citizens, to make it primarily a place to live in, and only secondarily a place of industry. Here it is idle to trust to voluntary individual action: a few public-spirited manufacturers will do their duty and something more, the majority

will only move when they must. "Masters will not take the trouble to alter their furnaces, nor will the men alter their method of stoking, unless they are compelled." Mr. Graham is thoroughly practical in his suggestions for the alteration and improved administration of the law. His proposals are as follows:—

(1) Omit the words "black," and "as far as practicable," and the statutory notice from the Public Health Act.

(2) Make the fines cumulative and high.

(3) Give power to the Court to order smoke-prevention appliances on the Chief Inspector's advice.

(4) Put the inspectors under the Alkali Acts, and make them independent of local control.

(5) Let each large district be under a competent chemist, or engineer, with scientific training.

(6) Inspect domestic fire-grates, and make householders liable to a fine for excessive or protracted smoke. Remit a little from the rates of gas-users, by selling gas a trifle below cost. Compel the use of gas or electric cookers and coke furnaces where possible.

Are we as a nation still so indifferent to the value of pure air, so much lovers of darkness rather than of light, that we cannot muster enough intelligent self-interest to secure this charter of civic cleanliness?

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

ALMOST all recent legislation points to the fact that imprisonment is falling more and more into discredit as a remedy for crime. A prolonged experience of its operation shows that it seldom has the effect either of reforming or of deterring the convicted offender. Of the male population committed to English prisons more than one half have been convicted before; and of the female population more than three-fourths have been convicted before. Thousands have been convicted ten or more times and thousands have been convicted over twenty times. In the face of revelations of this kind it is impossible to retain more than the smallest modicum of faith in imprisonment or penal servitude as a remedy for crime. Imprisonment under the best conceivable conditions deprives a man of his liberty and reduces him for the time being to the status of a slave. And slavery is not and never will be a good preparation for freedom. In spite of the discredit which has fallen upon imprisonment we still put people into jail at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand a year. For a variety of offences imprisonment with all its imperfections is the only mode of treatment which society has been able to devise.

In modern penal legislation the great difficulty has been to find substitutes for the prison cell. We have, it is true, such substitutes as fining, sureties for good behaviour, reformatory and industrial schools for juveniles, and more recently inebriate reformatories have been introduced on a small scale for habitual drunkards. But when all these penalties have been exhausted there still remains an enormous number of petty cases which are dealt with by short terms of imprisonment. According to the last Prison Report nearly seventy thousand cases were committed to prison for periods of a week and under, and nearly forty-five thousand cases for periods of from eight to fourteen days. In other words, considerably more than one half of the prison population committed during the year had sentences of fourteen days and under. These short sentences to prison are futile and mischievous, and it is to be hoped that the Probation of Offenders Act, passed last Session, and which will come into force almost immediately, may have the effect of limiting the number of petty offenders who now undergo brief terms of imprisonment. According to the provisions of this Act, an official, to be called a probation officer, may be appointed for every Petty Sessions division, and offenders whom it is not deemed expedient to imprison may be liberated on condition that they put themselves under the supervision of the probation officer. The duties of the probation officer will be to advise, assist, and be-

friend offenders placed in his charge; to see that they carry out the conditions under which they were liberated, and to report to the court as to their behaviour. This system has been in operation for a considerable number of years in the United States, and it has met with a solid amount of success in all cases where the courts have been able to obtain a zealous probation officer. If our courts succeed in getting hold of the right kind of probation officer, this new substitute for imprisonment may be of the greatest value in dealing with small offences.

Mr. Gladstone is to be congratulated upon the passing of this useful little Act, and it is to be hoped that the justices of the peace in our boroughs, and where it is possible in our counties, will take the lead which he has given them, and do their utmost to make the new Act a success. The Home Secretary is on more difficult ground with the schemes which he says he has in hand for dealing with habitual offenders. According to the brief report of a recent speech of his at the London magistrates' dinner, he proposes next Session to bring in a Bill for detaining habitual offenders after they have served their sentences of imprisonment or penal servitude. It will be interesting to see the conditions under which he hopes to work such a scheme. He seems to contemplate the establishment of a new kind of prison, in which habitual offenders at the expiration of seven, ten, or fifteen years' penal servitude, are to be incarcerated afresh for an indefinite period. If such a scheme is only intended for the weak-minded and the imbecile, who, under any circumstances, are not fit to be at large, it would stand in the same category as asylums for the insane and mentally defective classes, and no objections could be urged against it. But if it is his intention to introduce into this country the principle of what is called the "indeterminate sentence," he must be prepared to encounter serious opposition from many quarters. He must remember that an indeterminate sentence—that is to say, a punishment without any fixed limit attached to it—is entirely out of harmony with the general principles of English law. The object of a fixed sentence of so many months' imprisonment, or so many years of penal servitude, is not merely to punish the criminal, but also to protect his liberty against the arbitrary will of the administration. The indeterminate sentence withdraws the individual undergoing it from the sphere of law, and places his liberty completely at the mercy of prison officials or Home Office officials. We do not believe that the people of England, with their jealous regard for individual freedom, will ever consent to place the freedom of any man, however degraded, permanently at the mercy of a prison bureaucracy. An extension of the principle of conditional liberation, and not the indeterminate sentence, is the English method of dealing with habitual offenders. According to our present system, a prisoner in penal servitude can only be liberated after he has served three-fourths of his sentence. If this principle of conditional liberation were made more elastic, if it were extended so that the offender, at the discretion of the authorities, might have his sentence conditionally remitted by one-third or one-half, it would meet all the necessities of the situation. At bottom, the criminal problem is not so much a penal as a social problem. It is not by penal measures, but by social reforms, that crime will be reduced; and it would be a fatal mistake to do anything which might lead the public to believe that mere alterations in penal machinery are a satisfactory substitute for an amelioration of the wretched social and economic conditions out of which crime takes its rise.

We have an excellent instance of the futility of altering penal machinery in the expectation that such change would lead to the diminution in the number of prisoners committed to gaol for debt. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone was chairman of a committee of inquiry into the administration of prisons and the treatment of prisoners. One of the recommendations of this committee was that debtors should be treated like ordinary criminal prisoners. This recommendation was made, among other reasons, in the belief that if debtors were treated as severely as ordinary criminals, it would deter

them from coming to prison. But what has been the result? During the last ten years or so, the debtor population in prisons, so far from diminishing, has increased something like twenty-five per cent. Here is an object-lesson, if ever there was one, of the futility of imagining that offences can be reduced in number by the mere exercise of severity. The existing rules for the criminal treatment of debtors who are incarcerated for purely civil offences ought to be abolished at once, as they can be abolished, by the Secretary of State. The proper policy, in the case of debtors, is not to reduce them to the rank of criminal prisoners, but to take exactly the opposite line, and abolish imprisonment for debt. In the "Positivist Review" for the present month, Mr. Atkinson, one of our most cautious and judicious stipendiary magistrates, puts forward a powerful plea for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. He gives several heart-rending instances of the cruel hardships inflicted on the debtor and his family, under the existing law. The Government cannot afford to neglect Mr. Atkinson's appeal. Last year the number of debtor and civil-process prisoners amounted to nearly 20,000. The abolition of the existing law as to petty debts would sweep most of these people out of prison, and confer a real benefit on the community as a whole.

THE EXTINCTION OF BIRDS.

It might be thought that the bird was particularly well equipped for resisting the forces that make for the extinction of species. Far better able than the mammals to escape from narrow surroundings; living a life that gives scope to the intelligent and energetic faculties; endowed in a pre-eminent degree with courage and an æsthetic sense, and their corollary, a strong selective instinct; the bird should be the last to allow itself to be shut up in an island and there to dwindle into impotence, and to perish at the first inletting of fresh elements of competition. When we think of the periodic and casual exchanges that take place between the bird population of our islands and that of Europe, Africa, Asia, and even America, and the apparent feebleness of some of the wanderers, we are scarcely prepared for the long list of extinct species that the islands of the world (and the continents in less degree), have to offer.

The northern species, for the most part, hold their own. They are not only hardier than the birds of the tropics, but almost universally given to the habit of seasonal migration. We do not forget the great auk, the Labrador duck, and the few others that form the exception that proves the rule. The overwhelming proportion of the long list of birds extinct within historic times, dealt with by Mr. Walter Rothschild in his new book,* are examples of the degenerating tendencies of a tropical existence. The dodo is the best known—that wingless pigeon, many times the size of a flying pigeon, that awaited so long on Mauritius the fate that was certain to befall it the first time the island should be visited by sailors pining for fresh meat. The island of Réunion supplied an almost exact counterpart in the Bourbon dodo, and a third though importantly different bird existed not far away in Rodriguez. The last was far less "ineptus" than the dodo, or the Bourbon solitaire, being endowed with strong legs for running, though, like them, it had given up the use of its wings. It was, says L'Éguat, "wonderfully beautiful." He compares it, indeed, to a beautiful woman. "They walk with so much stateliness and good grace that one cannot help admiring them and loving them, by which means their fine mien often saves their lives. As soon as they are caught, they shed tears, without crying, and refuse all manner of sustenance, till they die."

From L'Éguat's description of this running solitaire, we can imagine that its imprisonment had been less protracted than that of the dodo, or that it had some enemy, not so persistent as to keep it on the wing but

active enough to make it keep its legs in use. The art of flying, which fascinates the featherless biped so much that many of us would give our arms for wings, seems to be rather a bore than otherwise to the birds themselves. It is fear, not pleasure, that has given the bird wings, and the vivacity, intelligence, and æsthetic tastes it displays are rather the outcome of flight than its cause. As soon as the necessity for wings is abolished, the bird begins to give up the pleasures of flight, and to indulge its carnal appetite instead. Parrots, Amazons, and macaws are among those that, without entirely giving up the use of the wing, suffer themselves to be cut off from their kindred by a few miles of sea, and many of them are figured in this gallery of extinct beauties. The imaginative avine temperament lends itself easily to any tendency towards variation, and it is far more likely that specific differences have arisen after geographical severance, than that each island should be the last standing-place of a species once far more widely distributed. The St. Kilda wren is just as certainly a descendant of the mainland wren as the man of St. Kilda, in whom, by the way, Mr. Kearton has shown some points of variation, is a descendant of a mainland race.

Mr. Rothschild names in his list of causes tending towards specific extinction the draining of marsh lands, the stripping of forests, and other direct or indirect changes, such as the introduction of a new enemy or the destruction of an old food. The first cause may be said to have operated to a considerable extent in this country, for the draining of the fens of Norfolk and Cambridge has driven away many species once very abundant. So has the sanitation of London abolished the kite, though it can scarcely be said to have been the cause that has driven it into the mountains of Wales. The spoon-bill and the kite are as common as ever throughout the world, and it is conceivable that when all bogs have been drained and the exhibition of carrion made the rarest occurrence, they may still find a living. Darwin has reminded us that there are still woodpeckers on the plains of La Plata, where not a tree grows, and that others of the family in North America have become frugivorous, while yet others get their living as fly-catchers. It is difficult to destroy a numerous and widespread race by taking away its food. Some members of it will manage to adapt themselves to a substitute, and gradually the vitality that produced so large a horde will flow full-tide in the new direction.

Even London has its dodo. In the green island of the parks, surrounded by a sea of bricks and mortar, the wood-pigeon, one of the wildest and most active birds of the country, and a visitor to and from the Continent, is slowly accumulating lethargic habits and their consequences, that may some day justify us in naming it *Columba inepta*. Countrymen who have seen and admired the wild cushat in high flight at the rate of sixty miles an hour almost fail to recognise the species in the fat thing waddling among the sparrows, feeding from the fingers of man and scarcely deigning to open its wings for the purpose of scrambling into the low bush in which its nest is perennially built. The fear of rats and cats is just sufficient to keep it from abandoning the air altogether and building and living on the ground. Even as it is, a removal of the fond protection that makes its easy life safe would in a few weeks cause the extinction of the London wood-pigeon.

There are two notable instances of lost species that are not covered by the facts just considered. One is the Passenger pigeon of North America. Up to the forties of last century it must have numbered myriads. When it moved about the country the air was darkened for miles, the roosting birds destroyed forests and the inhabitants of wide districts ate nothing but pigeon for weeks together. Its nesting area in Ontario covered hundreds of square miles of continuous rookery, single trees in which have been known to contain ninety nests. Mr. Rothschild accounts the species extinct in a wild state and says that the sole remainder of the race is a group of five birds in the possession of Professor Whitman, of Chicago. Reports collected for many years by the editor of "Recreation," however, are hard to overlook and

* "Extinct Birds." With 45 coloured plates embracing 63 subjects and other illustrations. By the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Ph.D., F.Z.S. Hutchinson. £25.

seem to point to a distinct revival in the history of the passenger pigeon. Every year since 1891 Mr. Shields has had accounts sent to him from Manitoba, Wisconsin, and several parts of Canada, and as late as 1903 a band of three hundred birds was said to be inhabiting a happily remote part of Pennsylvania. But even if these reports are all true, the passenger pigeon stands as a continental species of enormous numbers brought to the very verge of extinction almost in the space of a human generation. The Labrador duck was never nearly so common, but up to a few years ago lived an apparently healthy existence in a range whose winter extension covered a good deal of the Hudson Bay Company's territory. The collector is not accountable for its disappearance. Some cataclysm or far-reaching misfortune of which we know nothing has visited it probably in its nesting ground and extinguished an interesting species whose nearest relative, so far as feathered appearance goes, is the old squaw. There is, however, many another species of duck, notably among those coming from the south, that the American gunner seems likely soon to exterminate. Extinction by human agency works with geometrical acceleration. Soon the common bird begins to get a little rare, and every specimen acquires a market value above that which the pot gives it. Then the price of its skin goes up from shillings to pounds and the bird is not only shot at sight but waited for and sought out. It is a sad story and one which surely does no credit to our civilisation.

THE UNDYING HOPE.

THE undying hope of humanity rests upon a conviction that its triumph is essential to the universal triumph, that its interests will not be sacrificed to meet the Divine Scheme, but are a vital part of it, and that man's need of God is God's need of him. The time is past when we could be comforted by any faith short of this, by any theory representing either God's justice or His love as optional, something that He could refuse to give and yet be God, or something to which we could be utterly and permanently irresponsible, and yet be men. We speak no longer of His uncovenanted mercies, simply because we hold that His covenant is as wide and as deep as the universe, and takes cognisance of the path of every atom, and of every human soul. There is no safety, no shelter, in any lesser covenant. A God who could do without us would be a God we could do without. We could not even miss Him, if we were not mysteriously one with Him. But if we are one with Him, what follows?

Every unit, every fraction, must be justified by the whole, and in its turn, to some extent, must justify the whole, and itself. Human sin seems to be the refusal of self-conscious beings to afford this justification, to realise their own context, their explanation in God. The temporary refusal, because in every living soul, deeper than even sin, there lies the impulse towards self-justification—or self-realisation—the two are one.

But this is not an easy gospel with which to come into close contact; and many people, all their lives, successfully hold it at arm's length. For it requires us to explain ourselves, our follies, and our sins, by something diviner and greater. We would willingly explain them by something smaller. If we are selfish and indolent, we may talk of temperament, and of heredity, and circumstance, and the clay and the potter; and all the while God is waiting for the only true apology—sacrifice and honest work. It is not enough to confess that we have robbed Him; we must pay the price of every sin; and the price is righteousness. Not pain—mere pain cancels no debt, though it may be a necessary factor in the exaction of payment. But if we have been weak, we must coin a deeper strength from weakness; and if we have been hard and bitter and revengeful, we must distil love from hate. The saint is the only explanation of the sinner that is accepted by God; and He not only accepts, but demands it; not only demands,

but impels it. For the final guarantee of man's divinity is the humanity of God.

It is this Divine insistence, this relentlessness of God's grace, that is our hope. Words and tears are of no avail: we must pay the uttermost farthing. Hate might spare us: love never will. And if it seems a hard doctrine, this inexorableness of God, we must remember that His exaction of righteousness from unrighteousness is likewise His exaction of infinite joy from pain, and peace from thwarted passion and selfish agony. There are so many hells, we need a heaven that is built out of them, that can use and transmute them. A heaven that cannot interpret hell, is no heaven for mortal men; and to many of us the consciousness of hell and heaven comes simultaneously—when, like poor Dives, we lift up our eyes, "being in torment." It is as if nothing else would ever have induced us to lift them up! And then, let us hope, we think, as He did, of our brothers, or our friends. And then, surely the bridging of the great gulf is only a matter of time.

Have you never seen, passing over a coarse, brutal, vacant face, the sudden look of a saint or Madonna? And if so, did you not feel that, for the first time, you had seen the face in its reality, and caught a glimpse of the making of purity—not the purity of the snow, that falls on the earth and is spoiled, but the living purity of the flower, that makes the dark earth nourish it? A flower is a small brown seed, mud, and sunshine; and we must not forget the mud. Strange elements enter into the building of the house not made with hands—but they do not enter it unchanged; they are transformed by a thousand deaths.

That is why, perhaps, some of us hardly want such a house for the soul. To be honest, we fear that it would be less suitable for time than for eternity; and we want a jerry-built house, that we can furnish on the hire system. And the city of God is very well; but we prefer a city that we can survey and measure, whose streets—not being of pure gold—we can dig up and put down again.

So we bring purely material estimates to bear on spiritual things, in all the greater haste because we shrink, with positive terror, from the prospect of one day having to estimate material things spiritually. It is a terror of the flaming sword that guards the way of the Tree of Life—the only way worth treading, the way that only those may tread in whom love casts out fear.

We flinch, and we should always flinch, but for the Divine desire that will not let us rest—the unswerving purpose that moves through all our human purposes, but whose goal is still beyond. We may notice, in our own lives or in the lives of others, a process of spiritual elimination, by which the false, or insufficient ideals towards which the soul strives, are tried, one by one, and found wanting. It is a method that involves much pain; it is laborious and long, and it is satisfactory. We do not adequately realise that God is behind it, forcing us, step by step, to relinquish the halting solutions in which we seemed to find the very secret of life, leading us towards some solution that holds good eternally.

That is the hope, the faith that can confront failure and pain and death—the faith that though the fulfilment of God's purpose in us often means our frustration in time, our ultimate frustration is impossible, since it would mean the frustration of God. Christ's purposes were thwarted, and His heart was broken. He was rejected, betrayed. But what overthrew His glad human dreams of the speedy coming of the Kingdom was something more than the world's hatred. It was the hope of God, that triumphed over His hope, only to fulfil it the more utterly.

We know how the old leaf-bearing impulse is thwarted, or transcended, if you choose, by the impulse to bear fruit, how fruit and flowers alike demand its sacrifice. We often see men and women leading forlorn hopes quietly, people who deserve success, and whom it would have left unspoiled, who would have found a purer joy in it than the ambitious or selfish can ever find. Yet they go on grey day after grey day, with so little

obvious sunshine that we are inclined to quarrel with the universe on their behalf, if not on our own. For it is not in human nature actually to prefer the forlorn hope. We should all like to wave our banner over some conquered citadel. Why cannot a triumphal entry be granted to such as these, with flags flying and beat of drum?

Simply because God's conception of human victory is so much greater than ours that it cannot always adapt itself to our small triumphal processions. Yet His most glorious hope lies hidden in the hope we call forlorn, like the jewel in a matrix of clay; and it will prevail at last.

Those who hold this faith do not lose it in the face of what we call death. For they believe that their treasures of experience, their love, that is so slowly learning complete self-forgetfulness, their wisdom, bought with many blunders and much pain, their reverence and gratitude for stronger and better souls, are not only their own priceless possessions, but part of the wealth of God, that they belong to His essential being, and mean more, not less, to Him than to them.

Travel and Adventure.

THE GIANTS OF THE SUDAN.—II.

BY SIR ALFRED PEASE.

The Nuer is very lanky. What the stork is among birds, or perhaps the flamingo, the Nuer is among men. Being amphibious, the Nuers are endowed by nature, like herons and other waders, with the most extraordinary long legs (femur and tibiae); when at rest or on the look-out, in the marches or on ant hills, they stand motionless on one leg; when moving in the swamps, they take the same leisurely strides over the rushes as a stork does. Like water birds, they have long thin necks, and small narrow heads; their features are often good, but I remarked no uniformity amongst them in this respect. As far as their physiognomy is concerned, it in some degree resembled that of the Kaffirs of South Africa. Later, I shall give some of the reasons which make me suspect a common origin of these Nilotic negroes with the Bantus. Their language is a most peculiar one; it is, I think, the most inarticulate I have heard, and more difficult, I should say, to acquire than even the click languages of the Bushmen and Hottentots of South Africa. A preliminary process before attempting to learn it would be to break out your front teeth. It is full of deep hollow noises, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly ejaculated; how much of these sounds represent words, or are merely expressive or artistic flourishes, it would be difficult to decide.

To return to my first acquaintances; I signed to them to follow me, and pointed to the tracks of game. They understood my meaning at once. We soon found three or four oribi feeding on an open flat, and I proceeded to stalk them, crawling through the grass. They played the game to perfection. When I had got about 160 yards from the herd I raised myself to shoot. The Nuers raised their long necks just sufficiently to see what was going to happen. Their astonishment at the performance was enormous. On recovering from their first fright at the double crack of my rifle, they rushed up to the two dead bucks. Then came an examination of the wounds, a diagnosis performed with a great deal of noise and pantomime, especially on discovering that the bullets had gone right through both bucks. When I presented one to each, they were more than ever delighted, and in a very few minutes had the skins off, the carcasses cut up, using, like most natives, their spears as knives, and were off to their village, laden with meat. Whilst all this was going on, my companions, Mr. Edward N. Buxton, and Miss Buxton, his daughter, had, with greater enterprise, discovered the village from whence these men came, and had been followed by quite a crowd of the villagers of both sexes, young and old, to our boat. The same afternoon, at their desire, we transported some forty of them across the Zeraf, and we parted from our friends, after giving each a present of beads, and their chief a scarlet kammerbund, which he wore with evident pride.

As we sailed up the Ghazal, we saw many Nuers; the whereabouts of their villages was betrayed by the palls of smoke at sundown, the mosquito curtains of the natives. By day you might climb to the mast-head and see nothing but one vast ocean of swamp and reeds. On all these waters where we sailed, the difficulty was to find a "meshara," i.e., a landing-place. A meshara on the Ghazal is not exactly what would be called a landing-stage here. It was something like this: you let your boat drive before the wind, to carry you as far through the dense margin of reeds as it could penetrate, and then you floundered on foot through the great strong river grass, called "oom soof," i.e., "the mother of wool" (*vossia procera*), a most disagreeable plant, covered with hairy leaf sheaths. To grasp it is to have your hand full of its needles, and wherever you touch it the irritating stuff penetrates. No herbage is more preferred by cattle and sheep, which no doubt accounts for the pasturing of the cattle in these swamps. Having got through the oom soof, you find a track in the marsh, among high reeds, growing far above your head; this is the high road to the village, perhaps one or two miles distant; remember this is the dry season, yet along the highway you have to wade often for a quarter of a mile at a time, up to your waist, and sometimes up to your neck in warm muddy water; you may have two or more khors to cross, yet however deep the water, the dense mass of floating and sunken reeds allows you to get over them without much risk of going through, and seldom allowing you to sink in above the knees. But at best it is a laborious way of getting across country.

We arrived at a Nuer village in the early morning, hot, wet, and muddy, and I will try and describe what we found. On a strip of dry, baked, marsh clay land, about a quarter of a mile in width, and as far as you can tell, several miles in length, are sprinkled clumps of thorn scrub, and groves of acacia trees, intercepted by open stretches of black burnt plain, or of coarse yellow grass; dotted over the ground are ant hills; in the foreground, only a few yards from the reeds and mud out of which you have emerged, is the village. The huts are arranged round an open space, and among them are tall trees. There is no outer fence, or zariba. The central space, till the sun is well up, is full of cattle, sheep, and goats. As the fires die down, and the night shroud of smoke melts into the sky, the Nuers (all innocent of any clothing whatever) emerge from their huts, and stand about with arms folded across their chests, waiting for the sun to roast them into activity. The naked giants catch sight of you, and, spear in hand, come out to meet you. The bashful giantesses keep in the background, and peep round the sides of the huts; the children mount ant hills, and view the proceedings from a safe distance. When the interview is over, the natives go to their milking, and take their cattle out to pasture. Beyond the village, you find what may be a lagoon, a lake, or river; half a mile of open water lies before you, bordered on the further side with high trees and jungle; the surface of the water is dotted with the dark heads of hippo. If you do as we did—carry your boat with you, and cross over the water—you may perhaps go a mile or more through forest or over grass before you come to another marsh, khor, or lagoon. You will find the great spoor of elephants in all directions, and probably see water-buck (*Cobus Defassa*) and white-eared cob (*Cobus leucotis*) in quantities, and sometimes giraffe.

Our time among the Nuers was not sufficiently long to do more than get a slight idea of their habits and customs. They appeared to me not low down in the scale of human races. They build neat huts, make fine spears out of the iron which they obtain from the Abyssinians in exchange for their cattle. They told me that for one cow they got enough iron to make 100 spears. I doubt my interpreter here, I think he only used "100" to indicate a great many. As among the finest races in Equatorial Africa, such as Somalis, certain Gallas, and others, their usual diet is entirely animal, and principally confined to milk. One tribe of Gallas I once came across lived altogether on hippo flesh, so they declared. The Nuer has two meals a day—one about 10 a.m. and the other in the evening. The women shave their heads, wear beads as do the men, and as many as eight or ten brass rings inserted down the outside edges of their ears; a hideous projecting brass pin is inserted in their upper lip; both men and women are tattooed on the face, arms, and bodies with branded marks.

I cannot conceive a more ugly or uncomfortable ornament than this thing the women wear in their lips; its utility, as has been suggested, may be to serve the same purpose that a ring in a bull's nose does, namely, to render the ladies more manageable.

The household utensils of the Nuers are sometimes made of wood, but generally are calabashes (gourds) or crude black, brittle earthenware vessels of the type usually found among primitive people in Africa, or dug up in Europe; such as I have found in the valleys of the Sahara and in the mountains of the Swaziland Drakensberg. The furniture of a Nuer hut is very simple, and consists of as many heaps of wood ash as there are occupants of the hut—these are the beds, mattresses, and bedclothes of the family.

I found a very well-defined religion among these people; all natives I have met with have some kind of religion. Even among the Gallas, who are generally credited as being without any trace of one, I found a very distinct belief in a creative intelligence or Spirit they called "Wak"—all beyond their own intelligence was ascribed to Wak. They believed also in other spirits, which required propitiating or avoiding. My experience is that a native is shy of talking of these things, and also finds great difficulty in conveying his ideas on such subjects, but from a Nuer you will succeed in getting at least as much information as you could squeeze out of an average English schoolboy asked to expound the Athanasian Creed.

The result of my investigations, filtered through a Nuer who spoke Dervish Arabic to a Cairene who translated into murdered English, was as follows: A belief in a Creator, and in a great prophet of their race called *Loungdian*; that they occasionally sacrificed at a place called Louack, up the Zeraf River, to the God of the Dinkas, Denkie, who I made out to be a sort of anthropomorphisation of the Creator, though they called the supreme Creator Quott; there is a temple (mosque) at Louack up in a forest, built of timber, with a high tower. They do not pray like Muslims; they have Mullahs, and at times appeal to, and ask forgiveness of Quott, and beat a big drum. They believe in rewards and punishments, in angels, a big devil that carries away the spirits of dead men, and in other devils; in Paradise and hell. They like to be buried at Louack, but generally are interred in a sitting posture outside their huts. They are polygamous, but there is no divorce; the price of a wife is ten cattle; they appear to worship their ancestors. I put these last three things together, as they are singularly identical with certain practices of the Bantus, or Kaffirs, of South Africa, and, to my mind, suggest a common origin. Schweinfurth, in his journals, notices some Dinka characteristics and customs, which are probably common to the Nuers, and are identical with those of Kaffirs. I noticed that their shields were similar in form, and their clubs are exactly of the round, nail-headed knobkerry pattern of South Africa. The Nuers use the bow; their boats are the roughest kind of dug-out canoes, or rafts made of Ambatch stems tied in bundles. They are diligent fishermen, and usually catch fish by spearing them in reeds along the margins of the rivers.

At births, weddings, and occasions of rejoicing, they kill male cattle and eat meat; they make beer out of durah when they have it, and, like Kaffir beer, it is made by sprouting the grain, rolling it with stones, and leaving it to ferment for two days. The men receive their names from their cattle. Each man gets his name from the bull slaughtered on the day of his birth. Here are some of the names of bulls, and therefore of men: Weyell (crawling), Lief (one at the head of a united company), Bei (the river), Fuang (the rock), Gang (the peacemaker), Banggong (the dis-obliging), Worr (runs well), Touté (the bull destined to be killed on the natal day). The women's names all seem to begin with a sound akin to N—e.g., Nashuad (the spotted beast), Niob (a hard job), Nowish (the name of a village).

Altogether the Nuers and their black neighbours are worth studying, and this sketch is written in the hope of raising sufficient interest in the "Giants of the Soudan" to create a demand for more accurate and better information. For Mr. Edward North Buxton and I did not visit the swamps of the Sudan to study the Nuer or his language, but to obtain specimens of Mrs. Gray's Waterbuck (*Cobus Maria Gray*), and having succeeded in our quest are not likely to revisit our long-legged friends.

Poetry.

THE THREE WOMEN OF ENDELL STREET.

AFTER the days of the northern rain,
The sun stepped yellow and merry again
Between Endell Street and Drury Lane.

His feet were warm on the pavement there,
He drew bright hands through the children's hair,
And the windows gleamed like gossamer.

He lit on Queen Charlotte's Hospital,
And the children's eyrie behind its wall:
There Endell Street ends, but that is not all.

Hard by are two churches; a workhouse then;
Some baths not intended for gentlemen;
And public houses—some nine or ten.

From one of the houses—I change the name
And call it the "Lion"—three women came;
And I laughed aloud as I looked at them.

With untold graces, they sidled and smiled;
One arm, bacchantic, the air beguiled;
On the other, black-shawled, each bore a child.

At first I laughed, and then changed blood;
For there are three graces that men hold good,
But the fourth and the fairest is motherhood.

With eyes ensanguined, with feet of lead,
And a song from which the heavens had fled,
They danced the dance of the Quick-in-the-Dead.

They becked to each other, and bowed like mimes;
And joined their voices—three tunes, three times,
With terrible gestures and horrible rhymes.

They reeled till I thought the babes would drop,
Whose mammet faces looked drearily up,
Accusing High Heaven above the town-top.

* * *

What things are they that a babe should see?—
Green grass, I think, and a growing tree,
And the sea-sand washed continually.

And a bright-eyed mother, so wondrous kind,
She would win the air and woo the wind,
To bring her babe one joy to its mind.

But these—oh, mournful mother of men!
What joy had their eyes of the dancers who then
Within the dread doorways went dancing again?

The three women went;—their three babes stay;
They rise up like ghosts on the sunlit day,
And the sun on the windows is clouded away.

Oh, Trojan women of our new Troy,
That build its walls for glory and joy,—
What doom for the cities that babes destroy?

Make now a song of a broken charm,
To keep the soul of the babe from harm,
That hangs, unloved, on its mother's arm.

ERNEST RHYS.

Letters from Abroad.

THE PROSPECT IN PORTUGAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Last Sunday, the organ of the Prime Minister who now assists the King to rule Portugal in defiance of its Constitution intimated that normal Parliamentary conditions might be restored at an early date. The situation, it stated, was manifestly improving, and if the improvement continued, a General Election might be held in March. No doubt the expected outbreak has been delayed so long as to seem increasingly improbable; and Senhor Franco, moreover, has always represented himself as a sort of Dictator in the original sense, or rather as an Aesymnete. His prototype, on his own showing, is to be found among those reformers of ancient Hellas who were called in at great crises to remove existing abuses, and give the State a fresh start under revised administration and new laws—though they worked with, and not against, the popular will. Again, Senhor Franco's procedure is only an intensification of practices carried on by each party in turn during the last twenty years in Portugal—even for such utterly illegitimate ends as that of making an Opposition defeat doubly sure at a General Election; and he claims to be dealing with a number of conspicuous and grotesque abuses in the administration which the regular politicians are not likely to clear away. He professes to have seceded from the Regenerador Party because he despaired of its efficiency, to have vainly attempted to enlist the Parliamentary Opposition. It may, therefore, be desirable in his present position only because the King will not let him go. He says that the efforts to raise the country have failed, after six months' agitation, that it is not likely to rise now, and that, therefore, the time will soon come to test public opinion on his policy and work.

Still, the announcement may be susceptible of another interpretation. The King next May is going to visit Brazil. In his absence a regency must be instituted. Now the Crown Prince is only twenty, the Queen Mother is not popular, and Senhor Franco is not in favour with her, inasmuch as he has both reduced her allowance and revealed rather too fully the details of the notorious financial embarrassments of the Royal House. Regencies, moreover, have proved critical periods in the past, notably in 1902, though the King was no further off than London, when disturbances were set up by the alleged inadequacy of the proposals for the reduction of debt, and Senhor Franco was leader of the Parliamentary Opposition. It may, therefore, be desirable to regularise his rule before the departure of the Crown, to leave to the Regent, whoever may hold that office, as little opportunity as possible for getting rid of him, and to give the Cortes, or at least the minority in it, a chance to blow off its steam.

For it can hardly be supposed that an election conducted by the Dictator and his Ministers is likely to let in the Opposition. Portugal has a very wide suffrage—potentially; but it is limited not only by a trifling tax qualification, but to those adult males who can read and write; and, though for fifty years education has been legally compulsory, about three-fourths of the population is illiterate. True, the strength of an extra-Parliamentary regime ought to be in the illiterates, and therefore an election might be supposed to be dangerous to the Dictator. But no Portuguese Ministry is ever defeated at the polls. Ordinarily the Minister of the Interior "conducts the elections"; sometimes special means are resorted to. Senhor Franco himself explained to the correspondent of the "Temps" about a fortnight ago that the present system of large electoral districts was substituted for single-member constituencies by decree in 1901, expressly to dish an Opposition

at that time led by himself, whose members in the Chamber were consequently reduced to one. It is quite incredible that a Minister who has recently been telling his adherents that he means to govern without a Parliament for a couple of years or thereabouts should go to the country after only ten months, unless he is quite sure of a favourable verdict—or unless he knows that the game is up.

But is it up? The spectacle presented by the two Parliamentary parties at their meetings on Sunday was not altogether encouraging to their foreign sympathisers. These parties have been a long time making up their minds; they have now passed resolutions embodying dignified protests against the unconstitutional decrees which have been substituted for legislation, the grants to the King, and the dictatorial rule. The Progressists seem to have been more undecided than the Regeneradors, and a dissentient group, led by Senhor Alpoim, had seceded a few days earlier because the Parliamentary parties are not Radical enough. Their leader is an ex-Minister and a peer, but he has not yet, like some other peers, gone over to the Republicans, and their attitude remains obscure. These protests have been vigorously backed up by meetings in the two great towns, but we have no means of knowing if their influence goes much further, and, with the Press muzzled and the post and telegraph under stringent censorship, it is not easy to see how it can do so. Senhor Franco's aims may conceivably be right; his means and methods are wholly wrong; and in any other country a justifiable revolution would have already begun. But—though their leaders have declared that they would go all lengths in defence of freedom—it is not clear that the Parliamentary parties are yet ready for revolution.

Will any other section of the people rise? In 1901, when the King was supposed to be a Freemason, there were Ultramontane demonstrations and riots, set up by a rumour that a prominent citizen was preventing his daughter from taking the veil, and the Cortes all but repealed the sentence of banishment imposed by law against the Legitimist or Miguelite branch of the dynasty, imposed after Dom Miguel's expulsion for gross misrule in 1834. But there is no sign of a Catholic reaction now, though Dom Miguel has assumed that attitude of expectancy which has so often made the Duke of Orleans look foolish. In 1902, during the Regency, there were Republican demonstrations, in the following year there was a small Republican *émeute* in the army, and a weavers' strike, complicated with political elements, in Oporto; and nine years earlier, a Republic, which was not wholly extinguished for several hours, was actually proclaimed in Oporto by a few soldiers, financed by Portuguese from Brazil. But, though it is rumoured that rifles are going in, it is hard to see who is to use them, or who is to pay for a rising. The Brazilian Portuguese appear to have rallied to the Crown; the large landlords and manufacturers are not Republicans yet; the Republicans have the best intellect in the country, and their leader claims that they are getting at the illiterate rural labourers; but they cannot have much money, and there is no evidence that they mean to rise. The King and the Dictator have secured the army—a conscript army, be it remembered, inasmuch as substitutes can be bought, and therefore no more democratic than that of France under the Second Empire. The cost of the Monarchy is excessive; the King habitually oversteps the limits set to the action of a constitutional monarch; the debt, which increased by leaps and bounds from 1852 to 1892, was nearly as much per head, till it was written down, as the burden left by the war of 1871 on France; even now the proportion is not far short of our own, and the national resources are immeasurably less. Senhor Franco has struck at minor abuses, but increased a civil list already out of proportion to the national wealth; his rule is maintained by force, aided by the apathy of the masses and the weakness of the political public. But his fall seems more likely to be hastened from above than from below. Should a rising come, one can only hope that no power—not even Spain—will prevent the people of Portugal from working out their own salvation.—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

It will be interesting to the many admirers of Professor Harnack to be informed that a new book may shortly be expected from his pen on the Acts of the Apostles. It will be a critical investigation into the origin, structure, and literary characteristics of the Acts on much the same lines as his recent work, "Luke the Physician."

* * *

ANOTHER German writer whose name is becoming well-known to English readers, Professor Bousset, has also a new book in the press on the difficult subject of Gnosticism. It is called the "Hauptprobleme der Gnosis," and will be ready shortly. Professor Bousset's striking inquiries into the Religion of Judaism in early Christian times eminently fit him for the task of dealing with the Oriental origins of Gnosticism, and the book will no doubt be a serious contribution to the rise of Christian ideas and institutions.

* * *

INSTEAD of writing new books, Mr. George Moore has of late given most of his time to the revision of his previous novels. He has practically re-written the whole of "Evelyn Innes," for an edition which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish early in the spring. Mr. Moore says that the desire to re-write "Evelyn Innes" has haunted him for the last nine years, ever since the publication of the book. He describes the soul of Evelyn Innes as luring him on like a phantom, but always disappearing like a nymph in the mist, whenever he attempted to seize it. However, Evelyn Innes seems to have grown tired of the pursuit, and Mr. Moore tells us that on his return to Dublin last year, she had become as docile as a studio model, arriving at half past ten every morning to be written about. Mr. Moore claims that all the ancient masters revised their books again and again, gaining substance and beauty in every revision. Following their example, his next work will be the revision of "Sister Teresa."

* * *

A NEW monthly magazine, called "The Readers' Review," published by the British Library Association, in conjunction with the National Home Reading Union, is to appear next January. "The Readers' Review" is intended to serve as a monthly guide to books and reading, and each number will include short articles on noteworthy works, together with longer articles of literary and general interest, accompanied by short selected bibliographies. Among the contents of the opening number will be articles on "The Literature of the Sea," by Mr. Frank T. Bullen; "Whittier as Poet and Reformer," by Mr. W. E. A. Axon; "Books About Australia"—intended as the first of a series of articles dealing with books about our colonies—by Sir John Cockburn; and notes on "Books and Bookmen," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. The journal is also intended to serve as an official organ for local public libraries, and with this object a special supplement will be printed for each district, containing recent additions to the local library and notes upon library work in the district. The work done in this way should prove most useful, and we are glad to learn that it is being widely supported.

* * *

THERE is something ironical in the award of the Nobel prize for "the most remarkable literary work of an idealist tendency" to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Even Mr. Kipling's most indiscriminating eulogists would hardly hold that his works are remarkable for their idealist tendency. There is hardly any English writer more closely identified with the gospel of force or a firmer believer that the Deity is to be found on the side of the big battalions. The award also raises another question. This is the first time that the prize has been given to an Englishman, and it would seem therefore that the Nobel Committee regards Mr. Kipling as the greatest of contemporary English writers. When one calls to mind the names of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Hardy, one feels that the untranslatable French word, *saugrenu*, applied by Matthew Arnold to similar judgments, is the only epithet that describes the verdict of the Committee.

MR. F. A. MACKENZIE, who has recently returned from Korea, is at work upon a volume dealing with the present situation in that country, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton very shortly under the title "The Tragedy of Korea." The work is likely to damage the reputation of the Japanese for humanity. The charge against Japan is that towns and villages are being razed to the ground with a thoroughness and heartlessness worthy of the Turks. The Japanese, however, are extremely sensitive to European opinion, and Mr. MacKenzie hopes that his book may so stimulate public criticism that Japan will be persuaded to carry out her guarantees with reference to life and property in Korea.

* * *

NEXT week sees two interesting literary anniversaries. The centenary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier falls on Tuesday, December 17th. Whittier's simple and beautiful character is rightly held in high regard in America. Springing from a stock of sturdy, strong-minded, New England farmers and Quakers, he is typical of all that was best in the New England life of the last century. Though not a great poet, he was a skilful artist in verse, and he employed his pen on the most stirring of themes—indignation against wrong, belief in truth and justice, deep-rooted love of his native soil, compassion for the lot of the workers.

* * *

WEDNESDAY, December the 18th, is the anniversary of the bi-centenary of the birth of Charles Wesley, the author of very many of the finest hymns in the language. "Hark, the herald angels sing" is the best known, but others, such as "Love divine, all love excelling," "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and "Jesu, lover of my soul," are examples of religious poetry at its best. Watts described "Come, O thou traveller unknown," as worth all the hymns he himself had ever written. It might also be described as one of the finest imaginative poems in the English language.

* * *

THE best life of Fielding is the volume by Mr. Austin Dobson in the "English Men of Letters" series; indeed, it is so excellent that it is very unlikely to be superseded for a long time to come. Mr. G. M. Godden's "Henry Fielding," to be published early next month by Messrs. Sampson Low, has, however, the advantage of containing some of Fielding's letters which have never before been published, so that it will have a special interest as an account of Fielding's very picturesque life. Fielding has attracted fewer biographers than any writer of equal eminence, perhaps because Mr. Dobson has left so little for others to glean.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The History of Freedom, and other Essays." By Lord Acton. Edited with an Introduction by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Historical Essays and Studies." By Lord Acton. Edited with an Introduction by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester: A Biography." By Kenneth Vickers. (Constable. 15s. net.)

"A History of the People of the Netherlands." By Petrus J. Blok. Vol. IV. (Putnam. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley." Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Ignaz Jan Paderewski." By E. A. Baughan. (Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Memoirs of the late Dr. Barnardo." By Mrs. Barnardo and James Marchant. With an Introduction by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)

"Pekin to Paris in a Motor Car." By Luigi Barzini. (Grant Richards. 16s.)

"Venetian Life." By W. Dean Howells. Revised and enlarged edition. (Constable. 16s. net.)

"Studies in the Parables." By Professor Laidlaw. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

"Children's Children." By Mrs. Muirhead Bone. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

"Promenades en Savoie." Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 2 fr.)

"Poèmes." Par Ernest Dupuy. (Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie. 3 fr. 50.)

Letters to the Editor.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH, AND WHO ARE ITS MEMBERS?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Bardsley and those who think with him seem to make quite light of the tendency to convert the Church of England into a sect. I have no means of studying the cases which he quotes as giving it that character, and I think he would be doing a useful work if he would collect and explain them. The case he specially relies on seems to be one of a Nonconformist claiming an office established under a special deed, which said that the person elected must be "a member of the Church of England." Of course, in this and similar cases the judge must look to the intentions of the testator or the framer of the ruling document; and if it is clear that its intention is to indicate by the words "member of the Church of England" one who attends our services and practises the rules of the Prayer Book, he must decide that one who dissents from these is not a member of the Church in the sense thus put upon the words. But that appears to me to be quite an arbitrary definition of the Church.

The formularies of the Church of England define the Church as "the blessed company of all faithful people," or "all who profess and call themselves Christians"; or "the whole company of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world." How can we dare to narrow it down as is now proposed? The "Church Reform Society," which Mr. Bardsley commends to us, has had its first result in the formation of the "Representative Church Council," the first act of which has been to limit the Church to those who have been confirmed, thus cutting off at once a good half of the Christian people of England from all share in the Church of England. The laity, Mr. Bardsley says, are to have power. But the laity admitted are only those agreeable to the clergy, sieved out by an ordinance in which the clergy have complete control (sometimes so exercised that the Confession is made its condition), and elected—who knows how? This is to be in future "the Church of England"—a sect conditioned by particular ordinances, not by faith or character. I cannot believe that this is what was meant by the Toleration Act, which simply gave permission to societies of Christians within the great circle of the Christian nation to worship God freely according to their consciences.

But, putting aside technicalities, I would ask, "What do we mean by the Church as contrasted with a sect?" A sect is a body of persons marked off by their adherence to a particular mode of public worship and teaching. A Church is a body embracing the whole life and endeavouring to live out Christian righteousness in all its fullness. This, a sect such as Mr. Bardsley would reduce us to, can never do. The nation alone can do it. Our Lord never said a word to enforce "church-going," and all that constitutes a sect, but bent all the stress of his teaching towards righteousness, individual and social. No doubt the "Church Reformers" will say that they aim at social good. I honour them for it; but they are only preparing an exhibition of their own incompetence. None of the social reforms which Christians of all kinds are feeling more and more to be a part of religion can be fully effected apart from the national powers; and the national powers claim the sanction of Christianity in law-making, in the administration of justice (which according to the Bible is a divine function), and in the working for the good of all classes under a Sovereign who is crowned with episcopal attributes to be the Christian head of a Christian people. If Mr. Bardsley and his "Church Reform Society" succeed, the result will be that the nation will be the true Church of Christ, and the organisation which these gentlemen wish to erect will be a narrow sect distinguished from other sects mainly by its clericalism.—Yours, &c.,

The Deanery, Ripon.

W. H. FREMANTLE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Bardsley's contention that Nonconformists have had no "moral right to intervene in the affairs of the Church of England" since the passage of the Toleration

Act, is to me an amazing one. Until the year 1867 Nonconformists were compelled to pay Church rates, and surely were entitled to a voice in the expenditure of the money. I think there are some places where "dominicals" are still paid, and I know that all over the land tithe is still rented by law. Apparently Mr. Bardsley is prepared to maintain that, in the case of the tithe-payer, "taxation without representation is no tyranny."—Yours, &c.,

C. J. BACK.

Claremont, Connaught Road,
Wolverhampton.

December 10th, 1907.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., *THE NATION*.]

THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I shall be enraptured to answer any of your questions, if that will in any way encourage you to answer mine. It is a good exercise in honesty to answer questions (as in a Law Court), even when one cannot see any particular sense in them. You ask me whether I am a member of the Roman Catholic Church. I am not. I shall not be until you have convinced me that the Church of England is really the muddle-headed provincial heresy that you make it out. But really now, between friends, what *can* that question mean? The Oxford Movement may or may not have declined; but there was an Oxford Movement. And the whole point of that Movement was to maintain that a man in the Church of England was not a man "deprived of the right of appeal" to the authority that can alone maintain dogma. A man who asks me, when I say I believe in Catholic dogma, "Are you a Roman Catholic?" is not a man who notices the decline of the Oxford Movement. He is a man who has never realised its rise.

You also ask me whether I have ever "heard of Newman." I seem to know the name. In fact, I have an impression (erroneous no doubt) that I have read most of his books. And I can only say that if you think that Newman agreed with you in this matter; if you suppose that Newman thought the Catholic Creed could change its meaning or that devotion to a person was adequate (in the absence of the cosmic philosophy of the Christian), I can only say, with respect as well as regret, that I am afraid you have "heard of Newman"—and that is all.

And now, when I have answered your two questions, will you humour me by answering mine, which I will repeat for the purpose. First, is your free Christian, devoted to the person of Christ, free to doubt His historical existence? Second, is he free to doubt His presence in the universe now, as a person to receive the devotion? Third, is not the affirmation of these two things a Creed, and (if the devotion is to continue) an unchangeable creed?—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

[Rome we know, and Canterbury we think we know; but what is Mr. Chesterton and to what does he "appeal"? The gist of modern Roman theology, as initiated by Newman, lies in the word "development"; even Anglicanism as interpreted by Dr. Creighton is declared to be based on "reason and sound learning." Both positions reject the notion of a cast-iron creed which Mr. Chesterton thinks he holds. As for his questions, the answer to all three of them is obviously "No."—ED., *THE NATION*.]

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If it were possible to fix on Mr. Chesterton any label that the flow of ink into his next letter would not wash off, I should say that his astounding assertion about the Christian creeds stamps him as an "intellectualist." He says that "they were set down in black and white simply in order to clear the human intellect." And here he places himself in opposition to the men of the new movement, for whom intellectualism is the enemy, and the creeds guard inward and spiritual truths of faith and morals, truths of the living activity of man in his relation with God and his fellows. No wonder it is necessary to ask him whether he has heard of Newman.

In the "Essay on Development" and the "Grammar of Assent" there are seed ideas which are now growing

rapidly and are thrusting aside intellectualism. Newman was of the race of the prophets. The soil was not ready in his time, and his germ-ideas could not develop until it was prepared by the work of Biblical criticism and research into Christian origins and history. Now it is bearing fruit, and the value of that fruit is in no way lessened by the fact that Newman did not foresee what it would be, and that his own attitude towards ecclesiastical and dogmatic authority was not the same as that of his Modernist sons. They are true children of the prophet, because they have learnt the lesson of his message, and are of his own spirit. To say that the letter of his life was not the same as theirs is only to say that he was a true prophet, because he anticipated in idea and in spirit the course of things that were to come. Criticism and research, unknown to Newman, have made possible the development of his prophetic doctrine—criticism and research aided and reinforced by a great and significant increase in our knowledge of psychology. And because the men of the Oxford Movement do not reckon to the full with criticism and research and psychology we are entitled to speak of its decline.

A Christian movement that is to be effective now must make courageous and ungrudging use of the results of criticism, because men are everywhere accepting these results. It must be in some measure pragmatic (not with Professor James's pragmatism, but with that kind which befits a Catholic thinker), because men are everywhere discovering that religion is primarily an affair of action and the whole man. It must emphasise the mysterious and mystical character of human life, because in the highways and in the byways of psychology men are discovering their own secrets. It must reckon with our all-pervading intellectual symbolism. It must help us to see that it is not possible, either in the creeds or in everyday life, to escape from symbolism and its varying inadequacy; and that if the symbolism of one age seems to "clear the human intellect," as Mr. Chesterton says, it may easily befog the human intellect in another age, simply because the intellectual presuppositions of one age, which are the stuff out of which its verbal symbols are made, are not identical with the intellectual presuppositions of another.

I ask Mr. Chesterton to consider what mutual concessions he and a Nicean bishop would have to make if they met to discuss their common belief in the Ascension, the Descent into Hell, and the resurrection of their own respective bodies. If he sees a principle emerging from this discussion he may possibly see that its extended application demands something that the men of the Oxford Movement are not prepared to give. For this reason, as well as for many others, they must give place to a movement better fitted to meet demands that are every day growing in strength and volume. And I hope Mr. Chesterton will find time to read "Il Programma dei Modernisti," in order that he may see what that movement is.—Yours, &c.,

WM. SCOTT PALMER.

December 7th, 1907.

ARNOLD v. BORROW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Some readers and lovers of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" may not be aware that that most satisfying lyric has a foreign derivation and an English forerunner. A narrative as like it as a pea-blossom is to a butterfly may be found on pp. 120-123 of the out-of-print book entitled "Romantic Ballads Translated from the Danish," by—whom but George Borrow! and published in London in 1826. One gathers from a not too specific preface that the poem in question is taken from the ancient and famous Danish collection, the "Kiaempeviser." Here it is:—

THE DECEIVED MERMAN.

"Fair Agnes alone on the seashore stood:
Then rose a Merman out of the flood.
'Now, Agnes, hear what I say to thee:
Wilt thou my leman consent to be?'
'Oh, freely that will I become!
If thou but take me beneath the foam.'
He stopped her ears and he stopped her eyes,
And into the ocean he took his prize.

The Merman's leman was Agnes there:
She bore him sons and daughters fair.
One day by the cradle she sat and sang,
When heard she above how the Church bells rang.
She went to the Merman and kissed his brow:
'Once more to Church I would gladly go.'
'And thou to Church once more shalt go!
But come to thy babes back here below.'
He flung his arm her body round,
And he lifted her up into England's ground.
Fair Agnes in at the Church door stepped,
Behind her mother, who sorely wept.
'O Agnes, Agnes! daughter dear!
Where hast thou been this many a year?'
'Oh, I have been deep, deep under the sea,
And lived with the Merman in love and glee.'
'And what for thy honour did he give thee,
When he made thee his leman beneath the sea?'
'He gave me silver, he gave me gold,
And sprigs of coral my hair to hold.'
The Merman up to the Church door came.
His eyes they shone like a yellow flame;
His face was white, and his beard was green;
A fairer demon was never seen.
'Now, Agnes, Agnes! listen to me:
Thy babes are longing so after thee.'
'I cannot come yet: here must I stay
Until the priest shall have had his say.'
And when the priest had had his say,
She thought with her mother at home to stay.
'Oh, Agnes, Agnes! listen to me:
Thy babes are sorrowing after thee.'
'Let them sorrow, and sorrow their fill;
But back to them never return I will.'
'Think on them, Agnes, think on them all:
Think on the great one, think on the small!'
'Little, Oh, little care I for them all:
Or for the great one, or for the small!'
Oh, bitterly then did the Merman weep!
He hid him back to the foamy deep.
But often his shrieks and mournful cries
At midnight's hour from thence arise."

A comparison of the two versions, at any point from the adjective in the title down to the final line, is too elementary to be very instructive: for the distance between

"'And thou to Church once more shalt go;
But come to thy babes back here below!'
He flung his arm her body round,
And he lifted her up into England's ground,"

and

"'Go up, dear heart! thro' the waves:
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'
She smiled, she went up thro' the surf in the bay.
(Children, dear, was it yesterday?)"

is simply the distance over the whole range of English letters, between lifeless prosiness and "immortal verse." Arnold's well-remembered fourth stanza about the "sand-strewn caverns," where the sea-snakes "dry their mail and bask in the brine," and past which the great whales "sail and sail with unshut eye," is a piece of his own highly imaginative embroidery; as is also the lovely and characteristic picture of his Margaret stealing to the window from the spinning-wheel, to "look at the sand, and over the sand to the sea" in a day-dreaming stare, with

—"a heart sorrow-laden

A long, long sigh

For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid
And the gleam of her golden hair."

In Borrow, and presumably in the original ballad, which I have not been able to find in the Bodleian, the young mother is unmotherly enough, both to the great (!) ones, and to the small.

Legends of this sort are common in the literature of the sea-loving Gael and Cymry: the mortal who marries a water-god, the neckan who is flouted by Christian children for having no soul, the sirens who bewitch the fishing-fleet, the merbaby who is washed ashore and buried among the graves of landmen—these poetical traditions haunt every seacoast of the north. Did Mr. Arnold think, as did the

author of "Ionica," because certain things of beauty should be, though, alas, they are not, present to the memory of every educated man, that no label was needed upon translations from them? At any rate, it would be interesting to know whether he took this theme which none need hope to handle after him, from some fragment of oral or printed folk-song, from the "Kiaempeviser" itself, or from a glimpse of the baldest page in dear George Borrow? Where are the identical dry bones of the Merman with a domestic grievance, whose spirit it was given to Arnold to create?—Yours, &c.,

L. I. GUINEY.

THE DANGER OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the very interesting article on "Winter Sleep" published in *THE NATION* of the 7th inst., reference is made to trance—one of those mysterious forms of suspended animation sometimes termed death-counterfeits, which so closely resemble death that not infrequently they have caused even experienced medical practitioners to blunder in their diagnosis and pronounce the living to be dead.

The late T. H. Huxley, the distinguished scientist, declared that "the indisputable signs of death were an extraordinarily difficult question"; yet in this country there is more often than not no medical inspection of the alleged dead, and certificates dooming them to the grave are signed on mere hearsay and unscientific evidence of decease. Whilst such extraordinary customs for a civilised country prevail, it is not surprising that from time to time narrow escapes from premature interment occur, and some chance circumstance may reveal, on the eve of burial, the presence of life, or the unfortunate victim of mistaken, or no, medical diagnosis is buried alive. An active movement is now on foot to remedy this dangerous state of affairs, and to obtain from Parliament effective legislation against the possibility of such ghastly tragedies. If any of your readers desire to aid this humane and beneficent enterprise, the present writer would be happy to send them literature on the subject on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.—Yours, &c.,

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, Chedington Road,
Upper Edmonton, London, N.
December 9th, 1907.

THE PASSING OF RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At fifteen minutes past twelve on the night of November 26th, the Russian autocracy came to an end, and Russia became a constitutional State. There can be no other issue from the refusal of the majority of the Duma to declare that the Tsar is an autocrat, especially when we remember that this Duma—elected as it is under a "jerrymandered" election law—is the most conservative Duma that Russia can ever expect to see, as the election law cannot possibly be tampered with again. This great refusal was made during the discussion on the Address to the Throne. A moderate and loyal address, thanking the Tsar for his gift of the right of national representation had been presented by the Centre Party (Octobrists), but it was attacked both by Right and Left. The Right said that it should especially declare that the Tsar is an autocrat, unlimited, irresponsible, and absolutely unfettered by Parliament. The Kadets on the Left said that the "Constitution" should be employed, but (as Plevako, the great Moscow lawyer, who delivered the best speech in the debate, pointed out to them) the Russian expressions used instead of the only half-naturalised word "Konstitutzia" meant exactly the same thing, and the Kadets had been themselves so sensible of the average Russian's unfamiliarity with that foreign word, that they had changed their own original name, Constitutional Democrats, to a simpler appellation in the vernacular. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Kadets soon withdrew their amendment to the Address, which was finally carried by the Left, the Centre, and even the Moderates on the Right. The Reactionaries, on the other hand, wanted the Address to contain a declaration that the Tsar was still an autocrat, and, as they made it very plain that they regarded it, as it stood, as a treacherous and disloyal attempt to curtail the power of the Emperor, the position was very delicate.

The snow was falling thickly outside, while this great discussion was going on, and owing to the days being short and dark, all the electric lights in the Taurus' Palace were burning. Mr. Gutchkoff, the leader of the Octobrists, opened the debate in a very tactful speech, wherein, while making it perfectly clear that in his opinion Russia is now a constitutional monarchy, and the Tsar a limited monarch, he sweetened this bitter pill (for it is notorious

that the Tsar, urged on by his mother and his uncles, desires to take back the Constitution and regard himself as an absolute monarch), by saying that as, owing to human limitations, it is impossible for even the greatest sovereign personally to direct all the affairs of his empire, so the Tsar has had in the past to depend largely on the Camarilla (Court clique), or on the bureaucracy, and the only change that was introduced by the manifesto of October 30th, 1905, was a substitution for those powers of the people's representatives.

With a strong hand, Professor Milyonkov tore away this graceful fiction. He said that the question now before them was: "Has Russia got a Constitution or not?" and that it would be a crime to return a vague answer. The adversaries of constitutional government would take advantage of that vagueness. They had tried to explain away the manifesto of October 30th, which clearly granted the Russian people a Constitution. Everyone knew that when, the other day, a member of the Cabinet told a newspaper reporter that he served a constitutional monarch, the official "Information Bureau" came out next day with an explanation that the Minister in question did not express any opinion as to the form of government at present existing in Russia. The word "Constitution" would meet the case better than any vernacular paraphrase. They said it was a foreign word. So was the word emperor (uproar on the Right). So were the words Tsar, monarch, autocrat. When it was clearly understood that they had got a Constitution, there would not be, as at present, authorities who regarded themselves as above the law, and entitled to alter it whenever they liked.

Although they can compose speeches which read well in the newspapers next morning, Gutchkoff and Milyonkov are, neither of them, orators, the former because of his low and monotonous voice, the latter because of his dry delivery. But both the Left and the Centre showed yesterday that they possessed able, polished speakers, who would command respectful attention in the greatest legislative assemblies. Plevako, the Octobrist orator, whose favourite reading is St. John Chrysostom (in commemoration of whose death 1,500 years ago all the schools and colleges in Russia were closed yesterday) proved himself a worthy pupil of that golden-mouthed Greek, and Maklakoff, Kapustin, Kolyubakin, and Rodicheff followed him close.

On the Right, Purishkevitch and Count Bobrinsky sustained the reputation they had made in the last Duma as fluent and ready speakers, but they had a bad cause. Purishkevitch tried to prove that all the attempts that have hitherto been made to introduce parliamentary government into Russia have failed, and that, therefore, no new attempt should be made, especially as it would be an unfilial, impious, sacrilegious attempt to curtail the power of the anointed Tsar. He spoke as if he had been specially commissioned to plead the Emperor's cause; and it was with the gesture of a Pope excommunicating schismatics, that he told the Centre that if, on this occasion they voted with the Left, the Right would never, never again have part with them. Count Bobrinsky, who is too clever to sit on the Right, were it not for the fact that his enormous estates made him fear expropriation, got in a home thrust at the Octobrists by saying that if the Tsar were not absolute and above the law, he could not have changed the electoral system in July last, and thus enabled the Octobrists to get a majority in the present Duma.

The orators of the Right mostly consisted, however, of priests and peasants. The priests were men of enormous bulk, with long hair and beards, and they delivered their sermons (for they were nothing else) in a sing-song, nasal key, exactly as if they were singing psalms. One of them quoted in full the account in the New Testament of how Christ dealt with the Pharisees who asked Him if it were lawful to pay tribute to Caesar, and left his hearers to conclude that it was their duty as Christians to bow their neck in submission to the civil power which God had placed over them.

The peasants on the Right resembled outwardly the Radical peasants of the last two Dumas, but only outwardly, for they were, as a rule, spiritless. Some of them, on being forced into the tribune by Purishkevitch, remained tongue-tied until the impatience of the assembly sent them shambling back to their places, mumbling "autocrat . . . of all the Russias."

These are the people whom the last election law has enabled priests and landowners to select as representatives of the Russian peasantry. From the clerical and bureaucratic point of view, they are eminently "safe" men. They are "religious" (in the bureaucratic meaning of that word), they are sycophants of the local Pope, no doubt they act as sacristans, and carry the banner in Church processions. When Bishop Mitrofan lately formed a Duma Priests' Party, he ordered these peasants to join it also, as if they were connected with the Church in some menial capacity.

When a division was taken at midnight, the Duma presented a scene worthy of an historical occasion. Seeing themselves outnumbered, the Right left their places, as if they could no longer sit with rebels, and gathered in a crowd at the door. When the result of the division was announced, and it became known that the Tsar has lost for ever the proud and terrible title of autocrat (save when it is given him for courtesy's sake), a wave of enthusiasm swept over this hitherto sedate and self-controlled assembly of black-coated gentlemen, and a hearty cheer went up for the Tsar—not for the Tsar-autocrat. The amputated title was at once seized and waved aloft, however, amid wild cheers, by the reactionists at the door.

The Liberals cheered again for the Emperor, the Tsar. Then the Right played its last card. With a unanimity and a harmony suggestive of careful rehearsal, it broke into the beautiful strains of the National Anthem, one of the reactionary leaders beating time for them with the skill of a practised conductor. In the last two dumas, this manifestation would have maddened the majority. It would have been like an Orange band playing "We'll kick the Pope before us" in a Catholic Church in Belfast. But on the

present occasion the Octobrists joined in the hymn with a volume of sound that soon drowned the voices of the reactionaries, and with an even greater appearance of loyalty and devotion. Instead of furiously wringing his bell, as M. Muromtseff or M. Golovin would have done (and would have been technically right in doing, for the Chamber of Deputies is not a music hall), M. Kholmakoff turned to the great portrait of the Tsar Nicholas II., which hangs above the Presidential chair, and bowed reverentially. Thus it was that autocracy passed away in Russia.—Yours, &c.,

AN EYE WITNESS.

St. Petersburg, November 30th, 1907.

"THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. C. R. Buxton, in his letter on the above melancholy subject, endeavours to defend the denunciation of Greek activity in Macedonia, mainly by the argument that the Bulgarian element in the population of that country vastly preponderates over the Greek. The writer would have been more convincing had he begun by defining what he means by "Macedonia." As he is, no doubt, aware, there is hardly a more elastic term in the whole vocabulary of the human race than the term "Macedonia." It means one thing to the Serb, another thing to the Bulgar, and a third thing to the Greek; each party using and abusing it in its own way. With the Servian definition it would be irrelevant to deal in a discussion concerning the Greco-Bulgarian feud. I will, therefore, confine myself to the delimitations of the province favoured by these two rivals only. The Bulgar includes in "Macedonia" simply the whole of the territory which has been marked out as Bulgarian by the Panslavs, and which was sanctioned by the abortive Treaty of San Stefano in 1878. That delimitation suits the Bulgar admirably, because, by embracing the northern parts, which are thoroughly Slavonic (how much of those districts is Bulgarian and how much Servian I leave to others to decide), it naturally gives to the Slavonic element an indisputable preponderance in the total. But, for that very reason, it does not suit the Greek at all. The Greek asks: "What right have you to define as 'Macedonian' regions which at no period of their history have formed part of Macedonia? If the term 'Macedonia' is to have any meaning, it must surely be applied to those regions only which at various periods have been known as 'Macedonian.'" Those regions roughly correspond with the vilayets of Salonica and Monastir, excluding from the latter vilayet the sandjaks of Dibra and Elbasan, which are Albanian.

Now, in those regions—the only part of the country to which the Greeks lay claim—the Bulgarian element most emphatically does *not* preponderate. The inhabitants of those districts, if, for the purposes of the present argument, we omit the larger Turkish element, are partly pure Greek and Greco-Vlachs, and partly people who, although they speak a bastard Slavonic idiom, call themselves, in the vast majority of cases, Greeks, and are, for that reason, stigmatised by Bulgarian Chauvinists as "Grecomaniacs." What the real racial origin of these populations is, would be impossible to say. He can dogmatise most confidently who knows least about them. Personally, I have come across among them some who declare that their speech is due to intercourse with the Slav invaders. The tradition among them is that they adopted the language of their neighbours, because their neighbours were too stupid to adopt theirs. To my mind, this tradition, so far as it goes, is worthy of more serious attention than is vouchsafed to it by the advocates of the Bulgarian cause. It is not improbable in itself. The history of the world abounds in examples of one race adopting the language of another. But I will confine myself to the most obvious parallel. In Asia Minor there are whole populations the Hellenic origin of which has never been doubted, and which yet have for their mother tongue Turkish. But, for my part, I do not consider it necessary to lay too much stress on this tradition. I am ready, for the sake of argument, to grant that the Slavonic-speaking "Greeks" are no Greeks in blood. What then? Does that make them "Bulgarian" even in blood?

How little that is the case is shown by the fact that these very populations are claimed by both Serbs and Bulgars as Servian and Bulgarian respectively, and that the rival claims have at different times been espoused by Panslav politicians and publicists, according to the Russian policy prevailing at each time. Until 1885, for example, they were unanimously described as Bulgarian—for until that date it was Russia's policy to encourage the claims of the Bulgars. After 1885 Russian writers discovered suddenly that they were Servian—for after that date it suited Russian diplomacy to encourage the claims of the Serbs—and the Russian Consul-General at Salonica, M. Yastrebow, devoted much valuable time to the collection and edition of local folk-songs, which proved (to the satisfaction of all those who wished to see it proved) that the people were of pure Servian origin. Both theories, it is instructive to note, were based upon so-called scientific data; ethnological and philological. But the mere fact that the same data could be used to support such contradictory conclusions, showed the amount of reliance which could be placed upon them. However, even granting—for argument's sake, again—that these people, from a linguistic and racial point of view are Bulgars, how much does this admission help the practical claims of Bulgarian politicians? Ethnographical and philological theories, even when established, are of no importance whatever in practical politics: racial origin and language do not constitute nationality. If they did, the map of the whole of Europe would have to be changed in a manner that would, perhaps, surprise even Mr. Buxton.

The ethnographical doctrine, which played so loud and, in some cases, so mischievous a rôle on the Continent during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, has long been discredited and discarded

by serious Continental thinkers. Renan, twenty-five years ago, gave eloquent expression to the saner views which had already been accepted in his time; and he did so in words which deserve to be quoted and remembered:

"De nos jours," he said, "on commet une erreur plus grave: on confond la race avec la nation, et l'on attribue à des groupes ethnographiques, ou plutôt linguistiques, une souveraineté analogue à celle des peuples réellement existants. . . . La vérité est qu'il n'y a pas de race pure et que faire reposer la politique sur l'analyse ethnographique, c'est la faire porter sur une chimère. . . . L'étude de la race est capitale pour le savant qui s'occupe de l'histoire de l'humanité. Elle n'a pas d'application en politique. . . . La race n'y est pas tout . . . et on n'a pas le droit d'aller par le monde tâter le crâne des gens, puis les prendre à la gorge en leur disant: 'Tu es de notre sang; tu nous appartiens!'" (See "Discours et Conférences," pp. 278, 296-297.)

This, I think, is an adequate reply to all the arguments based upon so-called ethnographical and linguistic considerations with regard to the people of Central and Southern "Macedonia," whom the Bulgars are pleased to call "Bulgarian," the Serbs "Servian," and the Greeks "Bulgarophone Greeks." The attitude of the Bulgarian propaganda towards these people, ever since the beginning of the Bulgarian movement, is described with prophetic fidelity and humour by Renan: "They seize them by the throat and tell them: 'You are of our blood; therefore, you belong to us!'" It is to be noted, however, as a most instructive and significant fact, that these people, despite all the methods employed by their would-be converters—education, bribery, and terrorism—have remained faithful to the Greek cause. Why? The Bulgars and their advocates reply without hesitation, "Oh, it is really ignorance and stupidity. They persist in calling themselves 'Greeks,' simply because they belong to the Greek Church. They are the victims of an error." A more convincing reply, to my mind, would be that these people, be their racial antecedents what they may, have identified themselves so closely and so long with the Greek nationality, that they have what we would call a Greek national consciousness—the only thing that counts in national questions. If they are the victims of error, it is open to the Bulgars to convince them of their error. But, I repeat, all the efforts made by the latter for thirty years to that end have, so far as the majority is concerned, miserably failed. These people, taken in the bulk, have undergone martyrdom in defence of what they consider, rightly or wrongly, as their national cause. Neither the hope of profit, nor the fear of death, has prevailed against their "error."

Under the circumstances, are we justified in denying to them the right of calling themselves "Greeks," or in denying to the Greeks the right of regarding themselves as such? Mr. Buxton, in illustration of his argument, quotes the case of Ireland. I, in support of mine, will quote a case at least as relevant—the case of the Channel Islands. As we all know, the natives of those islands, in point of race and language, are French; or, to be more accurate, judged by ethnographical and linguistic criteria, they are at least as French as the Macedonians in question, judged by similar standards, are Bulgarian. And yet, it is a notorious fact that the Channel Islanders, in point of national consciousness, are more English than the natives of England themselves. A native of Jersey or Guernsey resents nothing more bitterly than to be called a Frenchman. Precisely in the same way the natives of the Grecophil districts of Macedonia which I am discussing resent nothing more bitterly than to be called Bulgars. Now, what should we say of a French propaganda sending its missionaries to the Channel Islands to persuade the inhabitants that their allegiance to the English nationality is an error; that, judged by—to quote Mr. Buxton—"the fundamental identities of custom, language, and race," they are French; and that they, on that account, ought to join France? What should we do, if those missionaries, not content with theoretical arguments drawn from the waste-paper basket of Teutonic pedantry, began to "convert" the people to the French idea by terror? To put the question is to answer it.

Now, this is just what the Greeks, after years of patient endurance, such as few Englishmen are equal to, have done; finding that complaints and appeals for protection earned them nothing, except perhaps the secret contempt of those who in Greek forbearance saw a sign of impotence, and in Bulgarian violence a proof of vitality, they decided to meet their assailants with their own weapons. By every law of common sense and equity alike, I submit, the Greek attitude is as justifiable in principle as it was inevitable. The Greeks would, indeed, have richly deserved all the epithets which their most rabid enemies have ever heaped upon them, had they left to the mercy of their rivals a population which has proved its title to the Greek nationality and the sincerity of its attachment to the Greek cause in the most unambiguous manner possible—by dying for them.

As regards the methods adopted by the Greek bands, the worst that can be said about them is that they are but a pale copy of the methods employed for years, and without a word of protest from Mr. Buxton, by the Bulgarian bands. In a country still in the Middle Ages, warfare must (worse luck) assume a medieval aspect.

To conclude, so much concerning your correspondent's "racial facts" and his tactful refusal to apportion the blame between the two combatants. Space does not permit me to enter into any of the other issues raised by his letter. What I have already said, however, constitutes a sufficient contradiction of his astounding assertion—astounding, I mean, to those who are personally acquainted with the causes and the course of events—that the pseudo-insurrection of 1903 "represented the struggle, against overwhelming odds, of a single and coherent nationality."—Yours, &c.,

G. F. ABBOTT.

233, Temple Chambers, November 27th, 1907.

Reviews.

THE PURGATION OF HOMER.*

ON laying down this book, the reader's first feeling is likely to be bewilderment, finding that he has traversed a region where every square inch is soaked with the blood of controversialists, where every wall shelters a sharpshooter, and every copse conceals an ambush, where the atmosphere is riven with the cries and alarms of ceaseless polemic, and yet, all the time he was treading the perilous ground under the care of his guide, he never heard more than a faint echo of the clashing of the swords or the clamour of war. The strong impression which this brilliant study of one of the two most contentious problems of literature is sure to produce is undoubtedly heightened by the author's resolute skill in steering his argument clear of the controversies that beset his course. It is needless to say that only a master of the controversial literature could have embarked on this audacious policy without suffering sudden shipwreck.

Mr. Murray's book recalls us to the true appreciation of values. In late years the amazing discoveries of archæology on the shores and islands of the Ægean Sea have to some extent relegated the Homeric question to a secondary place; the Mycenæan question, as it is called, has been more to the front; and the tendency has been, naturally enough, to study Homer for the sake of the excavations rather than the excavations for the sake of Homer. The two interests, the literary and the historical, are, indeed, complementary; but it is well to remember that the literary interest in this case is incomparably greater. Who would give the Iliad in exchange for an exact historical chronicle of all the Ægean States of the second millennium? Who would barter the Odyssey for an authoritative history of the Greek migrations? "One of a hundred oxen's price, the other but of nine!" And the origin of the epic is of higher interest than the question, "Who are the Mycenæans?" In fact, ultimately, does not the intensity of the interest in Mycenæ and Co. depend upon their value for Homer? The importance of that value no one will dispute. The archæological discoveries have showered light on the historical background of the early epics; and Mr. Murray has devoted about a quarter of his work to the Ægean peoples, the pre-Hellenic races and the Northern invaders, the old civilisation and the dark age which ensued on its decline. Here he discusses the historical bearings of the legend of the Trojan war. He emphasises the fact that Troy, like Mycenæ, had been seized by Northern invaders, that Priam was as much a Northern chieftain as Agamemnon. This fact goes to explain the homogeneity of the Greek and Trojan civilisations as they appear in the Iliad. Accepting Bérard's demonstration that the prosperity of Troy and Mycenæ depended on their geographical situations commanding commercial short-cuts, the author thinks that these cities, as well as Cnossos and Thebes, which also depended on commerce, lying on trade-routes, were not destroyed by sudden shocks of war, but lost their wealth and power by degrees when commerce was paralysed by the movements of later and ruder hordes of Northern invaders. It was natural that Greek legend should ultimately represent the Trojan war as ending in the sack of Troy; for it is the privilege of legend to turn defeat into victory; a warrior people expects its chiefs to triumph. For instance, in Merovingian legend, where we can compare Saga with history, we find the defeat of the Franks at Visorontia masquerading as a success. Are not the tales of the dishevelled return of the Greek heroes from Troy highly significant? The tradition of the *Nostoi* belongs to the earliest and most fundamental parts of the Trojan cycle; it points surely to some very different motive from the triumphant home-coming of victors. Mr. Murray speaks of the expedition of Agamemnon (that is, of course, of some Achæan king corresponding to Agamemnon) as a historical fact. This is a view to which there has been a tendency to return since the discovery of the Sixth City of Hissarlik. But the existence of that city only proves strictly the actu-

ality of the background; it does not show that the federal expedition from Greece against Troy was not pure fiction; and the sceptic may say that the author has assumed its historical reality without proof. To the present writer, the proof seems to lie in the unintentional implications of defeat. A triumphant enterprise might be a fiction, but a legend which implies, though it does not confess, failure, must assuredly have arisen from dire experience.

The dark period of migrations, which has been called the Middle Age, is treated in vivid pages, in which the author does not attempt to reconstruct the particular movements of particular tribes, but tries to show us the life and conditions of the time. He constructs an imaginary picture of the capture of an imaginary island, which might serve as the text for a story of Kipling. He goes on to show the decline of tribal custom and religion in these unsettled times, and certain germs of "regeneration" to be found in the feelings of *aidôs*, "sense of shame," and *nemesis*, "righteous anger," which he illustrates, with sympathetic insight, from Homer and Hesiod.

Having set forth the historical conditions, to which the rise of the epic must be related, Mr. Murray proceeds to develop the view, which, in one form or another, is held by most critics, that the Iliad and Odyssey are not works composed at a given moment, but include elements of diverse dates and diverse origins, introduced in successive generations by professional poets. But this thesis is wrought out and illustrated in a novel way, and by arguments which will probably help many who cling to the traditional unity of authorship to overcome their prejudices. The Greeks of the migration period possessed a literature which comprised "the whole body of heroic tradition, as embodied in hexameter verse." It consisted of poems, each of which might be recited on a single occasion. And these poems were written down, but not for the public eye, only for the use of the writer; each book was a *unicum*. The book was preserved in the poet's family as an heirloom, and in successive generations was "changed, expanded, and expurgated," to suit the changing tastes, ideas, and interests of the public, for whom the original bard's descendants provided æsthetic entertainment. The poems from which the Iliad and Odyssey grew originated in Æolis, and were in the old Æolic tongue, but they were afterwards annexed by the Ionians, and, as the tongue of the Ionians changed, the epic dialect changed, too. At the great Ionian festivals, long epics could be recited by relays of minstrels, and this would explain the possibility of such long compositions as the Iliad and Odyssey, which have been enlarged from shorter lays that possessed a more compact unity, and could be sung at a sitting.

The element of divination in parts of this reconstruction is considerable, and the argument is mainly analogy. Mr. Murray was inspired with the happy idea of using the light that modern criticism has shed on the growth of the Pentateuch to illuminate the evolution of a "traditional book." He shows that the evidence of the Iliad conforms to what we should expect to find, if it is the result of such a growth. And here he has made what must be pronounced his most important contribution to Homeric criticism. He has demonstrated a systematic process of expurgation in the Iliad. He has shown with penetrating acuteness that torture, insult to the dead, human sacrifice, god-kings, poisoned arrows, and impurity, were features of the epic in its older stages, but have been cleared out of Homer, not quite completely but leaving traces which enable us to see the process. A single word sometimes hints at discarded topics. The Homeric poets mention Minos as an intimate of Zeus; they are silent about the Minotaur and the human tribute. But the epithet *olophron* lets out the truth; it is a word used of dangerous beasts, and it betrays the horrors of savagery associated with Minos.

The internal evidence of the composite nature of Homer, supplied by inconsistencies of custom and misunderstandings, is restated with force and judgment for some selected instances which are sufficient for the purpose. A new and interesting item may be added to this evidence. It has been shown by the German scholar, Robert, that some passages of the Iliad display a true knowledge of Trojan topography as revealed by the explorations, while elsewhere there are mistakes and inconsistencies. Clearly the later poets failed to realise the relations of the localities implied

* "The Rise of the Greek Epic." Being a course of Lectures delivered at Harvard University. By Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. 6s. net.

in the older lays, just as they failed to understand the methods of fighting.

The reviewer so fully agrees with Mr. Murray's general doctrine that he is little inclined to criticise the plan and disposition of the book. But one or two observations are perhaps desirable. It is surprising that the lecturer, while turning the lights full on the Iliad, has kept the Odyssey so persistently in the dim background, only occasionally flinging it a word. Of course, he has the answer that his design is to illustrate only, not to exhaust; but still his argument does remain incomplete, without some definite treatment of the second epic, and we have some right to complain that a brief section is not devoted to it. This silence is even tantalising, because the only important *obiter dicta* that we can find on the Odyssey point out that this poem is "nearer to the raw material" and less "Homeric" than the Iliad, the expurgation having been less thorough. We want to know why this was. For both poems were the results of an expansion which proceeded through the same period and in the same milieu. Mr. Murray will have to do his duty by the Odyssey; it will not let him off.

Again, while each lecture is perfectly satisfactory in itself, the method of exposition will, it is to be feared, provide difficulties for the reader who tries to put together the results of the several parts, and form a definite conception of the whole development. There is a certain vagueness at some points, and uncertainty may be felt whether the vagueness is intentional or due to want of co-ordination. These disadvantages are inherent in the analytic method of exposition when it is not supplemented by a synthetic recapitulation. For instance, having read Lectures IV.-VII., we feel quite clear that the Iliad came into existence on Ionian ground, being designed for recitation at the Pan-Ionian festivals. The Wrath of Achilles, from which it was expanded, was pre-Ionian, and so was much of the rest of the material, but the Iliad was planned by the Ionian Homer. We are then pulled up short, when we read in Lecture VIII. that the Æolic migration seems to have produced Homer, "if we mean by Homer the author of the Iliad." Are we then to suppose that the expansion of the Wrath into the Iliad was, after all, accomplished by an Æolian bard, and that in Ionia it was only expanded further? This seems to contradict the natural meaning of the statements in Lecture VII. The translation of "Homer" from Æolis to Ionia is not mentioned before Lecture VIII., and we wonder whether the author wishes us to suppose that the poets of Æolis migrated to Ionia, as the doctrine of the traditional book would seem to imply. Some of us may know what Mr. Murray means, but the book would have been easier if he had been more explicit in correlating the various parts of his analysis, and had stated precisely what points in the development he wishes to leave undetermined. It is noticeable that he is very chary of chronology.

No space is left to touch on the discussions of other interesting questions, as of the translation of local traditions from Greece to the scene of Troy, where a brilliant paper of Bethe is utilised. It may be said that since the appearance of the "Homeric Investigations" of Wilamowitz-Möllendorff no more important study of the Greek epic has appeared. The distinction of Mr. Murray's book is that it unites historical method with literary insight and sympathy of imagination. He has enriched us with much new knowledge, and he has saddened us with one new regret—that we have not an unexpurgated Homer.

J. B. BURY.

"THE BEST MAGAZINE."*

It is rather difficult to imagine a literary event more potent to stir up old memories in the depths of our literary consciousness than the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary by a contemporary at once so prime and so mature as the "Atlantic Monthly." But the other day Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and the rest of the constellation seemed quite near us; and now how interminably remote! A little reverence and a little sadness cannot fail to mingle with the impalpable dust that has already begun to settle

upon heads once so loved. Yet here, undoubtedly, is a group of which, at least as certainly as of any other group in the nineteenth century, it may be said that its legend is imperishable. Its very narrowness, its homogeneity of place, time, and circumstance, its essential provincialism under the garb of nationality, have enabled posterity to single it out, to focus it apart, and to regard its inmates with the same detachment and curiosity of interest which pertains to the fauna of a small oasis in the midst of a desert.

Boston in the fifties was still a nest of school teachers and transcendentalists. On the intellectual side it was dominated by its Brahmin caste of lawyers, professors, and Unitarian pastors, grafted upon the tough but finally outworn Puritanism of Mather and Edwards. The city and its suburbs constituted a sort of tutorial college to the whole of the vast mute continent. The wonderful pioneer life of the prairie, the forest, the emigration camp, and the border town had been lived in America; but, apart from the rough sketches of Cooper and Galt, it remained practically unembodied in art. Native utterance had been overawed, abashed, and finally silenced by the academic English judgments, of which Boston was the impartial, infallible mouthpiece. Boston proclaimed that it was successfully defying this unpatriotic impulse, but the progress of independence was hardly perceptible. In the great period of the New England masters, and of the "Atlantic" group, at any rate, it remained for all practical purposes of comparison imitative and essentially uncreative.

So little is there of the inevitable about the utterance of these worthies, that one never feels sure whether they will break out next in a song or a sermon, a philosophical essay or a didactic romance. But there is always something self-conscious and provincial, either in the form or the content of the literary output of the New England capital. It was not until the seventies or eighties that, with the advent of Twain, Bret Harte, Whitman, Cable, and Miller, men and women rose from the interior to vitalise American life in literature as a whole. The Americans have since risen rapidly to their new literary destiny. Something like a stampede has set in from the grass-grown streets of Boston; the modern Athens of America has been left high and dry, like Edinburgh, upon its acropolis; and the stern dilemma proposed by Francis Parkman that to be a successful writer in the New World one must be either a Harvard man or a humbug, has no longer a serious significance. Yet, when all this is said, it remains true that America neither has, nor can expect for a very long time to come, a group that will please, or attract the old world, or occupy such a place in its legendary as the famous Boston, Cambridge, and Concord groups which combined in the late fifties to produce the "Atlantic."

Lowell, the prince of Elmwood, was to a certain extent the darling of the group. He had much of Davy Garrick in his composition, mercurial, a creature of whim and mood, and with something of the *varium et mutabile* of the feminine temperament; the most gifted, perhaps, of all, but with the element of instability which prevented him from being the critic of two continents, rather than the bard, the humanist, the envoy, the governing wit and dilettante of a more or less provincial clique. There was Longfellow, smiling serenely to music, and the far greater Emerson, with the ice brook's temper, cold, beautiful, healing, his spontaneity and brightness harmonising all too imperfectly with his love of abstraction. There remain the crisp and chirping Doctor Holmes, kindest of little men, who, like Goldsmith and Lamb, "flowered late," poking his head back into the room after a calculated exit, to cap his wit with a stroke of fun, and with him—the last two left of the old group still clinging to a spar—J. G. Whittier.

The unity of the group, as always in such cases, is no doubt to some extent a literary afterthought. The necromantic Hawthorne, for instance, though a neighbour and a friend, was among them, but not of them. Emerson, who spoke of Poe as the "jingle-man," distrusted the dimness and sombreness of Salem. Whitman and Twain were pondered deeply over by Concord and by Cambridge, but to no purpose but that of fear and amazement. Lowell attacked Margaret Fuller without mercy, and would as soon have taken the arm of an elm as that of Thoreau. Emerson confused and puzzled everyone else in more senses than one, but remained true as steel to

* "The Atlantic Monthly." Constable & Co.

Alcott. "I asked Alcott," he once said, "what he would do when he came to the gate and St. Peter demanded his ticket. 'What have you to show to justify your right to live?' I said. 'Where is your book, your picture? You have done nothing in the world.' 'No,' he said, 'but somewhere, on a hill up there, will be Plato and Paul and Socrates talking, and they will say, 'Send Alcott over here, we want him with us.'" And," said Emerson gravely, shaking his head, "he was right; Alcott was right." People, again, were not wanting, of course, who thought the "little man," Holmes, tiresome. Dr. Stowe, conceivably, thought him so when, at the dinner given in his honour and that of his wife, Holmes hammered away at his end of the table upon the thesis that the custom of profane swearing was native to the pulpit, while Lowell lectured the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the other end upon the immense superiority of "Tom Jones" over all other prose fiction whatsoever. The cerebration of the autocrat was so rapid as invariably to give Longfellow a headache.

Taken as a whole, however, the group was remarkable for its harmony and magnanimity. The "Atlantic Monthly" was its creation, its masterpiece, its memorial; and certainly not the least permanent one. And it very soon became fully as much the centre of Boston thought as the "Dial" had been in the early forties, or the "Old North" (*American Review*) for twenty years before that. Francis H. Underwood was the "Atlantic's" first projector, but "James" and "Wendell" (as they called each other) were its master spirits from its start in November, 1857. It is characteristic that a deputation was sent across the water to enlist the leading magazinist of the old country, and the overture was entrusted to that practised hand, James Hannay, with a long paper on "Douglas Jerrold." There were further essays on the "Manchester Exhibition" and on "British India," while an able article by Godwin Parke on "The Financial Flurry" was curiously anticipatory of November, 1907. Emerson provoked the spirit of parody by his poem on "Brama"; but the real piece of resistance was the essay with the Sternean exordium, "I was just going to say when I was interrupted," by the Magazine's good genius and undoubted fairy godfather, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As in all really good things, there was an element of mystery about the early "Atlantic." The articles were unsigned, and most of them served as excellent riddles, when even the name of the editor was a subject of speculation. The English rate of pay at a guinea a page was fearlessly adopted, and Motley could soon say without flattery that the Magazine was "the best in the English language." This proud position, under the successive directions of Lowell, James T. Fields, Howells, Aldrich, Scudder, Page, and Bliss Perry, it has, for the most part, resolutely maintained. For, while it no longer remains the expression of a provincial city, it remains a conductor in a remarkable degree to certain old-fashioned graces of style, in much the same way as Canada, within the French line, still serves as a conductor to certain phrases and habits of thought of the seventeenth century. In outward display it is as demure and as undemonstrative as an old-fashioned French shop. But, if you want a supply in bulk of the qualities that go to the perfection of the English essay, they will be found with more certainty than anywhere else in an average number of the "Atlantic." By insensible degrees the Magazine has lost its old monopoly as mouthpiece of the Brahmin caste. Abreast to-day in the fullest degree of the newer, Pan-American ideals, it has been able to secure its position only by the maintenance of the highest standard of literary expression attainable; and it has achieved this by sacrificing notoriety to the systematic standardisation of all the matter that it prints. The more particular reward of this is a loyalty to the traditions, the formalities, and the morale of the magazine (illustrated by many amusing stories in its recent fiftieth anniversary number), such as exists between extremely few modern periodicals and their readers. It is not by any means easy, without a continually renewed effort of self-projection, to keep oneself steadily interested in the affairs of a continent from three to four thousand miles away. The first contact between the mind's eye and the "Atlantic's" table of contents is apt, not infrequently, to

engender a distinct sense of depression. But the magazine is revenged when, after a tentative nibble, the reader feels himself irresistibly impelled to read it through from cover to cover. Its triumph is complete when he is inveigled still further into examining its old files, which seem to us to help a stay-at-home Englishman better than any other means, perhaps, to understand a little—a very little—of the strange human speculation which we call America.

THE CHARACTER OF VENICE.*

SIGNOR MOLMENTI'S history of the private life of Venice is the only history that gives us a clear and definite idea of the character of the Venetian people. Cut off and alienated from Europe, as much in sentiment and feeling as in the causes of her prosperity and greatness, Venice is scarcely amenable to Western standards of criticism, nor are her motives and history to be gauged by European weights and measures. She is the one exception to the rule of intellectualism in the West. In all other Western States progress has lain along the line of intellect. The civilisations of Greece and Rome, as of the modern nations, have been, or are, intellectual civilisations. The civilisation of Venice was, in the main, a sensuous civilisation, a civilisation, that is to say, more after the Eastern than the Western pattern. From the Renaissance she stood aside. Hospitable ever, she opened her lagoons to persecuted or wandering scholars. She was a ready and luxurious asylum where overworked Paduan students found "the joy of life untrammelled by study." Illustrious men of learning flocked from all quarters to Venice, from the East after the fall of Constantinople as readily as from the West. Thither came Uberti, and extolled the Venetian splendour and wealth in Latin odes. Thither came the coldly critical Erasmus, and Galileo, and Sarpi, Petrarch, and Giordano Bruno, and Tasso, and here, in 1490, was established, but by foreigners, the celebrated Aldine Press, which exercised so marked an influence on the new learning. But though she entertained genius she never bred it. Venice, the most magnificent, the richest, the longest-lived of the Italian States, contributed nothing original to Italian thought. Not a single great reputation, not one man of real intellectual eminence, issued from Venice. In striking contrast to the eagerness of her great rival, Florence, the interest of Venice in the Renaissance was really that of an onlooker. Her attitude is the attitude of an indolent and gracious woman reclining in the shadow of lime trees on an August afternoon, eating apricots and listening to a dispute among scholars.

No, the character of Venice was never intellectual; it was sensuous, emotional, Oriental. It was not only that she drew her wealth and splendour from the East, that, in a time when Europe was plunged in darkness and semi-slavery, she sparkled and glittered in the silks and pearls of Persia and Hindustan, that her very existence hung upon her Eastern trade, that Byzantium was her Mecca, and that all her ideals in matters of art and taste were stimulated by Byzantine example and Byzantine instruction; it was that, as the result of all this, there was nourished and drawn out in the Venetian temperament a strong and unmistakable strain of Oriental feeling and sentiment. There exists, indeed, and has existed from the earliest times, a strong tradition in Venice itself that her population was descended from a colony of Orientals, who in remote antiquity had emigrated from Asia Minor to Northern Italy. However this may be, her Oriental cast of thought is very distinctive. Life for Venice was an emotion, something to be savoured and felt and enjoyed, not reasoned over and intellectually developed. Setting aside her early period of effort, and after the East had got good hold of her, Venice's philosophy of life is Oriental; and it is just this which makes her such an enigma to us Westerners. Florence, the scientific, we can easily comprehend, and Milan, the political, and Bologna, the learned, and Perugia, the devout, and even Naples the pagan; but Venice, the Oriental, Venice, voluptuous and vigilant, indolent and fierce, luxurious and cruel, eludes us.

Perhaps it is because Signor Molmenti is himself a Venetian, one, too, who has dedicated himself to the study

* "History of Venice." By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part II. "Venice in the Golden Age." Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net.

of Venetian life and Venetian art, and whose natural love for his city has been deepened by thought and study, that he is able to present Venetian character so effectively. To him the pageantry and splendour of Venice are not the accessories and mere setting of her life; they are the life itself. The daily festivals, the gorgeous colours, the music and warm twilight, the languid, lapping water, the stretching and basking of the luxurious city in the mere delight of sensuous existence, are profoundly illustrative, as Molmenti feels, of what is most characteristic in the Venetian temperament. The life of Venice generally is certainly more matter for painting than literature, and hitherto Giorgione, and Veronese, and Tintoretto have been Venice's best historians. We remember a passage in one of Mr. Berenson's books in which, alluding to the difference in character between Venetian and Florentine painting, he says that, "though we forget the Florentines were painters, they remain great sculptors; and if we forget they were sculptors, still they remain architects and poets, and men of science." With the Venetians it is different. "The significance of the Venetian names is exhausted with their significance as painters." And we may add that the significance, as painters even, of the Venetians, is on this account changed. It is different altogether to the significance of the Florentines. Florentine painting, you can see at a glance, is the expression of an acutely intellectual life. Venetian painting, on the contrary, is singularly lacking in intellect, and compared to Florentine, is dull and almost stupid. It owes its value entirely to the power with which it brings out, by means of deep, rich colours, and a powerful scheme of chiaroscuro, all that was emotional in the Venetian character. It has behind it, not an intellectual but a sensuous life. It is because Molmenti treads in the painters' steps, because he emphasises what they emphasise, and finds important what they find important, that his history also is so truly an interpretation of Venice.

As for Mr. Brown's translation, handsomely bound in two volumes and enlivened with a number of good photographs, it may be said of it that it has several merits and one grave defect. Its merits naturally arise from the translator's long and close intimacy with the city, which enables him to enter thoroughly into his author's feelings and ideas, and to reproduce them in all their fullness and warmth. Its defect consists in the fact that it is not a full, but only a partial translation. Molmenti is fond of intermingling his text with quotations from diaries and letters of the time he is describing. Such quotations occur every moment, and extend from a few lines to a few pages. For some inconceivable reason Mr. Brown has left all this in Italian; left it, that is to say, in the very language of which he must have assumed us ignorant when he undertook to translate the book at all. Apparently he argues that, though we do not understand Molmenti, we ought to be able to understand Sanudo, Garzoni, Aretino, Beatrice d'Este, and fifty others. He will help us with the former, but with the others we may get on as best we can. Certainly as it stands the book can only be of use to people who know Italian; but people who know Italian are precisely those who have no need of it.

THOMAS HOOD.*

THERE is no reader of Hood but keeps him in affectionate regard. We can still warm our hands at that sunny memory. He takes very high rank among the humanists of the nineteenth century, of whom, indeed, he was almost the earliest. His wit, his punning humour, and his unvenomed satire, were always on the noble side—the side of the defenceless, the suffering, the sweated, and the voiceless. Hood was the man for the under-dog. His few great poems, as Lord Houghton wrote, more than a quarter of a century ago,

"Are no clamorous expressions of anger at the discrepancies and contrasts of humanity, but plain, solemn pictures of conditions of life, which neither the politician nor the moralist can deny to exist, and which they are imperatively called upon to remedy. Woman in her wasted life, in her hurried death, here stands appealing to the society that degrades her, with a combination of eloquence and poetry, of forms of art at once instantaneous and permanent, and with a material energy and variety of which perhaps our language alone is capable."

* "Thomas Hood: His Life and Times." By Walter Jerrold. Alston Rivers, Limited. 16s. net.

He died early, in 1845, at the age of forty-five, but had already made himself known to and loved by great masses of the people, who at that date were not peculiarly bookish; and Houghton tells us that when he himself uncovered the monument of the poet, raised by public subscription in the cemetery of Kensal Green, artisans came from far to view and honour it.

And it is Hood the humanitarian whose memory has best stood the test of time. Mr. Walter Jerrold (a grandson, we believe, of the Douglas Jerrold who knew Hood well, loved, and admired him) is a little too strenuous in pressing his claims as a humorist. "One of the greatest of English humorists of the nineteenth century." This it is quite impossible to admit. Hood was certainly one of the most delightful drolls of his day, a jester of infinite variety, and perhaps of too consummate a facility. But the master humorists of the nineteenth century were men of another order, and it is indifferent kind to seek a place with them for Hood. Take a few names, not altogether at random, yet not too curiously chosen. Lamb (some eleven years Hood's senior, and called by him affectionately "father"), Carlyle, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Barham among the great word-twisting rhymesters, and De Quincey, in some respects the subtlest and most original humorist of them all. In this brief list there is humour of many sorts, humour that varies immensely in its quality and scope, but humour that has all of it in some measure perpetuated itself to our own day. Have we, of Hood's humour, any extensive piece which would now be deemed worthy of academic honours?

How far did the punning habit spoil him? A wild and incorrigible gamester he was in this respect, and the pun did at one period run very much to seed with him. A great deal both of his poetry and his prose, which undoubtedly tickled the ear of his own generation, nowadays seems, and in truth is, little better than buffoonery, albeit the humour and even the wit are never very far to seek. On the other hand, it is the merest justice to insist that Hood could and did do most wonderful things with the pun, or the word equivocally used; while his employment of it now and again in the weird or awesome way was not merely in a high degree effective, it was a true stroke of genius. What a strange play of wit, at once colloquial and grim, is in this:—

"Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade
To wait for the final trump."

Mr. Jerrold seems to us to be very little in excess of the mark when he says:—

"Examples might be multiplied to show once more that Hood's puns are not word-twistings of the kind that Oliver Wendell Holmes inveighed against in his remarks on what he happily termed verbiage. It is rare, indeed, that there is any wresting of the form or meaning of a word with Hood; he just allows the word with two meanings to fall pat, so that either meaning may be attached and yet his sentence read logically. . . . At times, indeed, though the manner may be that of the humorist and pun-maker, the matter is essentially that of a poet."

He did in his later years modify and simplify his style, but never quite lost (nor seemed willing to lose) the trick of inversion, which he had mastered during his apprenticeship to the "London Magazine"; and thus shackled, he could never perhaps have attained to any perfect utterance in prose. The pun, or facetious word-play, persistently obtruded, does at any rate become as tedious as the euphuism, of which, indeed, it is a form. It remains, unless our judgment is grievously at fault, that Hood has left us no single piece which entitles him to a place beside "the greatest English humorists of the nineteenth century."

It matters not very much. Thomas Hood has a good and enviable place of his own. Apart from the quantity of fantasias that we can still in light mood make merry over, and little pieces of an almost perfect pathos, we have certain gems of his: The "Song of the Shirt," the "Bridge of Sighs," the "Song of the Labourer," and to these shall be added "Eugene Aram"—upon which, were our little social world renewed and re-made throughout, death could not easily settle.

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A TALE OF THE WILD.*

ABOUT twenty years ago "The Atlantic Monthly," which has brought to light more literary talent than perhaps any English or American magazine, printed a remarkable novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," by Miss Murfree, who took the pen-name of Charles Egbert Craddock. The wild atmosphere of this study of the uncouth, lawless, and cramped life of the Tennessee mountaineers revealed an original talent strikingly in contrast with the smooth, self-conscious, and polished culture of the Bostonian school. But Miss Murfree's novels unfortunately attracted as little attention in England as the delicate, pellucid art of her rival, Sarah Orme Jewett, the New Jersey writer, some of whose short stories hold their own with the best in French literature. It is a great pleasure to find that Miss Murfree is still writing with the same grasp and force of creative passion that years ago placed her among the ten or twelve American novelists worth serious attention. Though the comparison is in many respects inapt, Miss Murfree might be compared with the Brontë sisters in respect to the influence that the wild sublimity of untamed nature in moorland or mountainous scenery exercises over the romantic spirit. And so long as the novelist is true to the spirit of the life he has studied, that efflorescence of imaginative feeling, which is the soul of romanticism, may be welcomed by the sternest realist, who, indeed, has no quarrel with romanticism as such, but only with its haunting shadow of falsity. The strength of Miss Murfree's art lies in its being a genuine human growth of a wild and savage land of mountain ranges, hostile to the petty conceited activities of town civilisation. Her Tennessee mountaineers may be an unkempt, heavy, pathetically unawakened race, but in them lurk those depths of latent passion which underlie the very muteness of nature.

Lloyd and Haxon, partners and joint owners of a travelling Street Fair, find on arrival at Colbury that they have been lured by a smart railroad agent into making the most disastrous move of an unsuccessful season. For they have stranded the company on the confines of the uninhabited mountain wilderness, and with an empty exchequer they have to face the problem of conjuring money out of the pockets of an audience that does not, apparently, exist in this sparsely settled community. However, while Haxon is surly and depressed, Lloyd nerves himself to go through with the losing battle. "If the company had been wrecked on a desert island its case could not be more desperate." In a few swift touches that mark the hand of a practised artist, Miss Murfree suggests the atmosphere of Colbury, this "dead" town with "its future behind it," as the epigram has it, dominated by the wild splendours of the mountainous region with its dense forests, gloomy cañons, arrowy rushing rivers, and sapphire sky. And the inner force of the novel is derived from the crafty contrast of the vast sublimity of nature with the petty and transient interests of the little crowd of human characters that play out a few days' drama in the "Street Fair" in Colbury.

Lloyd, on a walk in the mountains the day of his arrival, comes across a country girl, Clotilda Pinnott, the daughter of a primitive family of mountaineers, an uncouth and stolid race, who have, however, their secret to guard from the inquisitive eyes of strangers. Old Shadrach Pinnott, ostensibly a farmer, has for years carried on successfully an illicit distillery, hidden in the recesses of a vast mountain cave unknown to his few scattered neighbours. The Revenue officers have long suspected him of "moonshining," but have never been able to find the slightest proof against him, and to account for raising his large crops of corn and orchard fruit old Shadrach keeps great droves of hogs. The scene in which Lloyd takes shelter in the log cabin of the Pinnott's, and rattles on in talk with the puzzled, uncouth members of the family who are furtively watching him, while taking him to be a Revenue spy, catches to a nicety the deep suspiciousness and slow-moving craft of the mind of primitive country folk. And the analysis of the inconstancy of Clotilda's feminine heart, when Lloyd, the townsman's open admiration of her face and voice, and invitation to her to do a mountain song and dance in Colbury Street Fair, have opened for her fascinat-

ing vistas of the life that awaits her in the great world beyond the frowning mountains, is subtly true. Her lover, Eugene Bailey, who has shot a man in self-defence, and fled to the "moonlighters" to escape a State trial, detects that the accidental coming of the stranger has shifted the perspective of Clotilda's world. He sees that her beautiful eyes grow soft and bright when Lloyd is discussed, and indeed Clotilda feels suddenly tired of Eugene's rustic and savage passion for her, of his menacing look when old Shadrach decides that the opportunity of taking a waggon-load of illicit spirits to the Colbury Street Fair, under the flimsy disguise of selling baskets, is too good to be lost. The violence and savagery of Eugene's nature is well indicated in the scene between the lovers, which is indeed typical of the spontaneity and pent-up force which mark Miss Murfree's style.

So many elements of surprise are threaded into the plot of "The Windfall" that it would be of small service to our readers to follow here the story's development. The strength of the book lies in the sharp effects of light and shade, and in the impressionistic vividness with which both the clash of emotions and the dramatic episodes are handled. There are times when the craving of all of us for romance, when our desire that the limitations of commonplace day to day reality shall be shattered and momentarily annihilated by the surge and shock of the unforeseen passionate forces of nature within and without us, are justified. Miss Murfree satisfies and justifies this craving in us without falling from the true dramatic plane to the lower levels of literary stagecraft. Her characters are convincing because their emotional life springs from the deep centres of human self-interest. Her one fault is that her dramatic imagination, to serve its own purpose, invests her characters with too much clairvoyance and perspicacity; and that occasionally a theatrical element obtrudes itself, so that we feel we ourselves are figures in a Salvator Rosa landscape. But, in general, we may claim that Miss Murfree, a born romantic at heart, is a realist in her close observation of nature. As an example of her skill in description, we quote the passage of Lloyd's first meeting with Clotilda:

"And suddenly he was conscious of motion in their midst. He could not be sure how he had failed to see the figure earlier—or, indeed, had it just come within his range of vision. A girl was standing half in the golden glow, and half in the emerald gloom of the shadow, gazing up wistfully at a bough gently swaying just beyond her reach. As the breeze tossed it, he saw the prize that lured her—a great Indian peach, the last of the season, with all the sweetness of the summer suns, with all the freshness of the summer rains stored within the luscious darkly-red globe. She raised her hand, and made a sudden leap toward it with the lightness, the grace, the agile strength of a deer. The wind brushed the bough beyond her reach, and once more she bounded toward it elastically.

"The indescribable grace of her attitudes appealed to the man whose education, and interest, and business in life were pose. Nothing more ethereally dainty was ever exploited before the footlights. He caught his breath, as, realising that she had not perceived him standing in the road, he gave himself up to staring at her, with a vague sense of a discovery growing upon him. Her dress, rustic though it was, impressed him as crudely picturesque. It was of the coarsest yellow calico, and she held up the skirt in front full of clusters of purple grapes, so overlaid that the rich bunches and tendrils of vine trailed down upon her petticoat thus revealed, which was of a dark red cotton. A short petticoat it was, and showed her feet and ankles; her chaussure was of the flimsiest—a pair of old rubber sandals, that, laced with thongs across her red hose, with only a utilitarian intent of retaining them in place, had contrived to achieve a classic effect; these members were so active, so swift and certain, so deftly used, so elastic of muscle as she skipped and leaped, that the idea of the boards was suggested anew—no *première danseuse* that he had ever seen could do a "turn" more daintily. She had all the sportive innocence of a fawn.

"... Her voice was crudely loud, but so clear. Every tone was so justly true. The enunciation was faulty beyond any power of description, and at first it made him wince, albeit his own capacities for declamation were of no high order. Then her singing struck him as characteristic—good of its kind, but of a kind never classified. He had an instinct for novelty. The second time she sang the stanza, giving herself up with a sort of joyous abandon to the dance, for now she seemed hardly to hope to reach the peach, he was so entranced with the picture she presented, the exquisite grace of her attitudes, the incomparable lightness and strength of her dancing, her beautiful, symmetrical form, and the strong sweet melody of her voice as it floated out so richly. He noted the contrast of her slender waist and limbs with the full throat—revealed by the bodice of the orange-tinted calico, the edges of which were turned in at the top for added coolness—the deep chest. With the vocal endowments the build assured the singer."

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It seems almost a necessity for the writing of successful books for boys that the writer should himself have had an adventurous life. This was largely the secret of the popularity of two of the three authors mentioned in Stevenson's charming dedication of "Treasure Island" "to the hesitating purchaser." "Ballantyne the brave" spent six years in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, while the childhood of "Cooper of the wood and wave" was passed in an environment of forest, traders, and Indians, and in later years he shipped as a common sailor in the merchant service. We learn from "George Alfred Henty: The Story of an Active Life," by Mr. G. Manville Fenn (Blackie, 7s. 6d. net), that Henty's life was as varied and adventurous as those of his two popular predecessors, and indeed his powerful body and hardy air stamped him as a wanderer. He went from Cambridge to the Crimea as an officer in the Commissariat Department, and while there wrote a series of letters which were accepted by the editor of "The Morning Advertiser," who immediately asked Henty to represent his paper during the war. For the next twenty years he was engaged as war correspondent, gathering up a store of experiences which he afterwards turned to good account. He passed through the Italian war, and accompanied Garibaldi in the campaigns in the Tyrol; he took part in Napier's expedition to Magdala; he saw something of the Franco-German war and was in Paris at the time of the Commune; he was with Wolseley in the Ashanti campaign; saw the Carlist rising in Spain; and ended his work as a correspondent by describing the Turko-Servian war of 1876. From that date until his death in 1902 he produced eighty volumes of stories for boys—an average of more than three a year—and he found time for his favourite pursuit of yachting as well. Mr. Manville Fenn, who is himself a successful writer of stories for boys, has written a life of his old friend which every boy will like to read. In a pleasant appreciation of Henty's work he points out that Henty did a valuable service for the boy reader in throwing open for him the big doorway of history. "He would have accuracy if history had to be dealt with, and through all the years during which he was delving for new treasures in the lumber rooms or cellars of the past, he kept up his custom of carefully studying each phase or epoch before he commenced his romance or made ready his mould. He imbibed many tomes to make one." For many a boy history was first made living by such books as "The Cornet of Horse."

* * *

CAPTAIN F. A. DICKINSON is more practised in the use of the rifle and the camera than he is with the pen, and many passages in his book, "Big Game Shooting on the Equator," show signs of haste or carelessness. Perhaps by way of enlivening his pages he introduces a number of jokes, which are less likely to amuse most readers than to irritate them. At the same time, his book will prove useful to sportsmen who contemplate making an expedition in Equatorial East Africa. It contains descriptions of the game most likely to be met with, elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotami, giraffes, lions, buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, &c., together with short accounts of their habits, and hints about the best methods of stalking them. There is also some useful advice on the necessary equipment, and the game regulations of the British and German East African Protectorates are given in an appendix. Captain Dickinson, while of opinion that the present international game laws are very good, thinks that a number of other animals might well be added to the list of prohibitions, or at least made more expensive to shoot. He also advises that the native hunters should be deprived of their licences and compelled to turn traders or become accredited shikaris to the white sportsmen. "They would then," he kindly says, "live a life of comparative ease in their master's camp, with the certainty of getting their pay at the end of the trip, and would be benefiting the white man into the bargain, which, when all is said and done, is the be-all and end-all of the black man." This is a theory largely held, but not often so frankly expressed, in Africa and elsewhere. Sir Charles Eliot contributes an introduction to the book, which has also a large number of illustrations from photographs.

FROM Anne Boleyn to "Edna Lyall" is a far cry, but Mrs. Aubrey Richardson manages to include both of them, as well as a host of others, in "Women of the Church of England" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net). Indeed, the chief fault of the book is that she has aimed at pressing too many figures into her pages. Catherine Macaulay, Elizabeth Carter, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Charlotte Brontë, were all eminent women, but the first thing we think of in connection with any of them is scarcely their "churchwomanship." Why not have also included Mrs. Aphra Behn? However, despite her attempt to do too much, Mrs. Richardson has produced an admirable volume. The history of the Church of England has at many points, and usually for its good, been influenced by those whom Mr. G. W. Russell calls "Mothers in Israel," and Mrs. Richardson's roll-call of the English Churchwomen in five centuries brings this fact into prominence. A book of this nature requires above all things to be impartial, and this Mrs. Richardson shows herself even when dealing with such controversial periods as the Reformation, or the middle of the nineteenth century. Her book is an interesting record of the services which women have rendered to religion in this country, and an admirable portrait gallery of many of the worthiest names the English Church can boast.

* * *

THE history of a good many of the suppressed plates referred to in "Suppressed Plates" (Black, 10s. 6d. net), will be familiar to the collector of books, but Mr. G. S. Layard has unearthed several examples, information about which will be gratefully received. His selection has been made with laudable discretion, and the result is a pleasant, gossipy book which both the connoisseur and the layman may read with pleasure and profit. One should add, perhaps, that he does not confine himself to plates that were actually suppressed. There are instances given of those which, like Cruikshank's famous attack on the Duke of Cumberland in 1815, were suppressed in part only, while the last chapter goes so far outside the scope suggested by the title as to deal with palimpsests or plates that were adapted to a second use. The study of palimpsests, by the way, is a fascinating and amusing pursuit that may be commended to the bibliomaniac, who will find the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries rich in this class of plates. In regard to suppressed plates, the principal artists mentioned by Mr. Layard in this connection are Hogarth, Leech, Charles Keene, Cruikshank, and "Phiz," while his authors of course include Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray's "Marquis of Steyne," the Buss plates to "Pickwick" which were discarded in favour of those of "Phiz," and Edwin Edwards' frontispiece for Omar Khayyam, are prominent among the examples dealt with. Leech's picture of Marion Jeddler eloping with Michael Warden, which still figures in Dickens' least-read book, "The Battle of Life," is an instance of a plate which was not suppressed but ought to have been—for the simple reason that the incident depicted does not take place in the text. It was "concluded" by Leech from a hasty perusal of the earlier pages. The "Danae" of Fred Sandys, which offended the moral susceptibilities of the editor of "Once a Week," and the illustration of "The Two Apprentices" in Du Maurier's "Trilby," which Whistler interpreted as a personal affront to himself, and which was cut out together with the corresponding textual affront—the character of Joe Sibley—are not less alluring because they are up-to-date instances.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the story of Maria Carolina of Naples is without the pathetic dignity that we associate with her more famous sister, Mrs. Bearne's book, "A Sister of Marie Antoinette" (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), might have been made more interesting than it is. The book is mainly a compilation from the works of previous biographers of Maria Carolina, Mrs. Bearne's chief contribution being a violent hatred for all who took part in the popular side at the French Revolution. "Brutes and ruffians of infamous character and low, coarse manners," "scoundrels who were not only objectionable from their odious habits and customs, and as the suitable representatives of the gang of murderers their masters," "violent caitiff," "pestilent

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fellows," and "wretches now terrorising France," are a few flowers of speech to be found upon a single page. Apart from this invective the book is readable enough. In her earlier pages she gives some pleasant glimpses of the home life of Maria Theresa and her children at Schönbrunn and Vienna, and the account of Lady Hamilton's friendship with Maria Carolina, though it contains nothing new, presents Nelson's mistress in what we believe is a true light. Mrs. Bearne regards Maria Carolina as innocent of the worst crimes with which she has been charged, but when all is said she remains a hard, imperious, and vindictive figure upon the pages of history. The book contains a number of illustrations, many of them taken from interesting contemporary sources.

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THE aim of "The Bible Beautiful," by Miss Estelle M. Hurl (Sisley, 7s. 6d. net), is to trace the development of Bible illustration from the rude frescoes of the catacombs to the work of such artists as Burne-Jones, Ary Scheffer, and Tissot. The plan was a good one, and Miss Hurl has carried it out well. She has been at pains to explain the symbolism of a great many of the pictures reproduced in the volume, and to find Biblical authority for many of the incidents described. Three useful appendices contain translations of some famous hymns of the Middle Ages, and other selections from medieval literature which are helpful towards an understanding of the pictures. The book is attractively turned out, and many of the illustrations are from pictures not commonly reproduced.

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THE most attractive feature of "Sidelights on Chinese Life," by the Rev. J. MacGowan, of the London Missionary Society (Kegan Paul, 15s. net), consists in the illustrations, of which there are twelve beautifully reproduced in colour from pictures by Mr. Montague Smyth, together with a large number of photographs. Mr. MacGowan has little that is new to say about the Chinese. He repeats what may be found in a number of other books, such as the origin of the custom of binding girls' feet, the fortitude of the Chinese in bearing pain, their tenacity of purpose, their literary training, and the strange contradictions in their character. His chapter on the Chinese farmer opens up an interesting problem. The Chinese farmer, he says, is second to none in all the world, and yet it may be assumed as an undoubted fact that fully seven-tenths of the whole nation are in hopeless debt, from which they will never be able to release themselves as long as they live. This Mr. MacGowan sets down partly to the small size of the great mass of the farms, and partly to the readiness of the Chinese to borrow at ruinous rates of interest.

* * *

MR. STUART MASON has compiled "A Bibliography of The Poems of Oscar Wilde" (Grant Richards, 6s. net.). It gives particulars as to the original publication of each poem, with variations of readings, and a full list of all editions, reprints and translations, together with notes on the uncollected poems, a useful list of magazines containing contributions by Wilde, and a number of illustrations. We have also received a reprint of "The Fortnightly Review" article "The Soul of Man," which has just been issued by Mr. A. L. Humphreys (3s. 6d. net).

* * *

"THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. H. F. LYTE" has been published in one volume by Mr. Elliot Stock (6s. net). Some of Lyte's hymns are among the most popular that have ever been written. "Abide With Me," "Pleasant are Thy Courts Above," and "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," as well as a number of others, have a place in nearly every hymnal. His other poems, though not of high rank, have charm, and show delicacy of feeling and occasionally technical skill. His longest effort was "The Battle of Salamanca," which won the Chancellor's medal at Dublin University. Like many other writers of religious verse, Lyte attempted to render the Psalms into English metre, and his "Spirit of the Psalms" is a respectable performance. Many people will be glad to have his collected poems in this tastefully produced edition, to which there is prefixed a biographical sketch by the Rev. John Appleyard.

* * *

Two attractive books on Italy published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus are "Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends"

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* * *

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* * *

PROFESSOR WESTLAKE's important work on International Law, of which the first part "Peace," appeared in 1904, has now been completed by the publication of "Part II: War" (Cambridge University Press, 9s. net). The learned author most wisely delayed publication until he could complete his survey by a chapter on The Hague Conference of 1907, which will no doubt be extended and enlarged when a second edition becomes necessary. For a text-book Professor Westlake's book is perhaps rather too dogmatic, and for the general reader it is too concise. The author never allows himself elbow room. The long excursions of mixed history and argument which make Twiss and Halleck and Nys comparatively readable, are wanting in this hard and dry exposition. Nevertheless, Professor Westlake's treatise is of great value, for he is accurate, erudite, and acute. Perhaps the treatment of the proposal for exempting private property at sea from capture and destruction in time of war (the most unfortunate topic handled in the book) displays Professor Westlake at his worst. The interests of commerce and shipping, the opinions of economists, reformers, and statesmen, are ignored. A few pages of logic-chopping are all that seems to be required to erect such objections to the reform as will satisfy the crusted conservatism of the jurist and the natural dislike which every fighting man naturally entertains for anything that will hamper or limit his precious right to plunder and destroy.

* * *

AMONG the reprints of the week are Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," to which one hundred additional poems, including Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, have been added, and "The Poems of George Herbert," with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Waugh (Oxford University Press, 2s. each volume); Ruskin's "A Joy for Ever" and "The Two Paths," in The World's Classics (Oxford University Press, 1s. net); the fourth volume of Mr. G. A. Aitken's excellent edition of "The Spectator" and Browning's "Dramas and Dramatis Personæ" (Routledge, 1s. net each volume); a beautifully illustrated edition of "The Life of the Fields," by Richard Jefferies (Chatto & Windus, 5s. net); neat little copies of Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon" and a selection from Froude's "Essays" (John Long, 6d. each volume); a second edition of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," containing special appendices on controverted topics (Fisher Unwin, 15s. net); and the seventh edition, rewritten and revised, of Mr. Filson Young's "The Complete Motorist" (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net).

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The Week in the City.

THE last week of November and the first week of December, though marked by a few disagreeable incidents in America and Germany, showed a distinct recovery in the stock markets, and the American list especially gained substantially all along the line. The recovery, I think, originated in a pretty general belief that the premium on currency was about to vanish, and that the New York banks would revert in a few days to cash payments. Unfortunately, the effect on sentiment produced by the Government's relief plan has not lasted, and neither the enlargement of the bank note issues nor the importations of gold have been sufficient to displace the *de facto* currency of depreciated cheque notes based on inconvertible clearing-house certificates. This week, therefore, has been one of reaction and anxiety. The New York Press is at its wits' end to explain why all its hopeful prophecies have been disappointed. It is now only too clear that from a currency and banking point of view the panic and crisis of 1907 will prove to have been more widespread and incurable than any of its predecessors. Alike in scale and duration, this catastrophe surpasses anything of the kind that we have seen in modern times.

NEW LIGHT FROM WALL STREET.

An interesting letter from a New York broker was quoted in the "Times" City article of Tuesday, which not only threw the blame on the financial magnates, but also threw doubt upon their present solvency. I am told that the writer is a man of the highest character, as well as of undoubted knowledge and sagacity—of which, indeed, the letter leaves no room for doubt—and if he be correct, it is difficult to put any limit to the sensational developments which may be in store for New York. I advise those who are interested in the matter to read the following quotation very carefully:—

"Up to seven years ago Wall Street and the Stock Exchange were synonymous terms, but since then a higher atmosphere of finance has been created, in which our great financial leaders lived and had their being. They looked down upon the Stock Exchange and its denizens as an inferior order. This country, and probably the world at large, does not realise that such a higher atmosphere has been established, and they attribute our present condition entirely to the Stock Exchange part of Wall Street. This is a great mistake. So far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, we have had the most drastic liquidation there during the past year that any class of business ever suffered, until I think it is safe to say that loans of New York banks to Stock Exchange houses are not 20 per cent. of what they were three years ago, and the constant wonder of us poor benighted Stock Exchange people is that, notwithstanding the enormous liquidation we have suffered, and the enormous amount of loans we have paid off, the aggregate loans of the New York banks have never been reduced. The conclusion is irresistible that the Stock Exchange has been looted for the benefit of those who live in the higher atmosphere, and that it is loans to this class which the banks cannot collect that has brought them to suspension, and until these loans are liquidated, there cannot be any solid foundation upon which to base a new era of expansion."

Thus the abuse of credit has brought all kinds of American businesses on to a sort of cash or paper currency basis. The New York broker is naturally alarmed at the immediate prospect, though he has "unbounded confidence in the ultimate solvency of this country and the good sense of the people." But in the meantime, and for the moment, if all classes of businesses have to suffer such a contraction as Wall Street, no one can estimate how low the value of securities may sink. "Everybody who is in debt now is in danger, and it does not make much difference how many securities or what assets he has. Individuals and corporations must sacrifice their securities and their assets to pay maturing obligations." He fears "many failures and much real suffering before the turn comes."

THE POSITION TO-DAY.

The apprehensions excited by this letter are not allayed by the latest telegrams. The premium on currency has been higher than a fortnight ago. The reports of the New York City Banks, published on Tuesday, in response to a summons issued by the Comptroller of the Currency, "revealed a heavy impairment of resources in the case of one or two establishments on which the pressure has been specially severe." There is talk of "consolidating" these weaker brethren. A flutter has also been caused by a rumour that

the State Banking Department is about to issue a call for reports from the State banks and trust companies. It would seem that the authorities are beginning to feel that public confidence in the sound banks can only be established by an inquiry which will reveal the weakness of the unsound ones and result in their elimination. It is to be feared, therefore, that a considerable crop of failures and suspensions is in prospect before any return to cash payments can be announced by the solvent institutions.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Happily here at home trade remains wonderfully good in spite of dear money, but the prospect of the 7 per cent. bank rate lasting over Christmas is decidedly alarming. It will certainly mean the reduction of many dividends, especially in merchant businesses which depend so much on cheap money. The Board of Trade returns for November prove that business is as active as last year, and, though the profits of the manufacturers may be less, the wages of the work-people are more. Fortunately, the prices of commodities as shown by the index number are still falling. I should fear that the December returns will show a set back; but we may be thankful that the country is so well off compared with the United States and Germany. But how will the Tariff Reformers explain this puzzle?

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CLOISTRAL MUSIC.*

WOULD the monk, whose ideal of earthly felicity was "in angello cum libello," in "Hoexkens ende Boexkens," "a little book in a little nook," have called this fascinating octavo a little book? Mr. Montmorency has here grouped together the various forces, religious, political, and literary, that were responsible for the appearance of the "Imitatio Christi"—that aloe flower produced by centuries of bitter devotional introspection. The compiler assumes, and gives detailed reasons for the assumption, that Thomas Haemerlein, of Kempen, who died at the age of ninety on July 26th, 1471, at the close of a long summer day, after compline, was the author. Many of the curious woodcuts and pages of original manuscripts are here admirably depicted by the aid of photography. We are shown a mine of information about a little treatise known as "Musica Ecclesiastica," a name derived from the cadence of the text, and the *canor* or divine music that sustained this prince of mystics. Thomas did not expect rest or peace in life; therefore, says his biographer, he found it. One of the most interesting chapters is entitled not the "contents," but "the Content of Imagination." Souls very diverse indeed from that of Haemerlein have been touched to finer issues by the perusal of his little book. Mr. Montmorency reminds us how this "cloistral music" appealed to Thackeray, Carlyle, Comte, Gladstone, Renan, George Eliot, and, above all, to Matthew Arnold. The importance of the work on our days, when undeniably a wave of mysticism is passing over Europe and America, is well put by the author in the following lucid and suggestive extract:—

"The age of Thomas à Kempis was one of contrasts, vivid and significant. On the one hand we see atheism avowed and shameless; on the other an intensity of belief that would seem to make reasonable doubt poor and naked. We see a visible Church, claiming to base its authority on its corporate position, its immense wealth, and its immemorial traditions. We see, in fact, that it is supported by an invisible Church, which preserved the faith that alone makes the existence of a Church tolerable. . . . Mysticism is now as widespread, as deep-rooted, as when Gerson and Haemerlein taught and thought. Europe, and the Churches of Europe, have before them much the same problem that was before them in the fifteenth century. How will they solve it? Will practical mysticism conquer once more, as it conquered four centuries ago? Will all-prevailing Doubt take the place of the unwavering Faith that alone rendered modern Europe possible?"

Mr. Montmorency's scholarly volume ought to send all lovers of the "Imitatio Christi" back to their old favourite with increased zest and enlarged minds. The problem of its authorship has aroused a controversial bitterness very alien from the sweetness of the book. People have squabbled over the writer's identity, and forfeited his unmistakable message of inward peace. "Tolle, lege!"

* "Thomas à Kempis: His Age and Book." By J. E. G. de Montmorency, LL.B. With twenty-two illustrations. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

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Diary of the Week.

WE understand that there is no truth in the suggestion that the Prime Minister's state of health is such as to suggest the desirability of his taking a Peerage and conducting the Government from the House of Lords, a position from which, it is unnecessary to say, it is impossible to conduct any Liberal Government. The story would seem to be a revival of the proposal made on the formation of the Government that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should go to the Peers, instead of remaining in his natural place as the Leader of the House of Commons.

* * *

WE hear that the predominant Protectionist Party in the Opposition considers that Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham finally commits him, not merely to their view of the economic question, but to a repudiation of the Free Trade section of the Party. They insist that while Mr. Balfour, in his public speeches and in his more confidential remarks at the smoking concert, deprecated a form of excommunication of the Free Trade section, he insisted that it was time for these gentlemen to come into line with the general body of the Party, or to suffer the consequences. This would necessarily imply the exclusion of all Free Trade candidates from Tory or Unionist platforms at the next election. The question is, how many of the Free Trade Unionists are now ready to lay down their arms, as at Birmingham they were practically required to do, and on what terms their surrender will take place? We believe that the Protectionists count confidently upon securing Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Londonderry. They think the former would be ready to adopt, say, a 5 per cent. tariff directed against foreign goods. Lord Londonderry, while refusing to support taxes on imported food, is quite

willing to erect a low tariff wall against the foreigner. Lord Robert Cecil has already yielded half the Free Trade case, and Lord Hugh Cecil belongs to a family which has never led forlorn hopes. The Protectionist Party, therefore, considers the battle with Free Trade in the ranks of the Unionist body at an end, and Mr. Balfour to be definitely and finally their captive.

* * *

MR. HALDANE has made a series of speeches, partly in promotion of his army scheme and partly as a contribution to general politics. We comment elsewhere on these latter pronouncements, which include an extraordinary revival of Jacobite doctrine (or shall we say a mixed Hobbes-and-Hegel doctrine?) concerning the Monarchy. Mr. Haldane stated at Hampstead on Saturday week that the King possessed under the Constitution a power of initiative, and that "the better, the greater the sovereign, the more initiative could he and did he show, his greatness consisting in the knowledge of how to adequately interpret the wishes and the spirit of his people." In this sentence Mr. Haldane seems to us to commit an almost equal outrage on the English Constitution and the English language. He went on to say that among the King's many gifts his "great quality was capacity for taking the initiative and acting in complete harmony, not only with his Ministers, but with Parliament and the people." He further reiterated that the Constitution gave "freedom of initiative to the man who knew how to identify himself with the whole and the whole with himself," while mere "general decisions" were reserved to Parliament.

* * *

WE note that the important correspondent, "Civis," in the "Times," declares with truth that this speech reaffirms Bolingbroke's famous doctrine of the "patriot King," and that by the universal consent of our Constitutional writers, ending with Mr. Haldane's colleague in the Cabinet, Mr. John Morley, the theory of "initiative" violates the fundamental principles of English liberty, based as they are on the responsibility of Ministers, and sets up pure "absolutism." This is our own contention in an article written before the letter of "Civis" appeared. We are bound to say that Mr. Haldane's speech creates a strange situation. Unless his Constitutional doctrine is disavowed, we do not see how he can feel happy in a Liberal Cabinet.

* * *

THE American Fleet, consisting of sixteen great battleships, divided into two squadrons of four divisions, steamed out of Chesapeake Bay in single file on Monday last. The imposing procession was headed by the President's yacht, "The Mayflower." Mr. Roosevelt took formal farewell of the officers, but a more meaning demonstration awaits it on its arrival at its new headquarters on the Pacific coast. The Asiatic Exclusion Leagues are organising and extending their influence, and the greeting to the navy will give an immense stimulus to the anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese movements in the Pacific sea-board. A national character is now to be given to the dangerous and determined local organisations, and America will be fortunate if physical attacks on Oriental immigrants are avoided. These the Federal Power will be powerless to stay, while it cannot avoid responsibility for them.

* * *

THE Church of England has called in the lawyers to help her to contract out of any obligations to the

State which she may have incidentally acknowledged in the conduct of her training colleges for teachers. The question whether the Trust Deeds of these colleges permitted the introduction of students as to whose religious faith no questions were asked, either as day students or as residents in hostels and boarding-houses, was submitted to three eminent counsel, the first of whom was Sir Robert Finlay. The answers, which are very elaborate and apply specifically to many colleges, justify the practical exclusion of all non-Anglican students save as day students, in whose behalf no extra expense has been incurred. All non-Anglican occupants of hostels or boarding-houses on which money—in the main public money, be it noted—has been expended, are liable to exclusion, on the ground that such expenditure is in the nature of a breach of trust. The Primate, in making this announcement to Mr. McKenna, also forwards him a batch of resolutions passed at the Training College Conference, declining to comply with the August regulations of the Board of Education, and therefore allocating public funds to private and sectarian uses. Under these circumstances, Mr. McKenna has only one course to follow. That is to procure the withdrawal of these funds, and to leave the Church to maintain her "doctrine and discipline" out of her own purse.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY and Mr. Asquith, speaking on Thursday, both tendered strong support to Mr. Birrell in his refusal to take a step on the road to coercion. Both declared, in almost identical terms, that his policy in this respect was the policy of the entire Cabinet. Mr. Asquith added that cattle-driving should and must be put down, for it was "reprehensible and unpatriotic," but that he did not believe that it was approved by any "responsible" Irish leader, "lay or clerical." Sir Edward Grey emphasised the old Liberal doctrine that the aim of government in Ireland was to increase "the sense of responsibility in the people themselves," and that coercion weakened it.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY spoke moderately on foreign affairs. He saw no reason even in the German programme, impelling us to rush into fresh naval expenditure, though we might be unable to continue to reduce it. The cost of armaments was one of the most serious of European questions, but we would not go further than other nations. He declared for complete reliance on the European Concert for the settlement of Macedonia, and described the effect of the Anglo-Russian Convention as a check on a forward frontier policy, and on forcible British and Russian intervention in the domestic affairs of Persia.

* * *

LORD KELVIN died on Tuesday at his house at Largs, at the patriarchal age of 83. We describe his place in the world of science elsewhere; here it is enough to chronicle his honours. The son of a Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow, William Thomson associated that city with some of the greatest achievements of modern science. He held his own professorship for 53 years, within which period he had almost filled the world with his inventions, had enormously advanced our knowledge of the laws of heat and motion, had made ocean telegraphy possible, and had given new life to the study of applied mathematics. His material rewards were a peerage and the Order of Merit, combined with many distinctions to which foreign nations and academies contributed. He united a closely observant and highly practical genius with full control of what has been called the "scientific imagination." He was a man of great simplicity of mind and habit. Perhaps the least successful part of his wonderful life was his work as a lecturer. He is to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

* * *

An obscure and as yet undecided crisis has broken out in Persia. The Shah, whose attitude towards the

Constitution, despite the fact that he has four times sworn to observe it, is undoubtedly hostile, dismissed the democratic Cabinet, and arrested its chief members. The Premier, Nasir-el-Mulk, who wears a British decoration, was rescued from violent vengeance by the British Legation, which suggested exile as a compromise. Meantime, the Parliament, sitting in permanence, demanded explanations from the Shah. His followers gathered in the square before the Palace, while the democratic party entrenched itself round Parliament House. The latter appears to be the more numerous and determined, and the Shah shows signs of yielding. The ex-Premier's banishment has already been cancelled. The Shah is evidently too weak to carry out a *coup d'état*. But he is obviously strong enough to frustrate the Parliament, and it is difficult to see how, after this abortive conspiracy, they can hereafter trust him. It is no doubt the fear of provoking foreign intervention which prevents them from deposing him. Early in the week an ominous *communiqué* announced that Russia and Great Britain were concerting measures to deal with the crisis. Later a more reassuring statement has disclaimed any thought of armed intervention.

* * *

THE Government having been asked to appoint a clergyman of marked characteristics to the Bishopric of Chichester has replied by appointing a gentleman of no special characteristic at all. Dr. Ridgeway, the Dean of Carlisle, and brother of the Bishop of Kensington and of Sir West Ridgeway, is a man of judgment and of moderation in temper, and he is known as a preacher, safe rather than brilliant, to a large West End parish. He has no literary record, and the plausible object of the appointment to a diocese like that of Chichester is to secure a conciliating force in a district where the High Church movement is aggressive and is fiercely opposed.

* * *

THE reaction is running its disastrous course in Russia, and Finland is likely to be the next scene of its exploits. A former lieutenant of the terrible General Bobrikoff, a certain General Seyn, has been sent there as Governor. The dismissal of the sympathetic Governor, M. Gerhardt, is said to be imminent, and his successor is likely to be some violent reactionary, like General Reinbot or General Kaulbars. In the present temper of the people resistance is probable. We discuss elsewhere the heavy sentences passed after a mere form of "trial" on the Social Democratic members of the Second Duma. Three notable personalities have been seized this week. Professor Michael Anitchkoff, a distinguished Sociologist who has lectured in Oxford and published a notable book in English, entitled "War and Labour," has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment; the veteran Socialist leaders, pioneers of the "To the People" movement, Madame Breshkowsky and Nicholas Tchaykowsky, are now in the "St. Peter and Paul" fortress. The fact that the latter, an exile long residence in England, has many connections among English and American literary men will, we hope, suggest to M. Stolypin the wisdom of avoiding extremes of vengeance.

* * *

THE Roumanian Parliament is now considering important agrarian reforms. Some two-fifths of the total cultivated area belongs to small proprietors; but nearly half is owned by large landlords, frequently absentees, who let their land to middlemen—generally Jews financed from Galicia. The peasants' methods of tillage being primitive, they must supplement their incomes either by renting and working more land or by agricultural labour on the large estates. The contracts are made in the winter, when their stock of food is running short, and they will agree to any terms to get an advance. The middlemen's oppression of them led to the fierce revolt of last spring: and the Liberal Ministry,

which took office when the peasants were believed to be marching on Bucharest, has now submitted its scheme. A central purchase fund is to aid existing Land Banks: peasants' associations are to be set up to facilitate land-purchase—with a special provision against sub-division below five hectares (about twelve acres): communal pastures are to be provided: district committees, representing employers, labourers, and the Government, are to fix the terms of labour contracts, including a local minimum wage: and perambulating courts are to see that the terms are kept. No middleman is to hold for sub-letting more than 4,000 hectares (about 10,000 acres)—a provision easily evaded—and, in case of further disturbances, the village public-houses are to be municipalised. This hits the Jews hard, and may, therefore, be popular, but the landlord party predict compulsory purchase, and denounce this, and the proposed interference with free contract, as Socialism, just as if they were English or Scottish. They suggest improved agricultural education, with prizes for new crops—which are not likely to be won by peasants. And, as the compensation to be awarded for damage during the revolt is limited to 15,000,000 francs, and given only as an act of grace, opposition is not likely to abate.

* * *

THE trial of Robert Wood for the murder of Emily Dimmock ended on Wednesday night in a verdict of not guilty. This was inevitable, for the case for the prosecution, which the Judge described as based on circumstance and suspicion rather than direct proof, broke down or weakened at nearly every point. No evidence associated him with the murdered woman during the hours of the morning when she met her fate, and his own alibi, sworn to by his father and brothers and strengthened by a respectable witness, accounted for his movements between his leaving her company and midnight. On the other hand, his identification with the man supposed to have been seen in St. Paul's Road in the morning hours was destroyed in cross-examination. The remains of the charred letter found in the fireplace could only have shown a closer personal acquaintance than Wood admitted, even had the hostile reading of it by Sir Charles Mathews been free from doubt. The prisoner showed extreme coolness and resource in the witness box, and declared that he felt no fear during the trial. The ineffectiveness of the case and, we are bound to add, its sensational conduct by the Crown turned this unpleasant young man into a popular hero, and an enormous crowd welcomed the verdict of acquittal, and might have torn the hostile witnesses in pieces had he been condemned to die. The prisoner, who had sketched the Judge while the jury were deliberating, himself led the cheers which it raised for his brilliant counsel, Mr. Hall. He also gave Mr. Hall Caine his signature on a copy of the "charred letter." Such incidents are, we think, unprecedented in criminal trials.

* * *

LORD CURZON unveiled a monument to Clive in Merchant Taylors' School on Saturday, and delivered a panegyric of the hero of Arcot and Plassey. Clive was a master-spirit among men, raised above the common surge of humanity, as a lighthouse is raised above the waves of the sea. He had all the qualities of a great commander of men, and he founded both our military Empire in India and its Civil Service. Lord Curzon followed in Clive's case the line of unqualified eulogy which Lord Rosebery lately applied to a less attractive Empire-builder. His trickery of Omichand was justified by necessity, and the fact that without it the British cause in India would have failed. Is that also an excuse for Clive's acceptance of bribery? And are great and attractive human figures, like Clive and Nelson, made to live in the imaginations of men by the process of describing their faults as virtues?

MUCH ill-informed talk is at present afloat as to the deterrent effect of heavy penalties in cases of serious crime. In last week's "Spectator" we have this fallacy treated as if it were an established axiom. We are assured that "the fear of heavy penalties is often the exact deterrent which he (the criminal) requires to dissuade him from seizing sudden opportunities for evil." As to the truth of this, let us consult the official criminal returns and not our own *a priori* suppositions. Commenting in 1895 on the decrease of crime the returns say that "this remarkable decrease goes on *pari passu* with a still further reduction in the length of sentences." If heavy penalties are such a deterrent, lighter penalties must be a corresponding incentive. But so far from this being the case, lighter penalties are accompanied by a decrease of crime. Here is another instance from the last issued criminal returns. Sentences to penal servitude of ten years and over in the year 1905 "were not one-fifth the proportion of what they were in 1883." This decrease of long sentences has been accompanied by a great diminution in the number of persons tried for indictable or serious crimes. In 1881-5 the annual proportion of persons tried for serious offences amounted to 225 per 100,000 of the population; in 1901-5 the number had decreased to 175 per 100,000 of the population. Facts of this kind, drawn from official sources, utterly destroy preconceived theories. Another fallacy is that capital punishment for murder is in this country an *inexorable law*. As a matter of fact, for the last ten years at least, of the number of criminals sentenced to death for murder, little more than one-half were actually hanged. How does the theory of the inexorability of capital punishment stand in face of a fact like this?

* * *

ON Wednesday Professors Hobhouse and Westermarck delivered their inaugural addresses as occupants of the new Chairs of Sociology in the University of London. The establishment of these chairs—the first University recognition of the study of Sociology—marks an important educational advance. It is true that most people have slight ideas of what subjects may be, or rather may not be, included in the domain of sociology, but Professor Westermarck's lecture on "Sociology as a University Study" did something not only to define the subject, but to show its practical utility. His remarks upon the amazing ignorance of the customs of non-European peoples shown by those sent to rule over them were particularly well-timed. Professor Hobhouse dealt with the roots of modern sociology—political philosophy, the philosophy of history, the growth of the sciences such as biology, and specialisations within the field of sociology itself, such as economics and modern anthropology. He claimed that the comparative method in the study of jurisprudence, religion, and ethics had furnished sociologists with a new set of *data*. We regret that these lectures have been given only meagre reports in the daily newspapers.

* * *

THE first of the test matches in Australia has been won by the Commonwealth, after a battle fought with great stubbornness. Australia's first innings, and England's second both yielded 300 runs, and Australia had to make 274 runs in order to win. This they did, for the most part on a fairly good wicket, with two men to spare. The English eleven had the best of the weather, but only one of its players, Gunn, who was a mere chance addition to its strength, played a first-rate game at the wickets. Australia showed greater grip and coolness, but the game is not decisive of merit, for the English captain, Mr. Jones, who is probably the best living leader of an eleven, and one of the two or three best living cricketers, was absent.

Politics and Affairs.

THE REAL ENEMIES OF LIBERALISM.

IF, as seems probable, the Miners' Federation will decide to join the Labour Party, how will the result affect Liberalism? Nominally, there will be a transfer of a number of votes to a party which is really independent, and sometimes really hostile. Certainly it is of real moment that the Government should be confronted with an independent party sixty strong in the House of Commons, and, by every reasonable calculation, far stronger, proportionately, in the electorate. On the face of the facts, the situation might seem to be one of no small danger to the future of Liberalism. But those who look below the surface, whether they regard the actual play of forces in the House of Commons, or whatever they consider the basic social principles to which progressive parties, under whatever name, are bound to appeal, will, we think, recognise that the new situation is one which a Liberalism that is resolutely led, and has faith in itself, can face with perfect confidence. On the one hand, the accession of new and larger forces to its ranks means moderation and responsibility within the Labour Party itself. As its numbers grow, and its weight in the counsels of the nation increases, the new party will more and more dissociate itself from the mere wrecking measures which naturally appeal to those who know themselves to be a hopeless minority. The advocacy of extremes for the mere fun of the thing will be dismissed for the childishness it really is, and the party as a whole will settle down to the more prosaic but more useful work in which its best leaders have long shown themselves to be skilled hands, of making the best of the political world as it is, of discovering in every relation not merely the best ideally, but the best that can be obtained, of working with those who are prepared to work with them, and reserving their denunciations for those who are resolute in opposition.

If, indeed, the opposition between Labour and Liberalism were rooted in the nature of things, these considerations could hardly console us. But we have never believed this to be the true line of cleavage in politics. The Labour representative may hold what academic views he pleases about the nationalisation of the means of production; but while he is practically working for old-age pensions, for the taxation of site values, for the feeding of school children, for the abolition of religious tests, for the reduction of extravagant military expenditure, for a more humane and just Colonial and foreign policy, he is, for all Liberals who put the ends of politics above the means, not the enemy but the friend in need. He is the ally against that devitalised Liberalism which is hypnotised by society, paralysed by the officialism of the circumlocution office, cowed by the social prestige and long political preponderance of the routed enemy on the Bench opposite. The standing problem of democratic politics in England is to overcome the vast forces, economic and social, rather than political, which support the rule of class and of wealth. These forces meet us, first in the constituencies, where they at least call themselves by their right name—Conservatism. But when the battle is won in the electorate, it is renewed in the clubs and drawing-rooms, in the editor's study, and the Government offices. Triumphant democracy is attacked

in detail. The new Minister, fresh from his pledges to the constituency, or on fire with great purposes of social amelioration, is confronted with the bland immovability, the urbane incredulity, of a type of permanent official. All his pet theories, he finds, have long since been examined and exploded by this courteous and deferential encyclopædia. His most cherished scheme is to be found, dusty with age but neatly docketed, in the pigeon-hole of discarded plans. His nominal subordinate politely disbelieves that he can mean anything so absurd, and points out that such extravagances may be pardonable in men like So-and-So—his pet enemy—who will never attain to Cabinet rank. But a man like the new Minister, with his solid powers, his judgment, his discrimination, will readily see the overwhelming practical objections to anything which—though this, of course, is phrased differently—will jolt the official machine out of its comfortable rut. The result is fore-ordained. The Permanent official retires to his arm-chair, permitting a slight smile to flicker about his lips, and murmuring, "I have seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolts." The leader of men, the champion of forlorn hopes, the apostle of social enthusiasm, issues from his office a converted being. He returns to his constituents "a practical man," the exponent of the judicious and the tentative, the austere censor of young persons with enthusiasms.

In the House of Commons, confronted with the awful presences of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin, men who so long held sway and still form an imposing row as they sit by Mr. Arnold-Forster and Mr. Walter Long on the Front Opposition Bench, he assumes an humble, almost an apologetic, attitude. He pleads for recognition, as one of their order, and justifies himself by the very modest character of his proposals. Some Bill he must bring in, something must be done to gratify the rank and file—that, surely, Mr. Balfour will remember from his own experiences. But his proposal makes the very least change possible. The concession to the democracy is the smallest that can be made. Expenditure has, perhaps, been cut down, but the amount is really trifling, and Mr. Arnold-Forster may fairly be asked to overlook a merely nominal fulfilment of an election pledge. Something must be done for the unemployed in a world of unreasoning sentimentalists; but it shall be nothing that the Charity Organisation Society can seriously condemn. Old-Age Pensions have a force behind them that a Cabinet Minister cannot wholly disregard. But what is contemplated is really nothing but a slight modification of the Poor Law. It has been promised by an oversight, which shall not occur again, and the promise shall be fulfilled in the way which will give the very minimum of annoyance to gentlemen opposite. Perish the whole poor of England rather than cut a single gilt button off the uniform of a single Grenadier Guard.

For our part we see no reason for the apologetic tone and the minimising expressions used by exponents of democratic measures. We believe that those who employ them misread the signs of the times. "Society" still controls the Government offices, the Press, and the clubs, and through these engenders a specious public opinion which by no means represents the real tendency of feeling among the masses. This feeling is far more clearly shown at the by-elections, and the evidence of these elections is that the movement is not towards more

conservatism, but towards more democracy. Public opinion demands organic social changes, and, to take a single example, the more it is told of any scheme of Old-Age Pensions that what is intended is very modest and very tentative, and will effect very little, the less it is inclined to respond with enthusiasm. The result is that the real forces on which Liberalism rests are dispersed. The keenness is chilled, and indifference, like a dewless night, descends upon a Party which can only maintain itself against contact with social pressure by strong and living convictions. It is this mood, not the advance of Labour, which is the real danger to Liberalism. If the Party will shake itself out of this doubting attitude and throw itself whole-heartedly on the real forces making for democratic progress, if it will show itself not as hampering and minimising, but as leading and urging on the course of social advance, there need be no fear for the future of Liberalism.

MR. HALDANE'S IDEAS.

MR. HALDANE's personality is certainly one of the most interesting, if not the most attractive, in our politics. It is many-sided, and it is picturesque. A citizen of the modern world, Mr. Haldane also suggests, intellectually and physically, some high-placed Abbé of the eighteenth century, a sinuous, bustling, many-sided figure, who played at Versailles the agreeably varied parts of courtier, churchman, statesman, and man of pleasure. Mr. Haldane has even the churchman's traditional gift of utterance, and that, we know, is a fluent rather than a precise and illuminating form of speech. If he is not an orator, he is a talker of the type which many Englishmen like and are accustomed to admire, and if he has as yet accomplished no great thing, he has undeniable powers of work. They enable him to combine the pursuit of politics, law, metaphysics, and society, and to dazzle a world not over-given to strenuousness with a sense of ease and brilliancy of accomplishment, of a genial, smooth, and adroit personality, good-tempered and pleasantly cynical, after the Palmerstonian fashion, and playing in a masterful way with a great variety of subjects. Not that Mr. Haldane's ideas are strikingly original. His philosophy at least is old; his Imperialism is certainly not new; part of his Army Scheme seems to date from before the times of James the Second.

But the immediate question is whether Mr. Haldane's ideas are Liberal and Radical ideas. Some of them at least are undeniably German; others strike us as almost Jacobite. Mr. Haldane seems to us to figure English society of the future as organised on some new model of German efficiency, and at the same time retaining, and even extending, the domain of regal and aristocratic privilege, the machinery of class distinctions, the luxury of habit, that characterise it to-day. The monarchy plays a considerable part in these sketch-plans of Mr. Haldane. It was a little surprising to find the King advised to lay on the shoulders of the Lords-Lieutenant, by way of personal speech and contact, duties and responsibilities that can only be attached to them by Act of Parliament. But Mr. Haldane proceeded on Saturday to speak of the Monarchy in terms which might have been applied with some point to the Kaiser, but were out of place as a description of an English King. One hardly knows whether to regard this as serious constitutional doctrine or merely a dexterous revival of the almost lost

art of the courtier. If the former, we think that Mr. Haldane's resignation is due to his colleagues and to the Liberal Party; if the latter, we think that flattery so gross ill accords with the position of an English Constitutional Minister. Mr. Haldane informed us in his speech at Hampstead that the greater the Sovereign the greater the initiative he could and did show, "this greatness consisting in the knowledge how adequately to interpret the wishes and the spirit of his people." We should have said that "initiative" was the very power which the Constitution denied to the King and reserved to his Ministry, and that the "harmony" between the two Powers, of which Mr. Haldane spoke, depended on the extent to which the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament veiled the acts and will of the Monarch, and gave him a security that no King, with a Sovereign Parliament such as ours, could obtain without it. It is indeed no kindness to an excellent, and we should say, most impartial Monarch, to credit him with powers which he does not possess, and acts—such as the settlement of the railway dispute, that we saw attributed to him the other day in more than one newspaper—with which he has had no concern.

Mr. Haldane's ideas of constitutionalism are strange enough, but his theories of Imperial defence are of more immediate import, and in this connection we must say at once that we are unable to reconcile the speeches of the heads of the two departments of War with the defined and accredited policy of the Government as a whole. Lord Tweedmouth tells us that we must have no "cheese-paring" with the Navy. We hope that Lord Tweedmouth does not mean by this loose phrase that there are to be no economies in the service. If he does, he places himself in conflict with Sir John Fisher, who has assured us that large economies are both possible and proper. But Mr. Haldane opens a still more forbidding prospect. For he tells us that the time may come when we may not be able to maintain the two-Power standard of strength for the Navy, when, indeed, we can no longer depend "wholly and absolutely" on naval strength, and must look for defence from invasion to some such land force as his Territorial Army provides. Mr. Haldane does not tell us what are the grounds for this suggestion of an unfavourable position for the British Power. They cannot be diplomatic, for our relations with all the rival sea-Powers of the world but one—with Japan, France, Italy, and the United States—are relations either of actual alliance, cemented by military conventions, or of close friendliness, based on definite understandings and exchanges of views. These trifling matters, these moral re-arrangements of national forces, appear to be above the notice of a Liberal statesman. But Mr. Haldane's reasons for expecting a decline in British sea-power are remarkable, for he discovers a connection between it and population. Taking the two most progressive populations among our rivals in sea-force—those of Germany and of the United States—he asks how we, with a population of forty-four millions, can hope to maintain a two-Power standard against a combined mass of 160 millions.

On this argument, or implied argument, we have some criticisms to make. The first is—what connection is there between sea-power and population? Has Mr. Haldane heard of Athens and of Holland? Does he consider that their sea-power was in proportion to their

population? Or what connection had the sea-power of Spain with its population? On Mr. Haldane's theory the great sea-Power of the modern world ought to be not Great Britain or Japan, but China. In fact, we all know that a large number of elements, moral and material, enter into sea-power, which Mr. Haldane has not even considered—such as the character and wealth of a people, the extent of its sea-board, its position on the map, the developments of its trade, and the course taken by the ever-shifting currents of world-commerce. But we have a more serious quarrel with Mr. Haldane on his general theory of home defence. Hitherto, as the "Morning Post" points out, he has been in explicit agreement with the memorable speech in which Mr. Balfour, speaking as Prime Minister and Chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence, adopted, in the main, the conclusions of the "Blue-Water School," and accepted the guardianship of the Fleet as the supreme, and virtually the only, guarantee of the safety of these shores from invasion. Who can doubt such a conclusion? A land force might, indeed, prolong the struggle for a few weeks after the supremacy of the Navy on the seas had been broken down, but it would be fighting for a starving people and for a lost cause. No contribution to such an issue could be made by Mr. Haldane's territorial levies, whether it took six months to fit them for service against Continental troops or whether it took six days. Mr. Haldane talks easily about the possibilities of a "lodgment" on these shores. The last "lodgment" took place, for the nation's good, in 1688, when the wind, which then governed the motion and fate of ships, was all against the defending fleet, and all for the invading one; and when the invader was fully conscious of the fact, and based all his plans on his knowledge of it, that three-fourths of the nation were on his side. How do these conditions apply to such an invasion as Mr. Haldane projects, and how, so long as British policy remains as unaggressive as it is to-day, and her sea-power as intact as all reasonable citizens desire it to be, can a statesman who calls himself a Liberal raise such phantoms of the imagination, and give them such unseemly shape?

LONDON AND ITS UNFED CHILDREN.

NEARLY a year ago a Bill became law which designed to place upon a scientific basis the treatment in the elementary schools of necessitous children. That Act definitely established a certain position. Public money could be spent, at the demand of the local authority, upon the provision of kitchen, canteen, cooking utensils, and all the apparatus for the feeding of children who were prepared to pay for the cost of the food. Charity—if it pleased—could pay this cost instead of the individual parent. A special section of the Act decided that, where charity proved inadequate and necessitous children existed, the cost of the food could be found from public funds. A special rate could be levied, which in no case was to exceed a halfpenny in the pound. The original Bill, as drafted, allowed this rate to be levied in specially necessitous areas. That definition would have excluded London and other wealthy centres from its operations. It was changed in Parliament to empower the rate in districts where there are necessitous children. The definition of such children is an elastic one. It does not define them as "starving"

or as "hungry." It does not limit its scope—as some witnesses before the Select Committee desired—to children who are necessitous "through no fault of their parents." It includes within its operations the child who is habitually underfed or wrongly fed, as well as the child faced with sudden complete privation. It includes the child of the drunkard and the wastrel, as well as the child of the decent unemployed. It empowers the local authority to feed all children who, by reason of their ill-nourished condition, are unable to obtain that advantage from the education they are receiving which otherwise they might enjoy. It does not propose, however, to stop at that promiscuous feeding of good and bad alike. After feeding, it designs investigation. A complete machinery is established for pursuing the indifferent and criminal parent. While looking to a far more complete apparatus of food supply than that previously provided by charity, it desires to eliminate that worst feature of modern charitable effort, which so often, in its blindness, fills the rich with good things and sends the hungry empty away.

The Act was fought by a small but energetic company, through all-night sittings, as the thin end of the wedge of Socialism. Feed any child out of the municipal funds, it was said, and you must feed all children out of the municipal funds. Charitable aid and rate-aid cannot live amicably side by side. It is probable that the promoters of the Act were under no delusion in this matter. It was necessary to suggest that charity should continue to contribute, lest charity should prove indignant at being rudely thrust aside. But all experience demonstrates that immediately public funds are called in, or may be called in, the flow of charitable bequest automatically ceases. Men realise that they are no longer contributing for direct philanthropy. They are contributing to prevent the levying of a rate. They are contributing, that is to say, in order to relieve the lesser burden which might fall on their immediate neighbours. The resident in one house of a terrace gives his subscription in order that all the other residents in that terrace may be excused. It is impossible to arouse enthusiasm in such a cause. The fact was demonstrated by the similar transformation in the case of the unemployed. Considerable sums were advanced by the charitable each year until the Unemployed Act was passed. That Act levied a halfpenny rate for machinery and organisation. Immediately the supply of charitable funds ceased. The Act itself lay derelict until a sensational appeal from the Queen to the Empire as a whole brought a spasmodic and substantial response. Such an appeal could not be repeated. The following year it was necessary to vote a national grant to keep the Act working. The same transition is inevitable in the case of the children. It is inevitable, but those who dislike it struggle against it with some vigour; and in the intervening time are responsible for a considerable amount of remediable suffering. The majority of local authorities, which include poor districts within their boundaries, have decided to adopt the Act, and to work it efficiently. Eighteen of the big cities, including Birmingham, Manchester, Norwich, Sheffield, and Brighton, have already commenced operations. Others are applying to the Board of Education for permission to begin. None of these are Socialistic Town Councils, and many would have preferred to retain the old system. But they recognise the intention of Parliament on the matter. The question

of large policy is not a matter for the municipality. The wisdom or unwisdom of the free feeding of children is a national question. To the municipality belongs the humbler task of deciding whether any children in its schools are necessitous, within the definition of the Act. If so, its duty is to feed them—either at the expense of charity or at the expense of municipal funds.

In this progress one municipality has held stubbornly aloof. It is the one in which this question is probably of more importance than in all the rest combined. London, the centre of the greatest aggregate of wealth in Europe, is also the centre of the greatest aggregate of poverty. In the evidence tendered concerning underfed children before, first, the Committee on Physical Deterioration, and later the Select Committee upon this particular Bill, more than three-quarters of the evidence of pressing need came from London. Here, if anywhere, the Act should have been worked to the limits of its powers. It is not a city which need cry out at the incidence of a halfpenny rate; not a poverty city like West Ham, its less fortunate neighbour, staggering under impossible accumulations of low-grade life. The London County Council this week refused to apply for the levying of the rate or any portion of it. It is resisting the adoption of the Act on a point of policy, while declaring that its resistance is established on a point of fact. The policy is the disapproval of municipal expenditure for the provision of food for necessitous children. The fact affirmed is that there are no children in the schools of the "necessitous" character defined by the clauses of the Act; or that charity is proving, or could prove (with suitably worded appeal), adequate to their satisfactory treatment. A few weeks ago such an appeal was issued by the Chairman of the London County Council. It alternately cajoled and threatened: cajoled in the name of the starving children, threatened (as an alternative to subscription) the imposition of a halfpenny rate. The demand was for fifteen thousand pounds; the response was less than a hundred and fifty. Official statistics, received from the various elementary schools of London, have revealed the complete collapse of the charitable system. The head teachers were asked to name the total of necessitous children, the total of children receiving meals, the number of meals supplied. The results are almost farcical in their revelation of inadequacy. One school in Bethnal Green revealed 152 necessitous children, of whom 61 children were being "fed"—one meal a week: starvation mitigated once in seven days by one crowded hour of glorious soup and pudding. Another showed 168 necessitous children, with no feeding at all for them; another 180, in similar condition; another 338. Large numbers revealed the provision of meals one, two, or three days a week. Upon the general total received up to date over six thousand children are returned as necessitous with no provision of any kind for meals for them. The percentage of necessitous who are being fed has slightly risen in the latest weekly returns; but at the same time the number of meals given per child has decreased; showing that the teachers are not receiving more bread-and-butter, but trying to cut it thinner in order to make it go further round. Councillors are moved to tears by stories of children who faint (during the Bible lesson!) for lack of food; or mothers who write to ask if their children can go home early because they have at last earned six-

pence and now can provide them with a meal. But to those with imagination sufficient to convert dispassionate statistics into terms of flesh and blood, these aggregates of thousands will tell a story more eloquent than any of those specific cases of misery which alone can stimulate the dulled mind of apathy.

The children will, of course, be fed. The newspapers are taking up the question. There is talk of further charitable appeals, of a Mansion House Fund, of various persons in exalted places coming to assistance with eloquent appeal. It cannot be sufficiently emphasised, however, that those who contribute to such funds are in reality contributing to the maintenance of the less satisfactory system which is doomed to eventual extinction. It might be better indeed that the children to-day should suffer and starve for a time, if alone by their suffering and starvation can the welfare of their successors be guaranteed. Our method of dealing with necessitous children has long been a disgrace to our civilisation. A thousand competing churches and charities have each issued their plaintive appeals. A thousand tiny random and competing organisations have distributed their contributions in random and careless fashion. Sometimes the children of cunning parents, themselves eluding the responsibilities of labour, will obtain five or six substantial meals a day, while beside them the children of hard-working and decent poor are starving in silent misery. Some boil up soup in disused chapels. Some fling the children tickets for fragments of fried fish negotiable at tiny and horrible fried fish shops. Some leave the children to devour the food provided like wild beasts in the public streets. The spectacle of these coagulations of starved and stunted children being fed in squalid and dolorous surroundings is a spectacle which excites disgust as well as compassion. From all this dreary chaos the Provision of Meals Act is designed to lift the unfortunate children. It sets itself to teach manners as well as meals; to provide food in clean and orderly fashion; to prevent overlapping; to pursue the whining vagabond who dispatches his children hungry to school while he sleeps off the effects of his drunken orgy; to seek out those reluctant cases which to-day do nothing to proclaim their poverty and only reveal themselves when the child physically collapses for lack of food. In conjunction with the Medical Inspection which comes into force next January, it provides a physical Charter for the children of the poorest classes in England. If worked for a generation fairly and energetically, it should transform the whole condition of our slum areas, and produce an historic effect upon the problem of the unemployed and unemployable. In face of such opportunity, the delay which may be caused by some struggling stupidities, some imperfect and unequal charity, is a delay which is evidence less of human indifference than of human folly.

THE LAW COURT AS A THEATRE.

It is disconcerting to serious people—people who are chiefly interested, let us say, in religion, philanthropy, politics, or art—to reflect, as they must reflect, that there are three questions in which nine out of ten Londoners have interested themselves during the last week.

The first is, "Will the Druce grave be opened?" the second, "Will Wood be acquitted of the Camden Town murder?" the third, "Which eleven will win the Test Match?" Two of these questions have been answered; when the third has been settled, millions of our fellow-citizens will feel that their zest in life has sensibly abated. This is not surprising. Crime, Mystery, and Sport represent three enduring attractions for human nature in the state which we call civilisation. All suggest the unknown, the problematical, what the painter calls the "clear-obscure." Two of them reveal the under-world, the world where men and women live secretly instead of openly, and defy either the law or the acknowledged code of morals, or both. Social observers go down into this dim existence, and bring up specimens of its population for examination under the social microscope. Missionaries try to reform it. But for the most part we leave it to the police. Not even the broad humanity of Christian teaching stimulates the respectable world thoroughly to explore the depths of city poverty and vice, or to afford them substantial relief.

All the more necessary therefore is it, when some serious crime drags the people of the under-world into the light, that the serious person should scrutinise the forms of society that prevail there, and the means which the law adopts for dealing with them. Unfortunately, the whole atmosphere of the Law Courts, when these exciting and mysterious cases appear in them, is charged with sensationalism. We have not quite attained to the theatricality of the Court at Monaco engaged in trying the Gooids, where the judge allowed a photographer to open the proceedings with a flashlight, and an entreaty to the audience, including the prisoners, to look cheerful—"Messieurs, le sourire, s'il vous plait." But we are not far behind. The authorities of the Courts both in the Camden Town and the Druce trials opened it to all sorts of celebrities—literary, social, theatrical. Wood was permitted to sketch the Judge who was trying him for murder from the dock during the moments when the jury were deciding his fate. By some means, which we hope did not imply the connivance of the police or the prison authorities, he was allowed to send some of these sketches to newspapers of the Harmsworth type. These newspapers, again, took a leading part in the disclosure of evidence. They were actually allowed to print facsimiles of the incriminating postcard. They published minute descriptions of the prisoner, that were read by witnesses who were asked to identify him. So far as in them lay, they soaked the air with their impressions of the case, now with prejudice against the prisoner, now with hints and suggestions in his favour. This levity and irresponsibility were carried into the trial. Many of the witnesses revealed a tone of extreme callousness. One low man, fresh from a prison cell, made a joke about the police. Everybody in court laughed. The judge laughed, too. The man whose evidence looked at one time like hanging the prisoner seemed quite indifferent to its bearing. The prisoner appeared the most insensible of all. He greeted his friends in Court with a nod or a wave or his arms, and talked like a descriptive reporter. He pencilled a sketch of an actress who had smiled at him, and wrote underneath: "Miss ——— favours with a smile."

It is unfortunate that the Crown itself failed to

supply an adequate measure of dignity and restraint to the trial. There are some features about every public prosecution which strike us as of a doubtful character—the engagement of high professional skill in a criminal trial against the prisoner, leaving him to take his chance of engaging a defender of equal merit, the virtual forcing of the accused person into the witness-box, and the giving of the last word to the prosecuting barrister. But if these features are to stand and the State is to intervene as a hostile force, that force must surely be used in moderation. But how was the case against Wood organised and set up? If he himself is a witness of truth, the police committed perjury, the dreadful kind of perjury which puts into the mouth of the suspected man phrases that, in their very vagueness and double meaning, suggest guilt. But even if the evidence of the police were true in substance, their method of collecting it was open to grave question. One witness who identified Wood stated that he had just seen another witness go up and shake hands with him. Another—a criminal under sentence—stated that the police threatened him and "frightened him to death" when they took him from his cell and asked for a statement. Hardly less objectionable was the carelessness with which the hostile evidence was constructed and interpreted. The special correspondent of the "Daily News" noted that the identification of McGowan pointed to a big man, with broad shoulders, a man with a marked walk, and a man who wore a dark overcoat. It was presently proved that Wood's overcoat was a light one, that he was slight in build, and that his walk was quite normal. It may be true that the prosecution abated its tone as its case fell to pieces. But its earliest line, the way in which it dragged its ragged regiment of witnesses from the slums, the pot-houses, and even the prisons, reflected gravely on the discretion and humanity of its conductors. There is no greater danger to a State than an untrustworthy police service, and we think it high time for the Government to take account of the recurring evidence of its demoralisation. Furthermore, we are convinced that much of the morbid excitement that hangs round a trial like that of Wood arises from the fact that it is, in truth, a kind of game, a game played for a human being's life. This, again, makes against a trial in a judicial—i.e., a fair and calm—atmosphere. In the Wood case everybody knew that if the prisoner were convicted, he must, like the wretched girl he was accused of killing, die a violent and sensational death, and as the belief in his innocence grew, he became a kind of popular hero. Public opinion, which in the end governs the workings of criminal law, roughly intervened. The tone of some of the less reputable of the Crown witnesses was resented, and they and others, whose evidence was probably fair, were threatened, and even visited with physical violence. Anonymous letters poured into the Court, and the Judge was unable to repress them, or to control the action of the turbulent crowds in the streets. A kind of mob law prevailed, whipped up by the sensational reports of the trial, and threatening an actual outbreak in the event of a verdict hostile to the prisoner. These things suggest that a revision of the law of punishment for homicide is wise in itself, and that it would act as a preventive of the growing theatricality of our criminal courts, and a sedative to the hysterical passions that they foster.

Life and Letters.

THE SUCCESSOR OF NEWTON.

WHEN at the beginning of the twentieth century we find ourselves, even in England, assailed by the demands of various obsolete systems of thought, which were supposed to have been buried three or four hundred years ago, and when, moreover, we find these demands very largely conceded by the people, we are compelled to ask ourselves whether the astonishing progress of scientific discovery has produced any effect whatever on the mind of the average man or woman. Does the great stream of science flow by in a narrow channel, leaving its environment absolutely untouched and dry? Innumerable instances might be cited to justify a pessimistic answer to the question. But the death of Lord Kelvin shows very clearly that such an answer is far from the truth. There was not a respectable newspaper in England which on Wednesday last did not treat the departure of this great man as the chief event of the day in the world's history; all the ordinary items of news, the doings of kings, and the commotions of politics, were shown in their essential littleness when compared with the achievements of a great man of science.

To find the intellectual equal of Lord Kelvin, we must go back to Newton and Galileo; and it is beside them that he will take his place in history. Yet a comparison between these great ones is a matter of extreme difficulty. Newton was enabled to start at a point farther on the road of science than Galileo, and Kelvin at a point still more in advance of Newton's. We must remember that when Galileo started, the science of Force, commonly called Mechanics, can scarcely be said to have begun its existence: he had to create its beginnings. Beyond the work of Galileo, Newton found little to hand except the observations of Kepler on the motions of planets round the sun—observations unconnected together, and unaccounted for by any law; haphazard phenomena, as it were, although discovered by marvellous care and pertinacity. From these Newton divined the science of Dynamics, reducing them to order, and showing their connections in the work which is probably the greatest construction of the human mind, "The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," commonly called "The Principia." This work, considering the enormous field of knowledge which it created, might well have been the labour of many men of genius working for more than a century. Our wonder at Newton's achievement is greatly increased if we reflect that almost nothing can now be done in mathematical physics without the aid of the calculus, and Newton had to invent this himself, as a weapon for attacking the problems of Nature, presented in celestial mechanics and optics. Well, indeed, did he merit the splendid epitaph accorded to him by Pope:—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, Let Newton be!—and all was light."

All was not light, however. When Newton went, "The Mathematical Principles" remained, but the "Natural Philosophy" disappeared. Thus fared "The Principia" for a time. The man who had once more to join mathematics to the actual phenomena of experience, and to use it again as a means of investigating, interpreting, and even discovering, the phenomena and secrets of Nature had yet to appear; and he appeared in William Thomson. The "Natural Philosophy," or applied mathematics, which succeeded Newton as the expression of the principles of the "Principia" was, at any rate in England, very largely of a hopeless kind: it expressed itself in the form of the typical Cambridge problem of three generations back, and even at the present day it is not extinct. The usual humorous illustration of this kind of applied mathematics which in the same problem postulates "a heavy fly of weight W and an elephant whose weight may be neglected," is not a very great exaggeration. To this kind of thought the work of Lord

Kelvin dealt a deadly blow; and if we were asked to state in a few words his distinctively great work, we should reply that he re-joined the principles of mathematics and the realities of Nature. At the same time he extended enormously the field of investigation. Newton had applied his mathematics mainly to the motions of large celestial bodies, although he worked also among the corpuscles which he supposed to be the cause of light; Kelvin, too, worked in both fields, but his mathematics revelled among the atoms, the magnets, and the currents and oscillations of electricity.

The first work of Lord Kelvin that appealed to popular recognition was done in connection with the early Atlantic cables. It might seem at first sight to the general reader that, once the mechanical difficulties of laying down a cable across the bed of a deep ocean were overcome, the sending of a current, and therefore of messages, to America, must follow just as easily as if we were telegraphing through an overhead wire to Edinburgh from London; but it is not so. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, who had already lost for England the sole credit of deducing the existence of the planet Neptune from mathematics, said that no cable could be laid across the Atlantic: Thomson was of a different opinion, and the cable was laid. This cable soon failed, for reasons which had nothing to do with those alleged by Airy, and which are of too technical a nature to be explained here. Speaking generally, the difficulty of sending a current of electricity along a submarine cable compares with that of sending one along an overhead wire pretty much as the sending of a stream of water along a canal which has a large number of side outlets compares with the sending of a stream along the same channel devoid of all such outlets. The first is a slower process than the second. Thomson was the first to investigate the laws which govern the passage of an electric current along an ocean cable; he traced the whole history of the electric wave from the moment at which it was sent into the cable by the telegraph operator who depressed the key, to the instant at which it was received in America. He showed that, for the purpose of our being able to send anything like twenty words per minute, the receiver must be content with the very feeble current which first reaches him, without waiting even during the fraction of a second required for the current to reach him at full strength. This, of course, necessitated the use of a very delicate receiving instrument, and, more than this, the sweeping out of the cable of all that unused portion of the current for which the receiver of the message could not wait. Thomson fulfilled both conditions, inventing for the purpose his marvellously sensitive mirror galvanometer, and, later, his siphon recorder, the principle of which is used in many other connections. To him, therefore, ocean telegraphy owes its existence. But the mathematical investigation here involved led also to the clear exposition of the laws of those electric oscillations, afterwards experimentally investigated by Hertz, which are the foundation of ether (or wireless) telegraphy. This alone would have been a great achievement for any one man. For it Thomson received the "honour" of a knighthood. English Governments do not consist of men having much knowledge of, or even sympathy with, physical science; but even an English Government could not withhold distinction from the man for whom the highest earthly honour is undying fame and the reverence of the best of mankind. No man ever had so many splendid monuments erected to his memory. Every physical laboratory in the world is full of his instruments, and his discoveries and inventions are incessantly in the view of all students in every branch of science—celestial and molecular dynamics, heat, electricity, and magnetism. Wherever the most delicate machinery for measurement is required, there is the name of Kelvin found.

Those who have had the privilege of hearing him, whether at a meeting of the British Association, or when he spoke from the chair of the Royal Society, must have been struck with the extreme simplicity and directness of his mind. If he wanted an explanation of something contained in a paper read before him, he did not hesi-

tate to ask as a child would ask; his questions went to the root of the matter, and he was never satisfied until everything was made perfectly clear. He lived the same age as Newton, accomplished transcendently great work, and left behind him an unrivalled school of mathematical physicists, inspired by his genius—Rayleigh, J. J. Thomson, Larmor, and others—the greatest glory of Cambridge and of England. But the whole scientific world was his pupil, and the impress which he has left on physical science must remain as long as the world lasts.

THE DIARY OF A REVOLUTION.

THE tyrant who wished that the people had only one head that he might strike it off might in quieter moods have realised that a representative system offers a very fair substitute for his unattainable ideal. It is, one suspects, in much this spirit that M. Stolypin regards the First and Second Dumas. Here were gathered a microcosm of the Russian people, some of its stoutest hearts and most defiant tongues. In a single building, all known, unarmed, he had under his hand the personification of all the tendencies in Russian society which he wished to suppress. Here were no fugitives eluding him with false passports and assumed names, but public men who would neither strike nor flee. Next week he will open the great process against the 139 ex-Deputies of the First Duma, who signed the famous Vyborg manifesto, which urged Russians to adopt the tactics which our ancestors pursued towards Ship Money, and to starve a Government which defied the people. It will be a grandiose occasion, for the 139 include the Speaker of the House, professors, princes, landowners, advocates, all the pundits and pillars of society who form the Cadet party, as well as the mere rabble of Labour members and Socialists, who are usually condemned in a less regular and spectacular manner. The Third Duma, skilfully packed and sedulously terrorised, may debate to its heart's content the stirring question whether or not it lives under an autocracy. The question will be answered in another building and proved upon the persons of the first pioneers of a Parliamentary system.

No day without its line; no week without its victims. The present week has sealed the fate of the fifty-five Deputies who formed the Social-Democratic party in the Second Duma. Some fled betimes; but thirty-seven, disdainfully brave, preferred to wait their trial and endure the worst. It was because M. Stolypin had determined to find some pretext for destroying the Second Duma, that he invited it to deprive the entire Social Democratic Party of its Parliamentary immunity. The Cadets saw the snare, appointed a committee to investigate the charge, and decided that if the Duma were to die, it should die with dignity, and at the same time with a due regard for all the niceties of procedure. While the telephone hummed with threats of dissolution, a Committee solemnly investigated the evidence. The Social Democrats were accused of conspiracy to overturn the State by means of a gigantic military conspiracy. In a sense the charge was true. Like every Socialist party, the Russian Social Democrats are working for the overthrow of the existing régime, and their ultimate programme, no doubt, includes the idea of an armed revolution on the day before the dawning of the millennium. On that pretext Mr. Hyndman might be charged to-morrow with high treason, Herr Bebel and all his colleagues in the Reichstag flung into prison, and M. Briand torn from the ministerial bench to face a capital charge. In no other sense were these deputies guilty, and it was because their Liberal colleagues had decided to refuse their surrender that the Second Duma was dissolved. It is, doubtless, true that the Russian Social Democrats would lead an armed rising to-morrow, if they were assured of money, equipped with arms, and certain of the neutrality or alliance of the soldiery. But they have neither money nor arms. The soldiery is as yet only very partially sympathetic,

and the whole tendency of the party is to concentrate on the peaceful work of organisation, straining their meagre resources to send a few members to the Third Duma in the teeth of a monstrous franchise law, and using up the energy and the courage of their adherents in an effort to build up Trade Unionism. But in the eye of the law it was crime enough that they contemplated any change in the existing régime. The penal code promises at least Siberia to any member of an illegal organisation "formed to overthrow the existing form of government in some more or less distant future." Their offence was not conspiracy but a belief in the possibility of change.

The autocracy has had a long experience of political trials, and it has adapted its methods to circumstances. Time was, in the halcyon days of the Tsar Liberator, when even political assassins were sent before a jury. That practice was stopped when Vera Sassulitch was acquitted, after attempting to murder the brutal General Trepoff, first of that ill-omened name. Thereafter "politicals" went before removable judges. But after "the trial of the 193," the pioneers of the heroic "To the people" movement, whose idealism Tourgenieff depicted half in satire, half in sympathy, in the wonderful pages of "Virgin Soil," Felix Volkhovsky faced his judges, and in a speech of mingled irony and denunciation won the sympathy of the people before the silence of Siberia closed over him. From that day onwards trial has usually been dispensed with. But when the authorities are minded to make work for the lawyers, they take care to judge in secret. The Social Democratic deputies, accordingly, were "tried" in camera. They paced their cells while their fate was decided, nor were they even represented by counsel. The Third Duma meanwhile debated solemnly whether or not it lives under a constitution, and in the Bourses of London and Paris, high finance wondered how much it would be asked to lend in proof of its faith in the re-establishment of order.

Some days hence the exile's train will start on the long stages to Siberia, carrying with it the thirty-seven who are condemned, some for life, some for long terms of years, to imprisonment and then to exile. It is barely five months since these men were in London, shaking hands with "comrades" in our own Labour movement, revelling in their few days of freedom, marvelling a little that they were watched by Scotland Yard, and delighting in the sympathy of private friends and kindly audiences. One among them, at least, left the memory behind him of a great personality—Tsere-telli, a Georgian Prince who disdained to use his title, and mingled with little Jewish tailors from the ghetto of Warsaw and Russian workmen from the slums of Petersburg. His bearing, his manners, his handsome presence and great physique, were worthy of the superb race of mountaineers and warriors who had elected him to mock the legend of the unchanging East. He had found in Socialism the religious stimulus which made missionaries and martyrs of the first Christians, and he will tread the road which is hallowed by the footsteps of so many of the most enduring souls in Europe. The Russian stepmother-State is true to her traditions. She exiled Tourgenieff, she imprisoned Dostoevsky, she excommunicated Tolstoy. For three generations she has stamped out the talent, the courage, the energy which might have made her the greatest of European lands. She stands to-day by her past.

But these are only a few of the victims whom M. Stolypin has picked from the First and Second Dumas. In addition to the Social-Democrats, 33 Social-Revolutionaries and nine members of other Left-Wing groups are in prison or exile. And all the while the gallows creak and the prisons fill for less celebrated victims. In two years of "constitutionalism" some 2,717 persons have been condemned to death by court martial, and 18,271 by judicial process to lesser penalties—figures which take no account of the tens of thousands dealt with by administrative process. In the angry period between Plehve's death and the Moscow rising, the average number of capital sentences for political crime

was only eighteen per month. Between the first and second Dumas it rose to 211; after the second Duma it stood at 159. And yet there is no slackening in the zeal of protest and the passion for self-immolation. The young men and women go out to die, certain of the end, without the money that might ensure escape. They die under pseudonyms, leaving behind them not even a name which comrades will cherish or glorify. The newspapers record the hanging of some desperate missionary. The "circles" shudder and shake their heads over the strange name. Months afterwards, when the young man whom they had cherished and honoured under another name fails to return, the whisper goes round that his was the promise and the courage which ended in that anonymous noose. Without a grave, a name, or a place in history, they will still face torture or living burial or an inglorious death. There was a time, during the dull reign of Alexander III., when it seemed that the revolution had been crushed, because the generation of idealists who led it had been literally exterminated. But those were the days when ideas were the monopoly of the educated class. To-day the Social Revolutionaries have roused the peasants; the Social Democrats are transforming the towns. There are millions to hang where before there were thousands, and the very familiarity with death only makes it seem the normal end of the life of a free public man in Russia.

THE LIGHTS.

SEEN from afar, they light the sky with a warning crimson flare. They meet you on arrival with a blatant discomposing glare of crossed and intercrossing beams, which thrust right up to the windows of the cab, so that the mind involuntarily contracts. Even from the midst of them you can see the glow above, as if the city burnt.

Blazing, twinkling, glimmering—they burn out pieces of the gloom, in mass and in myriads of little shining points, and light the Big Grey City to a more feverish unrest; for where they burn, men and women play and work and sin in crowds and solitudes.

They illuminate the city's form, so that it shines in miles of glittering outlines, or stands out in black sharp silhouettes against the flare.

They mark the contours of familiar streets with bent and twisted lines, and reveal new curves and unsuspected dips, which are not noticeable by day. They fix the vanished outlines of the high buildings with ranged and ordered squares, which glimmer in the sky, faintly, by reason of the drawn blinds. And they prick out brilliantly the river's course in great sweeping curves, which loop together the dim cross lights of the bridges with dotted chains of light. The open spaces they surround with flickering belts of twinkling moving points, confused as the shore lights of a coast-town seen at sea.

They make the pavement a ghostly lighted way, on which your shadow comes from behind, grows black, and, lengthening, dies away in front, only to follow and catch you up again. For as you walk you pass through varying flares, and always in front is the blazing tangle of massed, conflicting lights of a main thoroughfare at night, or the fusing perspective of the silent streets—flashing, glaring, twinkling; for they burn in sympathy with varying moods.

The reflections intensify the lights. Down the straight vistas of the main streets the road lights flare at spaced intervals, and then converge in tapering lines of light, and the houses in the middle distance seem on fire. The shops throw out a cross-reflected blaze, and the crowds move in dark relief, like men at work before open furnace doors; while the traffic comes out of the beyond, black moving things with gleaming eyes, growing into form of flickering light and shade, and lighting in turn the roadway as they go. Even the jewels at a woman's throat pick up and throw a glint, as the passing cab comes into an immediate zone of light, and a twisted shadow of the wheel plays for a moment on the hansom door.

But beyond the wonder of their mere effects is the haunting allurements of all the tangled life-stories that they suggest; for they half-disclose so much.

In the crowded busy streets they blaze out, making the passing faces ghastly masks of black shadow and sharp-cut lines; and expressions seem more expressive in the lurid glare.

Girls smile, shyly or with their eyes, oblivious to all but their companion, and you seem to hear the lover's flattering words, or read her danger in her upward gaze. Women smile, and all the hideous undercurrents of a city's vulgar sin stare out at you from hard, hungry, piteous eyes, which belie the trained, deceiving smile, and force sad thoughts of what they are and how they came to be. Men laugh, beaming with the flush of wine, but the cruel lights show up deep lines of care, which tell of struggles only momentarily forgot. Youths guffaw in mild traditional dissipation, but some of the distorted faces show clearly the want of will to give it up in time, and conjure up the gradual unresisted going under.

Also the lights reveal the frowns in shadowed furrows on the face. Frowns of sharp-faced schemers, talking fiercely in ominously guarded tones; frowns on the lighted faces of escorted women stepping out of cabs which tell of some crisis stormily discussed during the drive; frowns of the solitary ones who stride along, studying the pavement a little way in front with the blind concentrated stare which sees only some trouble to be faced; and the stealthy envious frowns of sunken men.

The lights show these and more. They glisten on the tears in a girl's staring eyes, as she hears the man's excuses and learns that he will not keep his word. They show gay foolish love in lighted motor cars, and hate in the gutter seeking for the ends of cigarettes, and fear in the furtive eyes of driven women. They flash on the look of cunning, and the leer of lust in brutalised drink-battered faces; and they light up the blind sickening struggles of tearing women settling a long vendetta. They betray misery and weariness in crowds, waiting for omnibuses, or huddling down in sheltered places for the night; and occasionally they light a gleam of quiet joy. But principally they light the darker side of life, because they light the streets.

For in the brilliant places the blazing flaming glare throws flash-light glimpses on many lurid faces, and each face shows the picture of a life—the sinister, mysterious, pathetic lives of the City of The Great Unrest.

Even in the quiet streets they illuminate some little bits of life. They expose the secrets of carriages and cabs, and reveal the lingering oblivion of a kiss, or the tense profile of the man who leans to plead; they disclose the stiff boredom of the resplendent pair who drive to a function they must attend together. They show the well-dressed ruffian of the town slink into the slum public-house to meet a lower member of his trade, and they light the half-hid shimmer of an evening dress, as the dainty lady visits the pawnbroker at night for some mysterious urgent need. They catch the flash of little jewelled hands, and the glitter of a buckle on a shoe, as they who have supped in splendour leave for home with laughing farewell words; and just across the road they glimmer on the dark embankment queue of slouching derelicts, waiting their turn for doles of bread and soup. They flicker momentarily on the averted face of a woman hurriedly escorted by a man from the half-closed door of bachelor chambers, to the shelter of a waiting cab.

From the windows the lights shine out in varying squares of light, countless reflections of countless homes—big brilliant windows, faint-lighted windows, and solitary un-blinded lights—suggesting mirth, and sickness, and homeliness, and toil.

For the lights—the shifting, scintillating lights—stand for the crowded mysteries of London life, and all the things that happen after dark. So that they fascinate the mind until it tries, and fails, and tries again, to grasp at least something of their illimitable bewildering significance. This is the glamour of the lights.

Short Story.

SARAH BENNET'S POSSESSION.

Risingham farm stands on the sky-line of one of the great whale-backed Berkshire Downs. Its roof of tile, red once, but weathered now by rain and softened by lichen, seems ever in keeping with the soft browns and greys of the short, sheep-trimmed grass.

Half-a-mile along the Roman road stands Risingham Castle, from which the farm had taken its name; a great square piece of land, surrounded by ditch and rampart, with a view of hill and valley, ploughland and pastureland, for close on fifty miles.

I first learned to know the farm because it was the home of Frank Dicey. Here he came to spend the week or fortnight's leave that was given him, before his ship set out once again for the other side of the world, and from the farm, only two years ago, he married the youngest of the Three Princesses.

The Three Princesses were his cousins. It was he who gave them their names, in the days before Grimm had been buried with the last of the school-books in the lumber room at the back of the barn. In accordance with the unwritten law of Fairyland, they were known in age order as the Wicked, the Ugly, and the Beautiful.

They, like Frank, were orphans; and their parents dying almost before the children could remember, they had been brought to Risingham by their great aunt, Mrs. Bennet (Sarah Bennet she would have called herself in the plain Quaker fashion), who had ever since been a Fairy Godmother to her nieces and nephew.

I remember the old lady best as first I saw her, dressed in the delicate lilac coloured silk of a bygone age, with the large Quaker bonnet, a purple aureole, enclosing her face.

Her delicate hands, on which the veins showed clearly, seemed wonderfully frail; but she was a woman of unlooked-for strength and energy, with a voice clear and distinct, that changed when she spoke in Meeting to a musical treble.

This woman, a saint in true communion with those of old, was closely associated with a series of unusual occurrences which spread over a period of five years, and which, for all I know, may have been going on for a much longer time. In themselves they seem disjointed, perhaps insignificant. Taken together they form a tragedy.

* * *

It was a late September evening, dark, for the harvest moon had not yet risen behind the downs, and with the faint scent of the cornfields in the air. I had met Frank Dicey in Southampton that afternoon, and now at nine we were climbing the last hill that separated us from the lights of Risingham Farm.

We stopped on the ridge, and as we waited we felt something of the wonderful peace which dwells on the downs, where the sky seems more open and the earth more remote than among the mountains or in the plains.

Then as I looked, I suddenly saw a lantern flash half a mile to our right, by the dew pond.

When Frank was a boy, he and the youngest Princess had saved their pocket-money all the summer to buy a little signalling lamp, and when autumn came they went about in the evenings flashing their badly-spelled messages from hillside to hillside.

"I expect she wants to speak to you now," I said. "You needn't mind me; it's a language I can't understand." "Take down the letters," he answered, "as I tell you them."

It was certainly an unexpected message; part of it was undecipherable, but what Frank made out read as follows (I omit a preliminary string of oaths):—

"This is . . . trying to get into communication. Why the devil won't you answer? I wish to say—"

The point of light had ceased to move. It remained steady for a minute, and then went out.

I looked at Frank curiously.

"Some joke?" I suggested.

"I suppose so," he answered.

It was evidently a joke he did not appreciate. It was

not until we had been welcomed and fed that Frank remembered.

"Who was it signalling down by the dew pond an hour ago?" he asked.

No one had been signalling. They had all been busy in the kitchen except Aunt Sarah, who had been down with the lantern to see that the paddock gate was closed.

Frank said he must have been mistaken. "But I'm blest if I am," he added when the others had left the room.

* * *

I was at Risingham Farm in the September of the following year. It was Sunday, and the others had gone to Meeting, leaving me to profit by their absence by indulging in the luxury of a pipe.

From the steep down-side, where I lay, I watched them leave the Meeting House, the old lady leading the way with the Wicked and Ugly Princesses on either side, and Frank and the Beautiful Princess bringing up the rear.

They had had a quiet Meeting, Frank said; no one had spoken, with the exception of Aunt. She had preached about heaven; had, in fact, given a general description of it, from which it seemed that it was just the place for a friend of his, a Bond Street jeweller, who had designed his own house on not dissimilar lines.

I asked leave to accompany them to the evening Meeting. "Aunt generally makes her biggest score in the second innings," said Frank, but he was reproved for levity.

There are times when nothing is so impressive as a Quaker's Meeting. That September evening was certainly one.

The lamps had not been lit—there was no need for them. The silence was unbroken. Now and then across the open door, for the day had been warm, a bat flitted.

Sarah Bennet sat alone in the minister's gallery; the outline of her bonnet was almost lost against the dark oak of the wainscot.

At the end of half-an-hour, just as Frank had produced a pencil and paper to begin a sketch of his cousin's profile, she spoke.

She took as her text those terrible words of the Gospel:

"And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

She described to us a battle-field, not beneath an English sky, but a battle-field, burnt and scorched by a tropical sun. She pictured the agonies of the wounded, their unslaked thirst, the unmasking of the beast in those who conquered, the terror of the defeated. She told how all the while, in the blue, birds were singing, oblivious of all.

And with this as a picture, she spoke of Hell.

Yet from beginning to end her voice never changed from the sweet yet monotonous treble chant. She never raised her eyes from the gallery rail on which she leant, which her thin blue-veined hand clasped tightly.

When we left the Meeting House, the red disc of the moon was just showing, over the tree-tops. Neither Frank nor I spoke till we were in sight of home. Then he said:—

"I remember talking with a fellow once, about those accidents in coal mines. He was an insignificant little chap with spectacles and a stutter, but he knew how to talk. I told him afterwards that he had a morbid imagination. 'Oh, no, I haven't,' he said, 'I was shut in the pit once for four days. I'm talking about what I've seen.' That's what I felt when I heard Aunt Sarah." Then after a pause, he added, "It's curious, you know. On the face of it her description of heaven ought to have been the best."

* * *

The night outside was dark and gusty, a night that made the small room with its large fire more than usually comfortable.

The blinds had not been drawn, for, unlike most ladies, Sarah Bennet had no objection to see the shadowy branches of the laurels, as they tapped against the pane; and the country people liked her the better, for the light of the lamp as it stood on the table by the window served as a beacon for travellers who otherwise might have fancied themselves alone on the broad back of the Downs.

We had been seated around the fire, talking. Frank

and the youngest Princess in the corner where the shadows were longest, while I held a skein of soft grey wool for the old lady to wind. It was the Wicked Sister, who, having finished her book, suggested a game. I forget what we played, but I remember Frank did not win. I think he was busy drawing the Beautiful Princess. She did not admire the likeness, though he was certainly clever with his pencil. "I could do better with my eyes shut," she said.

"Very well," he replied. "Let us see who can make the best portrait of anyone in the room without looking."

"Turn out the lamp," said Margaret, "and we'll begin."

The flickering light of the fire had for the time being died down; the flames curling under a huge log of wood were too intent on searching for a hold to show themselves except in sudden darts and flashes.

Mrs. Bennet sat in her high-backed chair slightly turned from us, looking into the garden beyond. A pencil and paper lay on her lap, but her hands were folded.

"Well, is it to be anyone in the room?" asked the youngest Princess. "That rules out Frank, he being nobody. I think we might be allowed a little more light."

For three minutes no one spoke.

"Time!" said Frank. "Light the lamp, and let's see the results. Give me the papers, and we'll guess who they are. So you've been drawing, Auntie?" he said as he took her sheet. "I thought you had gone to sleep."

Frank's was the first portrait we saw—a most spirited sketch of a goose. "You see," he explained, "if I am to be snubbed by being called nobody, I must have my revenge."

Then the rest followed, amusing caricatures, for the most part unrecognisable.

Suddenly Frank started up.

"Who in the world is that?" he said. He held in his hand the piece of paper that had lain in Mrs. Bennet's lap. On it was a drawing, as cleverly executed a sketch as I have ever seen, of a man, a young man, dressed in an officer's uniform of half-a-century ago. He was kneeling with his hands clasped. His features, coarse as they were, were cast into an expression that seemed to demand pity. It was not entirely a black and white drawing; for on the side of his coat was a little patch of red, put in with coloured chalk. There was a little pool of red on the ground on which he knelt.

Frank looked puzzled. "I never dreamed you could draw as well as that, Auntie. But it was to be someone present in the room!"

Mrs. Bennet was still gazing out into the night.

"Well, children," she said, "what have you been playing at? Francis, what is that thou hast in thy hand? Bring the lamp a little nearer."

We stood watching her impatiently. She had placed the spectacles on her nose, and had taken up the paper in her hand, when suddenly her face blanched and she let it drop with a cry. "Henry!" she said, in a deep voice that we hardly recognised, and then again "Henry!" She stood up trembling, and walking to the fire, thrust the paper into the flame.

Then she turned round.

"Francis," she said, "I must ask thee never to draw that man again."

* * *

A year afterwards we were seated once again in the little parlour. The girls had been singing, and Frank had taken their place at the piano. He sat down with a sailor's confidence and began to play; he said he had forgotten the name of the piece, but I think I recognised it as coming from an opera.

Mrs. Bennet had a strong affection for Frank. She had paid little attention to his cousins while they sang, but as soon as her boy began to strum, she left her work and stood behind him at the piano, while her foot beat time to the music.

I should say, while she tried to beat time to the music. For she had no ear for either time or harmony.

I noticed that as he went on Frank looked perplexed, nor was he playing as well as he was able. He stopped abruptly. "Come outside," he said: "the room is stifling."

"You don't happen to know the Morse Code?" he asked. "If you did I think you would be more surprised than you are at present. I wonder how long it took her to learn it?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" I said.

"I'm not quite sure," Frank replied, "but when you thought Aunt Sarah was marking time to the music, she may have been doing so; but at the same time she was spelling out a message to someone in the Morse Code."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Oh, utter nonsense," he replied.

"Present arms! Fire! No, damn it. Why won't you hear me? I shall be done for unless you——"

"I don't know how it ended, for I couldn't play any more."

We went inside again. Mrs. Bennet was reading her Bible in the high-backed chair by the fireside.

"I am afraid thou hast caught cold, Frank," she said. "I will go into the kitchen and make thee some camomile tea."

* * *

The last link in this chain of strange occurrences was given me the following September, the year of Frank's wedding.

We were at the breakfast table, and I had just finished telling an absurd dream in which I encircled the island of Corsica in a flying machine.

"Thy dream seems to have been very curious," said Mrs. Bennet, "but I had one last night that I believe I may say was even more so. In my dream I was present at a large ball; I think it must have been a ball, though I never attended one in my life. Everyone wore beautiful white dresses, and we all drank soup out of large china bowls. I had begun to drink mine, when someone pushed me violently from behind, with the result that I spilt the whole of the contents of the basin over my dress, and I am sure must have ruined it. At the same time I heard an odd voice behind me say: 'Yes, Sarah, it was I who did it, and for the last fifty years I have been trying to apologise.' I looked round to see who it was speaking in so unusual a manner, and thou canst picture my surprise when I saw a monkey—I think it must have been a monkey—dressed in men's clothes and standing at my elbow."

"There was something so human in the pathos of its look that I burst out laughing. The poor animal seemed quite offended, and slunk away to the sideboard, where the waiters were serving soup. It turned round once, and with a snarl that showed all its teeth, muttered 'Too late,' and then was gone." And Mrs. Bennet laughed.

* * *

Each of the occurrences that I have narrated impressed me more or less forcibly at the time, but I should probably soon have forgotten them if I had not heard the story which, to my mind, links them together.

When Sarah Bennet was a girl, she had loved and married a Captain in the Engineers. He was clever, with a love of poetry and literature unusual in one of his profession, but his nature was wild and dissolute. He was cruel, too. I heard only yesterday a story told of him, that dealt with the sacking of a Burmese village; it was only part of a story, too, for the peppery Indian colonel stopped the teller before he was half way through.

The Captain married his bride against the wish of her parents, taking her from her quiet country home to the shabby misery that waits on life in a garrison town.

At the end of six months the regiment was to move, but he deceived her as to its destination. She awoke one morning to find that her husband had left with his company for India, while she, with hardly a shilling to pay for the next meal, was saddled with his bad debts. Through the kindness of the members of her Society, Sarah Bennet was able to return home, and there she lived with her parents, trying to forget that she had ever left them.

No tidings ever came to her from her husband. She had thought of him as dead long before she read in the paper the brief notice of the action in which he was killed.

When the little that remained of Captain Bennet that was not carnal, passed into the unknown, he realised, as his wife had never realised, the extent of the evil that he had done. He tried with all his power to let her know his sorrow, tried perhaps with all the more success, because his soul was not far removed from earth. But as of old, there was the great gulf fixed, the unbridgeable abyss between good and evil.

W. F. HARVEY.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE news that we are soon to have two new books from M. Anatole France is sure to excite the liveliest interest. One of them, which is called "Penguins"—a strange title for a book of essays—will contain studies in religion, philosophy, and literature, written in the wonderful style blended of irony and sympathy, of which M. France is the greatest living master. The other book, a novel, is not yet finished. It is understood to be more realistic in method than anything M. France has yet written.

WE learn that Mr. Bernard Shaw is at work upon an essay on religion, which will be published early in the new year. The essay is an amplification of the lectures given by Mr. Shaw during the present year at the City Temple, Essex Hall, Kensington Town Hall, and elsewhere. Like all Mr. Shaw's utterances, these lectures gave rise to a storm of controversy, and doubtless he will take advantage of the coming volume to expostulate with his critics in a characteristic preface.

ANOTHER piece of Shavian literature is a pamphlet called "The Sanity of Art: An Exposure of Some Current Nonsense About Artists Being Degenerate," which will be issued in a few days from the office of "The New Age." This is a reprint of a criticism of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," contributed by Mr. Shaw as a letter to a New York journal called "Liberty." It is probably unique among letters to an editor, since it occupied practically the whole of the number of "Liberty" to which it was contributed.

INSTEAD of the annual volume of "Sociological Papers," issued by the Sociological Society, the organ of the Society will in future be a new quarterly, "The Sociological Review," the first number of which will be published on January 15th, by Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes. The Review will be edited by Professor L. T. Hobhouse, whose name guarantees the authority and power of the issue. Among the articles to appear in the first number are "Suicide: A Chapter in Comparative Ethics," by Professor Westermarck; "Criminology," by Dr. Douglas Morrison; "Sociology and History," by Professor H. A. L. Fisher; "The Method of Comparative Religion," by Mr. R. R. Marett; "Unemployment," by Mr. W. H. Beveridge; "Problems of Cities," by Professor P. Geddes, and a general article on the scope of the Review by the editor. It is hoped to make "The Sociological Review" the mouthpiece of the whole sociological movement in this country, and it will contain, amongst other features, a full account of contemporary books and periodical publications which deal with sociological problems.

MR. MURRAY announces a book of travel by Mr. R. F. Johnston, the British District Officer at Wei-hai-wei, which describes a remarkable expedition. Mr. Johnston journeyed from Peking through the lesser known parts of Szuchuan and Yunnan to Bhamo in Burma, and thence to Mandalay, unaccompanied by an interpreter and, for the most part, living on the same fare as his coolies and muleteers. Despite the hardships necessary to five months' almost solitary travel in those regions, Mr. Johnston's only illness was an attack of fever lasting only a few days. His book contains much fresh information about the natural resources of the provinces of Western China and the religious and social customs of their inhabitants.

THE probability that electoral reform will occupy the attention of Parliament in the near future gives interest to the announcement that Mr. Fisher Unwin has a book upon the subject in active preparation. It is by Mr. Joseph King, and is called "Electoral Reform: An Inquiry into our System of Parliamentary Representation." Mr. King deals with the problems of the Redistribution of Seats, Manhood Suffrage, Female Suffrage, the Referendum, the Second Ballot, Proportional Representation, Bribery and Corruption, the Expenditure of Candidates, and other similar questions. A feature of the book will be the full discussion of the practice and experience of foreign countries and of our own self-governing colonies.

THE volume in the Walter Scott Company's series "Makers of British Art," which will follow that on Richard Wilson (now in the press) deals with the Life and Works of Sir J. E. Millais. The author is Mr. J. Eadie Reid, and his work aims at presenting a concise picture of Millais in his dual character of artist and man. Curiously enough, the only book devoted to this subject, that provides anything like a complete biography of the painter, is the standard "Life and Letters," compiled by Mr. J. G. Millais, although excellent critical appreciations, notably those of Sir Walter Armstrong, Mr. Spielmann, and Mr. A. L. Baldry, have been issued in a less expensive form. In Mr. Reid's book, as in the others of the same series, the biographical interest is kept well to the front. With respect to Millais' black and white work, care has been exercised in collating materials scattered over a wide field, in order to present a clear, though necessarily brief, survey of this phase of his activity. Millais' black and white, by the way, is no more than touched on in the "Life and Letters," although his fame as an illustrator is considered by some almost to surpass his reputation as a painter.

THE first number of "The Neolith" has just appeared, and the projectors are to be congratulated on an excellent beginning. A feature of literary life in France is the number of periodicals that exist for the purpose of advocating progressive literary and artistic views. Hitherto such periodicals have met with small encouragement in this country, but judging from this opening number, "The Neolith" deserves to succeed. The drawings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and Mr. Raven Hill are excellent, and have been reproduced in admirable style. Among the literary contributors are E. Nesbitt, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Gerald Gould, and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who is represented by a fantastic story, "Aerial Football: The New Game." There are also some good verses by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

THE mistakes of schoolboys at examinations are always refreshing. We take the following examples from a list in a recent number of "The University Correspondent":—

"The Complete Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles."

"Sir Arthur Wellesley, son of Pitt, founded the Wellesleyan chapel people."

"During the Reformation every clergyman was compelled to receive 39 articles."

"The masculine of heroine is kipper."

"A problem is a figure which you do things with which are absurd, and then you prove it."

"Opus est maturato—a middle-aged man wanted."

"Æquo atque parato animo moriar—I shall die in prepared spirits and water."

"Un chef d'œuvre—A clerk of the works."

"Les hors d'œuvres—The unemployed."

"Caerulea puppis—A Sky terrier."

"Amatory verses are those composed by amateurs."

"Income is a yearly tax."

"The dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now."

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"A History of the Minorities, London." By E. M. Tomlinson (Smith, Elder, 18s. net.)

"The Works of Tennyson." Annotated by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Vol. I. (Macmillan, 4s. net.)

"Greece and the Ægean Islands." By Philip S. Marden. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Thyrsis and Fausta, a Pastoral; with other Plays and Poems." By Rosalind Travers. (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.)

"John Glayde's Honour." A Play in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. (French, 2s. 6d. net.)

"Catholicism and Independence." By M. D. Petre. (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.)

"Ancestors." By Gertrude Atherton. (Murray, 6s.)

"Villiers de l'Isle-Adam; L'Écrivain et le Philosophe." Par Henri Chapoutot. (Paris: Delesalle, 3fr. 50.)

"Le Problème du Style." Par Remy de Gourmont. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 3fr. 50.)

"Poitiers et Angoulême." Par H. Labbé de la Mauvinière. Collection de Villes d'Art Célèbres. (Paris: Renouard, 5fr.)

"Jean des Brebis on le Livre de la Misère." Nouvelles. Par Emile Moselly. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 3fr.)

"Prinzess Eliza Radziwill, Ein Lebensbild." Von Oswald Baer. (Berlin: Mittler, M4.)

Letters from Abroad.

AN ORDER OF INDIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Even during the Diwali festival, which is the Christmastide of Indian children, when brothers and sisters meet and illuminate the steps and window sills with tiny lamps—even during this holiday of peace and goodwill, half the homes of Poona have remained shut up and dark. The plague is going up and down the city again, as it has been going from one season to another in the last ten years. In ten years it has reduced the population by 40,000 souls, or nearly one third. At present it is not in a bad form, and takes only twelve or fifteen a day; but one remembers the panic when a single case of plague was reported in London. So a great many families have gone to live on the open ground outside the city, and there they endure fate and celebrate family joy in any hut of canvas, sacking, matting, wicker, tin, old boxes, boards, or branches which they and the British Government can manage to rig up between them. Many have even transferred their shops, and the general effect is like a scrappy Derby Day, without the races.

Beyond one of these "Health Camps," as they are fondly called, on the west of the town, a cluster of modest stone buildings is rising, that embodies one of the most significant movements of the time. It is the growing home of the "Servants of India Society." Here already dwell about a dozen young men who have taken a vow to devote their lives to the cause of their country in a religious spirit. When the buildings are finished, there will be room for about thirty. Each member remains under close training for five years, but out of those five years he spends two in travelling to various parts of India, to study the people's needs. Like the monastic Orders, they all take vows, the most important being that no one shall earn money or seek advantage for himself, or take up any personal quarrel, and that each shall regard all Indians as brothers, and labour for the common good, without distinction of caste or creed. There is also a vow of personal purity; but marriage is not forbidden. In fact, there is a provision that every full member, after his novitiate, should receive from the Society a fixed income of £3 6s. 8d. (Rs. 50) a month, with an extra allowance for the insurance of each child as it comes.

The object of the Society is to promote the political education and national advancement of the Indian people. With regard to the British Government, I had better quote its own regulations:—

"Its members frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good. Self-government on the lines of the English Colonies is their goal. This goal, they recognise, cannot be attained without years of earnest and patient work and sacrifices worthy of the cause."

The Society will train men to promote the national interests by all constitutional means, especially by creating among the people a deep and passionate love of the country, by organising political education and agitation, by promoting co-operation among the different communities, by assisting education, especially of women, and by the elevation of the depressed classes.

The merely learned side is represented by a large library, already containing all the great works on India, and a selection from the histories of progress and freedom in all countries, from England herself, right down the glorious roll, to the Russia of last year.

The founder and head of the Society is one of the few Indians whose name is known in England to two or three people outside the half-dozen who give some of their attention to Indian affairs. Mr. Gokhale is a Mahratta Brahman of the highest caste, and, like a true Brahman, he has devoted his life to poverty and thought. He is now forty-two—a man of the highest education and European learning, but, before all things, a statesman who for years has advocated constitutional and social reforms quietly and with temperance. I hardly suppose an adequate report of his last week's speech against the Seditious Meetings Bill before the Viceroy in Council at Simla has reached you, for misrepresentation by the telegraphic agents is one of the scandals of India, and Mr. Gokhale himself has an excellent proposal that the

Liberal papers at home should club together and keep a correspondent to supply them with news approximately true. But I have a verbatim copy of the speech, and I wish you could publish it as a model of controlled conviction and an overwhelming plea for the rights of freedom as they have hitherto been understood by the English people. I will quote only one significant passage. Speaking of the "malignant activity of certain unscrupulous correspondents," he said:—

"The saddest part of the whole thing is that the Secretary of State for India has fallen a victim to these grievous misrepresentations. Possessing no personal knowledge of the people of this country, and overwhelmed with a sense of the vast responsibilities of his office, he has allowed his vision to be obscured and his sense of proportion to be warped. From time to time he has let fall ominous hints in the House of Commons, and more than once he has spoken as though some great trouble were brewing in India and the country were on the eve of a dark disaster. My Lord, in these circumstances, the passing of a Bill like the present and in such hot haste, is bound to have the effect of confirming the false impression which has been already created in England, and this cannot fail to intensify and deepen still further the sense of injustice and injury and the silent resentment with which my countrymen have been watching the course of events during the last few months."

"The worst of all is," said Mr. Gokhale, as we walked round the buildings of his young Society, "many people are beginning to lose faith in English integrity and sense of justice. Since Lord Ripon's departure more than twenty years ago, the type of Englishman that comes out here seems to be slowly declining. It is unfortunate that our Congress movement should have coincided with the past twenty-two years of violent reaction and Imperialism in England. You can hardly imagine how unendurable our life became at the time of the Boer War. The insolence of Anglo-Indian papers towards our people goes beyond all bounds; yet the 'Civil and Military Gazette,' which is the worst offender, has only received a mild remonstrance from headquarters. During the last three years of Lord Curzon's time we were kept in a state of perpetual irritation. Then came our high hopes from Liberalism, and our violent disappointment."

"I think in the last year that manners have mended, and Lord Minto himself is very much the gentleman. But this cry of 'sedition' has now been raised, chiefly with the object of keeping up the military expenditure. Also, there can be no genuine peace as long as the Partition of Bengal is maintained in its present form. It is too late to reverse that vindictive error, but modification would not be difficult. For the rest, our party, as you know, are Moderates and reformers, not obstructionists; but we are not likely to join in denouncing the Extremists, who are, after all, our own people, and have the same great object in view."

"For immediate reforms, we should be content with an enlargement of the Legislative Councils (though not with Mr. Morley's new suggestion of giving more power to land-owners), together with some control over the Budget by the Indian members; a gradual extension of education, till it becomes free and compulsory, even in the villages; the complete separation of judicial and executive functions in the Civil Service; and an improved position for Indians in the public services in general. On all these points we are gradually going forward, and in spite of the twenty years of reaction, which, unhappily, continue owing to the ignorance of Liberals in England, we have not a doubt that we shall prevail. The worst is, as I said at the beginning, that, under long provocation, many of our young men are losing faith in England's integrity and sense of justice—the two main qualities that could be urged for the maintenance of your power."

We were passing the rows of two-roomed cells, monastic but sufficient, in which the consecrated Knights of the new Order of India will spend their time in training. By devotion, and by the deliberate rejection of prosperity, the Order springs from the natural instincts of a people whose highest caste has through long ages followed poverty and wisdom. But as I thought of the future to which such a Society may possibly lead, I recalled the words of an Anglo-Indian lady on the ship: "To us in India, a pro-native is simply a rank outsider." And so I returned to the city of the plague.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Poona, November 9th, 1907.

Present-Day Problems.

"THE HELPERS."

THE Guild of Help, which is spreading rapidly in the North of England, is a modern movement which is not without significance. It is a manifestation of the general awakening of the social conscience, a practical expression of the common desire for social betterment. Although the impulse of the movement is primarily philanthropic, it cannot be dismissed as belonging to the category of ordinary charitable efforts. And, on the other hand, all rational thought assigns a field for voluntary enterprise which even advanced Socialists will admit can never be occupied by the State. It is in this domain that the activity of the Guild of Help seeks expression. If we are to welcome State control in departments of social service hitherto dependent on voluntary support and activity, each step in that direction provides additional evidence that to official administration must be added the vivifying force of voluntary work. The contribution may be uncertain in quantity and quality, but the value lies in its personal and spontaneous nature. This applies with particular force in regard to departments concerned with the lives and the homes of the poor. The public official whose work consists in supervising thousands of homes or of persons, may be enlightened and inspired with the highest conception of his duties. But he just misses the sympathetic attention to details, the sensitive response to the individual characteristics of each case, necessary to complete success.

The Guild of Help raises a large army of voluntary workers, who are taught this co-operation with civic officials. The ideal is that the poor-law officer, the health visitor, the school doctor, even the county-court official, shall be supported in his work by a private citizen, who shall be on terms of friendly intimacy with the family or individual concerned. Many happy results may be expected from such co-operation. The spirit of enthusiasm, which in the official may fade with added years of service, can be preserved by contact with ardent voluntary workers. On the other hand, the energies of the private worker are focussed, directed, and made more effectual.

It is contended that no citizen is justified in delegating his civic responsibility to a handful of public officials or charitable agents, but that it is his duty to understand the government and the administration of his city, and to co-operate with it to the best of his powers. A relationship with the civic authority in practical work deepens this sense of personal responsibility. Moreover, it has been found in Bradford that the attitude of the workers towards cases in which vice or moral weakness is a contributory cause of the distress has altered. With a recognition of the fact that the community in its own interest must deal with the morally unfit equally with the physically unfit, the old classification of "undeserving and deserving" is obliterated, and it soon becomes apparent that the former really constitute the more serious and urgent problem.

But the question arises: How is it possible to find so large a number of trained workers? The Guild of Help goes on the principle that there is no training equal to experience, and the chief qualifications it demands from its "helpers" are readiness to work, and willingness to follow direction. In constitution it is democratic, and it is free from the delusion that the superior person necessarily makes the best helper. Many helpers have been trained, and many more are learning their work.

Early in 1904 the first Guild of Help was organised in Bradford, and since then similar methods have been adopted in twenty-five English towns, including Halifax, Bolton, Sheffield, Sunderland, Peterborough, Plymouth, and Manchester.

As pioneer in the movement, the Guild of Help operating within the area of the Bradford Poor-law Union (population 228,625) furnishes a fair example of what is being attempted, with some trifling modifications, in both larger and smaller towns throughout the kingdom.

The purpose of the Guild is "to unite citizens of all classes, both men and women, irrespective of religious or political opinion," for certain objects, but chiefly "to provide a friend for all in need of help or advice." For this

purpose the city is divided into districts, each in charge of a district head, with a band of helpers working under his direction. As cases of need arise, he selects a suitable helper to visit the home week by week, and to advise and assist until the difficulty is removed, and a lasting relationship is established. Some helpers have only a single family to look after, and no one is entrusted with more than four at any one time. In this way persistent and intelligent attention is focussed on each case. The helpers in each district meet fortnightly to exchange information, and to discuss methods. To these meetings are brought the case books, which constitute a continuous record of the circumstances of each family, and of the efforts made to help them. After each meeting, the case books are sent to the Central Office to be copied, and are then returned to the helpers to be continued. Thus, while the actual work is decentralised, and full local and personal responsibility is accepted for the care of each case, a current record of the whole operations of the Guild is available at headquarters.

The helper is provided with a handbook containing a classified list of the social and charitable agencies of the city, both public and voluntary, and he is instructed to consult his district head in every emergency so that there shall be no excuse for delay. On an average five hundred workers are thus engaged in Bradford.

The district head is the pivot of the whole effort, and on his tact and enthusiasm much of its success depends. He is assisted by a local honorary secretary, and between them they must attract new helpers, encourage and stimulate each worker, and watch constantly the progress of each case. It is necessary to enlist the interest of the local clergy and ministers, to establish intimate relations with all social workers in the neighbourhood, and to secure the sympathy of those who are in a position to give material help for special cases. In Bradford there are forty district heads, including many leading professional and business men.

The Executive Committee consists of a large representation of the District Heads, together with co-opted members selected for their influence and activity in social work. In addition to the general administrative control, they are engaged in efforts for the closer co-ordination of the social agencies of the city, the provision of new resources to meet specific needs, and in moving public authorities to deal with questions relating to public welfare. In a word, their aim is to see that there are no gaps in the social and charitable administration of the city. In Bradford they have been instrumental in floating companies to provide Land Settlement for Unemployed Men, and for Slum Property Management, while matters such as the appointment of Probation Officers for Juvenile Offenders, the Care of Infants and Provision of Milk, Residential Training Homes for the Blind, the Education of Crippled Children, have all been pressed forward effectually.

At the Central Office is a paid staff consisting of the General Secretary and two lady assistants, and a voluntary staff of twelve clerical assistants, two of whom attend each afternoon in order to copy the case books.

There is no house to house visiting, but cases are notified to the Central Office through a variety of channels; the Poor Law officials, the Health Visitors, and the School Medical Officer account for a large number, and, in addition, many are sent in from private sources.

It is not easy to describe the methods adopted in trying to raise a family to self-dependence and self-support. Where material help is needed, the Guild acts as a clearing-house for all charitable agencies, deriving assistance for each case from the most suitable source, or, if the particular need cannot be met by any existing agency, making a direct appeal to benevolent persons on behalf of the particular case. Experience shows that the response to such an appeal is more generous and sympathetic than that which follows a request for a subscription. But it is less easy to trace the action of personal influence, and the whole spirit of the Guild implies reliance on moral support and friendly encouragement rather than on material assistance, the latter being valued only as a means to an end. This attitude has been encouraged from the beginning, and there is no relief fund connected with the organisation. The Helper is chiefly concerned in establishing a friendship, and when that is secure, he finds innumerable opportunities for suggestion, encouragement, and help. He visits at least once a week,

and some cases have been so followed for two years or more. The average number of active cases, that is, cases it is considered wise to report upon in writing, is about five hundred. In addition, there are many old cases with which the Helpers keep in friendly touch, although they are not considered as needing active attention.

A very close relationship has been established with the Poor Law Guardians and their officials, and the co-operation of the Guild has been requested by this department with regard to a variety of cases. Patients discharged from the Poor Law Sanatorium for Consumption, both men and women, are notified to the Guild, and the Helper is required to see that the patient in his own home continues as far as possible the conditions under which he has been living at the Sanatorium. The prejudice against open windows on the part of the home people must be overcome, a separate bedroom arranged for if possible, or at least a separate bed secured, and, most difficult of all, occupation in the open air or under reasonably healthy conditions must be sought. The patient not unusually needs moral bracing after the long period of partial idleness, and this of necessity implies constant visiting. When it is stated that the average cost to the ratepayer of each patient admitted to the Sanatorium is about £40, it will be seen that some form of after care is of economic importance.

Music.

BACH'S MASS IN B MINOR.

WHETHER a composer of religious music need be a religious man is a subject which has always been dear to academic discussion. Those who believe in art for art's sake—a cry which artists themselves have seldom raised—are of opinion that religious emotion is only a form of artistic emotion as far as the art-creator is concerned. The answer depends largely on what we call religion. Rossini's suave and sensuous melodies are the last word in religious ecstasy to some minds; to others the "Stabat Mater" seems a kind of sacrilege. Gounod's "Redemption" is even accepted as religious music. On the other hand, those who will not worship the sentimental style of Rossini or Gounod are entranced by the theatrical picturesqueness of "Parsifal," and yet it is conceivable that Wagner's religious emotion may seem hysterical to those who admire Bach. It is not a matter of creed but of temperament. Bach himself was, at any rate, a religious man in the narrower sense. He had given up a great deal of his life to the service of his church; he was a close student of the Bible; and in character and mind was a musical Martin Luther. To his simple eyes he was no doubt writing an orthodox religious work when he composed his Mass in B minor, but it is not difficult to believe that the artist in him was unconsciously erecting a monument to his own genius, for it is inconceivable that he should have thought this great Mass would ever be given as part of the ordinary liturgy at the Leipzig churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas. Parts were separately sung, as was the custom, but that does not explain why Bach should have composed and compiled so gigantic a work. It is, at any rate, a monument to his genius, and in many ways is a standard by which we may measure religious music, for here you will find no petty expression of a mood, no mere theatrical picturesqueness, and none of the sensuous mystery which many composers have mistaken for religious feeling. The Mass in B minor is a mass for all mankind. Probably written as an expression of a creed, the genius of the composer has lifted it far above liturgies or rituals, so that it appeals to the innate sense of religion in every man, whatever his belief or disbelief may be.

The performance the other day by the Huddersfield Choir at the Queen's Hall brought out both the grandeur of the music and its simple tenderness. In London we are not accustomed to such performances. Now and then the

Mass is sung with great difficulty, and one has been most impressed by the efforts made by the choir and soloists. Done in this way the Mass in B minor seems a rough-hewn, inarticulate work of art, through which the composer endeavoured to express something greater than his means would allow. Nor is it difficult to see why this should be so. In a modern work the music is more specially characteristic of the moods and ideas it is supposed to express, and it is possible for a choir to make a kind of spurious effect. And, of course, in a modern work there is always the orchestral background.

But in Bach's Mass the emotional effects are obtained by absolute music. There is very little that is descriptive or objective. For instance, the "Cum Sancto Spiritu" is practically composed to a fugue. If sung tamely but with precision it will remain a fugue, but if the right emotion be put into it, and the singers are capable of their work, it rises to such a vivid and imposing climax that it becomes an act of heroic worship. The same subjective expression is to be found in the "Credo in Unum Deum" and the "Et Resurrexit." To the modern musician it may seem strange that florid vocal runs should find a place in a religious work. In modern music they would be considered an absurd affectation. Yet in Bach's hands these runs were wonderfully expressive of exultant joy. And then consider how he bent every form of music to his purpose; how he wrote a Chaconne which is one of the noblest things in all music; how he was able to weave a Passecaille into the "Crucifixus" of this very Mass in B minor.

The great impression made by this titanic work should give us pause. If music has advanced so much, how is it that the Mass in B minor still appeals to all classes of musicians, and to the general body of amateurs, with irresistible force? To say that Bach was a great genius does not explain everything, for genius or not we have still to face the fact that the means by which this old music uplifts our imagination are very different from the means by which modern music achieves the same aim. According to all theories, we ought not to be able to listen to this music. It must be confessed that the writing for solo voices, with the vague meandering accompaniment of wood-wind, is a trial to the spirit. The ear rebels against the sharp contrast of these interminable solos with the vital, organic strength of the choruses, and, indeed, Bach has shown the limitations of an age which had not begun to treat the human voice as distinct from an instrument. The history of the polyphonic school of vocal composition is a strange commentary on the growth of the art. From complexity to simplicity seems an unnatural step. And quite as unnatural was the manner in which instrumental writing learnt much from vocal writing, and the voice in its turn was taught much by the instrument. It is still more strange that Bach's choruses should seem so full of emotion, although they were written from the "absolute" music point of view. In the "Et Incarnatus" and in the "Crucifixus," with its solemn *diminuendo* at the close, we have a modern descriptive touch, it is true. With a fuller and more expressive orchestration they might have been written by a genius of to-day, who recognised the imaginative and suggestive force of simplicity. Yet these numbers, beautiful as they are, have not more emotion than the choruses in which Bach employed all the formal devices of musical construction that his mind could invent. It looks as if music has its own way of conveying feeling, and is not to be judged by the canons of æsthetic right and wrong. In theory it is quite wrong, for instance, that the words of a mass should be bandied about in a fugue until they are lost in a maze of sound. The world has rebelled against this procedure in opera, and for the sake of what is called dramatic truth we have lost the emotional effect of concerted music.

But it must be pointed out that although these purely musical devices do destroy the sense of the words which are caught up by them, the spirit remains and is magnified. The "Sanctus" of the B minor Mass is an instance of this. Its opening is calculated for impressive grandeur of sound, but the second part of the number is a fugue remarkable for its brilliant and florid passages. Now, in theory this should sound as a piece of massive academic writing, but when you hear it finely sung, with energy, precision, and expression, it conveys in mighty sound the very spirit of the immortal words to which the music is wed.

Letters to the Editor.

THE SIZE AND COST OF THE FLEET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The usual cry raised by persons in close association with contractors, or by editors in search of sensation and circulation, is now going up that the Naval estimates ought not to be reduced. They are only ten millions more than they were ten years ago. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's Admiralty only throws ten millions more into the sea than Lord Salisbury's; only takes ten millions more from the pockets of the people for the Navy; and the extra cost is easily provided by the sugar and tea duties (or if you like by the income tax). And how cheap it really is when one considers the security! But then, on the other hand, Mr. Haldane says there is no security; and things are so bad that he too must spend eight or nine millions more than, say, Lord Lansdowne did in 1898, and must introduce a sort of moral compulsion into volunteering which will lead (as the National Service League tells us) gently and by easy steps to a proper system of conscription.

As a matter of hard fact and dry reason, the present level of expenditure, both for Army and Navy, is utterly uncalled-for, whether we view it from the point of view of preparing for war, or enjoying the fruits of peace. Take the case of the Navy, which is usually supposed to be a hard nut to crack.

1. In 1898 there was a very possible combination of France and Russia against us, and this combination was far stronger in proportion to the British Navy at that time than is the German Navy now.

2. The German Navy is considered by good authorities to be only about a quarter the strength of ours, taking all factors into consideration—the size, speed, and age of battleships and cruisers, &c., &c. Why should we be terrified then if the German Navy Estimates for a year or two should be two-thirds of our own? We are informed that the German authorities have recently prepared a memorandum, which they are showing to their National Liberal Imperialists, according to which the Germany Navy is less than a quarter the strength of ours. They are also aware that the present Liberal Government is responsible for one of those "secret" memorandums, in which the policy of destroying German commerce is coolly avowed as a valuable weapon. How much mischief this document has done will never be known; its author was doubtless unaware of the simple fact that almost every German merchant ship would be insured in Great Britain, and that the policy of destroying merchant ships and merchandise at sea would never be tolerated by civilised opinion.

3. The German Navy Estimates, if continued at the present height would, in the course of four or five years, create a Germany Navy about half the size of ours. But they have already helped to produce a huge deficit, and something very like a financial crisis in Germany. The country is groaning under taxation. The Centre Party and the Socialists are making louder and louder complaints. The Radical Wing of the Bloc is uneasy and almost mutinous. The Conservatives are not enthusiastic about the navy, and will not hear of direct taxes, while the National Liberals (who are the German Jingoese) will not hear of indirect taxes. Everything points to the present naval estimates being cut down this year, or to the Government coming to grief; and in any case there is no likelihood of the German naval expenditure being maintained at this height much longer. The split in the German Navy League is highly significant, and the defection of the Bavarians and Southern Germans shows how strongly the current is running in the south against the Government's naval extravagances. It is clearly our policy to reply by reduced estimates, and make it plain that in a few years' time, if the Germans show any sign of really challenging our predominance at sea, we shall be ready to lay down two vessels for every one laid down by Germany. We shall then (thanks to our moderation and economy) be able to outbuild and outclass Germany with the greatest ease.

This brings me to a point which is now always forgotten, and has been quite untouched by his Majesty's present advisers since they took office, though they spoke about it

a good deal while they were in Opposition. The point is a vital one, and it has never been better put than by Disraeli in the spring of 1857, when he joined with Gladstone and Lord John Russell in an attack on the naval and military estimates of that year because they showed an excess of *three* millions sterling (not *twenty*) over those of 1853, the year before the war. Disraeli said: "I hope that the glory of the late war will not induce the people of this country to sanction extravagant military establishments. I will express my opinion that with due economy and with able administration the more you reduce the burdens of the people the greater will be your strength when the hour of danger comes." These words ought to be pondered by every Liberal Member of Parliament between now and the next Session. If he is worth his salt he will refuse to be a party to the continuance of this burden. And if he makes it plain that he will give effect to his pledges in the lobby, a way will be found to give official expression to his opinions. Otherwise the Budget of social reform and the remission of popular burdens will prove a fiasco; for trade and revenue are on the down grade, and unemployment is slowly but surely creeping forward.—Yours, &c.,

RETRENCHMENT.

London, December 17th, 1907.

THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One more word and we will embrace and part. You will be relieved to hear that your mistake belongs to the fruitful, not the fruitless class of mistakes. Your second note to my second letter really shows up the chief blunder of our time; it shows it up so clearly that I can hardly believe that you do not see it yourselves. It is the source not only of the weakening of Christianity but of the decay of democracy and the frightful danger of Liberalism.

You have got it into your head that "development" is in some way opposed to having a "cast-iron creed." Exactly the opposite is the truth. You cannot possibly have any development unless you *do* have a cast-iron creed. For instance, Euclid has a cast-iron creed, and therefore Euclid develops proposition after proposition, book after book, rider after rider. Geometry could go on for ever. But you will not help geometry to further flights by questioning its axioms. On the contrary, question a dot in one of its axioms and Euclid will break down suddenly and cease in the middle of a proposition; to the joy of many happy schoolboys.

This is so universally true that I would rather take any example than that of religion. Take politics. Your True Christianity perpetually reminds me of True Free Trade; which dogmatists and coarse fellows call Protection. It reminds me even more of the way in which Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists tried to nobble Liberalism just before the South African War. You and I (who were, I hope, pro-Boers) were always being asked to "develop" Liberalism. Lord Rosebery said to us exactly what you say to Catholics; that we had antiquated doctrines and wore "phylacteries." And you and I answered Lord Rosebery exactly as I answer you. "We are quite willing to develop Liberalism, but, hang it all, there is some Liberalism to develop." According to Lord Rosebery and the rest the next development of Liberalism was to cease to be a Liberal. So, according to you, the next step in Catholicism is to cease to be a Catholic.

It is a pleasant thought that most of the people on this paper took the Catholic view of Liberalism, while Lord Rosebery took the Modernist view of it. He thought that the Liberal creed could change its meaning. He thought that being a Liberal might some day mean being an Imperialist, just as you think that being a believer may some day mean being an unbeliever. We believed, for instance, in national self-government, but we admitted that we had only recently learnt to apply it to Irishmen and to Boers. The Liberal Imperialist idea of progress was expressed in doubting Nationalism itself and wondering whether all the imperial oppressors had not been right from the time of Xerxes.

In everything, in short, there are two opposite kinds of

progress. We wanted to go on and fulfil our ideals. Lord Rosebery wanted to go back and question them. Anyone is free to use this second method with regard to anything; he can call it development, or he can call it apple dumplings, if he likes. But he must not use the name of Newman or the name of Euclid. He must not apply it to democracy or apply it to Catholicism. A man who is always going back and picking to pieces his own first principles may be having an amusing time; but he is not developing as Newman understood development. Newman meant that if you wanted a tree to grow you must plant it finally in some definite spot. It may be (I do not know and I do not care) that Catholic Christianity is just now passing through one of its numberless periods of undue repression and silence. But I do know this, that when the great flowers break forth again, the new epics and the new arts, they will break out on the ancient and living tree. They cannot break out upon the little shrubs that you are always pulling up by the roots to see how they are growing.

The plain mental fact for us here is that you cannot develop any ideas except from fixed axioms, which must not change their meaning. But in conclusion I cannot help expressing my mystification at your strange answer to my third question. You take an alleged Syrian thaumaturgist in the time of Tiberius, and you affirm that this man is still living and conscious in the universe and important enough to receive all our devotion. And then you say that this is not a creed. Surely the test is quite simple. Go out into the street and ask the first good, jolly Agnostic you meet what he would call it.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

P.S.—Touching what Anglo-Catholics “appeal to,” you can find it in the earlier works of Newman (of whom you may have heard), and in the whole literature of the Oxford Movement, which you were supposed to be criticising. It is about Councils.

[We are glad that Mr. Chesterton at last shows some appreciation of the idea of development in religion, though he must surely be aware that no proper comparison lies between the development of Euclid’s propositions from the axioms and the development of Christianity from its earliest forms and records.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that one of the surest signs of the decline of the Oxford movement is to be seen in the fact that the defence of it should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Chesterton. We all admire Mr. Chesterton as a lively paradoxical and amusing literary critic. He is quite admirable in this department, and in his own amusing and paradoxical manner he has often something really valuable to say.

But when he leaves ground on which he is at home and attempts to teach philosophers, theologians, and historians not merely on matters of opinion but, what is infinitely more important, on matters of fact he ceases to be amusing and becomes ridiculous.

It is not with you but with Dr. Lightfoot that he is quarrelling when he disputes the assertion that the spirit of Christianity is to be seen at its best in a Personality and not in a Creed. Mr. Chesterton seems to be fond of the principle of authority. Will he maintain in this matter that his opinion is of greater weight than Lightfoot’s? It is personalities not decrees of Trent or Thirty-nine articles which move the souls of men.

It fills Mr. Chesterton with despair to be told that Creeds change their meaning. Let us illuminate his mind with a simple example. The decay of the Ptolemaic and the rise of the Copernican system has completely changed the meaning of several clauses of the Apostles’ Creed among Christian communities who use it in public worship. “He descended into Hell; He ascended into Heaven” cannot be repeated in the same sense by the twentieth century as they were by the fourth or fifth. If a Creed containing such clauses is to be retained at all it must be treated symbolically not literally. In this case a Copernican meaning must be read into a Ptolemaic formula. What

applies to the cosmology of Creeds applies more or less to their metaphysics and their historical assertions. The value of Creeds does not reside in their cosmology or their metaphysics or their historical statements; it is to be found in their religious content. This I took to be the meaning of your article.

Finally, it may interest Mr. Chesterton to be told that the Christian Church has got no Catholic Creed. The Athanasian and Apostles’ Creeds are not the standards of the Eastern Church, and the Nicene Creed as used in the East is rejected by the Churches of the West. If Christianity is a Creed it must be in a perilous state, for none of the so-called Catholic Creeds are really Catholic, that is to say universally accepted by Christendom.

Other points might be mentioned in which Mr. Chesterton is equally at sea. But enough has been said to show that he should leave theology alone, and stick to matters on which I for one always listen to him with delight.—Yours, &c.,

A READER.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are one or two points I will venture to glance at in your admirable article, “Crime and Punishment.” You are severe on what is known as the indeterminate sentence, because this sentence is “entirely out of harmony with the general principles of English law.” English law, taken in the mass, and considered as the law of the twentieth century, is perhaps not so supremely fine an affair that we must or need condemn offhand proposals not compliant with its general principles. Since the law began, one of our principal concerns with it has been to mend it; and it has usually been less important to make new schemes reflect old laws than to modify old laws in accordance with new ways of thinking. There is a useless and cruel form of the indeterminate sentence, and there is a sensible one. I would shut no man up without the hope of release, which is the indeterminate sentence at its worst. A prisoner confined on these terms is deprived of every motive but that of suicide. But if, in giving him a maximum sentence (and it would matter nothing whether this were three or three hundred years), you gave him at the same time to understand that the keys of prison were more or less in his own hands, and that he could release himself when he had shown himself fit to be released, you would at once provide him with the best of reasons for making a strong fight in his own true behalf. Decisions in this matter would be bound to rest in some measure with the prison governor and chaplain, but it would have them assisted by an independent committee; and on this committee I should be little inclined to appoint an ordinary justice of the peace. Some such method as this works fairly well, I believe, at Elmira, and it is not unsuccessfully on trial at Borstal.

Your second point is “an extension of the principle of conditional liberation.” Conditional liberation, with us, is the ticket-of-leave system, which—as we work it—must be almost unreservedly condemned. If we could get a commission of inquiry into this system, we should find that it saves no criminals and makes many. The ticket-of-leave is solely an affair for the police, and this fine service shows here at its least useful and its most harmful. It is of no consequence at what period of his sentence the convict is discharged from prison, if he is afterwards to be kept for a term of years under the supervision of police who may drop on him at any moment. Hold him in prison as long as it may be necessary to do so, but on his release let him be unconditionally free.

A question of questions is: What to do with the ex-convict on his return to the world? Society shuts the door in his face. I refer your readers to an article by Mr. Reginald Statham in the current “Fortnightly.”—Yours, &c.,

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE NOISE NUISANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate the writer of your leading article on fog, and its deadly results, which appears in your last number. The damage done to property of all kinds by London atmospheric filth is known to every householder who has to pay a heavy bill each year for removing or concealing it in his own house. And as to the bills we pay to doctors and chemists, and the loss of work we incur through unprevented preventible diseases, if stated in £ s. d., the figures would be so gigantic that no one would believe them. They would pay ten times over the expenses to which your article refers.

You have pleaded eloquently for one form of civilisation in the shape of an organised attack on dirt. Will you allow me to add a word on unnecessary and hideous noise? An express train ran through a junction the other day shrieking its loudest from one end of the station to the other. I said to the station master standing by, "Is there any necessity for that hideous noise being added to the noise the train must make as it passes through the station?" He replied, "None whatever, and unnecessary noise means unnecessary confusion and danger. In my opinion, there should be two kinds of sounds used, one a low one, like the bell on an American engine, or a low-toned whistle for ordinary signalling, and the other a shrill note, never to be used except in cases of actual danger. Such a system would be far safer and more effectual than what we have now." Can you persuade the directors of our railway companies to act on the common sense of one of the most experienced of their own station masters, and earn the gratitude of many thousands of travellers, specially of delicate women, to whom noise of this kind means torture?—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK VERNEY.

P.S.—A young mechanical engineer has lately written a paper showing how a very small and inexpensive addition to the existing mechanism would produce a lower note, while maintaining the shriek when required.

House of Commons Library.

December, 1907.

HOOD'S POETRY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was very glad to read your appreciative notice of Tom Hood, but I regretted that you omitted from the list of poems that would live two poems less known than those which you mention, but in very different ways, more remarkable, perhaps, than any of the better known poems. These are the "Workhouse Clock" and the exquisite sonnet beginning, "Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak." The former seems to show a real sympathy with the monotonous pleasures of the paupers, coupled with a deep sense of the pathos of that monotony, which goes perhaps deeper, and is certainly more unique than, even the sympathy with actual suffering shown in "The Song of the Shirt." The sonnet will, of course, at once recall Shakespeare's celebrated sonnet, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds." But I venture to think that Hood's is no mere imitation. Indeed, if it is not blasphemy to say so, I would venture to suggest that there is a tenderer and more thoroughly human note in the later poet's sonnet than in that of his great prototype.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead.

December 16th, 1907.

THE ENTENTE IN FORESTRY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—During a recent visit to some of the extensive forests in the North of France there was brought to my notice a remarkable instance of the *rapprochement* that is beginning to exist between the higher State officials of France and Germany in connection with sylvicultural matters. Dr. A. Schwappach, of Eberswalde, near Berlin, in a recent letter I have received from him, refers in terms of high praise to a notable work he had been reviewing from

the pen of Mons. Huffel, namely, his "*Economie Forestière*," in two volumes. All the world knows the position Dr. Schwappach holds in forestry *milieux*—that is to say, that the learned Professor is *facile princeps*, and praise from him reminds one of the judicious remark to be found in one of Cicero's letters: *Laudari a laudato viro*. Perhaps I may be permitted, therefore, to draw public attention to the Doctor's most recent work, "*Wald und Forstwirtschaft*," which deals with the economical principles of sylviculture as well as from the side of practical utility. It contains also many very beautiful illustrations. In this work Dr. Schwappach, besides writing in his own inimitably picturesque style, gives some apt quotations on the aesthetic importance of forestry. He writes: "Not without good reason has the forest been called the 'Queen of landscapes' ('*der Aristokrat der Landschaften*'). This sense of the aesthetic importance of woodlands is particularly pronounced among Teutonic nations, and gives rise to much surprise and disappointment in Germans when visiting regions situated in more favoured climes, but which are destitute of, or at all events thinly provided with, woods—as is the case, for instance, in countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. A forest exercises a peculiar charm on the human mind. The stillness and quiet; the sublime peacefulness which even nowadays is found to pervade the larger forests situated at some distance from busy towns; the subdued daylight (*die gedämpfte Beleuchtung*); the ever-changing effects of light and shade; the pleasant coolness during summer heat and the shelter afforded against rude winter blasts; the mysterious rustling in the tree-tops overhead; in a word, a series of pleasant sensations (*Reihe schoener Einwirkungen*) combine to evoke sentiments which exert a calming and elevating influence upon the feelings of men."

Dr. Schwappach also makes the interesting statement that the oldest system of sylviculture exists in Japan. "There we find," says he, "an instance probably unique in the whole history of forestry of a nation not only having with judgment exploited its forests for over a thousand years, but also having been creating in recent times new ones calculated to last for millenniums."

Considering the large powers which are wisely given to the Board of Agriculture under the Small Holdings Act coming into force on January 1st next, there need be no insurmountable difficulty in securing suitable areas for afforestation. It is a source of satisfaction to think that we are at least within measurable distance of seeing in practice shortly a "policy of results" as regards land reform in England, opening up new avenues of employment in our rural districts—a policy traceable in no small degree to the persistent powerful advocacy of the "Speaker," and its present-day valiant successor. It is certain that we have much yet to learn from the Continent and elsewhere before it can be said that we are fully abreast of the times and thoroughly awake to our future needs, and the new possibilities of human progress of to-day in respect of this great national question.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES HANCOCK, B.L.

(of Roy. Scott. Arboricultural Society).

Reform Club, S.W.

November 25th, 1907.

JAPAN IN KOREA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Having the good of our country very much at heart, and knowing, as we well do, the great misery and the state of unrest the Japanese occupation of Korea has and is occasioning it, we venture to give you, for the benefit of your many readers, a short summary of the true facts of the case, concerning the relations which have existed and are existing between these two nations of the East.

Japan professes that she reformed the currency system in Korea, but what has been done is simply to bankrupt thousands of Korean merchants. Yet Japanese publicists and statesmen maintain that whatever they do in Korea is good for the Koreans.

Mr. Megata, the new advisor to the finance department, arrived in the autumn of 1905, and began a study of Korean monetary and financial conditions. This should have been

an augury of good, for Korean finance has always been in a more or less chaotic condition, instead of which it became worse than ever.

Mark the action of the man who controlled the finances of the country—a Japanese. The country was flooded with counterfeit nickels made largely by Japanese in Osaka, and brought over to Korea by the million. The adviser determined that the Korean Government should borrow several million yen from the Japanese, and with it make a new currency to substitute for the one in use. When it was learned that Korea was to pay six per cent. for this money, Korean financiers came forward and said that they would lend their Government the necessary money at a far lower rate. They did it to keep Korea out of debt to Japan, but the adviser refused to allow it. A few million dollars' worth of nickels were made in Japan, where the Japanese enjoyed the profit, which amounted to over fifty per cent., and the nickels were sent to Korea. The adviser announced that on June 1st, or about then, everybody who brought nickels would receive the new ones at par with the Japanese money, but would receive the new one for two of the old. When the day of exchange came, it was found that the supply of new nickels was entirely inadequate. So the exchange was put off for two months; then for another two months. Meanwhile the Korean merchants were going to the wall because they could not meet their notes, owing to the tightness of the money market. Some of them were trying to save themselves by borrowing from Japanese usurers at six per cent. a month. At this most painful juncture the Emperor proposed to lend some three hundred thousand dollars of his private funds to his suffering merchants; but when he sent his cheque to the Japanese bank, where his funds were deposited, the Japanese adviser ordered payment to be stopped, and would not let him draw out his private funds even to help the merchants in their desperate straits. There is no language too strong in which to denounce this outrage.

An American resident in one of the forts of Korea related to the editor of the "Korean Review" the case of a Korean landowner who lost his property through the following piece of trickery. A Japanese employed a disreputable Korean to work out a false deed of the land and, armed with this, went to take possession. The real owner exhibited the true and incontestable deeds; but when the matter was referred to the Japanese authorities, the false deeds carried the day, and the man who had held the property for years was summarily ejected.

A Japanese refused to pay his fare on the Seoul electric cars and was put off. He ran into a near-by Korean rice shop, turned the rice out of a bag, placed it on the track, and lay down upon it. He defied the Korean motor-man to ride over him. No one dared to touch him, for this would have been the signal for a bloody reprisal on the part of Japanese who lived all about. When the company complain of such things, they are told by the Japanese authorities that they can be easily avoided by employing Japanese.

We could not explain all the daily Japanese actions here, although there were hundreds of similar cases in the past.—Yours, &c.,

SAUL SANG LEE,
JAMES HUNCHU SONG.

30, Elgin Mansions, Maida Vale,
London, W.

December, 1907.

THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Having some personal acquaintance with the land and the people, I venture to offer a few remarks thereon. Many years ago, before the zigzag railway line filled the pockets of Baron Hirsch, I travelled by waggon, by taktarauan (palanquin), and on horseback, from Salonica to Belgrade, remaining some days on the way in the Bulgarian monastery of Rilo. At that time we were wholly ignorant of any Slavonic language. But in many words which we picked up and wrote down we were struck by the cacophony of the incessantly returning "to" and "ta," which is the article affixed in Bulgaria to the noun, and

which is one of the easily marked signs distinguishing it from the Serb. From Monastir onward the people spoke Bulgarian. We visited a Bulgarian school in a short ride from the town where the population was Bulgarian. To my astonishment I was assured by a Serb some years later that the population was actually Serb in most places on the route, but that they had adopted the Bulgarian language in order to escape the hostility of the Turks, who were afraid of Free Serbia, and also to curry favour with the English who favoured the Bulgars. This fiction was advanced in a book by Gopcevic, a notorious Serb chauvinist, hailing from Trieste.

As to Greeks, there was no trace of any north of Monastir. The frequent mention of "L'Eglise Grecque," so commonly applied to the Orthodox Eastern Church, has misled many. Some academic souls with their love of symmetry are still asserting that the Balkan Peninsula should become Greek in order to match the Italian Peninsula, which is Latin. The term Greek Church has been misleading; and it matters not, in this sense, whether the particular branch be Patriarchate or Exarchate. Setting aside all hair-splitting arguments, and all the varying statements as to this and that patch of Greek or Serb villages in Macedonia, the one broad and main fact in the present situation is that Serb, Bulgarian, and Greek bands are robbing, murdering, and devastating in the land, and that these practices are being connived at and promoted by Turks and Turkish misgovernment. The Ottoman rule in Europe can neither mend nor be mended; and the immediate establishment of a government worthy the name, without further sham or delay, is imperatively demanded of civilised humanity.—Yours, &c.,

A. P. IRBY.

POOR LAW AND OLD AGE PENSIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Many ideas are in the air, and all kinds of discussions are going on; but there seems to be a disposition (possibly a wise one) to wait for the Report of the Royal Commission and see what it recommends.

The Royal Commission will deal with Poor Law matters and I shall be greatly surprised if it touches the question of universal old-age pensions at all considering the number of C.O.S. representatives among the Commissioners.

But the idea of utilising at least a portion of our hideous expenditure on Poor Law has possessed the minds of most of us who have thought about any scheme of universal pensions.

The Poor Law Commissioners should advise that in future the energies of Guardians should be confined to the management of institutions solely, and that all the out-door relief and medical attendance on the externs should pass to the Councils from some future date when the pension scheme is matured.

At the same time it is to be hoped that all contracts will be taken away from the Guardians and relegated to a central store under Government, from which the Guardians and, if they wished it, all other institutions (such as hospitals and schools) under public management could get their stores at a vastly reduced price.

If all out-door and medical relief become part of the Council's duty the money now used for the pauper would pass through other hands than Poor Law officials and would lose its taint, relief in kind would cease, and a money equivalent take its place, and this would all form some portion of the new universal pension.

Medical attendance ought to accompany any real scheme of old-age pensions, but I fear to complicate the scheme and add difficulties. The pensions would thus be paid through the Councils and be entirely distinct from Poor Law, and, by means of a little co-operation between the post offices and the Councils, might be arranged with very little addition to the existing staff of officials. Probably all that would be required would be a considerable increase in the number of postal orders for 5s., and a larger amount of silver must be put into currency. The effect on our villages will be considerable and, I believe, beneficial.—Yours, &c.,

December 16th, 1907.

ARTHUR W. JEPHSON.

CATTLE - DRIVING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that, in a recent issue, you describe cattle-driving in Ireland as "the opening of gates by farmers' boys on cattle ranches in lonely districts." Assuming it to be impossible that you desired deliberately to mislead your readers, one is forced to conclude that you have not given the question the attention which its importance deserves. It seems strange that you are not aware that in most cases the drives are carried out by large bodies of men, and are carefully organised and directed. Generally, the operations are instigated and planned by the local branches of the United Irish League. Those participating are often armed with stones, sticks, and agricultural implements; they openly defy the remonstrances of the police, and are prepared to resist opposition by violence. It is true that the movement started in the lonely districts of the West. It has spread, however, to the populous and prosperous counties near Dublin, and, as it develops, it is accompanied by a general increase of the spirit of lawlessness and disorder. That little injury is done to the victims cannot be maintained. The chief inciters openly proclaim the triumphs of their campaign, and their triumph means the ruin of cattle-raising. Even if this system deserves all the hard things said of it, those engaged in what was, a year ago, a recognised and profitable occupation should be protected in the enjoyment of the elementary rights of a citizen, until a reasonable solution of the land question can be effected. There is a grave danger that lack of timely firmness, by encouraging the elements of disorder, may ultimately involve a resort to the extreme policy of coercion.—Yours, &c.,

ONE LATELY RETURNED FROM IRELAND.

[The point of the phrase to which our correspondent objects is that it is impossible to put down cattle-driving because, if the semi-public drives are put down, the trouble can obviously be kept up by such means as we suggested.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are many Liberals who heartily agree with Mr. Asquith's criticism of the House of Lords, but are puzzled by his summary dismissal of the Referendum.

The matter is serious, for we are face to face with an agitation against the House of Lords in which it is essential to success that we should know clearly what we want. No one defends the present House of Lords. A chamber dominated permanently by one party, a chamber in which only three times in thirty years have a third of its members taken part in a division, a chamber which passed the Education Bill of 1902 and the Trades Disputes Bill of 1906, is past defending. On the other hand, Liberal speakers anxiously protest that they are against a single chamber. But if we are against a single chamber and against a House of Lords, what escape is there except a referendum?

The problem and its difficulty are brought home to Liberals by the Tariff Reform movement, as they never were to Tories by the Home Rule movement. The House of Lords could be trusted to throw out any scheme of Home Rule. It cannot be trusted to throw out any scheme for Protection.

Yet the position of the two questions is essentially alike. Each is a question of supreme importance to the country. Each is keenly opposed by a small but powerful section of the party which has adopted it. Neither measure, if once passed into law, could easily be repealed. Tariff Reformers and Irish members are equally reckless in pressing forward the one measure they have at heart.

The plain man asks what security is there that neither Home Rule nor Tariff Reform shall become law unless and until the country is persuaded. He wants to vote against the Tories, but he does not always want to vote for Home Rule. He wants to vote against the Liberals, but he does not always want to vote for Protection. What security has he that an Election such as 1895, which condemned the Liberals; or an Election such as 1906, which condemned

the Tories, will not bring Protection or Home Rule with it?

The House of Lords is no safeguard, against Protection at any rate. The logical solution of a second chamber with a permanent opposition majority has few supporters. The Government plan is in essence a single chamber. Strip away the veils of polite conferences, and the result is indisputable. If the Liberals win the next Election with a majority, no matter how small, they can carry Home Rule. If the Tories win, they can carry Protection. The House of Lords may dissuade; it cannot prevent either measure from passing.

Now there are many Liberals—of whom I am one—who would gladly trust a single chamber with triennial elections. But I venture to think that such a scheme is not regarded as likely to carry the country. Yet we have to answer the plain question: are we or are we not prepared to allow a "mere majority" of the House of Commons to carry Home Rule or Protection as the case may be? To avoid the question is to court certain and deserved disaster. But if we are not prepared to allow a "mere majority" of the House of Commons to prevail, what other safeguard have we to offer than a Referendum?

We are told that a Referendum is slow. It may be. At least it is decisive and not cowardly. We are told that it undermines the responsibility of the representatives, and the interest in elections. Any second chamber must detract from the responsibility of the first, and must do so precisely in proportion to its own power and influence. That is a fundamental condition of the problem we have to solve. But setting Switzerland aside, where cantonal interests are paramount, what evidence is there that a Referendum is incompatible with a strong representative Parliament?—Yours, &c.,

G. L. BRUCE.

Loughton, December 14th, 1907.

Poetry.

MARY AT DAWN.

A XMAS SONG.

THE dark wise kings on desert path
Seek every one his land,
The waiting camels track their way
Across the sea of sand.

No mystic odour clouds the air,
—Such spices wait for death—
About the Mother's manger bed
The crushed hay's fragrant breath.

The shepherds seek again their flocks
In fear the lambs may stray,
While they have followed so afar
The Star upon its way.

Only the ox and ass have right
To bide in stable walls;
And through one broken chink above
A streak of dawn light falls.

'Tis sweeter so—my heart takes rest;
Only the beasts may low,
While Christ Child sleeps within my arms—
Such human joy I know

As mothers in their safe low homes—
For this one hour I fold
In common love my babe of earth,
By Gabriel unforecast.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

Reviews.

THE BISHOP OF THE REVOLUTION.*

In the preface to this volume Miss Foxcroft expresses the hope that the general reader, as well as the historical student, may be attracted by the picture it presents of a varied career and a vivacious personality. Perhaps it would be impossible to give greater praise to an admirable book than to say that this hope is not likely to be disappointed. It would be easy for the biographer of a man who played so many and such bustling parts—controversialist, statesman, diplomatist, court preacher, Bishop, dabbler in science, and *amicus curiae* to more than one Court, to more than one Church, and to more than one nation—to overwhelm the reader with the vast mass of his material. This book has escaped that fate, and perhaps it owes something to the unusual circumstances of its moderation. Dr. Clarke and Miss Foxcroft had both set out to write a life of Burnet, and they decided to join forces. Dr. Clarke describes the thirty-one years Burnet spent in Scotland; Miss Foxcroft the forty-one he spent elsewhere. This arrangement has doubtless helped to simplify the task of selection and concentration. However that may be, one of the conspicuous merits of this excellent work is its success in bringing its formidable subject within a tolerable compass.

Burnet is pre-eminently a man to appeal to the general reader. There is nothing obscure or difficult about his character. The unmistakable silhouette of his ample figure conceals no unexpected trick of mind or character. His candour would have made disguise difficult, his vanity made it impossible.

"So fond of loud report that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is."

There was more than an element of truth in Dryden's bitter and brilliant sketch. And Burnet's most conspicuous achievements were of a kind that everybody can understand. He was less successful as a dialectician than as a Bishop. Malice might have said of him, with an eye on his prosperous marriages and his external career, that successful as he was as a Bishop, he was still more successful as a man. After all, was anything about him more remarkable than the charmed life which survived so many dangers that were fatal to men of infinitely greater discretion? He lived at a time when it was not unusual to pay the capital penalty for a false step, and yet the most tactless man of the day who had been the friend of one king whom he compared to Tiberius, and of another who made him an outlaw, who quarrelled with the "Grand Vizier" of Scotland, whose name was so detested by his political opponents that his coffin was stoned by a Clerkenwell mob, who was fearless enough as a youth to rebuke the Bishops to whom he was subject and to admonish a king at his first meeting for his private vices, this man who owed nothing to caution, still less to circumspection, died in his bed of a distinguished old age. In turn the friend, the counsellor, and the enemy of two slippery kings and their most unprincipled Minister, Burnet who had stood by Warriston and by Russell on the scaffold might well have said, like Sieyès when he was asked which was his most considerable achievement in the Revolution, "*Nous avons vécu.*"

The most important thing that Burnet did has been ascribed by Macaulay to this very quality of tactlessness. Only an indiscreet friend, he argues, who could blurt out the truth, could have removed the constraint between William and Mary, and suggested to Mary that she should arrange to transfer to her husband a power which he was too proud to demand or to forego. That act helped to simplify a difficult situation and when he offered to accompany William's expedition as chaplain, the offer could scarcely be declined. But if he earned the Prince's gratitude he never gained his heart. Between Mary and Burnet, during the last years of her life, there was a close sympathy, and Burnet spoke sincerely when he said he had never admired

any other person "so entirely." Even William was impressed by Burnet's loyalty to the Queen, but he dreaded his garrulity and he smarted under his awkward compliments. More than once he found relief for his feelings in some neat sally, such as his remark when Burnet was disporting himself, soon after his appointment to Salisbury, in a very broad shovel hat, that he hoped the hat would not turn his head. But Nature, which had denied Burnet a delicate address, had fortunately given him no tender skin, and it would have taken more than a pin-prick to wound the surface of his complacency. This was a merciful provision, for no man exposed himself so readily to the blows of his critics or received them in more generous measure. Miss Foxcroft analyses his change of opinion on the subject of the morality of resistance to authority to show that the change was spontaneous and sincere, but she says very truly that it was so timed as to give colour to the malice which chose to ascribe it to personal causes. Swift has concentrated in one bitter passage almost all that his enemies could say of Burnet when describing the state of mind in which he wrote his last version of the History.

"But enthusiasm is none of his Lordship's faculty. I am inclined to believe he might be melancholy enough when he writ this introduction. The despair at his age of seeing a faction restored to which he had sacrificed so great a part of his life; the little success he can hope for in case he should resume those high-church principles in defence of which he first employed his pen; no visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and lastly, the misfortune of being hated by everyone who either wears the habit or values the profession of a clergyman;—no wonder such a spirit, in such a situation is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction."

But Burnet owed his unpopularity, in part at least, to what Lecky called the contempt of his masculine mind for the questions that were most dear to the Church, and to his broad and tolerant sympathies. In spite of some melancholy lapses, Burnet remained in general the friend of enlightened opinions, and no man was more wholly free from the spirit of ecclesiastical faction. With all his terror of a Catholic ascendancy, a terror which almost turned his head at the last, he was not credulous enough to swallow the Popish plot. His reformed political principles were largely those of Locke, whom he knew, though their relations were never very cordial. Unfortunately, though he had many large and sensible ideas, he gave more than one vote to panic and injustice and he clung to the legend that James II.'s son was a supposititious child with an obstinacy that did him little credit.

This biography is introduced in a most interesting way by Professor Firth on Burnet merely as a historian. Burnet was a prolific writer, and his History of his own Times is not the only work that has survived him and his century. He had wide, if not very deep, intellectual interests. He crossed a sword on unequal terms with Bossuet; he discussed the Greek Church with Peter the Great; he corresponded with Leibnitz and Van Limborch, and at one stage in his career he found happiness and shelter from politics in the occupations of his laboratory. He had not a great mind, and his treatment of most questions was apt to be superficial. Nowhere does he show himself less of a Scotsman than in his theology. But he had a keen and vigorous intellect, and the epilogue to his History is a remarkably interesting study of the social characteristics of his day. In his History of the Reformation, for which he received the thanks of the House of Commons, he had taken Sarpi's masterpiece as his model; in his final version of his History of his Times, if he was guided by the methods of Dr. Thorn, he was fired by the glories of Clarendon. Professor Firth draws an interesting comparison between Burnet and the historian of the earlier Revolution. Burnet has none of Clarendon's stately dignity, and he never wrote anything that could touch with the pathos of the great passage describing Falkland's last days, of which Mackintosh used to say when asked to read aloud that he could read anything except Clarendon's character of his friend. Burnet is a rough and untidy writer. These faults can be illustrated from a passage which it is interesting to quote as a sketch of the state of the Universities:

"I thought the greatest prejudice the Church was under was from the ill-education of the clergy. In the Universities they for the most part lost the learning they brought with them from the schools, and learned so very little in them that com-

* "A Life of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury," "Scotland, 1643–1674," by T. E. S. Clarke, B.D., Minister of Saltoun; "England, 1672–1715," by H. C. Foxcroft. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth, Regius Professor of Modern History. Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.

monly they came from them less knowing than when they went to them, especially the servitors, who, if they had not a very good capacity and were very well disposed of themselves were generally neglected by their tutors. They likewise learned the airs of vanity and insolence at the Universities. So that I resolved to have a nursery at Salisbury of students of divinity."

But Burnet's History is often singularly alive, and Professor Firth contends with justice that he is more successful in explaining the Revolution of 1688 than Clarendon is in explaining the Revolution of 1649. Burnet knew a great deal about the affairs he recorded, and though his History suffers from the impartial and innocent confidence with which he reproduced truth and legend, all his enemies allowed it a considerable value. "Damn him," said Atterbury, "he has told a great deal of truth, but where did he learn it?" Burnet was not as close to the centre of affairs as Clarendon, but his work is of interest and importance not merely because he was an observant and active and talented and public-spirited man who saw further, did more, and lived longer than most of his contemporaries, but because all his sympathies and character matched so happily the spirit and the characteristics of a Revolution which was sensible rather than glorious, and great in its results rather than in its ideals.

ROBERT AND CLARA SCHUMANN.*

WHILE Schumann's external life was comparatively uneventful, his inner life was so rich and varied that any one volume of reasonable size can necessarily touch only lightly upon certain aspects of it. One could have wished that Dr. Storck's selection of the letters had included more of the purely artistic ones—those in which Schumann laid bare his own thoughts upon music and musicians. But to have given adequate space to letters of this type would have meant the omission of many that Dr. Storck has included; and his book has at any rate this merit, that it gives us something like a full-length portrait of Schumann the man. To the letters themselves, which are grouped into three sections comprising his early period of mental growth, the period of the fight for Clara's hand, and the period of maturity and decline, Dr. Storck has added three interesting introductions, which fill up the gaps in our information that are necessarily left here and there by the letters. Jansen's recent edition of Schumann's letters (1904), and the large biography of Clara Schumann by Litzmann, have thrown much new light upon the lives of the two artists; and of this new material Dr. Storck has made good use. The German text has been rendered into excellent English by Miss Hannah Bryant, who also contributes a short biographical note on the composer.

Schumann is one of the few musicians whose life is interesting for its own sake, apart, that is, from the dramatic or melodramatic interest that men's lives sometimes get from the impact of outer things upon them. Wagner's life, for example, was of the dramatic order. His own inner development is highly interesting in itself; but what lends most colour to his biography is the commotion that he made among men and the commotion they made within him. He played on a large stage, where everyone wore buskins, looked more than life-size, and declaimed their lines sonorously. In writing Schumann's life we can almost disregard the outer world; the only really vital contact he had with it was through Clara; all the rest left his inmost soul practically untouched. For Schumann is almost unique among musicians in this respect, that he thought as seriously about his life as about his art—tried to harmonise the two, to make each the complement and the fulfilment of the other. With the exception of Beethoven, probably no other great musician has been equally anxious to round off not only his aesthetic but his ethical being. He was originally intended not for the career of music but for that of law. The music was in him, however, and had to come out; and, as invariably happens in cases of this kind, his imagination at first was prodigal and undisciplined. His celebrated remark about his having learned more counterpoint from Jean Paul than from any of his teachers was only the young man's usual excuse for going the way his passions take him, rather than the way on which he might be assisted by the wisdom

of his elders. Later on he saw his error; even in 1832 he could write: "I now see the inestimable value of theoretical studies; it is only the abuse of them which is harmful." But he could profit by nothing that merely came to him from the outside, without becoming part of his own tissue. "It seems," he writes, "as if I could only assimilate ideas I evolve for myself, so strongly does my whole nature resent any outside stimulus." As with his art, so with his life. He needed to grow, if he was to grow at all, upward from his own roots; and almost from the first he instinctively realised that, for such a nature as his, the flower of his art could only develop simultaneously with that of his life. "My success," he wrote to his mother in 1831, "depends chiefly on my power to live a persistently clean, sober, and reputable life. If I hold fast by this, my good genius, who fairly possesses me at times, will not desert me." It is this quality in him that gives so peculiarly beautiful a character to his love for Clara and his long fight for her against the prejudice, the avarice, and the knavery of her strange father.

Indeed, their love-story stands out exquisitely white and fragrant among the records, often so pitifully muddy, of the loves of musicians. He desired her, not as a woman, but as his muse, or rather as woman and muse in one, the most inspiring of all human communions and the rarest. The singular delicacy of his love for her showed itself incidentally in the fact that when he was editing the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," he refused to purchase her stubborn father's goodwill by mentioning her name frequently in the journal. And she, for her part, was in every way worthy of such ideal love; such delicacy and such tenacity, such sweetness and such strength, have rarely been united in one woman. In the earlier stages of their acquaintance she was a famous pianist and he was an almost unknown musician. Yet, though she was ten years younger than he, she recognised his genius from the start. She inspired most of the best music that came from him; and when his short career had closed so tragically she bore the shock with a courage that few women with only a tithe of her artistic sensitiveness could have shown. As Dr. Storck says, "It was only when misfortune overtook her, when her happiness was wrecked, that her character showed its true greatness." She, in fact, had set herself, like him, to learn the art of life no less than the art of music. In neither of them did music grow, as it has done in so many other cases, to be a monster that fed ravenously, pitilessly, upon the remainder of the soul, gorging itself and growing fat at the expense of the general mental and moral life of the organism. The Schumanns may not have solved the problem of balancing the claims of life and art—which of us can solve it?—but they at least saw the problem and strove for a solution. Schumann invented his Florestan and his Eusebius as symbols of the "masculine and energetic" and the "feminine and introspective" elements of his nature. It was something to see himself so clearly; many artists never attain even to that elementary knowledge of themselves as a dualism, a conflict of opposites. But when Schumann further conceived his Raro, and placed him above the other two as the quintessence of the wisdom of them both, the final court of appeal from the errors and the imperfections of each of them, he made an attempt at fullness and at the same time reasonableness of life and of art that few musicians are capable of making. Dr. Storck's selection of letters is admirably planned to show the gradual, steady growth of Schumann in the art of knowledge and mastery of himself. A companion volume of the letters of Clara, if we could get one in English, would be unusually interesting.

THE PRIEST AS BIOGRAPHER.*

THE value of hagiology is a question of some interest and debate for all serious students of history. The tendency to underrate it probably arises from a misconception of the way in which it should be treated. The statements of a hagiologist are valuable not as direct evidence to the facts of the saint's life but as indirect evidence of the hagiologist's attitude of mind and of the ideas prevalent at the time at

* "The Letters of Robert Schumann." Selected and edited by Dr. Karl Storck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. Murray. 9s. net.

* "Life of William Laud." By the Rev. W. L. Mackintosh, M.A., sometime Canon-Residentiary of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. "Great Churchmen" Series. Masters & Co. 3s. 6d.

which he writes. When, for instance, a contemporary biographer of St. Thomas Beket relates that a sparrow, pursued by a hawk, called upon St. Thomas and an answering flash of lightning struck the hawk and saved the sparrow, it is not the details of the story which interest the historian, but the light it throws upon the intensity of medieval faith and the nature of medieval ideas of truth. So Mr. Mackintosh's biography of Laud illustrates not so much his hero's life and times as the tendencies of modern Anglo-Catholicism and ecclesiastical ideas of history. To our positive knowledge of the Archbishop, Mr. Mackintosh does not pretend to add; he candidly explains that he has not had access to any great public library, and he makes no attempt to correct or amplify the recent lives of Laud by Messrs. A. C. Benson, Simpkinson, and Hutton. Indeed, so much does this resemble Mr. Hutton's life that it hardly seems required by anything except the interests of the series to which Mr. Mackintosh was invited to contribute.

He pleads, however, his devotion to the memory of Laud as justification, and thinks it curious that such devotion should be considered a disqualification. It depends upon the end in view; if the object is to set up a cult, of course, devotion is essential; if it is to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, it is a bar. And of the truth, some portions of this book—notably the introductory chapter on the English Reformation—are a travesty. Mr. Mackintosh's point of view is indicated by his remark on p. 112, not in criticism, but in justification of the Anglican Church, that "the scholastic *explanation* of the doctrine excepted, England (!) and Rome are at one in their belief concerning the doctrine of the Real Presence." He thinks that "Wolsey, Colet, and Gardiner have more right to be designated reformers, in the true sense of the word, than Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer" (p. 10). "What," he asks (p. 14) "can be thought of a Primate of all England who under pretext of reforming the Church did his best to overthrow it?" The assumptions here are characteristic of the theological conception of truth. "Either he or I," said Luther of Zwingli, "must be the Devil's minister." Mr. Mackintosh disagrees with Cranmer: therefore Cranmer's reforms are "pretexts," and his real object is the "overthrow" of the Church. Therefore also these so-called reformers are men of evil lives and cankered conversation. Holgate, Archbishop of York, "was forbidden to come to Parliament until an investigation was made into his conduct in regard to another man's wife; and being found guilty was sent to the Tower" (p. 16). Mr. Mackintosh, of course, does not know that the charge against Holgate broke down, and that his committal to the Tower, which did not take place till Mary's reign, was due to his Protestant views and not to his personal vices; for writers of his temperament read only books which suit it. Then follows a reference to Bishop Ponet's case, and it is, equally of course, assumed that the Bishop knew that the woman he married was another man's wife at the time of his marriage. "As to the foreign divines, they seem to have been no better: the first wives of Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were nuns, and *both men held very loose views about divorce*" (p. 17); for to the sacerdotal mind a belief in the admissibility of divorce is as heinous an offence as a breach of the Seventh Commandment. Yet Mr. Mackintosh "trusts that he has not been unfair to those who hold opposite opinions" (p. vi). Bucer, Martyr, and others were, however, "incapable foreigners" (p. 18), though on p. 11 the Protestant party carried forward its plans "with consummate ability." That they imported into England a religion "made in Germany" or "made in Switzerland" is charged against them (p. 12), while English Churchmen in the seventeenth century are accused of "the narrowest insularity" (p. 124). Humour is not Mr. Mackintosh's strong point, or he would hardly object to religion because it was "made" abroad; is Catholicism or Christianity itself the product of home industries?

Mr. Mackintosh's attitude towards Laud's work may easily be inferred from his view of the Reformation. It was not a development but a repeal of Cranmer's; the sixteenth century "reformers" were revolutionists; the true reformers were the Caroline divines. This is a variation of the conventional Anglo-Catholic contention that nothing of real importance took place in the sixteenth-century Reformation, and that if there was any change at all, it was

because England was Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic after. Laud's work is here represented as a restoration after the revolution. His career is treated exclusively in its ecclesiastical aspect; and hence the story of Laud's martyrdom, while moving enough, becomes unintelligible. He is a martyr to the faith; that is enough for Mr. Mackintosh. He does not see that it was simply because Laud bound the cause of his faith to a secular tyranny that he was executed at all. He fell with Strafford and Charles I. and their political system, while others, as good Catholics as Laud, escaped; no other bishop was brought to the block, and Laud would have lived had he been only a bishop and a Catholic. Mr. Mackintosh distinguishes between the "political Puritan" and the "religious-minded Puritan"; he makes no distinction between the "political Catholic" and the "religious-minded Catholic." Probably he would refuse to admit that a Catholic could be anything but "religious-minded." His object is not to write history but hagiology, and the sufferings of the Anglican clergy are all set down to their religious faith. The canons of ordinary historical criticism are perhaps out of place in the sphere of martyrology, but no amount of unction justifies the assertion that "faithful English clergymen of blameless lives were shipped off to New England to work as slaves in the plantations" (p. 243). Rhetoric which flows unchallenged from the pulpit should be checked in print. Unfortunately, the immunity of the one is a bad preparation for the other. The priest, committed as he is to certain dogmas, has to write his history with one eye at least upon the necessities of his position, and his historical works are almost invariably defences of that position. He goes to history for arguments and not the truth; he starts from premisses which dictate his conclusions; he sees in history what he wants, and only what he wants, to see; his history is the product of his opinions rather than his opinions the product of his historical studies. He sees through a glass darkly, and prefers to do so rather than to clean the glass. Ranke, Gardiner, and others have tried to clear the glass of history from the mists and vapours of religious and political debate; they have made little impress on the churches. Ecclesiastical biographers still judge their heroes by their creeds and not their conduct; and feebly imitate Gregory of Tours, who sums up the successful but murderous career of that orthodox scoundrel Clovis: "Thus did God day by day cause the enemies of Clovis to fall into his hands and increase his kingdom, because he walked with an upright heart before the Lord and did that which was pleasing in His sight."

A. F. POLLARD.

A SOCIAL DIARY.*

THERE is a pretty air in this book of the days when Society really was society—with no need for capital letters; when there was no difficulty as there is to-day in "discovering accurately who is in or out of society," but when society was led by "certain recognised rulers, who framed its ordinances, against which there was no appeal"; when theatrical people were not allowed to put on airs "as if they possessed three eyes and a tail"; and when an alien financial magnate who had missed his carriage at the opera and was given a lift by a Royal Duke was so overwhelmed at the casual honour that he occupied the journey in muttering to himself that he wished his poor old mother could have been alive at that moment to see him. Those were the days when noblemen spoke of their "country residences," when ladies had their portraits painted in the "keepsake manner," and when a dowager who wished to express her displeasure that the son of a miller had been invited to an "assembly" at which she was present said in a loud voice, "It is most unpleasant here. I can hardly see across the room for flour dust." One is reminded of "Evan Harrington" and the magnitude of the great Mel's social feat, or even more of "Vanity Fair" and the gloomy grandeur of Steyne House. Indeed, one is made, like the reader of Mr. Belloc's verse, to

"Remember from this to be properly vexed
When the newspaper editors say,
That 'The type of society shown in the Text
Is rapidly passing away.'"

*"Leaves from the Note Book of Lady Dorothy Nevill." Macmillan. 15s.

However, Lady Dorothy seems to have adapted herself pretty good-humouredly to the wider tolerance of a later age, and records not only her friendship for Henry Irving and J. L. Toole, but such incidents as her meeting—"through the courtesy of some of the directors"—with Zazel, the lady who was shot out of a cannon at the Aquarium, and was not only "a model of the domestic virtues" but so graceful that Mr. G. F. Watts used to attend her performance "as much for the purpose of study as for the sake of amusement."

The book wanders through many subjects, from gossip about the great Napoleon to art criticism and advice to collectors of bric-à-brac, but its recollections of past manners form the only part that was really worth printing, and these are sufficiently vividly expressed to give something more than the mildly romantic association of merely a link with the past. Lady Dorothy remembers the last days of Vauxhall Gardens before they were closed in 1855, and was present at several of the more select parties which preceded the later disreputable period of Cremorne. In her youth the opera was fashionable for the sake of the ballet (Taglioni and Cerito were the stars), and the most fashionable part of it was the hour in the "crush room" at the end of the performance, the whole thing being an event to prepare for the fatigues of which young ladies used to go to bed for a couple of hours in the afternoon. She remembers the time when the clergy still wore wigs, when fortunes were made and lost in the first railway boom of the 'forties, when people used to travel by rail in their own carriages wheeled on to railway trucks, when it was still possible to hire a sedan chair at Cheltenham, and when the brides at weddings were driven away by postilions in blue coats and white breeches. She has seen the beginning of the fashion of Christmas cards in the 'fifties, and the later decline in the fashion of Valentines. Deer were still kept in Hyde Park in her childhood, there were nursery gardens at Paddington, and it was not long since the last duel had been fought near the Round Pond. Piccadilly in the 'forties was a fashionable lounge, and club windows were so full of gazing, gilded youth in the afternoons that it was not considered proper for young ladies to walk past them. Baths were unusual, except on the traditional Saturday night, and the great had running footmen in front of their carriages to clear the way. But the most marked change in small social habits is attributed by Lady Dorothy to tobacco. It has certainly accounted for much of the decreased drinking of wine, and there is a world of distance to-day from the old strictness of behaviour which never allowed a gentleman to smoke in the street or on any account in the presence of a lady, and relegated his indulgence to the kitchen or the harness room after the ladies had gone to bed.

There are several good stories, among them a new authentic version of the "forgot Goschen" tale of Lord Randolph Churchill, given on the authority of Mr. Walter Long, who is described as "the chief hope of the Conservative Party." Among them, perhaps, the best is this of Bishop Blomfield, who was annoyed at someone's indiscriminate praise of Eastern civilisation. "Well, the wise men came from the East—you can't dispute that," said the bore. "Surely," answered the Bishop, "that was the wisest thing they could do."

THE VIRGIN BIRTH.*

It is very hard for anybody to face this ancient issue with a purely historical mind. Clouds of conviction on doctrine darken the dry light of criticism. The hand holding the knife of analysis throbs with emotion. This is true of both sides. The denial of the miraculous birth loathes a story which ascribes male characters to the Infinite; and the primitive tale means no less. He does not, either, believe in a physiological divineness, nor found the Christian fabric of faith on mysterious organic function. He cannot but compare spiritual things with spiritual. He remembers the similar statements made about the birth of Plato, of

Alexander, of Augustus. He finds the myth widespread in the East, where this is the chosen way of accounting for the divineness of Buddha, of Krishna, of Horus in Egypt, and of other heroes. He feels that the early Christians, fighting the cult of a heaven-born deified Emperor, could hardly avoid coming to assert no smaller claim for their Lord. But apart from this historical argument, to which some sort of rejoinder can always be made, there is an inward protest against that immoral asceticism which looks upon ordinary fatherhood as impure, and casts a slur upon it by seeking to account for sinlessness by its absence. This again is part of the larger thought which finds in the common the sublime, natural wedlock holy, and in every birth a birth of God. The asserted miracle does more than affect the Divinity of Christ; it drives God outside the Universe, and compels Him to enter it by violence, in order to reveal Himself to men. Still worse havoc does it make of the Humanity of the Son of Man, who "was made in all points like unto His brethren," that He might lead them to join Him in His victory over temptation—a victory robbed of all spiritual value if, in the very fountain of His being, He was already miraculously lord over all temptation. Our central hope and faith to-day are in the unity of man with God—a hope by this miracle refused us even in the crowning Man.

On the other hand, no one can read these "orthodox" volumes without finding in them, too, an angry and outraged defence. The kind of divinity they honour and worship is being taken from them. The books are indeed rather contributions to polemical apologetics than to history. Dr. Orr, at any rate, faces the music fairly, and leaves no point in the attack without some kind of reply. We agree with him that the rather fashionable attitude that the "Virgin Birth" does not matter either way, is superficial. It is a temporary refuge for the timid in a time of transition, a way of achieving "peace in our time." For better, for worse, our whole thought of God, on which our personal religion rests, is different if we believe in the physical miracle of the birth of a God-man, from what it is if we believe in him as Peter did, simply because he had the words of Eternal Life. Most of those who say that the belief is non-essential mean that with them it is a dead branch, and does no harm. They really disbelieve it, but either do not want to say so, or they have not studied the question carefully.

Dr. Orr's methods and arguments are fair generally, as religious controversy goes. He recognises that the miraculous birth is absent from Mark, the earliest Evangelist, but says that if he had written about the infancy at all he would have put it in; admits its absence from the Fourth Gospel, but says that it was not in its plan. Seeing that this Gospel is a piece of what theologians so prettily call Christology, however, we are not surprised that it has its theory of Divinity; but it is the Logos theory, and concerns "Jesus of Nazareth the son of Joseph" (i., 45). The fact that He is throughout spoken of as "the seed of David according to the flesh"—and that it was through Joseph that the famous genealogies derive the Davidic descent, is met by the daring guess that Mary may have been related to her husband, and therefore to David. The argument that in the Infancy Sections themselves Joseph is repeatedly spoken of as the Lord's father, a fact that drives most people to the interpolation theory, only drives Dr. Orr to say that father cannot mean father there. The plain conclusion from the universal silence of the New Testament, outside a few verses in Matthew and Luke, that the doctrine had no place in Apostolic preaching, is accounted for by supposing that Mary kept the matter a secret all her life, but left a memorandum behind her, which is our authority. The theory in fact, needs both her silence and her speech, and both are supplied. The argument is worn even thinner in many places; but space forbids further examples. Would that space had been scarcer with the authors of these books. The world sighs for a concise theologian. We reach p. 31 before we make our first point. Lobstein and Solau manage to state their cases on the other side in one-fourth of the space Dr. Orr takes. The lecture form, also, leads to wordiness and repetition, proper to a lecture, but troublesome in a book, where you can always turn back. There is much irrelevant, too; long lists of codices are marshalled,

* "The Virgin Birth of Christ." By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

"The Incarnation and Recent Criticism." By R. J. Cooke, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

none of them affecting the position that the tradition dates from about the year 100, too late for historical authority, too early to affect the accepted text.

The beautiful idyll of Luke needed but an interpolated or omitted phrase in i., 34, to change into an actual Divine begetting its story of a Divine influence on "the child of promise"; so like, though surpassing, the parallel story of the birth of John the Baptist, and the births of Isaac, Samson, and Samuel. There are textual signs that "wife" in Luke ii., 5, has been changed into "betrothed wife," and that into "betrothed." The record in Matthew is, according to Dr. Sanday, an orthodox defender, in his beautiful sermon on the subject, too doubtful, and depends on too many complicated issues, to be relied on.

Dr. Cooke's book, though bearing an English publisher's imprint, is apparently American, to judge from the paper, the spelling, and some illustrations. Its author shows few qualifications for writing it. He accepts the historical character of Adam and Noah, with the Garden and the Flood, and traces the genealogy of Christ up through Seth to God, in the historical manner of the first century. He also remarks that the exposure of infants was practised "by the Lacedaemonians and the Spartans"—which leads one to suppose that some Doctorates of Divinity are given without a knowledge of elementary ancient history. He has so little historical sense, so little touch with the way traditions grow and come to be accepted, that he shuts up the narrators of the Birth stories to the alternative of accuracy or "conscious fraud." The assertion, "Man is not an animal; he is a child of God," is a false pulpitering antithesis which would only pass among those who still think we are not animals and that animals are not children of God. Judging the book as polemics it is noisy and dusty, but its shots are fired in a stratum of thought different from that of the object to be hit. He says that the documents on which we accept the assassination of Julius Cæsar are more remote from the incident than those which tell of the Virgin Birth. Students are, however, accustomed to require closer evidence for a private and obscure event which left other events unaffected, than for one which plunged the world into civil war. It is extraordinarily difficult to write theology and serve truth at the same time.

TO-MORROW IN THE EAST.*

MR. DOUGLAS STORY is a writer on Far Eastern affairs whose name is well known both as a resident in Pekin, as a war correspondent, and as editor of a daily newspaper. He is something more than a globe trotter, and this book contains something better than the superficial comments of the questing but inexperienced critic. The main points of the book are the expression of doubt as to the wisdom of the Alliance between Great Britain and Japan, and the forecast of racial trouble consequent on the victory of Asiatics over Europeans. Mr. Story is not alone in his limited enthusiasm over the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Mr. Putnam Weale's "Truce in the East and its Aftermath," and Mr. F. A. McKenzie's "The Unveiled East," are recent books which support the views expressed by Mr. Douglas Story.

No fact in contemporary politics is of greater moment than the awakening of Asia. The long repose, which enabled Western nations to exercise predominate influence from Egypt to Pekin, has come to an end. 12,000 Chinese students are studying Western ideas in Japan, while eight years will not have expired before the choice will be presented to Great Britain between Australian and American friendship or the maintenance of the Japanese Alliance. We cannot have it both ways. Japan allowed her representative and her Press to use threatening language towards the Federal Government at Washington in the recent episode relating to the education of Japanese children in San Francisco. Japan was in a position to enforce her threat, but the mistake was irreparable. Within the next few years the American Fleet in Chinese waters must be enormously increased, and it is difficult to see how England can escape the consequences of

homogeneity with the United States in the Far East, and definitely declare that she sides with a White Australia.

The new spirit of nationalisation abroad throughout the East, though not fully understood, is a more remarkable event than many a bloody revolution. In Egypt the Egyptians are sizzling with a new sense of national life. In Persia, the Persians; in Siam, the Siamese; in Bengal, the Bengali; in Japan, the Japanese. All believe themselves capable of successfully managing their own affairs, without direction from Western nations. They have entered into competition with Europe, in spheres of activity hitherto considered the domain of white men. Their success in the arts of war and peace justifies their aspiration towards self-development, independence, and nationhood. India, China and Japan at no period of our intercourse with them have been inhabited by savages. Civilisation was always theirs, but their civilisation was not ours. They owned a literature, an art, a religion, and a philosophy, both older and more complex than our own. Centuries of missionary effort and preaching of the Christian propaganda has left the philosophy of the conservative East untouched. The awakening that has come has come from within. The East feels no gratitude to the West.

Mr. Douglas Story ascribes the desire of the Chinese to expel foreigners to be the outcome of the wide-spread belief that:—

"foreigners have taken advantage of China's inexperience to obtain undue facilities for enriching themselves, and now all treaties, agreements, understandings, and precedents must be construed against the foreigner with the utmost strictness."

To the impartial observer there are not lacking grounds for the Chinese belief. As Sir Robert Hart said to the author:—

"The Chinese believe that they have been unfairly exploited by the foreign Powers, have been cheated, and they will deal with them as they have been dealt by. In any event, they will for the future grant no more concessions. They will retain their power in their own hands."

Whether the jump into the limelight made by the Japanese will be followed by a similar development by the Chinese is a matter on which in some respects the author takes a pessimistic view. His forecast, at all events, of the future of Korea is unfavourable to British interests. Mining regulations, trade, and the treatment of foreigners, are all calculated to destroy the "equal opportunity" being complete in Korea, which was ostensibly given by the Japanese to the representatives of other nations. It seems to be generally admitted that a bad class of Japanese have been allowed or enabled to settle in Korea, and the recent assault on Mr. Weigall and his wife by soldiers under the command of General Hasegawa is an indication of the state of affairs that the best friends of Japan must deeply deplore. Japan's breach of faith with the Yi Hyong Emperor of Korea is another case of Japanese methods which is disquieting to those who hold that solid and enduring friendship between the Mongol and the Anglo-Saxon is feasible. The Marquis Ito's manipulation of the hermit nation is a gruesome story, while the cruel murder of the Dowager Queen Cho is a blot on the escutcheon of the Mikado and his Ministers.

Mr. Story's book is not less valuable because it is depressing. He speaks of the devotion to sport among the English-speaking residents in Shanghai and Hong-Kong. Shanghai men, he says, live hard, drink hard, and play hard. The talk is much of business, but more of sport:—

"I asked representatives of all classes of society to explain to me how youths with a salary of £5 a month were able to spend £50 on what in Nonconformist England would be termed debauchery. The answer was always the same—a shrug of the shoulders, and, 'Oh, we're all in debt to the comprador!'"

Mr. Story's book is full of interest, and interestingness is a quality to be commended in these days of snapshot portraiture and flashlight genius. Courage is required to have written such a book, and no surprise can be felt if Mr. Douglas Story's revelations do not increase his popularity either with the Japanese or Anglo-Saxon residents in the Far East; still, such intrepidity is to be commended, more especially as the book, though written in a somewhat fugitive and impressionist style, confirms the more deliberate and scientific conclusions of other writers.

* "To-Morrow in the East." By Douglas Story. London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

In eighteenth century literature poverty was not represented as a crime. Even successful authors, such as Johnson, Goldsmith, and Crabbe, knew but too well the pangs of want, and accordingly benevolence still ranked as a virtue. But with the age of steam and iron, and the roar of competitive energy in the Victorian era, the expression "the poor" came to suggest subtly all kinds of moral backslidings. "The poor in the loomp is bad," said Tennyson's Northern Farmer. And it is due to our accumulation of uneasy and unpleasant associations that the artist to-day receives scant encouragement to give us representation of "the poor man's" life. In nineteen out of twenty modern novels poverty is represented as a state destructive of a man's self-respect. And, indeed, we have done our best to make it so; but, luckily for the country, virtue is not yet the rich man's prerogative. Mrs. Gertrude's Bone's simple and strikingly natural "Children's Children," a tale of peasant life, on the coast of Lancashire, is indeed a "throw-back" in its absolute freedom from class feeling. There is not a line in "Children's Children," just as there is not a line in Rembrandt's or Millet's drawings of peasant folk, to suggest that the artist is aware of the existence of a prosperous middle-class with its lens of class bias.

This indirect feat of the author's vision is in part due to her womanly absorption in the homely facts of her people's life, and in part to her rare eye for the human significance of landscape. The background is said to be everything to the artist, and this is true for the reason that the background is what you measure your subject by. The triviality and lack of spirituality in modern art spring indeed from our lack of understanding what is the background vital to a picture of life; thus the meaning of our middle-class suburbs cannot be gauged till you have traversed the immense and sinister waste of mean streets in which our "industrial" population toils. Mrs. Bone's background is, however, the solemnity and tenderness of nature, and the thousandfold changes of the eternal sky arching over the ancient, peaceful fields from which her humble folk gain their bread. Properly considered the face of every countryside is the long human story of the generations that pass away; and the spiritual significance of their lives can only be interpreted by their relation to the bosom of the earth on which they toil and into which they disappear. In this sense it is that the poet who can detect and record for us the mysterious spirituality in nature's manifold moods says the deepest word by contrasting with it the human story. Mrs. Bone's exquisite sense of landscape is intimately allied with her quality of human sympathy. A passage will illustrate our meaning:—

"When I emerged beyond the fir wood the lustre of day-time was already fading. Already in the air one could feel the coolness of autumn—that delicate cold which seems rather to chill the summer's day than to herald the rigour of winter. The sun was setting in such splendour that the fields beneath seemed already dark, and the clouds gathered about it were upborne within its radiance as in an atmosphere: but even that tabernacle of glory lighted in the heavens did not wholly kindle the surface of the windless sky, now wholly covered with the invisible white clouds which presage the autumn mists . . .

"I fixed as a mark for my destination upon what appeared to be a grey church tower on a small eminence surrounded by elm trees. I reached it by turning into a field path—a squat homely building which had, in its isolation, the appearance of a rock cast up long ago in some upheaval, scaring and scattering the wild creatures, but which, remaining as it was cast, had gradually, as the earth healed of her scars, conquered their timidity and became their haunt and plaything.

"Pushing open a small iron gate almost blocked by a climbing rose-bush, I entered a graveyard neither more quiet nor more awful than the sun-steeped hills around it, and, sitting down on the low stone wall, I saw billows of green landscape urged before me towards the sea in that ineffable light of the ebbing sun, so troubled and mournful in its tranquillity. The pallid light, pulsating with such radiance upon the fields, seemed to shake their stillness and give to the solid earth the texture and mobility of the clouds. The trees, standing in the radiance, appeared to be growing in celestial pastures. Purged, ethereal, mystic, the sunshine seemed to create for itself a temple in the fields—quiet and

distant as the fields of a dream; yet, strange, again, the contrast, far beyond, the sun's self, sinking solitary in a waste of sky, sent over the sea a light as desolate as sunshine on an empty battle-field.

"For a time I sat watching the withdrawing glory, conscious only of myself in the landscape. Then the outline of more objects became more definite and of larger bulk. The church tower took a sadder colour. I became aware of cattle moving across a meadow, and below me in a lane some object was advancing above the top of the hedge. A vehicle was moving slowly up the road toward the churchyard—a country cart drawn by an old white pony. The occupants, an old man and two children, appeared to be journeying without haste or necessity other than that of enjoying the evening's tranquillity. The old white pony might have been a part of the cart, so immovably did it maintain its own pace, even when stirred by the rattle of the reins upon its back or an exclamation from its driver. The rough cart, shaking from side to side, and creaking continually, seemed to be guided rather by the horse's will than his master's, who sat on the side of the shandry with bowed back, the reins held slackly in his hard, rheumatic fingers. He was an old man, tall, but very bent and gaunt, with a face paler than that of most countrymen and a scanty white beard under his chin. His eyes, like those of a sailor, were steady in their gaze, as though accustomed to sight distant objects in a wide space. His mouth and cheeks had fallen in. From the entire, almost inanimate stillness of his body when in repose, like the immobility of an old farm-horse which stands for hours motionless under the hedge, he seemed to have grown old in the habit of exhausting labour. His face, as it came into sight, had that expression of intentness and inward preoccupation so familiar on the faces of the very old, as if the the figures and sights which came and went before him were not more real than the memories which stood round about him, his unvarying and known companions. The passiveness of the country and the fields breathed within him, and in the vigour and adventure of the sea he had no part."

This passage, which introduces the figure of the old man, Jacob Pyrah, is a prelude to a moving family tragedy, told with a simple fidelity to nature, and with great breadth of human feeling. Every hamlet in England has its one or two Jacob Pyrahs, its lonely old men in whose dulled eyes live on the silence and the emptiness of days when "they can take in no more trouble," when the tale of their thoughts is like old Jacob's "Ann, and the little lads, and then our Tamar—they're all gone." And to people who by accident have penetrated into such human stories as Ellen Budd's and John Eglathorne's, and Tamar Coutts' and Old Jacob's and his wife Ann's, all the nice shades of class differences are like veils insidiously spread between life itself and our human apprehension. Fine as gossamer silk may these veils be, but they are barriers between class and class as formidable as iron. Fortunate are the people whose human sympathy takes no account of these barriers, and does not, indeed, perceive them. And of these few our author is one. The motive of the tale is that touching delight of the very old in their children's children, when human love blossoms, as it were, for the last time, and awakens the bitter-sweet memories of old joys. Full of a tender and spiritual charm is this humble picture of domestic life, wrought by a series of simple touches straight from nature. The profound seriousness of the spiritual atmosphere is, however, but the background to a delight in the simple, homely things of life, and a motherly sympathy with everything weak and helpless. The intimate understanding of peasant life will recall to many the spiritual realism of Millet, but it is evident that the author owes a debt not to the artist, but to the inspiration of the style of a far greater master. The only criticism that can be offered of a tale where every touch is true to nature is that *longueurs* are apparent in several passages, and that the spiritual consolation John Eglathorne offers to old Jacob in his bereavement awakens in us even more irritation than it would probably do in life. The quiet humour of the character sketches of the minor characters is admirable in its contrast to the restrained pathos of the tragedy.

A word must be said about the drawings. It is very rare that an artist can really illustrate an author, in the sense of interpreting his vision, and it is evident that a number of Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings are studies of a landscape not quite spiritually akin to the landscape of "Children's Children." But in the other half the artist may claim to have created types and scenes absolutely at one with the author's. The original beauty of the majority is an achievement almost as remarkable as the tale itself. For freedom and richness of style and perfect mastery of his technique Mr. Muirhead Bone is among our first draughtsmen.

* "Children's Children." By Gertrude Bone. With Drawings by Muirhead Bone. Duckworth & Co. 6s. net.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. HORATIO F. BROWN is rapidly increasing the debt already due to him by many students of Venetian history. In a recent issue we reviewed an instalment of his translation of Molmenti's great "History of Venice," while for those who shrink from embarking on a work of such imposing dimensions there are Mr. Brown's two volumes of "Studies in Venetian History" (Murray, 18s. net). The book is a re-issue of the "Venetian Studies" published twenty years ago, but the ten essays of that volume have been "re-handled and brought up to date," and several of them entirely rewritten, while we have also ten new essays not included in the earlier book. Seven of these latter studies, Mr. Brown tells us, are based, almost entirely, on documents in the archives and libraries of Venice which have not hitherto been used by historians. Dull books have been written about Venice, but the whole blame must be laid upon the shoulders of their writers. The most artistic and romantic of cities furnishes an almost endless wealth of interesting themes, as the reader of Mr. Brown's studies will soon discover. "Marino Falieri," "Carmagnola, a Soldier of Fortune," "Political Assassination," "Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus," "Shakespeare and Venice," and "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic," are all fascinating subjects, and in each case Mr. Brown more than fulfils the hope aroused by such promising titles. To the bookish reader one of the most interesting of the essays is the account of Gabriele Giolito, a printer-publisher, who flourished in Venice during a large part of the sixteenth century. Giolito was a man of education and position, and the history of his publishing house throws great light upon the literary life of Venice at the period. He was a pioneer in issuing editions of the Italian classics, and between 1542 and 1650 he was responsible for twenty-eight editions of the "Orlando Furioso," twenty-two of Petrarch, nine of the "Decamerone," and one edition of Dante. He was also the first to issue a series, in our sense of the word, and published translations of the Greek and Latin classics and the masterpieces of Italian literature in a uniform series of many volumes. We regret that want of space does not permit us to deal fully with Mr. Brown's pleasant and informing volumes which we recommend to all interested in Venetian history.

* * *

ANOTHER book which will be welcomed by lovers of Venice is "Venetian Life," by Mr. W. Dean Howells, a second edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Constable (16s. net). The main features of the present edition are twenty beautiful illustrations of Venice in colour by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett, and a new "auto-biographical" preface by the author. Mr. Howells says that the greater part of the book was first written as a diary which he began to keep when he was appointed United States Consul at Venice in 1861. He next made use of his diary for a series of letters contributed to the Boston "Advertiser," and these meeting with approval were re-published with additions as "Venetian Life." Mr. Howells' receipts from the first English edition issued on the half-profit system amounted, he tells us, to eleven shillings and ninepence. Succeeding editions must have been more profitable, for the book has since taken its place as one of the best descriptions of present-day life in Venice that we have. In this handsome edition it is likely to have another lease of popularity.

* * *

IN "Through the Magic Door" (Smith, Elder, 5s.), Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gossips pleasantly, though at times superficially, about books and reading. He is an enthusiastic book-lover, and for that, as well as for the sake of Sherlock Holmes, we are prepared to forgive him much, but he draws heavily upon our patience when he repeats the old heresy that if Boswell had not lived we should not now hear much about Dr. Johnson. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is right in his praise of Boswell. "It is not by chance that a man writes the best biography in the language. He had some great and rare literary qualities. One was a clear and vivid style, more flexible and Saxon than that of his great model. Another was a remarkable discretion which hardly once permitted a fault of taste in this whole enormous book where he must have had to pick his steps with pitfalls on every side of him." This is undoubtedly true, but when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle goes on to describe

"The Lives of the Poets" as but "a succession of pre-faces," and to urge that Johnson's work is not enough to justify his predominant place in English literature, and that we must turn to his much-ridiculed biographer for the real explanation, we answer with Mr. Birrell that there would have been a Johnson had there never been a Boswell, and that his literary baggage is quite enough to furnish at least half a dozen respectable reputations and still leave him little the poorer. However, though "Through the Magic Door" adds nothing to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's reputation, it will be read with interest by all who care for books. It contains the good suggestion that some critic of catholic tastes and sympathetic judgment should make a list of those books of worth which, through their publication at a time of great national excitement or for some other reason, have passed out of notice. Such rescue work among the lost books would bring to light some interesting volumes in the salvage.

* * *

THE attractiveness of Mr. Berenson's style is again conspicuous in his treatise on "The North Italian Painters" (Putnam's Sons, 6s. net), the last of four volumes which he has completed on the artists of the Renaissance. Beginning with Altichieri of Verona, he takes us swiftly through the schools of Padua, Ferrara, and Milan, touching upon the various painters whose work serves to illustrate his purpose. Mr. Berenson's aim, as he confesses in his last chapter, is not merely to convey information about pictures. It is to work out a "theory of art," to show that the principal if not sole sources of vital painting—or, as he prefers it, of "life-enchantment"—are tactile values (which he claims is a more definite term than "form," though it means the same thing), movement, and space composition. A fourth, but a less important source in regard to the figure arts with which Mr. Berenson is chiefly concerned, is colour. Perhaps to the plain man the linguistic refinements of this author's aesthetic philosophy may seem mainly the statement of old truths in a new way, and less important than the admirably clear-sighted views on matters such as the character of the North Italian painting, or the genius and influence of Mantegna, Leonardo, Giovanni Bellini, and Correggio. Nevertheless, some of his verbal brilliances are happy enough to quote. Mr. Berenson was clearly inspired when he wrote that "Prettiness is all that remains of beauty when the permanent causes of the sensation are removed"; or that the characteristic love of costume and finery observable in so many North Italian paintings renders them "out of tone spiritually." One should not, however, be blinded by these epigrammatic sayings to the evident seriousness behind them. The book is a valuable contribution to the study of fundamental principles, and it comes opportunely at a time when thoughtful people are beginning to realise that a clearer conception than exists of these is essential before art can regain what it has lost. The index to the paintings is extensive, and may be deemed trustworthy.

* * *

MR. W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE'S "Mirabeau, the Demi-God" (Fisher Unwin, 15s. net) falls between two stools. It is neither genuine fiction nor authentic biography. Mr. Trowbridge has adopted the unfortunate plan of giving conversations such as might possibly have taken place between his characters by piecing out their recorded utterances with passages taken from their correspondence. The result is that we lose the feeling of historical reality without any compensating gain. The greater part of the book is taken up with the first thirty years of Mirabeau's life, and the disreputable love adventures of that period bulk largely in Mr. Trowbridge's pages. Although Mr. Trowbridge calls Mirabeau a demi-god, he seems to us to take an unnecessarily unfavourable view of the last years of his life. He seems to think that merely private ambition dictated the political changes which may fairly be explained on grounds of patriotism. It would be difficult to write a dull book on Mirabeau, and Mr. Trowbridge is always readable, and, allowing for the defects we have mentioned, fairly accurate. The book leads us to believe that he could have written a good biography of the great Revolutionary orator, or a good novel with Mirabeau as the hero. He fails because he attempts to do the impossible and combine both.

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The Week in the City.

THE Stock Markets have been very quiet during the week, speculation, both of bulls and bears, being restrained by the uncertainties and anxieties of the situation. A wholesome caution pervades the City, as it well may when Christmas festivities have to be conducted with a 7 per cent. bank rate. The authorities, I believe, hope that it may be reduced about the middle of January, though there is no immediate prospect of a resumption of cash payments in the United States. The labouring classes over there are already beginning to suffer privation, and a terrible winter is in store for them. Thousands are being dismissed every week, and those who remain will, no doubt, have to submit to wage reductions in spite of the declarations of Mr. Gompers. Employers who cannot command cash or credit are simply forced to restrict operations. In Germany and Austria, the working classes are complaining bitterly of high prices, and there, too, employment is declining. Here, at home, the downward movement is much slower, except in the ship-building trades, which in many places are almost at a standstill. In Glasgow especially there has been an alarming increase in the number of unemployed. It is to be hoped that the Government will take cognisance of these facts in framing its Budget. The effect of the sugar duties on employment has been very serious; and if only sufficient pressure were brought to bear on the great spending departments their repeal would be quite feasible.

GENERAL PRESSURE ON BANKS.

The pressure on banks and credit establishments increases as the year draws to an end; and the public anxiety has shown itself in the tightening up of discount rates. According to the New York telegrams, the premium on currency instead of disappearing, tends rather to harden, and the rates for call money in New York are extraordinarily high considering how little speculation there is. It seems to be clear from the guarded paragraphs of the American Press that several banks in New York will have to be closed before long and put into a receiver's hands. One of the worst results of the partial suspension of all banks is that the chief offenders are enabled to prolong a life which ought to have been promptly ended. In Chili also the banks are heavily embarrassed, and the Government has had to promise to come to their assistance with Treasury bonds, though exactly how this will help them we are not informed. The smash of the Mobiliario has doubtless frightened the Government. How serious is the financial situation in Chili appears from the simple fact that the currency has depreciated fifty per cent. in the last three years, and by thirty per cent. since the spring. Chili has great resources in its copper and nitrate. But exports of the former are hardly profitable at present prices. The nitrate wealth, however, is immense, and as motor-cars displace horses more and more will be required in Europe. I know one long-headed investor who is taking this into account. But those who follow his example should be very careful about what companies they select.

THE POSITION IN GERMANY.

London is beginning to take as much interest in the embarrassments of Germany as in those of the United States. Some of the less reputable German banks which do a large speculative business in London have always been out of favour, but they are regarded with strong suspicion just

now. It is said that one of the biggest was saved by the Kaiser's intervention at the time of the last crisis; but it is doubtful whether such action would be possible again. The Reichsbank may find its hands quite full enough with caring for sound and well-conducted institutions; even the best German banks do far more for the financing of business and manufactures than would be thought wise in England. Hence the spread of depression after such a boom as we have just seen is particularly dangerous, and of course the peril is much accentuated by the American crisis and by the almost unprecedented dearth of money.

THE GREAT CENTRAL AND GREAT NORTHERN.

The agreement between these two companies is rather favourably regarded, and may quite possibly prove of mutual benefit; but I should hesitate to make a prediction. The last agreement between the London Chatham and South-Eastern was a dismal failure—probably because the financiers who had attached themselves to these lines were incompetent. It is generally supposed that the Great Central during the last few years has been one of the best managed lines in England, and I should put more confidence in this fact than in the abstract notion of the economies that attend large transactions. As a matter of fact, large companies come to grief quite as much as small ones. It would be a very good thing, however, if all the great lines to the North would agree to stop racing. It is a costly and dangerous practice, from which nobody really has anything to gain. A few minutes gained in the run from Edinburgh to York are a poor return for the extra cost and risk. English railways have rallied considerably from the lowest points, thanks to Mr. Lloyd-George's skilful mediation in the dispute, and they may go higher again when the monetary crisis passes away. On the other hand, there is the probability of declining trade which must be taken into account. I am told that the London Tubes are really making some progress. It will be very interesting to see whether the London public will pay the additional fares. The recent changes will be a severe tax on the working classes of the whole Metropolitan area.

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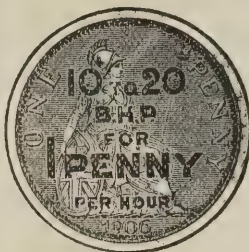
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

WE are sorry to give our readers at Christmas time no more hope of International Peace than the very partial success of the Hague Conference, and the qualified resumption of the race of armaments between Germany and England, afford. We trust, however, that if wars by land and wars by sea are to remain with us, mankind has no immediate reason to fear a war in the air. In his new scientific romance, Mr. Wells works out this last problem, and concludes that the strategy of aerial warfare is bound to be so dreadful, and so disconcerting, as to be prohibitive. In land warfare, for example, one army presses back another over a limited surface, and the fighting is more or less restricted to this area, though extending to fringes on either side of it. No such restriction could apply to war in the air. France could be invaded and ruined by German airships, but there would be nothing to prevent a French aerial navy from crossing the German frontier and raining shells on to the streets of Berlin. It seems probable, therefore, that when the conditions of this new form of destruction are realised, the air at least will be neutralised.

* * *

A LETTER signed by Lord Rosebery, Lord Rothschild, Lord Avebury, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, was issued to the Press on Saturday appealing to "the charitable public" to provide funds for the underfed children in the London elementary schools. The letter based itself on the refusal of the London County Council to impose a rate under the Feeding Act of last year, and expressly endorses this *lâches* of the Moderate majority. The strangeness of the document, however, consists in the fact that, while nominally appealing to charity, it is avowedly an effort to save the rates on the ground that a public provision for the children would favour the "progress of Socialism." We understand that the Bishop of London was asked to sign this mean public document, and that, to the great credit of his cloth, he refused. Its signatories, who are all very rich men, take on themselves

a grave responsibility when they resist an attempt to organise a great public need and fall back on a bad and unorganised system. It is a still graver offence to appeal to charity in a spirit not of affection for the people but of fear of them.

* * *

WE congratulate the Government on the decision to release all the Denshawai prisoners on January 8th, which is the anniversary of the Khedive's accession. This wise, if tardy action is, of course, due to the initiative of the Imperial Government, but it has been thought well to place it to the credit of the Egyptian Administration. We rejoice at an act which is described as one of clemency, but is in reality one of reparation. The Denshawai trials were irregular in form and unjust in their conclusion, and the punishment they inflicted was barbarous. The case originally, and we have no doubt unwillingly, set up for them by Sir Edward Grey, namely, the existence of a dangerous political and fanatical movement in Egypt, has disappeared, and with it the extreme phases of the Egyptian Nationalist agitation. These facts have now been acknowledged, and the Foreign Office has sanctioned the pardon which it had not a moral right to refuse.

* * *

MR. HALDANE announced on Saturday, at Edinburgh, that he had received from the King his assent to the "biggest army order" passed in recent years. In plain English this order decrees the abolition of the militia, the oldest military force in England, whose active history begins with our Saxon kings, and creates the special reserve. This body will supply a set of semi-militia battalions as complements to the regular battalions. It would be annually trained for fifteen days, and trained for recruiting purposes for six months, and there would be a further unattached reserve of twenty-seven militia battalions. Mr. Haldane spoke of his reorganised army as consisting of two lines in close connection, destined for home defence, the general scheme of which would be that the army and navy would work together, as they did under Elizabeth, under Cromwell, and under the elder and the younger Pitt.

* * *

MR. HALDANE's suggestion that it would not be possible for us, with a population of 44,000,000, to maintain a two-Power standard for our Navy against Germany and America, which could rely on a combined population of 160,000,000, and his conclusion that we may have to depend largely on a land force such as that he has organised, has been strongly criticised in the "Times" by Sir John Colomb, a Conservative, but a good authority on problems of defence. Sir John Colomb says that "Mr. Haldane might, and, indeed, ought, to have added that, if and when that time comes, the Empire, having lost control of its internal communications, will be at an end." The "Times," in a leading article on Friday morning, endorses Sir John Colomb's view, and adds: "This" (the Haldane theory) "is the very negation of the Empire and its common trusts and responsibilities. Can we ever rest our trust on the home defence forces to keep open the maritime communications of the Empire, and, if we cannot keep them open, what becomes of the Empire? We shall not be suspected of any desire to belittle the home defence forces if we say that this kind of language is most pernicious." The matter seems to us serious, because of Mr. Haldane's position, and of the direct challenge which he has offered

first to a theory and scheme of home defence accepted by both parties, after an authoritative statement by the late Prime Minister, and secondly to the policy of retrenchment in the army. We hope, therefore, it will be raised in Parliament, with a demand for an explicit and authoritative Ministerial statement.

* * *

AN important agreement has been concluded between Mr. John Redmond and Mr. William O'Brien, which secures Mr. O'Brien's re-entry into the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The agreement, which does not appear to include Mr. Healy, and has been promoted by at least a section of the Catholic clergy, reaffirms Home Rule to be based on "an Irish Parliament and a responsible Irish Minister," but invites the "co-operation of all classes and creeds" for remedial measures such as the settlement of the University question, and the abolition of landlordism. This implies, we imagine, the acceptance of Mr. Birrell's alternative to Mr. Bryce's plans. Meanwhile, Mr. Ginnell, the somewhat farcical patentee of the practice of cattle-driving, has been tried for contempt of court under the regular process of law, by Mr. Justice Ross, and sentenced in his absence to six months' imprisonment. On Monday he appeared in disguise at Mullingar, and addressed a meeting assembled to welcome a band of released prisoners. He asked the police to allow him to speak, on the plea that he proposed to surrender, but, having spoken, resumed his disguise and escaped, to be recaptured later. Meanwhile, the cattle-driving movement has been deprecated by two rather independent Nationalist members, Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. Kettle, who, however, criticised the treaty with Mr. O'Brien as a weakening of the Nationalist position.

* * *

ON Monday came the news of the Shah's surrender to Parliament, and the end for the moment of the acute Persian crisis. He agrees to banish certain reactionary advisers, to recall certain popular leaders from banishment, to assign a guard of troops to the Parliament, and to place all the troops, including the Cossacks (no longer directly commanded by Russians), under the authority of the Minister of War, who is responsible to Parliament. For the fifth time the Shah has sworn his fidelity to the Constitution on the Koran. The new Cabinet, however, is a mixed body, including several members of the former Cabinet, with Nasim-es-Sultaneh, a personage of doubtful repute, as Premier, and a royal Prince as War Minister. The people of Teheran are said to be dissatisfied, and at Tabriz the Shah has been formally deposed. It is no doubt the knowledge that he is to some extent a Russian protégé which prevents the Parliament itself from taking this latter course.

* * *

THE Indian National Congress opened on Thursday at Surat, a Moderate centre, under the presidency of Mr. Rash Behari Ghose, a Moderate and a member of the Viceroy's Council. The conflict with the extremists began at once, and is as yet undecided, but it is thought probable that they will be excluded from the Congress. They look to Lajpat Rai as their natural head, though a year ago his reputation was purely local. The term "Moderate" is evidently elastic, for it includes Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, who came forward as a protagonist against the extreme section. The issue is entirely one of tactics and temperament, for no one could be more resolutely nationalist than Mr. Banerjee. The first meeting closed in confusion and some disorder.

* * *

ON Tuesday M. Hervé was condemned at the Paris Assizes to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £120. Had he been charged with the offence of inciting soldiers to disobedience which has been brought home to less conspicuous propagandists of anti-militarism, this verdict would be easier to understand. The crime with

which he was charged, however, was that of "insulting the army." It is an extraordinary turn of the wheel of fortune which has caused a Dreyfusard Government, that includes M. Clemenceau and General Picquart, to prosecute a journalist for this particular crime. The insult in question lay in trenchant criticisms against the humanity of the bombardment of Casa Blanca, and the use of a general argument to the effect that French policy in Morocco obeys the prompting of high finance. When one remembers that the whole trouble at Casa Blanca was caused by the interference of the Schneider company with the rights of native landowners in building its quay, the charge does not appear extravagant. Violent and abusive though M. Hervé's language certainly was—he was writing for the masses—the substance of what he said did not differ greatly in kind from the criticisms of English Liberals, some of them now Cabinet Ministers, on the conduct and origins of the Boer War. The more orthodox French Socialists have all said the same things both in the Chamber and in the Press. But M. Clemenceau would hardly venture to put M. Jaurès on his trial. The trial itself was a comedy. Few of the witnesses attended, and those who did were told by the Judge that they were under no obligation to answer the questions of M. Hervé's counsel, who finally withdrew as a protest. Without admitting any sympathy with M. Hervé's general standpoint, it is impossible not to feel that the trial strikes a heavy blow at the liberty of speech in France.

* * *

THE Austrian and Hungarian Delegations met this week to discuss the common affairs of the Dual Monarchy. The speech from the Throne included a passage obviously relating to the improvement in the relations between Germany and the Western Powers, which remarked that "The mitigation noticeable last year in the international situation happily continues." After several optimistic sentences in this vein, it went on by a curious *non sequitur* to advocate increases in both navy and army estimates. The debates so far have yielded nothing more interesting than a renewed demonstration by the Austrian Slavs against the Prussian Polish Expropriation Bill. That Bill is now assured of success in the Prussian Diet. It had been opposed at first by certain Conservatives, who as landlords, were reluctant to admit the legality of compulsory expropriation in any circumstances. Their objections have been met by amendments which make the Bill more than ever a *loi d'exception* directed explicitly against the Poles, and only against them. It is purely and simply a measure of plantation worthy of Elizabethan policy in Ireland.

* * *

ON Tuesday the long deferred prosecution of 169 Deputies of the first Duma who signed the Vyborg Manifesto opened in St. Petersburg before a special tribunal. They include the Speaker, M. Mourontseff, a member of the Dolgorouhoff family, and several notable lawyers and professors, most of them Cadets, as well as some Socialists and Labour Members. The manifesto called upon Russian citizens to refuse taxes and recruits as a protest against the Government's policy in first defying, then ignoring, and, at last, dissolving the Duma. This was, no doubt, "an incitement to disobedience and resistance to the law," and it is generally expected that, after a week's trial, all the defendants will receive sentences of at least six months' imprisonment. The chief effect of such a sentence would be to exclude all the ex-deputies concerned from political life for the future. The Vyborg Manifesto was a quasi-revolutionary act. There had been abundant provocation for such a protest, but the Cadets, after launching their defiance, took no steps to give it effect.

* * *

THE news from Natal is conflicting, but exhibits a vacillation and division on the part of the Government

which give continuous proof of its incompetence to deal with the native question. It is clear that the Imperial Government must watch the trial of Dinizulu with great care. The preliminary inquiry is being held in gaol, a most improper and oppressive proceeding, and even local protests have appeared against its secrecy and unfairness. We see, for example, that the evidence of a boy of 13, a son of Bambaata, is being taken to prove Dinizulu's complicity in the disturbances of last year. An English law court would not dream of putting children's evidence in the forefront of a charge of a serious character, and are Kaffir boys better witnesses than English ones? The military situation appears to have been grossly mishandled, as is clear from the order to demobilise the troops so unnecessarily mobilised.

THE "Daily Telegraph" is to be congratulated on its organisation of a happy and dignified commemoration of a very great incident in British history, the quelling of the Indian Mutiny. The commemoration took the form of a banquet in the Albert Hall, with Lord Roberts, who, as Lieutenant Roberts, trained a gun at Delhi, and won his Victoria Cross on the battlefield, in the chair. 700 officers and men were able to attend, wearing their war medals on their breasts. Lord Curzon proposed the health of the veterans in a speech of blazing, and at moments of moving rhetoric, largely consisting of a roll-call of splendid names, which all shone forth together in a few heroic months, and exhibited the singular richness and variety of character that happened at that time to adorn the Indian military and civil services. Probably at no other crisis of British history was such a galaxy of heroes assembled. Havelock, Outram, Campbell, the two Lawrences, and John Nicholson, all stood in the front rank, either for character, or for genius, or for both. It is a pity that so great an episode should have been marred by touches of inhumanity, otherwise it would have stood almost alone in glory.

THE Italian Chamber, our Rome correspondent writes, adjourned shortly before Christmas until the end of January for the yearly Christmas recess. During this last short session considerable work was accomplished. The new Bill for recruiting the army was approved, while the budget of emigration offered the opportunity for a broad and interesting discussion on this complex problem. This last question attracted special attention at this moment, when, contrary to what has been going on for years, the Italian emigrants are returning home from the United States in large numbers, owing to the financial crisis there. Indeed, it is expected that 500,000 will be back in a few months, making their employment a serious affair. The Chamber has also approved the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Russia, which represents a great success for M. Muravieff, the Russian Ambassador here, as for many years such an understanding between Italy and the Muscovite Empire had been impossible. Another Bill granted the appropriation of over £1,000,000 for urgent measures to check the disasters caused by the earthquake in Calabria and the floods in Northern Italy. One of the most important Bills approved was that establishing complete rest for the working bakers from 9 p.m. to the next morning, so that no bread can any more be made in Italy during the night. This law, besides answering humanitarian and hygienic needs, was rendered necessary by the fact that several municipalities, including that of Milan, had already abolished through city regulations the night work of this class.

THE core of the so-called Druce mystery will be revealed in a few days, when the grave in Highgate Cemetery will be opened under State supervision, and will either exhibit a few rolls of lead or the body of the late Mr. Druce. The former event will strengthen but not prove the case for the prosecution of

Mr. Herbert Druce. The latter will dissipate the case of the Druce syndicate and may, quite possibly, lead to the arrest not only of Robert Caldwell but of other supporters of the story of the mock funeral and the identity of the fifth Duke of Portland with the late Mr. T. C. Druce.

THE annual conference of head masters was held at Oxford on Friday and Saturday last. Among the questions discussed was a double-barrelled resolution brought forward by Dr. Rendall, the Head Master of Charterhouse. Dr. Rendall is concerned at the action of the Board of Education in endeavouring to place all secondary schools under the control of county or municipal authorities. We think that the administrative action of the Board of Education has been exaggerated. Neither county nor municipal authorities form an ideal board of governors for secondary schools, but they are to be preferred to an irresponsible governing body. The crying need of secondary and higher education in this country is co-ordination, and the Board of Education is right in working towards this end. The second part of Dr. Rendall's resolution protested against the tendency to narrow the methods of religious teaching and worship in secondary schools within undenominational limits. Such a resolution, though sure of support in a body numbering so many Anglican clergymen, had, unlike the former part of Dr. Rendall's motion, to be put to the vote, and was ultimately carried by 34 votes to 6. The Conference was on firmer ground when discussing the position of assistant masters, as revealed by the decision in "Wright v. Zetland." The head masters were unanimous in the opinion that the Board of Education should take such steps as will give assistant masters a more secure tenure of their positions. Unless this is done, it is inevitable that men of a lower educational standard, and even (which is more alarming) of a lower athletic standard, may be drawn upon to fill the ranks of the teaching profession.

THROUGH the death of Lady Pearce on Christmas Eve, Trinity College, Cambridge, receives the bequest of £400,000—the greatest gift received by any English educational body since the will of Mr. Rhodes—left by her husband, Sir William Pearce, who died on November 2nd last. It is encouraging to see some of our men of wealth following the example set by rich Americans. In America money is sometimes given to promote the economic interests of the giver, but it is given, and there is scarcely an educational institution whose progress is hampered from want of means to carry out any well-considered scheme of reform. The poverty of the response made to the appeal on behalf of the University of Oxford shows how different things are in this country. No one will grudge Trinity College, a worthy mother of many illustrious sons, from Newton to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Balfour, this great endowment, though we cannot help feeling that the gift would be turned to better account by the University than by any of the Colleges.

THE persecution of the Modernists by the Vatican continues. The printers of their brilliant Italian review, "Il Rinnovamento," have been put under the "greater excommunication," which means that the sacrament could not be celebrated if one of their number were known to be present, and deprives them of the right of Christian burial. Even the authors and architects of Italian liberty were less severely handled. Meanwhile, pressure has been brought to bear upon the French episcopacy to secure the dismissal of Mgr. Batiffol, the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, and one of the most distinguished of living Catholic scholars. Mgr. Batiffol was referred to by Mgr. Montagnini, the late emissary of the Vatican as "a certain Batiffol," though his name is famous all over literary Europe.

Politics and Affairs.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

CHRISTMAS charity is an old-world institution, and, like other old-world institutions, is held somewhat cheap by a generation set on novelty, and ready to die rather than fail in being up-to-date. People criticise its uses, and sometimes its motives. "It is all very well," they say, "to give a dinner to a hungry family, and return with redoubled appetite to your own, and eat it with a glow of self-approval, and a happy sense of diffused benevolence which will guarantee you against indigestion. But do you seriously suppose you are doing any good, or are you merely mocking people who are hungry for 364 days in the year, by letting them know what it is to be satisfied on the 365th?" And what, pursues the unkind sort of analyst, is your real motive? Is it an overflow of kindness, or are you "accumulating merit," laying up for yourself a store in another world, or merely purchasing mental comfort in this? Quenched by those modern doubts, the lamp of charity has waxed dim. Let us then be duly thankful to the great men who have come forward to light it anew at a very different flame.

During the last week the heart of London has been pierced by a touching appeal on behalf of the underfed children in the elementary schools. Even to the most modern mind, convinced that poverty is a crime, and that the extinction of the helpless is the way to social progress, the spectacle of a child crying for food and getting none remains disturbing. But when the same child is driven into school by the attendance officer and bidden to stay his stomach on the multiplication table, the thing becomes too strong even for the organisers of charity. The more respectable agree that something must be done, and that the problem will not be wholly solved by sending the parents to gaol. The impulse of sympathy spreads to the highest of the land, and we have Lord Rosebery, Lord Rothschild, Lord Avebury and Mr. Balfour coming forward to contribute from their scanty store to these suffering little scholars. But it is not merely the self-denying generosity of these men which has moved the wonder of the world. It is the felicity of their language, the good taste, the high Christian temper, above all, the intellectual originality of their appeal. They are broad minded men who can look beyond the suffering child to the suffering ratepayer. They have a heart to feel not only for Tommy Smith crying over the sums which cold fingers and an unnourished brain cannot set right, but for Sir Thomas Smythe, who already pays £100 a year in rates, and will have to put down his second motor car if they are raised to £101. They have the imagination to realise not only the sufferings of the children who are not fed, but of the County Councillors who decline to feed them, and will have to account for their conduct at no very distant date to the unreasonable parents. Above all, they have important social and political aims in view. They recognise that this is all

a part of the one great battle against Socialism. That hungry children should be fed at public cost is a proposal entailing "consequences" which, to the well-fed brain, are fraught with serious danger. It is a step in "the progress of Socialism" which men, whose wealth and rank puts them above all suspicion of partiality, "cannot contemplate without the gravest misgivings." Our social system it seems is so insecurely poised that if we take the old injunction to feed the hungry too seriously, we may bring it down about our ears.

Behold, then, a new motive to stimulate our jaded beneficence. We are to feed the hungry child, not so much because the hungry child deserves to be fed, but because, if we do not feed him, scantily and inefficiently of our goodwill, we shall be compelled to feed him adequately and more expensively out of the rates which we pay. For the future let no one say charity is blind, sentimental, and unreasoning. It is based on a well-thought-out system of social philosophy, on a system of insurance for great wealth. The welfare of the world depends on the prosperity of great financial magnates, and all the energies of society should be bent on keeping them in their place. But though "the poor in a loom is bad," and deserve what they get, there is in man an irrational element of sympathy, which is stirred by the sight of dire distress, especially when it is visited upon children. Pity, as one of our poets has said, is a "rebel passion." It is dangerous to trust sound doctrine too far. We must temper the miseries of the luckless, lest they rise up against us and enlist the lurking forces of sentiment as allies. Not only so, but with a little judgment we can positively enlist sentiment on our own side. By a single well-timed stroke we can stand forth as at once the willing, whole-hearted, generous helpers of the distressed, and the protectors of the middle class. To justice we oppose philanthropy, to prosaic social organisation spontaneous charity. And, the best of it is, that it is a purely business proposition. By giving a shilling we not only gain eternal glory, but we save half-a-crown. By feeding a hungry child now we stifle a demand which would force us to feed two hungry children tomorrow. By doling out three scanty meals a week this winter, we avoid being compelled to supply five full meals a week next winter. Nor do we do too much to save the children, and thereby defeat the wholesome economic laws which accelerate the elimination of the unfit. If a child is fed every day it might grow up into a healthy citizen, and our society would be recruited from the dregs of the population. But with only two or three meals a week, no such calamity is to be anticipated. No child can thrive on alternate days of feeding and starvation. In the vast majority of cases the work of Natural Selection will go on unimpeded. The child will grow up with constitution hopelessly undermined, an easy prey to phthisis, and to all diseases which help to weed out the unfit. At best it will be physically incapable of any strenuous exertion, and will remain in the outcast ranks of the unemployable, and all this without having for a moment injured our sense of virtue, nay, having positively helped to warm us year by year with the glow of self-approving charity.

The motives for well doing never fail. When the theological basis is weakened, positive considerations take its place. In old days, when pure charity failed, there were the hopes and fears of another world, and men gave large donations to the poor as a form of insurance

against Fire. We have now a reason adapted to the views of our own day. We give that we may not have to pay. We advance a little lest we be compelled to produce much. We use philanthropy as an insurance against Socialism. It is a great discovery, and we, as Liberals, must be thankful that through Lord Rosebery we have a reflected share in the glory. It is true that Lord Rosebery is no longer one of us. But nothing can alter the fact that he was once a Liberal Prime Minister. Indeed, more and more as the years go on, we realise what we have lost in him, what a salutary check on all our enthusiasms, what a wise guide to turn all our reforming zeal to safe and truly conservative ends. While we were under Lord Rosebery society was safe. As long as he sat upon the safety valve the reforming spirit was powerless. The boiler might burst, but the engine would never travel too fast or too far. And now he returns from his distant and solitary ploughland to save society once more. In well-chosen alliance with the other great leaders of Unionism and high finance, he comes forward to save us from the Poor, and to save us by the gift of Charity. For now there shall abide Poverty, Wealth, and Charity, these three; but the greatest of these, the foundation of the whole, shall be Charity.

MR. HALDANE'S NEW MODEL.

WE hope that Mr. Haldane will take note of the many criticisms that have been passed on his theory of the power of "initiative" which he supposes to reside in the British Crown. The idea, and the word by which he describes it, are strange. We are not aware that the phrase has ever been used by any modern constitutional writer. We are quite sure that it travesties the relationship between the King and his advisers, or the King and Parliament, and that it imagines a state of things alien from the whole conception of the British Constitution. Why was it employed? What does a Minister of the Crown mean when he tells us that "the greater the Sovereign the more initiative could he and did he show," that this greatness consisted in the ability of the King to interpret the wishes of his people, and that the Constitution gave "freedom of initiative to the man who knew how to identify himself with the whole and the whole with himself?" Even Disraeli used no such language when he pretended to establish a mystical connection between "the Monarch and the Multitude." We know from Queen Victoria's letters that at one time she claimed the right to resist and thwart the foreign policy of her Ministers when it conflicted with her ideas of Monarchical privilege. But she claimed no power of "initiative." How could she? The modern powers of the Crown are really secondary. They are in the nature of suggestion and criticism. Bagehot, one of the liveliest and truest observers of social tendencies, as well as of constitutional forms, said that they were reduced to three rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn. The mere statement of these functions shows the limits of a constitutional monarchy. All policy is initiated by the King's Ministers sitting in Cabinet, a body where the King no longer holds a place, and agreeing together to embody it in certain forms. If it is popular and wise, they enjoy the reward. If it is foolish and obnoxious, they suffer. In either

event they alone are accountable, the Monarch remaining unaffected. This is his security. The figment that he can do no wrong is, in its modern interpretation, meant to safeguard him against the consequences of acts for which, owing to the immense complications of government, he can have no real responsibility, and to establish the rule of law proceeding from a sovereign Parliament. For example, if Mr. Haldane's army scheme succeeds, is the King to be praised? And if it fails, is the King to be blamed?

All this is, indeed, the child's alphabet of the British Constitution, and it is humiliating to record that even two Conservative journals, like the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," should have a word to say in defence of Mr. Haldane's idle phantasies. There is no need to labour the point, still less to obtrude a party view of it. Hot from the press comes the second volume of Sir William Anson's re-issue of his famous work on the law and custom of the Constitution,* written in full knowledge of the publication of the late Queen's letters and of less recent volumes, like those of Mr. Morley and Mr. Sidney Low. Sir William Anson is a stiff Conservative, but he has no motive for disguising his estimate of the changes under which the British Crown, as he phrases it, "recedes into the background" as the system of Ministerial responsibility attains its full development. "It may be said at once," he writes, "that there is hardly anything which the Sovereign can do without the intervention of written forms, and nothing for which a Minister is not responsible." Sir William Anson even insists, and not without reason, on the constitutional right of a Minister to be present on occasions when the King sees a Foreign Minister. This custom of the Constitution has of late been neglected on one or two occasions, and we think that the Government would be wise to restore it in its old regularity. As for the veto on legislation, that disappeared long ago. The only Monarchical powers which even distantly resemble the initiative are, we imagine, the right to dissolve Parliament, and the right to call upon a statesman to form a Government without asking advice of his predecessor in office, as the Queen called on Lord Rosebery, in 1894, when Mr. Gladstone would have counselled her to call on Lord Spencer. The former right, one of the most dangerous instruments of the Stuart Kings, is rather latent than active, and only an extreme necessity of State would justify resort to it. The second is in the nature of a modifying influence in the working of our party system. It might be unwisely used, and in that case it would at once break down. No modern English King could aim at destroying or disturbing the relations between a political chief and his followers. No King could seek for power outside the great Constitutional fabric. The matter is indeed largely settled by an authoritative letter written by Mr. Sidney Lee, the biographer of the late Queen, to the "Spectator" in 1902, and quoted by Mr. Sidney Low in "The Governance of England." "The Sovereign," says Mr. Lee, "can, under the Constitution, no more initiate a policy for Ministers to follow, or impose on them, by the urgency of his appeal, a policy of his own devising, than he can by his sole authority promulgate a new law."

Where, indeed, lies the scope for the "initiative"

* "The Law and Custom of the Constitution." By Sir William R. Anson. Vol. II. The Crown: Part I. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

of the Sovereign? It is untrue to say that he possesses, by virtue of his office, any special power of interpreting the wishes of his people. All such powers began to dwindle when the Sovereign ceased to be associated with the real organ of Government, the Cabinet, and continued only to attend the formal, non-real instrument, the Privy Council. Even in his social relationships the King would be hindered rather than helped in any independent attempt, if he were ever so ill-advised as to make it, to get at the mind of the British people. No man approaches Royalty quite at his ease, or speaks to a King with absolute frankness. Only a few great families, or the specially favoured representatives of one or two powerful classes, or men of the clever but not impressive courtier type, have his ear. The most informed opinion is necessarily at the disposal of the heads of the old political parties, or of the new labour groups. The divinity which hedges a King hedges out the mass of men and women, and probably makes him pine, and pine in vain, for their companionship. What the Monarchy *may* possess is something which depends largely on the personal merit and record of the actual holder of the dignity of kingship—we mean a continuous experience of foreign and home statesmanship. Our monarch, for example, is on terms of easy and also commanding familiarity with most of his brother sovereigns and their advisers, and we have no doubt that in this capacity he has been of the greatest service to British statesmanship. In this semi-private sphere, a King, if he is a man of years, and powers of work, possessing true insight into character, may wield considerable influence. On the other hand, if he is young, or without special parts or talent for affairs, his influence will be small. But it is all indirect. The power of "initiative," when it was directly used, as by James II., simply meant the summoning to the aid of the anti-legal purposes of the Crown of the worst members of one of the worst political societies that the world has ever known. William III., indeed, used it to better purposes when he avowedly took charge of the foreign policy of the country. But he habitually concealed his designs from his Ministers and from Parliament, and hardly affected to consider purely British interests. Mr. Haldane, it is true, talks of the initiative as being used in "harmony" with the King's Ministers. But if there is "harmony," the initiative proceeds not from the King but from his Ministers, and Mr. Haldane's terms become nonsensical.

What really is in Mr. Haldane's mind is, we suppose, a nebulous idea of what Kingship may mean in some island of Laputa, where metaphysicians are Kings. But we think he is ill-advised to use certain forms of speech and to put in force certain methods of administration. For example, he is good enough to inform an Edinburgh audience that the Order in Council which creates his new army reserve (and puts it under the control of the War Office) is the "biggest order" issued for many years. We do not doubt it. It is rather a large order in more than one sense, for it destroys an old historic force, the Militia, which happens to be under the control of Parliament, and is justly dear to lovers of English liberty, and substitutes for it another kind of force, which will be at the disposal of the Army Council. His army scheme is no work of Liberalism or of democracy, for the changes that would have given it a more popular complexion were refused to the Liberal Party in Parliament, and the estimates that sustain it await the serious

criticism of the party whose complaints he ignored last Session. But if the Secretary for War insists on inflicting his new army on the taxpayers, he will be wise to leave them in possession of their old Monarchy.

THE CHANGING EAST.

INTERESTING though it is for its own sake, the Persian crisis has a large significance for all European peoples whose interests involve them in the destinies of the East. Ever since we began to speculate about Orientals at all, we have been the victims of a series of facile prejudices. We imagined that we had got the truth about any race which lives East of Suez, when we had classed it as Oriental. We loved, indeed, to think of it as so extremely Oriental that it almost ceased to be human. We told ourselves that the East is unchanging and unchangeable, that it loves strong government, delights in pageants, honours violence, and is incapable of conceiving the ideas on which modern European statecraft is built. The man who "knows the East," like the more familiar person who "knows women," won a reputation by enumerating for us all the peculiarities, accidental and permanent, of the species which he thought he had studied. The false science of race and craniology aided this tendency, until at last educated Europe had persuaded itself that the supposed preference of the East for autocracy and strong government lay somehow latent in the tint of Oriental skins or the shape of Oriental skulls.

It would probably be much nearer the truth to trace all these "innate" tendencies to our own romantic bias in literature and our own Imperialist bias in politics. The eighteenth century found its intellectual pleasure in idealising the brotherhood of man. The nineteenth thought it more picturesque to declare that "East is East and West is West." When Lord Curzon dazzled all India at the Delhi Durbar, it suited Imperialism to imagine that the sight of a man armed with autocratic powers, seated in glory on the back of an elephant, was all that Indians desired. The excellent persons who are sure that the East loves power and personal rule are also the persons who think that an English village asks only for a feudal squire. The romanticism of the nineteenth century, in short, is much falsier than the universalism of the eighteenth, and nothing like so fine, and, let us add, so truly religious. Rudyard Kipling is quite as far astray as Anacharsis Clootz.

The real obstacle to the growth of a representative system in Mohammedan countries is not so much that the people are wedded to tyranny, as that they have an age-old remedy ready to their hands against tyranny in the idea of a sacred law. It is a vulgar prejudice to imagine that a Mohammedan prince is ever a despot standing above law and public opinion. For every vital decision he must have the approval of the priesthood, and this must be given as a reasoned judgment, based on accepted juridical principles and resting on the test of the Koran. It is a flexible system, which unites the ideas of a written law and a variable interpretation. If the priesthood is venal or weak, the form becomes a farce; but it may be, in strong hands, a potent vehicle for public opinion. Even in our day such decisions have overthrown two Sultans of Turkey.

It is the absence of this last resource against oppression which differentiates the rule of a Cromer from the rule of a Khedive, and the autocracy of a Curzon from the autocracy of a Mogul. A Western bureaucracy established in the East is an alien bureaucracy still. Why was it, then, that the popular revolt in Persia resulted not in a change of *régime* based on theocracy, but in a genuinely democratic Parliament? The example of Russia, and the influences from the neighbouring Caucasus, were, no doubt, decisive factors. But to those who have read Professor Browne's illuminating book on the modern Persians, another answer will suggest itself. The Persians have outgrown the theocratic stage, because they have outgrown the Mohammedan religion. Babism is still a growing force, and scepticism has for centuries undermined the authority of the priesthood. It is significant that one of the first efforts of the popular party in the new Parliament was to advocate tolerance, and to secularise the common law.

The Constitution and the Parliament were won with surprising ease. The real conflict came last week, and it turned on an economic issue. In the lines of this decisive debate we may trace the real causes which created the demand for popular government. The central fact about Persia is its abysmal poverty. Like all the lands of Central Asia, Persia is suffering from a slow process of desiccation. Villages cling to the roots of the mountains, and even in favoured situations depend on underground tunnels, laboriously maintained, for the water which alone can fertilise their lands. Between the villages lie irreclaimable deserts, and population is so sparse that even the poorest roads can with difficulty be maintained. Power for several generations has belonged to the Kajar tribe and its royal chieftains, a race of Turkish origin, as alien to the Persians as the ruling Manchu dynasty is to the Chinese, and like it, incapable of assimilating the native culture and thought. It lived for plunder, and round the Court grew up an army of princes, adventurers, and lacqueys, whose cupidity consumed the whole resources of the State. It was the beginning of foreign financial bondage, exemplified in the Russian loans and the Belgian customs control, which brought about the national awakening. At the moment of Russia's defeat, the Persians dared to dream that one supreme belated effort might save them from the inevitable absorption. Their real problem is to frame a budget, and to fill their exchequer, and the first step was to stop the drain from the Treasury to the Palace. They decided to fix the Civil List at £100,000—a much larger sum than Norway, for example, allows. At once the Shah, the Princes, the ladies of the Royal harems, the palace police, the palace grooms and mule-drivers, rose in revolt, and, strengthened by the loyalty of these satellites, the Shah meditated a *coup d'état*, and a return to the past. He threatened the Parliament, arrested the chief Ministers, talked of a dissolution, and claimed for himself the control of the Executive. For a week the crisis raged undecided. Parliament sat in permanence, with its partisans camped and entrenched around it, while the Court gathered its adherents in the Palace Square. Parliament had numbers on its side. In the provinces the secret societies were devoted to its cause. Tabriz even deposed the Shah by telegraph. The soldiery apparently has popular sympathies. There has been no civil war, and for the moment the Parliament has triumphed. The Shah for the fifth time has sworn to

observe the Constitution; Parliament has been granted an armed bodyguard, and the troops are placed directly under the Minister of War. On the other hand, while several of the late Ministers are reinstated, the old Premier has been replaced by a doubtful personage of the old corrupt school, and the new Minister of War is a Royal Prince. The conflict, one suspects, has been postponed, and not settled.

It is no doubt the dread of foreign intervention which explains this compromise. Neither side dared to provoke civil war, for civil war would have set the Cossacks in motion. Though official assurances represent England and Russia as acting in concert, there is a certain shade of difference observable in their attitudes. Russia accommodated the Shah with a personal loan when he came to the throne, and Persian democrats ask in Parliament why he is closeted of nights with the Russian Minister. England, which gave sanctuary to the popular leaders during the general strike, has during this crisis shielded the ex-Premier from personal violence. Non-intervention is doubtless consistent with a good deal of intrigue. But happily Sir Edward Grey has pledged himself that there shall be no interference, save in the case of an anti-foreign movement. If that pledge is generously interpreted, Persia may yet have a future. Isolated murders and robberies of foreigners will certainly occur, as they occurred in Russia in the angrier phases of the revolution. But the Persians are probably much too intelligent to organise anything resembling a Boxer rebellion. The country is so poor, that cosmopolitan capital may well be content to leave it alone. Liberal sympathies cannot fail to respond to the strange spectacle of this revolt of poverty against despotism, and only the crudest Philistinism would wish to check an experiment as novel as it is promising.

THE HISTORICAL STUDY OF RELIGION.

It is a sign of the times that the third International Congress for the study of the History of Religions is to assemble next autumn at Oxford. This International Congress, which undoubtedly has a bright future before it, held its first meeting in Paris in the year 1900, and it was recently decided that it should now meet at Oxford, which has given so much help to students of the history of religions by the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East," as well as by the individual labours of many distinguished scholars. The publication of the "Sacred Books of the East" is one of many evidences that the study of religion has entered upon a new phase, and is now being approached from a new point of view. According to the theory which was formulated by St. Paul, developed by St. Augustine, and accepted both by Catholicism and Protestantism, all forms of religion outside Judaism and Christianity are degenerate types of a primitive revelation, which was made to man when he first appeared upon the earth. The rise of Rationalism in the eighteenth century upset many traditional religious conceptions, but even Rationalism continued to accept the theory of a primitive monotheism, and looked upon the religions of the lower races as abortions of the human mind, or as cunning concoctions of the priests. Romanticism also held fast to the Pauline doctrine of a primitive revelation, and religious mythology was regarded as the symbolic form in which men

laid hold of the primeval belief in God. Hume was the first to perceive that religion, corresponding in this respect to every other form of belief and life, was not a mighty flash of divine illumination imparted to the ancestors of the human race; its origin was as humble as the primitive thoughts of men, and it developed as the arts and sciences have developed, as individual and social life have developed, with the general rise and progress of civilisation. But Hume's ideas, although fundamentally correct, were enveloped in too materialistic an atmosphere to command widespread acceptance, and we must look to Herder as the man who formulated the principles out of which the modern conception of the origin of religion and the history of religion have taken their rise. Herder dismissed the dogma common to ecclesiasticism and rationalism, that the religions of non-Christian peoples are the decadent products of superstition, diabolism, mental perversity, and priestly craft. He showed that the manifold forms which religion has assumed among the peoples of the earth are not inexplicable monstrosities, but are to be regarded as the natural outcome of successive stages of life and thought. An animistic religion is the natural result of a conception of the world which looks upon the whole of nature, animals, trees, stones, rivers, and mountains, as animated by the same feelings, desires, and passions as ourselves. Such a religion ceases to be an enigma when once we get at the foundations on which it rests. We see in these lowly forms of religion, with their fantastic rites and ceremonies, the pathetic efforts of men to liberate themselves from the blind forces of nature which hamper the happiness of their lives, and to unite themselves with the spiritual energy by which they believed those forces were controlled.

The decay of the old ecclesiastical doctrine of the origin of non-Christian religions was also accelerated by the opening out of the world to the peoples of the West. When Europeans became acquainted with the great religions of the East, with Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, when they saw the countless millions who looked upon these religions with the same reverence as they regarded the Christian faith, it became impossible for them to accept the old explanation that these great beliefs were merely the work of demons. An examination of the sacred literatures of the East was a revelation to the Western world of the wealth of wisdom and piety on which the Oriental mind was fed. It was discovered that they had a religious tradition much more ancient than our own. It was found that they had religious thinkers who were not unworthy to take their place beside the Israelitish prophets. Many of the rites and practices which were believed to be peculiar to Christianity were found to have their counterpart in the religions of the East. Fasts, pilgrimages, asceticisms of all kinds were found to be common ground to the Christian and Oriental faiths. So striking at many points was the resemblance between the religious practices of the East and West that it was at first difficult to resist the conclusion that the Orientals must have borrowed from Christianity. But the proofs of this were hard to find. In fact, most of these Eastern cults were older than Christianity itself, and many ingenious theories have been put forward to show that the Christian religion has borrowed from them. It must be said that all statements of this kind are exceedingly difficult to prove, unless it can be clearly shown

that different religions have come into close and continuous contact with one another. The many features common to Christianity and certain Oriental religions do not in the main arise from the fact that the one religion has borrowed from the other. These common features are due to the far more general circumstance that there is a fundamental similarity in the religious consciousness of the human race, and that this consciousness tends to express itself in similar outward forms. Religious aspiration is a characteristic common to all kinds of religion, and religious aspiration tends in all religions to express itself in the outward form of prayer. The desire for self-mastery is common to all the higher religions. In its highest forms it exhibits itself in a moral discipline of the will; in its lower forms it is manifested outwardly in fastings, scourgings, penances, and external practices of a similar kind.

The decay of the dogmatic and the rise of the historical study of religion has widened our conception of what religion really is. It is not so long ago that Lord Avebury put forward the view that there were uncivilised tribes which had no religion at all. But more minute enquiries have shown that this opinion is unfounded. It is true that among the lowest types of savages we see little or nothing which the civilised man would identify with religion as he has been taught to understand it. But to confine the term religion to its highest forms in Buddhism or Christianity is like confining the term law to the great written codes of Western civilisation. We must extend the meaning of both these terms to the humble and rudimentary forms of law and religion which exist among the rudest types of savages. It is when we have done this that anthropology becomes of immense service to the student of the history of religion. All students of savage life tell us that the uncivilised man, so far from being without religion, is dominated by religious observances from the cradle to the grave. These observations seem to us who are emancipated from the savage conception of life and things as childish and absurd. But they accord with his idea of the scheme of things in the same way as Christian observances accord with the Christian conception of the relation of the Divine to the world and man. Pre-historic research leads to practically the same results as anthropology. However far back we go into the pre-historic past, we almost always find traces of religion, and these traces bear a wonderful resemblance to the uncivilised religions of to-day.

The historical study of religion, although still confronted with a great and laborious task, undoubtedly holds the future in its hands. The dogmatic method is hopelessly discredited, and its disappearance as an intellectual discipline is merely a question of time. It is impossible to get men any longer to accept the vast assumption that one religion contains all the truth, and that this truth is only taught by one particular church. Theologians who shut themselves up in narrow ecclesiastical coteries may continue to believe these things. But the great outside world, which is every year becoming more and more independent of ecclesiastical trammels, demands a method of religious inquiry which starts with facts. The International Congress for the study of religions is based upon such a method, and it is to be hoped that its meeting at Oxford may be the means of widening our conception of religious studies, and of the means by which they ought to be pursued.

Life and Letters.

"LORD OF THE WORLD."

FROM every part of India, by day and night, the pilgrims come, and the roads to this great temple by the sea are always open and always thronged. They come from behind the great mountains, and from the sacred lands of the South, and across the hot plains from the other ocean. The train that shoots out its crowd of dim white figures upon the sand at three every morning pays a high dividend, for under British rule even devotion goes by time. But it is still thought more religious and purifying to make the whole journey on foot, visiting other ancient shrines upon the road, bathing in holy rivers, turning at every dawn towards the rising sun, as all mankind instinctively turns for God, just as for love we turn towards the sunset. To take years upon the journey only extends the glory of expectation, and if you have the holy patience to travel the Grand Trunk Road, measuring every two yards of its length by prostrating your body along the dust, what is space, what is time, when you are on the way to God?

Children and young mothers come if the entire family sets out for holiness, but the best time for the great act of worship is late in middle-age, when for many years the field has been sown and reaped, the buffalo fed, the taxes paid, the children tended, the cotton garment daily washed. Then this visible career is almost over, the shadowy gate to the next stage upward almost in sight. Then men and women long to go on pilgrimage, and untouched by the cares of fortune, family, or any transitory things, they travel forth in calm elation of soul, their thoughts fixed only on the few lasting realities of eternity, till they hear the thud to the long waves upon the sand, and before them rises the great white tower of "The Lord of the Universe," surmounted by its wheel and flag. There stands at length the beautiful vision, the end of all these labours, the revelation of divine essence for which they had waited so many years of repeated seasons in the fields.

It is the antique temple of Juggernaut, "Lord of the World," to which they have come. Yes, our old friend Juggernaut of childhood's stories and journalistic tags—the God in the Car, before whose bloodstained wheels the benighted heathen were driven by deceiving priests to fling themselves shrieking down, and be crushed into hideous mess, until enlightened missionaries and British rulers combined to clean up India's coral strand. Since then, as is well known, such extremity of devotion has been prosecuted as the law directs, and the guide-book tells us that "of recent years much has been done to improve the sanitation of the place." That is a good thing. But, after all, it is only an Englishman whose first thought is of sanitation when he draws near the divine presence, and the British missionaries who first told that weary old tale of the car were as incapable of understanding the divine passion that yearns for union with eternal powers, even at the cost of life, as they would have been incapable of understanding the passion of a woman whose grandson has described to me how with proud bearing and joyful face she walked from her chamber and sat down in the midst of the flames beside her husband's body till their ashes lay indistinguishably commingled. It is sanitary appliances and the "Merry Widow" that appeal most successfully to our Western minds.

The fame of Juggernaut may be due, as scholars say, to some ancient attempt to conciliate under his symbol the Buddhistic reformers with the primeval Hindoo worship. It seems to be certain that his worship as it stands shows the trace of Buddha's influence—Buddha who made the great renunciation, Buddha, the protector of the poor. It is a shrine of peace and conciliation, perhaps the one place in India where old generations saw some hope of acquiring the new purity and kindness of life, without rejecting the sacred traditions of immemorial wisdom brought by their ancestors from lands of bitter cold. And it may have been this bright hope of peace that first established the well-known

ruling of Juggernaut's worship that before his sight all castes and ranks and riches are equal, and the woman is equal with the man. On passing between the lions and monsters that guard the four gates of his enclosure, all earthly distinctions of mankind fall away, and only the soul remains to worship. Within that oblong wall, Brahmin may eat with sweeper, and warrior with the retail seller of flesh for carrion Europeans. Along the inner side of the south wall are simple kitchens, where the god's four hundred cooks daily prepare the sacred food for pilgrims, beggars, and all who come. One is served with another, and all may eat from the same dish, side by side, without contamination. Thousands of monks in the service of the god carry the food far and wide through the country, and the pilgrims themselves take some home in their brazen vessels, so that their villagers and children may taste of wisdom, and share the joys of pilgrimage. For wherever the sacred food is eaten, worldly differences disappear, and soul stands bare to soul. It is the sacrament of equality, the consecration of man.

Side by side with Juggernaut stand his brother and sister—quaint figures all of them, hideous with symbolism—the staring eyes of eternal vision, the atrophied hands and feet of eternal meditation. It would be curious to identify the brother with fraternity, and the sister with freedom. But Juggernaut, "Lord of the World," has at all events this attribute of equality, and it appears possible that it is just this simple attribute, and no higher metaphysic reason, which gives his temple its place as the most worshipped shrine of India. Many people worship what most they fall short of, just as in England we worship Christ, whose character and manner of life differ so entirely from our own. Of all great virtues the Indians, perhaps, have been most wanting in the feelings of equality. Their whole system of existence is based on inequality, inevitable and permanent. The man who is born to study the Vedas will continue to study the Vedas, and so will his son. The man who is born to carry filth will continue to carry filth, and so will his son; nor could the daughter of a millionaire ever dream of marriage with a man of learning. This ancient basis of inequality has made the Indian peoples the easiest in the world to govern. It is also, I think, at the bottom of their almost excessive politeness, their reverential manners, their courtly deference to anyone who appears to have been born of higher station, or with higher gifts. No one denies the charm of such qualities. It is an education in behaviour to pass from a Scottish or American crowd to the streets of an Indian city. The obligations of high caste—the cleanliness of food and life, the intellectual alertness, the disregard of wealth—are as valuable as the obligations of noblesse. The only weakness about both is that they are not considered universally binding.

There is much to be said for reverential manners; but take a race which has very little notion of manners of any kind—a race not very sensitive, not very imaginative or sympathetic, trained from boyhood to think very little of personal dignity, and nothing at all of other people's feelings; take such a race and set its most characteristic members, with the help of bayonets and batteries, to dominate an entirely different people, among whom reverential manners are ingrained by nature, and see what evil effects for both races will result. Watch the growing arrogance of the dominant people; watch their demands for deference, their lust for flattery, their irritation at the least sign of independence, their contempt for the race whose obeisance they delight in, their rudeness of manner increasing till it becomes incredible to the relatives they left at home, and would once have seemed incredible to themselves. Then turn to the subordinate race, and watch the growing weakness of character, the temptation to cringe and flatter, the loss of self-respect, the increasing cowardice, the daily humiliation. In that hideous process—in that conflict of manners between two great races, each of which has high qualities of its own, you may recognise the true peril which has been advancing upon Indians and ourselves for the last ten, or, perhaps, fifty years of Indian history. It is not a question of loss of power, or loss

of trade. It is a question of a much more serious loss than those.

But what if all this "unrest" of which we hear is only the beginning of another great humanistic reform, another installation of the "Lord of the World," whose attribute is equality? Throughout India we are witnessing the awakening of a new national consciousness, and with it comes a revival of dignity, a resolve no longer to take insults lying down, nor to lick the hand that strikes, or rub the forehead in the dust before any human being, simply because he has a red face and a helmet. Like pilgrims bound for the shrine of Juggernaut in an ecstasy of devotion, the leaders of India are inspired by the secret longing for equality, which is always springing up afresh in human minds. If anyone chooses to say that equality is like Juggernaut's Car, crushing everything equally flat, let him have his little jest. But as I watch the white pilgrims passing to and from the temple in order to partake of equality's sacrament, I am assured in mind that these outward things are but a symbol of an invisible worship, which will renew the face of the Indian people, and save ourselves from a close peril of degeneracy.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Puri, Gulf of Bengal,
Dec. 1st, 1907.

TULIPS, OLD AND NEW.

THERE are times when the mind which essays the task of harmonising the claims of literature and flowers experiences a difficulty. The garden calls to some prosaic task, such as the pruning of a plum tree or the renovation of a lawn, and, concurrently, there comes the recollection of an unfinished book, which has not the most distant association with either fruit or grass. Here there is an apparent conflict of interests which may cause real mental disquietude, and even give rise to the terrible fear that literature and gardening—inherently the most perfect union that could be devised to refresh the intellect and brighten the routine of daily life—are, after all, irreconcilable.

Those whose outlook on life is wise and benign know, however, that all unions are an affair of compromises, and that which they would concede to trade and marriage they cannot refuse to books and plants. The richest reward for this eminently common-sense view is reaped when the Book and the Flower possess a natural association. What happier moment for the *littérateur* than that in which the same post brings him a bulb catalogue and a new edition of "*La Tulipe Noire*"! He gloats again, by the study fire, over the discomfiture of Isaac Boxtel; and then, when the time for extinguishing his lamp arrives, he will snatch one half-hour more to pore over the list of tulips in the catalogue. Later, sleep comes in the midst of a medley of recollections and projects—the lover immured in the castle on the marshes, that lovely bank of tulips at the last Temple flower show, De Witt lying in a welter of blood on the stones, a ramble among the bulb fields of Haarlem, the strip along the north side of the garden which would make such a glorious tulip border, and—and—but the rest is for dreams or for the morrow.

The revival of the tulip is not, happily, the result of a new outbreak of the hysteria which prevailed in years gone by, when houses and lands were bartered for single bulbs of certain varieties. It is a thoroughly sane and rational movement, finding its impulse in the magnificent new material provided by the florists, especially in the form of late flowering sorts. There is no "*Semper Augustus*" to cause wild flutterings of title deeds, and feverish investigations of tithe charges and quit rents—based, not on the inherent beauty of the flower, but on the tawdry passion for exclusive possession. There are, however, many kinds, in the highest degree beautiful and worthy, the proper utilisation of which will lend new attractiveness to the garden.

Modern tulips bloom during that interregnum when spring flowers are passing, and summer blossoms are only in the bud. Their season is from early May to mid June. Gardeners of the old school, with an ineradicable love for "bedding plants," eye them sourly, and regard them as interlopers. Do they not interfere with the geraniums and calceolarias? If they would only get themselves decently out of flower by the middle of May, so that they could be lifted, and the bed prepared for the summer "stuff," by the end of the month, they would not be so bad. As it is, many a dark look, many a dissatisfied sniff. "I don't deny as they look tolerable well, in their way, but—" and so on.

The gardening of the future will not bind itself to fill beds and borders entirely with flowers of one particular season, moving batches in and out like "shifts" in a factory. It will divide the space among selected plants, and put them in separate groups, so that there is a natural succession of bloom. Thus, daffodils may be followed by tulips, tulips by paeonies, paeonies by phloxes, phloxes by gladioli, and gladioli by Michaelmas daisies. The different things will not be dotted in and out among each other singly, but established in separate colonies. By this system splendid breaks of colour will be provided with a minimum of labour. And there will be no treading of heels, no fuming because something else is being "crowded out."

In such a system of flower gardening what are variously called Late, May flowering, and Cottage, also Darwin, Tulips are certain to play an important part. They have a beauty of their own, and are as superior to, as they are dissimilar from, the common early Dutch tulips which blare so stridently in the public parks. Not the least of their advantages is their long, stout stems, which often lift the flowers nearly a yard above the soil. This asset is of immense value when the tulips are planted in far-off borders, perhaps on the farthest verge of lawns, or at the front of remote shrubberies. However distant, the effect is never that of a smudge; it always has weight, distinctiveness, and dignity.

The flowers are of massive substance, and this not only gives them a solid appearance, but renders them very lasting. The flimsy petals of the early Dutch reflex with sunheat, exposing an ugly stump of ovary and stamens; but the May-bloomers retain their form steadfastly. And we have colours in them that the early section does not give—"art" shades of fawn, cinnamon, orange, and brown; silky softnesses of rose, claret and purple; shimmering pinks and lavenders; firm solid ivory tusks of white; clear canaries and Maréchal Niels. In the glorious "*La Merveille*" we have a colouring of dusky rose and a rich perfume.

One may not linger long over the catalogues that lie at one's elbow, with their seductive descriptions of beautiful varieties. But, dipping lightly, one revives recollections of some of one's tulip favourites; among the "Darwins," for instance, of "*Clara Butt*," an exquisite shade of salmon and rosy pink; of "*Fraülein Amberg*," described as "shaded tints of heliotrope, with a suggestion of amethyst" (plainly irresistible); of "*General Kohler*," carmine with a satiny sheen; of "*La Candeur*," white as the driven snow; of "*Loveliness*," blush on rose; and of "*Pride of Haarlem*," rose. Amongst the "Cottage" section, of "*Billietiana Sunset*," red and gold; of "*Didieri alba*," pure and fragrant; of "*Leghorn Bonnet*," yellow, with nankeen stripes; of "*Inglescombe Scarlet*," vermillion; of Mrs. Moon, magnificent, scented yellow; of "*Gala Beauty*," flaked scarlet and gold; and of "*Picotee*," white, margined with rose. Yearly the lists of varieties lengthen; yearly the descriptions become more varied, and more overpowering.

It is a moot point whether these noble tulips look their fairest when under the flush of the dawn lights, when they are beating back the noontide sun, or when they are mellowed by the shades of evening. In the different periods they have different aspects, now full of tender appeal,

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,"

now martial and heroic, anon gentle and soothing. But in the ceaseless variations of light that play about their great, shining urns; in the flashing and sparkling of their rich wine depths; in their subtle harmonies of elusive colour, they possess a charm that never wears.

One more charm does the tulip possess. In its early stages it has only one colour, but after a pupation stage it "breaks," or becomes "rectified," to use the florist's term. And then it may have several colours, but no fragment of the original. It is like the bursting of the dull cocoon into the brilliant butterfly.

Thus into one flower, hardy enough, and accommodating enough, to thrive in almost any British garden, easy to grow from bulbs planted in autumn and early winter, inexpensive, Nature packs a store of interest and beauty which gives it an all-powerful appeal to garden lovers.

A SHY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

It lies on the circumference of that great wheel of life which is London. It has arisen as if by chance or inspired (in places) by malign fate: scrambled together hastily on rubbish heaps and the river marshes that it might be fashioned into the abode of man. There came to dwell in it those who desired more room to live; and those who were careless whether they lived at all. Great manufactories established themselves within its borders, giving steady work, employing the cream of artisan labour; and also all kinds of furtive, unpleasant, dangerous trades, which were unable, owing to strictness of regulation, to plant themselves within the borders of the Metropolis. Pleasant villas and gardens within easy access of the City drew a vigorous, aspiring middle-class population. At the other end the Docks, with their traditional reputation for providing possibilities of rough unskilled labour, sucked up casual wayfarers from every corner of England. Finally, Government, in its wisdom, drew an artificial boundary round this queer chaos, created it into a municipal borough, labelled it West Ham, and launched it on its perilous way.

Since then it has been always a disturbing element in the public gaze: a public which has no idea of its locality and only desires to forget its existence. To the intense and not unnatural exasperation of its thousands of decent and prosperous citizens, it has come to stand for the very symbol of the modern urban evils of poverty, unemployment, and degradation. Mr. Wyndham last week, seeking for some almost unimaginable horror as the ultimate fate of a Free Trade nation, could chill the blood of his audience by announcing that all England will one day become "a West Ham." Its unemployed form a chronic menace, amongst whom at intervals the charitable public scatter huge sums of money, which is immediately swallowed up without visible improvement. The Guardians of its neighbourhood, unfortunately labelled with the title of their most populous district, have been discovered in that petty and mean corruption which many Guardians have maintained who are still undetected, and some have committed suicide and some are in gaol. A tiny band of militant Socialists once nearly captured its Municipal Councils; and uttered so much noise and violence and truculent boastings as to have made the name of Socialism stink in the nostrils of the good citizens within audible distance. It receives special grants from the Government for its education. It struggles forward under a burden of a ten-shilling rate. Its present condition leaves much to be desired. Its future is problematical.

To those who would know something definite of these astounding regions the work of the "Outer London Inquiry Committee" will come as very welcome. Here at least is a piece of sound investigation removed from the rhetoric of party controversy. For several years they have been carefully accumulating numbers and estimates, examining wage-books, summarising particulars of variation in house rent or employment. And here to-day in "West Ham: A Study in Social and In-

dustrial Problems" (J. M. Dent & Co.), they present a sociological study, bare and often almost forbidding in its detachment and seeming indifference, but a study which may form the bed-rock foundation for the planning of a policy of reform. It is full of curves and tables in the best manner of modern investigation—human misery and confusion set to a kind of austere music. It brushes aside much of the facile generalisations of the too facile political agitator. It furnishes help not only in consideration of this particular centre of industry and poverty, but of all similar centres of industry and poverty: of the developing suburbs which are daily being devoured by the advancing town. It offers on every page, less by direct appeal than in the bare recital of hard fact, the challenge of the Reality by the Might-have-been. This wilderness of huddled streets, this dolorous absence of open spaces and children's playgrounds, these dim labyrinths of grey houses which stretch down, sombre and menacing, in the gloom of the autumn evening, are all the creation of little more than thirty years.

Some facts stand out shining and clear from this analysis. The problem of the unemployed largely resolves itself into a problem of casual labour. And that (again) leads on to the method of work by the shipping companies at the Docks (not, as is so generally assumed, the much-abused Dock Companies), and to the factories which suck up low-grade labour when they want it from a seemingly inexhaustible supply, and discharge it again, when they are satisfied, into the abyss. It is mainly, as is shown by the returns of the Distress Committee, an unskilled labour problem: and it is very largely a problem of a life now so battered and beaten by external hardship and internal weakness as to be worth but little in the open labour market. It works for two or three days a week: now by the waterside, now in the factory, now for one of the various public or private relief funds. It is partly supported by the effort of its wife and family, labouring at sweated industries. Its children struggle somehow through schools, often ragged and half-starved, embark prematurely upon factory life where the demand for their low-paid labour is unlimited, and where they compete (all ignorant) with their own fathers and mothers in order to make it still lower. Until the day when they find themselves fathers and mothers raising up children again to compete against themselves. What unimaginable policy, in the wisdom or devotion of national service or industrial sacrifice, can break through the vicious circle of such forlorn, impossible existence?

The death rate is low, and the streets, like the streets of the City of Promise, are filled with playing children. In much of the smaller house property the cost of the education of these children, as it falls upon the rates, is greater than the total rate which is paid by the cottage. So this whimsical result follows: that the municipality is advised that it is actually the cheapest policy to buy up the land within the borough, and let it lie deserted, rather than allow it to be built over. Empty houses—quite a number of them—stand deserted in the streets: some efficient and habitable, some actually derelict—a nuisance and an eye-sore, not worth repairing, not worth destroying. But these empty houses accompany the vast and increasing problem of overcrowding. As the rates go up, the house rents fall, in this paradoxical region. The main sewer of London, running diagonally through the town, above the heads of the inhabitants, has been converted into a public promenade—"not very attractive" say these investigators. The gigantic Victoria and Albert Docks, one of the largest railway works in the Kingdom, and many prosperous factories whose tall chimneys brood over this "Essex Black Country" represent a conspicuous item in the aggregate of England's national capital. The life that hides from public view in the remoter recesses of this place—street beyond street with no inhabitant not living on the margin of existence—is a life which occupies the other side of the balance-sheet, and may yet, in the multiplication of its infections, prove England's undoing.

Short Story.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR.

Scene.—The bifurcation of a thin, waggly, snake-like African path, with a perspiring white man in the foreground, followed by his boy Saleh and a string of hot and tired porters with loads on their heads. A pitiless sun is overhead, and tall, rank grass and bush everywhere, except where it gives way for the breadth of a few inches to give passage to the path.

White Man: Which is the path to Koroki's? Where is the guide?

Saleh (to porters behind): Allah! Where is the Mwemba?

Porters: Hi! call the Mwemba.

(After a long delay a naked savage with a spear scurries forward.)

White Man (to Saleh): Why is the guide always behind? He has got no load to carry.

Saleh (to guide): He say, why are you always behind?

White Man (to Saleh): I am asking you.

Saleh (to guide): He says he is asking you.

Guide (crossing his legs and preparing for great mental strain): Tell him——

White Man (to Saleh): I am not asking him, I am asking you.

Saleh: Yes, sir.

White Man (to guide, giving up trying to find out why he was behind): Which is the road to Koroki's?

Guide: What does he say?

White Man: Which is the path to Koroki's?

Saleh: He says, which is the path to Koroki's.

Guide: Which is the path to Koroki's?

White Man: Yes.

Saleh: Yes.

Guide (affecting astonishment): Does he want to go to Koroki's?

White Man (getting annoyed): Hasn't he been guiding us to Koroki's for the last three days, and haven't I told him twenty times every hour that I want to go to Koroki's?

Saleh: Yes, sir.

White Man: Ask him then.

Saleh: The white man says, which is the way to Koroki's?

White Man: Ask him if he hasn't been guiding us to Koroki's.

Saleh: Have you been guiding us to Koroki's?

Guide (obligingly): If he wants to go to Koroki's I can show him the way.

White Man: But isn't this the road?

Guide: We can get to Koroki's by this path.

White Man: What is the other road, then?

Guide: Which other road?

White Man (trying a new tack): Is this the only path to Koroki's?

Guide: There is the big road which goes past Njobvu Tete.

White Man: But why didn't we go that way?

Guide: Go by Njobvu Tete?

Saleh: He is asking why we did not go by the road to Njobvu Tete.

Guide: I didn't know that he wanted to go that way.

White Man: Which is the best way now?

Guide: The best way to Njobvu Tete is to take the road from the camp we slept at last night.

White Man: I am not asking about Njobvu Tete, I want to go to Koroki's.

Guide: Oh, Koroki's!

White Man (trying yet another tack): Where does this path go to?

Guide: Where does this path go to?

White Man: Yes.

Guide: This path goes to Mlaka's.

(Groans from the porters, followed by a movement forward along the most beaten of the two paths.)

White Man (to leading porter, with a glimmer of hope): Oh, you know the way, do you?

Leading Porter: Which way?

White Man (encouragingly): The way to Koroki's.

Leading Porter: No, I'm a Msenga, I don't know this country.

White Man: Where are you going to?

Leading Porter: I want to get into camp.

White Man: What camp?

Leading Porter: The camp where we are going to sleep to-night.

White Man: What camp is that?

Leading Porter: I don't know.

White Man: If you don't know, how are you going to find it?

(Leading porter has to admit the force of the argument and waits.)

White Man (to guide): Which is the way to Koroki's?

Guide: To Koroki's?

White Man (with pardonable irritation): Yes, Koroki's, Koroki's, Koroki's, be quick.

Guide: You can go by this path.

White Man: I see two paths, which is it?

Guide: The best way is by Njobvu Tete.

White Man: But you said that we had to go back to get to Njobvu Tete. I want to go to Koroki's by the quickest way.

Guide: You can go which way you like.

White Man: But which is the shortest?

Guide: They are both the same.

White Man: How far is Koroki's from the camp we slept at last night, going by Njobvu Tete?

Guide: How far?

White Man: Yes.

Guide: We would arrive there to-morrow.

White Man: If we started at sunrise from the last camp where would the sun be when we get to Koroki's?

Saleh (who thinks he knows these questions): If we started from here at sunrise, where would the sun be when we get to where we slept last night?

White Man: No, you fool, Koroki's. Ask him, if we started from the camp we slept at last night at sunrise, where would the sun be when we get to Koroki's?

Saleh: If we left the camp we slept at last night at sunrise, where would the sun be when we get to what-his-name, Koroki's?

(Guide looks round the heavens for some time and then points with his spear to the horizon.)

White Man: Oh, sunset! Now ask him, if we start from here now, when would we get to Koroki's?

Saleh: If we go to Koroki's now, when do we get there?

Guide: Koroki's?

Saleh: Yes.

Guide: We get there to-morrow.

White Man: Now ask him where the sun would be when we got there.

Saleh: Where would the sun be when we got to Koroki's?

Guide: Where would the sun be when we got to Koroki's?

Saleh: Yes.

(Guide, after cogitation, points his spear vertically upwards.)

White Man (triumphantly): Oh, noon, then this way is shorter. (Indulgently) Now, if we left here to-morrow morning at sunrise, what time should we get to Koroki's?

(Guide after more cogitation again points his spear vertically upwards.)

White Man (to himself, crestfallen): If we start now we take twenty-four hours to get there, but if we wait till to-morrow we only take six hours. (To Saleh, exasperated.) What does he mean? We get in to Koroki's the same time whether we start now or to-morrow morning.

Saleh: Do we get in to Koroki's the same time if we start now and if we start to-morrow morning?

White Man: You fool, can't you see yourself that Koroki's can't be farther to go now than it would be in the morning?

Saleh: Yes, sir. These Wawemba don't understand like we do. They are fools.

White Man: You are both fools. Now ask him where there is water between here and Koroki's.

Saleh: Is there any water between here and Koroki's?

Guide: Water?

Saleh: Yes, water.

Guide: No, not after the Moa.

White Man: Where is that?

(Guide brandishes his spear round half the horizon.)

White Man: Where is the Moa where the road crosses it?

Guide: In that way (pointing to one of the paths).

White Man: And does that path go to Koroki's?

Guide: Yes, that's the path.

(White man takes the path with a sigh of relief, and after an hour's walk comes to a stream, and the porters put down their loads.)

White Man: Where is the guide?

Saleh: Allah! where is that Mwemba?

(They sit down and wait for him; at last he appears.)

White Man: I told you to walk in front and not behind.

Saleh: The white man told you to walk in front.

Guide: He wants me to walk in front?

Saleh: Yes.

(The guide scurries down the path.)

White Man: Come back, you fool. Hi! call him back; I want to speak to him.

(Guide comes back.)

White Man: If we started from here at sunrise to-morrow, where would the sun be when we got to Koroki's?

Guide: When we got to Koroki's?

White Man: Yes, Koroki's.

(Guide points with his spear about half-way up the heavens.)

White Man: Oh, three hours' trek. Then we can get there to-day.

Guide: No, we can't get there to-day.

White Man: Why not?

Guide: There is no water in the way.

White Man: But there is water at Koroki's?

Guide: No, there is no water now.

White Man: But Koroki's people must drink something.

Guide (anxious to please): No, there is no water there now; but if you had come in the rains, you would have got there very easily.

White Man: What do the people there drink?

Guide: What people?

White Man: Why, Koroki's people.

Guide: There are no people there.

White Man: But Koroki is a big chief with a lot of huts.

Guide: Koroki has left there now and built another village.

White Man (exasperated): Where does he live now?

(Guide points with his spear.)

White Man: Which is the road there?

Guide: The road to Koroki's?

White Man: Yes, his present village.

Guide: The road goes higher up the hill.

White Man: Was it the road where I talked to you before?

Guide: Yes.

White Man: Then why didn't you go that way?

Guide: I didn't know that you wanted to go that way.

White Man: Did you think that I wanted to go to a deserted village?

Guide: I didn't know.

White Man: How far is it to Koroki's present village along that path?

Guide: It is very far.

White Man (angrily): How far?

Guide (wishing to ingratiate himself): Well, perhaps, not very far, only a little far.

White Man: Have we got to go back to the turning again?

Saleh: Have we got to go back to the turning again?

Guide: It is just as the white man likes.

White Man: But you said that was the way.

Saleh: Yes, sir.

White Man: I am not asking you, idiot, you are not the guide. Ask him what we had better do now to get to Koroki's.

Saleh: Is that the way to get to Koroki's?

Guide: Yes.

Saleh: He says yes.

White Man: Yes what?

Saleh: Is that the way?

Guide: Yes.

Saleh: He says yes, that way.

White Man: I asked him what we were to do now. Can we camp on the other road?

Guide: What does he say?

Saleh: Can we camp on the other road?

Guide: Which road?

White Man: The road to Koroki's.

Guide: No, only here.

White Man: But you said that this only went to the deserted village. I want to go to Koroki himself.

Guide (with a gleam of intelligence): You want to go to Koroki's new village?

White Man: Yes, which is the way?

Guide (relapsing): If you like to go this way you can get there.

White Man: Good heavens! I don't like any way. Aren't you paid to guide me to Koroki's. Why don't you go there?

Guide: I thought that you wanted to come this way, but you can go the other if you like.

White Man (aggravated beyond measure): Come on, pick up your loads, we will go along this path till we get somewhere.

(Walks on about three hours and comes to a deserted village. Following the path a little farther he hears the sound of an axe and presently comes to a village.)

White Man (to villager squatting outside a hut): Whose village is this?

Saleh: He says whose village is this?

Villager: He wants to know whose village this is?

Saleh: Yes.

Villager: This village?

Saleh: Yes.

Villager: He wants to know who the chief is?

Saleh: Yes.

Villager: The chief of this village?

Saleh: Yes, what is the name of the chief of this village?

Villager: The chief's name is Koroki, but——

White Man: Thank God! Pitch the tent.

(A little later.)

Saleh (to white man): The Guide wants to know if you are going to give him the present you promised him for bringing you here.

(Volumes of imprecations from inside the tent and night closes in.)

Guide (to Saleh): Why is the white man angry?

KUSIALI.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

A CORRESPONDENT has asked us to suggest the titles of books suitable for use in village libraries. We hope to deal with the subject in a short article in an early issue. We shall be glad at any time to give the publicity of our columns to inquiries of this nature. It often happens that students lose time and trouble through inability to discover where books bearing upon their researches may be found, and it is possible that some of our readers may be willing to help them in this respect.

* * *

IN the meantime, another correspondent wishes to know the names of a few good books on "Modernism." He is not concerned, he says, with Protestant or any other form of Modernism than that written about by Catholics in communion with Rome, but he wants to hear what those Catholics say, against whom the Pope's Encyclical was written. We would suggest Father Tyrrell's "Much Abused Letter" and "Through Scylla and Charybdis; or The Old Theology and the New." The articles contributed by the late Dr. St. George Mivart to "The Nineteenth Century," which, we believe, have been reprinted, also throw some light upon the subject. If our correspondent reads French, "L'Evangile et L'Eglise," "Etudes Evangeliques," "Etudes Bibliques," and "Les Mythes Babyloniens et les premiers Chapitres de la Genèse," all by Abbé Loisy, will help him. The first of these has been translated into English. If he reads Italian, he should see the works of Abbé Murri, and the recently issued "Il Programma dei Modernisti." Mr. Fisher Unwin is preparing an English translation of the "Programma," and Mr. Murray has issued an excellent version of a pamphlet "What We Want," an open letter addressed to the Pope by some Italian priests, though translated by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. A. L. Lilley.

* * *

IT has fallen to a Frenchman to give us the first complete critical edition of the works of Sir Philip Sidney. They are to be edited by Professor Albert Feuillerat of Rennes, and issued by the Cambridge University Press in three volumes, two of text and one of notes. Considering the impression that Sir Philip Sidney's brief career has left upon the imagination of his fellow-countrymen, it is surprising that none of them has undertaken the task of editing his complete works. There are, of course, excellent editions of many of his writings, the more notable being Professor Pollard's edition of "Astrophel and Stella," Dr. Grosart's edition of the "Poems," and this year excellent editions of "An Apologie for Poetrie," by Professor Churton Collins, and the "Arcadia," by Mr. E. A. Baker, have appeared. Professor Feuillerat is one of the contributors to "The Cambridge History of English Literature."

* * *

DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT, whose "Curse of the Romanovs," published this year, has the distinction of being prohibited by the Russian Government, is at present engaged upon a history of philosophy, which will be published by Messrs. Dent. The work, besides giving an account of the various philosophic systems, will deal with the philosophy of some of the chief poets and novelists. "A History of European Nations" is another book by Dr. Rappoport which Messrs. Dent will publish during the coming year.

* * *

IF lecturing to an audience of ladies is Dr. Emil Reich's forte, omniscience seems to be his foible. At any rate, he has in preparation no less a work than a "General History of Western Nations, from 5000 B.C. to 1900 A.D." The work is, he says, "the result of twenty-seven years' study of the literary and monumental sources of history, and of the close observation and analysis, *in loco*, of twenty different types of contemporary civilisation." "I attempt to do for the history of the Western nations," he explains in his preface, "what Bichat did for Anatomy, Bopp and Pott for Linguistics, or Savigny for Roman Law; I try to write the 'General Part' of history." He explains that at the basis of all that happened in the history of the Western nations "there is a series of some twenty or thirty general facts, which singly, and still more by meeting, blending,

or antagonising one another, created a multitude of particular facts. The present work treats mainly of these general facts, each of which has conditions, details, and effects of its own. In addition to a statement of these three features of a given general fact, I try to discover the real cause, that is, the human factor, or, in other words, the psychological motive underlying each of the general facts as its prime cause." It will be interesting to see the "twenty or thirty general facts" (no more, no less) which historians have hitherto failed to disentangle, as stated, and their motives explained, by the interpreter of Plato and the author of "Germany's Swelled Head."

* * *

AMONG the books in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's autumn list that have not yet appeared is "The Brontës: Life and Letters," by Mr. Clement K. Shorter. Mr. Shorter has already told us a good deal about the Brontës, both in books and contributions to periodicals. His coming work is an attempt to present a full and final record of the lives of the three sisters from the biographies of Mrs. Gaskell and others, and from many hitherto unpublished letters and manuscripts. Mr. Shorter is also preparing a new life of George Borrow.

* * *

DR. THEODOR BARTH, the leading Liberal journalist of Germany, travelled during the summer in the United States and Canada, and sent some very interesting letters (Reisebriefe ans Amerika) to the "Frankfurt Zeitung" embodying his impressions, which he was able to compare with those of a previous tour. These letters have now been thrown into book form, and appear in a volume just published by Georg Reimer (Berlin), under the title, "Amerikanische Eindrücke: eine impressionistische Schilderung Amerikanische Zustände in Briefen." The last letter contains an interesting personal view of the possibilities of the coming Presidential elections.

* * *

THE cheap reprint is meeting with as much favour in France as it has received in this country. Two of the best of the series are the "Collection Ollendorff," at a franc, and Calmann-Lévy's "Nouvelle Collection Illustrée," at 95 centimes each volume. A new series, called the "Collection des Prosateurs illustres français et étrangers," has just been announced by M. Louis Michaud. The first six volumes include books by J. J. Rousseau, Stendhal, Eugène Sue, Crébillon fils, Sterne, and Walter Scott.

* * *

DURING the past year the world of letters has lost an unusually large number of distinguished men. The death-roll includes Lord Kelvin, Francis Thompson, Sir Spencer Walpole, Professor David Masson, Gerald Massey, Ian Maclaren, T. B. Aldrich, Joseph Knight, Professor F. W. Maitland, David Christie Murray, Hamilton Aidé, Joseph Hatton, Miss Mary E. Coleridge, and Moncure D. Conway in England and America; Kuno Fischer in Germany; Marcellin Berthelot, Sully Prudhomme, J. K. Huysmans, and André Theuriet, in France; and Giosué Carducci in Italy.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"George Morland: His Life and Works." By Sir Walter Gilbey and E. D. Cumming. (Black. 20s. net.)

"The Law and Custom of the Constitution." Third Edition. Vol. II. "The Crown." Part I. By Sir W. R. Anson. (Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Art of Landscape Gardening." By Humphrey Repton. Edited by John Nolen. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Book of Living Poets." Edited by Walter Jerrold. (Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Birds of Britain." By J. Lewis Bonhote. With Illustrations by H. E. Dresser. (Black. 20s. net.)

"Oddities of the Law." By N. Arthur Heywood. (Ouseley 2s. 6d. net.)

"Outlines of Church History." By Professor Hans von Schubert. With a Supplementary Chapter by Miss Alice Gardner. (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Essais de Montaigne." (Self-édition. Tome III.) Par le Général Michaud. (Paris: Firmin-Didot. 15 fr.)

"Pierre Légrand: Un Parlementaire Français de 1876 à 1895." Par P. Arnous. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)

"La Fontaine: Ses Facultés Psychiques, sa Philosophie, sa Mentalité, son Caractère." Par Jean Paul Nayrac. (Paris: Paulin. 5 fr.)

"Euripide et ses Idées." Par Paul Masqueray. (Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.)

Letters to the Editor.

"THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been so much interested in Mrs. Frederic Harrison's clever, sympathetic, and useful *resumé* of children's books in your issue of December 7th that you must forgive my troubling you with this.

As I am very early Victorian, I can remember books of an earlier date than Mrs. Harrison can do, and I am anxious to add these books to her list.

As I have so recently been reading these books to and with my own grandchildren, I am delighted to find that the old-world charm and flavour of these more ancient books are appreciated by our children of to-day.

Our first experiment in literature ("qualified to amuse and edify") was Mrs. Trimmer's "History of the Robins" (my audience was composed of two little girls between four and seven years old), and they were delighted with the quaint old-world style and the charming realistic wood-cuts.

Next we took up "Willy, or the Seasons," by Mrs. Marcet, in four octavo volumes. If your would-be readers are not prepared for the intense priggishness of the infant Willy they will be more amused than edified. The priggishness one finds in books of that early date is surprising, indeed, to me incomprehensible, and my only solution is that our short-sighted grandparents accepted such manifestations on the prig's part as showing that he was walking in the right way. While I pause here I am most anxious to ask your readers for a real good definition of a "prig." I hardly expect any persons to agree on this subject, the definition depending on the way in which we have met our (relative) "prig," and how he defends himself. Next to "Willy, or the Seasons" we welcome Miss Edgworth's "Frank," and Frank in three volumes being older than Willy, we expect and hope that his priggishness may be on the wane, but alas! no; if anything, it is more developed, and consequently the more amusing. After "Frank" comes "Rosamond," by the same author, "Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton"; and later for girls "Mary and Florence," and sequel, "Leila at Home and on the Island," "Settlers in Canada," "The Prairie Bird."

Then I think we come to the Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge stage; but have I, indeed, so forgotten my "Laneton Parsonage," by Miss Sewell, to wonder what Mrs. F. Harrison means by "its torture chambers"? Others of Miss Sewell's remind me (specially "The Experience of Life") of Miss Austin's writings. I do not agree with Mrs. F. Harrison as to the morbid influence of such books as "Queechy" or even "Ministering Children," though I should prefer substituting for "Queechy" "The Wide, Wide World," Miss Wetherall, also "The Lamplighter," and Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Now as regards children's books we have almost arrived at the time when George MacDonald's stories—fairy-like many of them, though all written with a purpose—were brought out in "Sunday at Home," and so were useful to those whose views being Sabbatarian, were limited in consequence. I never quite appreciated "The Fairchild Family," to my loss I am sure; but I remember it so little, or it made so little impression on me, that I do not know where to place it. I have most pleasing memories of the "Camp of Refuge" (or "The Monks of Ely"). I am most anxious to recover a copy, though I have not come across one for long.

Girls of sixteen, specially the musical ones, would be enchanted with "Charles Ancherster" (author unknown), dedicated to Disraeli—a musical rhapsody—being the autobiography of Liszt, Mendelssohn, the hero, &c. It must have come out even in the sixties, and should be recovered if possible.

In answer to Mrs. F. Harrison's question No. 1, I would remind her of these books: Mrs. Marcet's "Willy, or the Seasons," Trimmer's "History of the Robins," Miss Edgworth's "Frank," "Rosamond," "Leila on the Island," "Mary and Florence," "Home Influence," "Settlers in Canada," "Masterman Ready" (children's edition), "Prairie Bird," "Experience of Life," "Amy Herbert" (Miss Sewell).—Yours, &c.

ELLEN G. RENDEL.

Château Thorenc, Cannes.

December 20th, 1907.

THE STUDY OF RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you afford us the hospitality of your columns to announce to your readers that the Third International Congress for the History of Religions will be held at Oxford next September, from the 15th to the 18th.

The Congress was founded in Paris in the year 1900, and held its second meeting at Basle in 1904. In arranging for the third meeting in 1908 the International Committee suggested that it should assemble in Oxford, where so much help has been supplied to students of the History of Religions by the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East," under the auspices of the University, as well as by the individual labours of many distinguished scholars. We are happy to state that in response to a widely-signed request, the Council of the University has, on the suggestion of the Vice-Chancellor, kindly reserved suitable rooms in the Examination Schools for the use of the Congress. Professor Percy Gardner, Litt.D., has been appointed Chairman of the Local Committee, which includes the names of Professors Driver, Cheyne, Sanday, Sayce, Bullock, Macdonell, Margoliouth, Sir John Rhys and Tylor, Dr. Edward Caird, the Principal of Mansfield, and other well known teachers.

In accordance with the arrangements of previous Congresses, the meetings will be of two kinds: (1) General meetings, for papers or lectures of wider import; (2) Meetings of sections for papers, followed by discussion. The Congress will adhere to the fundamental rule adopted in Paris in 1900: "Les travaux et les discussions du Congrès auront essentiellement un caractère historique. Les polémiques d'ordre confessionnel ou dogmatique sont interdites."

All communications respecting membership, papers, &c., should be addressed to either of the undersigned.—Yours, &c.,

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER,
109, Banbury Road, Oxford.
L. R. FARNELL,
191, Woodstock Road, Oxford.

December 21st, 1907.

"THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Chesterton may have "heard of Newman," but there is at least one book by that great theologian which he does not seem to have read, or at any rate does not seem to remember. I would humbly commend to his attention "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine." He will find it an interesting and possibly also an instructive volume. On page 44 (my copy is the first edition, published in 1845) he may read: "It is plain that *mathematical* developments, that is, the system of truths drawn out from mathematical definitions or equations, do not fall under our present subject, though altogether analogous to it." And yet Mr. Chesterton seizes on Euclid behind which to take shelter from your criticisms! As regards the general question, which is, as I understand it, the right of human reason (inspired and led by God, a Catholic would add) to play upon and elucidate the basic meaning hidden under the symbolism of dogmas, the following passages, taken from pp. 35 and 38 of the Essay, set forth Newman's view:

"But when some great enunciation, whether true or false, about human nature or present good, or government, or duty, or religion, is carried forward into the public throng and draws attention, then it is not only passively admitted in this or that form into the minds of men, but it becomes a living principle within them, leading them to an ever-new contemplation of itself, an acting upon it, and a propagation of it. . . . Let one such idea get possession of the popular mind, or the mind of any set of persons, and it is not difficult to understand the effects which will ensue. There will be a general agitation of thought, and an action of mind both upon itself and upon other minds. New lights will be brought to bear upon the original idea, aspects will multiply, and judgments will accumulate. . . . Moreover, an idea not only modifies, but, as has been implied, is modified or at least influenced by the state of things in which it is carried out. . . . Its beginnings are no measure of its capabilities, nor its scope. At first, no one knows what it is, or what it is worth."

Like other thinkers, Newman did not realise all that was involved in his theory of development, but it is, as you

said, the basis on which modern theology has been built. Mr. Chesterton's view of a "cast-iron creed" is the antithesis of Liberalism. It is the old argument that the slave who has a good master is really more free and better off than the free man who has to look after his own interests.—Yours, &c.,

MODERNIST.

Chiswick, December 23rd, 1907.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me space for a short word in this interesting discussion.

Newman says in his *Apologia*, "From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery." Is not religious sentiment—*vital immanence*—proclaimed as the origin and warrant of faith by the Modernist; and the formulas called dogma, as but inadequate and impermanent symbols? How do his "Modernist sons" reconcile a "germ idea" such as this with their claim to be his true intellectual offspring?

In describing the Church passing through one of those "periods of undue repression and silence" referred to by Mr. Chesterton, Newman says in the closing words of his essay on development: "She pauses in her course, and almost suspends her functions; she rises again, and she is herself once more; all things are in their place and ready for action. Doctrine is where it was, and usage, and precedence, and principles, and policy; there may be changes, but they are consolidations or adaptations; all is unequivocal and determinate, with an identity which there is no disputing. *Indeed, it is one of the most popular charges against the Catholic Church at this very time that she is 'incorrigible';—change she cannot, if we listen to St. Athanasias or St. Leo; change she never will, if we believe the controversialist or alarmist of the present day.*" The italics are mine, *vide* the "Times" article on Father Tyrrell's letters.

"A reader" in your last week's issue says Mr. Chesterton's remarks are "ridiculous." Those who have read Newman will scarcely agree with him, and may, perhaps, think the "reader" himself amenable to the charge in his "illuminating" instance of what he considers a change in the meaning of a Creed.—Yours, &c.,

L. WATERS.

Bartra, Eglinton Road, Dublin,
December 21st, 1907.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The curious thing about so open-eyed a man as Mr. Chesterton is that he continues to hug to himself the delusion that Anglo-Catholicism is the same as Roman Catholicism if only it is called "Catholicism." Roman Catholicism as a system is complete, logical, and, granting its premisses, convincing. Anglo-Catholicism is utterly illogical and impossible because it attempts to start from Roman Catholic premisses and then takes refuge in what is an essentially Protestant conclusion. In reality there are only two systems of religion claiming to bear the name of historic Christianity, Roman Catholicism and Evangelical Protestantism, and these two are diametrically and fundamentally opposed. Those who would know the hopelessly impossible position of Ritualism should read the second volume of Professor Gwatkin's great work, "The Knowledge of God." A well-known pervert from Anglicanism not long ago said to a young man: "Either come over to the Catholic Church or else remain an Evangelical. Do not become a Ritualist." And a Roman Catholic priest when lately passing a notorious Ritualistic Church in the South of England, pointed to it and said "Mock turtle!"—Yours, &c.,

OXONIAN.

December 23rd, 1907.

MR. HALDANE'S IDEAS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—All who value the authentic Liberal note will thank you for the plain speaking of your two articles in last week's *NATION*—"The Real Enemies of Liberalism," and "Mr. Haldane's Ideas." It is in regard to the latter that I would ask permission to make a few remarks.

Are not Liberals getting somewhat tired of the daily loquacity of the Secretary of State for War? He has been by far the most frequent, and the least Liberal, Cabinet orator during the political recess. It was with feelings of considerable disgust that we witnessed the best part of the second Parliamentary Session of the present Government devoted to Mr. Haldane's Army scheme—a scheme which allows cadet corps and rifle clubs (so assiduously fostered by Lord Roberts) to dip into the national exchequer, and threatens a very ominous extension of militarism in the midst of our civic life. Mr. Haldane appears now to be raising the familiar Jingo bogey of a possible invasion, for the purpose of getting recruits into his territorial army, and defeating the efforts of pacifists to secure a reduction of the Army Estimates for the coming year. Following upon the feeble display of British delegates at The Hague, this is creating a growing feeling of dissatisfaction amongst sincere Liberals who helped to place the present Government in power. If Mr. Haldane's policy represents the last word of official Liberalism, there are many Liberals who will be found in another camp at the next election. We do not interpret Liberalism as an "easy descent" towards universal and compulsory military service.

Your powerful journal is doing a great service to the Party by raising the question "whether Mr. Haldane's ideas are Liberal and Radical ideas." Judging from what I hear, and from the advocacy of them by Unionist and militarist journals, the answer to the question is in the negative. At any rate, many Liberals besides myself would be glad if headquarters could be made to realise that we are suffering at present from "Too much Haldane."—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL PACIFIST.

December 21st, 1907.

"THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE REFERENDUM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the letter entitled "The House of Lords and the Referendum," which appeared in your issue of the 21st inst., Mr. G. L. Bruce propounds a difficulty which is felt by an increasing number of electors.

"The plain man," says he, "asks what security is there that neither Home Rule nor Tariff Reform shall become law unless and until the country is persuaded. He wants to vote against the Tories, but he does not always want to vote for Home Rule. He wants to vote against the Liberals, but he does not always want to vote for Protection. What security has he that an election such as 1895, which condemned the Liberals; or an election such as 1906, which condemned the Tories, will not bring Protection or Home Rule with it?"

Mr. Bruce's difficulty can easily be solved by the adoption of a more reasonable electoral system. Proportional representation not only enables each considerable section of political opinion to obtain its fair share of representation in the House of Commons, but confers upon each elector much greater freedom in the exercise of the franchise. With the enlarged constituencies, which proportional representation involves, there would be a greater range of candidates from which to select, and the number of electors who would be unable to find a candidate with whom they were in substantial agreement would be reduced to a minimum.

Without proportional representation the referendum would often involve a considerable waste of public time and money. Our present electoral system sometimes results, as in 1874 and in 1886, in the return of a majority of the House of Commons by a minority of the electors, and at other times, as in 1900 and in 1906, in a very considerable over-representation of the victorious party. With a House of Commons so unrepresentative the referendum might often result in the rejection of measures on which much time and energy had been spent, but, if the House of Commons were

a true expression of national opinion, the measures on which its energies had been expended would, if submitted to the popular vote, much more readily find approval.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,

Hon. Secretary, The Proportional Representation Society.

107, Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.

December 23rd, 1907.

"THE COST OF OLD-AGE PENSIONS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Anent your leading article of Saturday last, "The Cost of Old Age Pensions," I would suggest the following scheme:—

Impose a duty on contract notes for the sale or purchase of any stock or marketable security dealt in and printed in the official lists of the Stock Exchanges of the country, on a sliding scale *ad valorem*. The Bankers' Clearing House Statement is an index of the huge amount of Stock Exchange business done:—

	1906.	1905.
Grand total	£12,711,334,000	£12,287,935,000
Town clearing total	11,719,021,000	11,355,250,000
4ths of the months	524,816,000	497,070,000
Consols settling days	644,534,000	638,783,000
Stock Exchange account days	2,031,582,000	2,070,622,000

From these remarkable figures it is evident that the gigantic amount of Stock Exchange dealings (speculations and investments) might easily bear more on the present contract note than that of one shilling of the value of £100 and upwards.

It must be taken into consideration that foreign bourses and other business centres of the world transacting arbitrage business with this country, are also contributing towards the duty.

The tax would mainly fall on the monied classes; would be easy to collect, at a comparatively small cost; would not obstruct business, as it would have no effect on *bona-fide* investments. Its moral advantage would be especially to hinder gambling in "options" and "futures" on the exchanges of the country.

It should produce an enormous revenue, chiefly from dealers in stocks and shares, foreign loan contractors, trustees, bankers, insurance companies, &c.

The Treasury could easily formulate a suitable tariff on a sliding scale *ad valorem*.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT RAPHAEL.

National Liberal Club,

December 3rd, 1907.

THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There has been much speculation as to the real objects of the Kaiser's visit to England, and among these the question of financing the Baghdad Railway was frequently mentioned. In Germany, however, any intention of the Kaiser's of bringing it to the front was, as a rule, denied.

It is difficult as yet to say whether both Governments may have had any more concrete objects in view than the cementing of peace and goodwill between the two foremost nations of the globe. The extraordinary enthusiasm of the Emperor's reception in the City should, to the dispassionate observer, appear to be an indication that some more direct substantial good was expected from the meeting of the two sovereigns. M. Francis Delaisi, a writer in "La Revue," seems to be thoroughly convinced that the Baghdad Railway is, indeed, what made the German Emperor repeat his visit of eight years ago.

What is the Baghdad Railway? "The axle of European politics," he says, "2,800 kilometres of track; 500 millions of stock, representing an equal value of rails, locomotives, bridges, tunnels, and other works. Baghdad at five days distance from Constantinople, instead of fifty-five days; the Turkish troops available at the shortest notice in any part of the Sultan's domain; the Ottoman Empire consolidated."

The Baghdad Railway was from the beginning a German

enterprise. Nothing except railways can save the Ottoman Empire from its apparent doom. This the Sultan acknowledges, and this the German *Realpolitiker* have discerned with a quick eye, and mean to turn to advantage. What the sick man wants is money and steel. Germany was going to procure both. She was ready to open her banks to the financing of railway enterprises in the Turkish Empire, provided the rails and the rolling stock were taken from her manufacturers. The money was thus to remain in the country, and the sick man should be cured to the satisfaction both of himself and of his medical advisers.

However, as M. Delaisi takes it, England, France, and Russia, to say nothing of Austria, are coveting the Turkish inheritance for at least two centuries. By an exceedingly smart diplomatic play—*si non e vero e bene trovato*—the Kaiser diverted the Czar's ambition to the Far Eastern adventure of 1895-1905, and whilst Russia was dreaming of Peking, and England of South Africa, the German diplomats went to Baghdad. On November 27th, 1899, the Convention which placed the construction of the Baghdad Railway in German hands was signed at Constantinople.

The French writer then traces Germany's financial difficulties of 1901-1902, which caused her to look out for the help of France. This led to the formation of a German-French banking syndicate, and to the signing of the Concession-Decree by the Sultan. A great triumph this was for German diplomacy, German industry, and German banking. The Baghdad Railway now seemed within the reach of possibilities. It was to revive the richest countries of antiquity, the empire of Croesus, Assyria, Armenia, Babylon was to be awakened from its sleep of ages.

However, the difference between the costs of the enterprise and its produce during the first twenty years or so had to be found. No Government in ordinary circumstances would hesitate to guarantee this difference in an affair of such magnitude and prospects, on account of the enormous profits which any country should reap from it. Turkey, though, is no ordinary country. She is not free. Her monopolies are controlled by her five mighty guardians: France, England, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and she is prevented from mortgaging her custom rights, by the treaties with thirteen European Powers, as no alterations can be made in the tariff without their consent.

A conference of the representatives of these thirteen Powers was nevertheless summoned at Constantinople, and the Sultan was allowed an increase of 3 per cent. of the import duties. But whilst Abdul Hamid and William II. proposed part of this increase to be employed for the Baghdad Railway, England required the whole of it for Macedonia. So the railway project had to be dropped. "Et tristement," the French writer says, "Guillaume II. s'en va refaire à Londres la visite 'fascinatrice' de 1899."

Thus the Emperor's visit to England, according to Mr. Delaisi, had principally no other object than to make from the Baghdad Railway an international, instead of a German enterprise. The aid of England, as of France, had to be asked, by dire necessity, if Germany was to have a finger in the pie at all. In no case Germany could afford being excluded from Asiatic Turkey, as she had been surrounded in nearly every other part of the globe.—Yours, &c.,

CONTINENTAL.

THE MEANING OF IRISH POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Apparently, to judge from the article, entitled "The New Phase of the Land War," in a recent week's NATION, English Liberals have not yet either tried or begun to grasp the one solitary fact which it is necessary for them to grasp, if they wish to attain to the most elementary understanding of Irish history and Irish politics. "The vital cause of discontent," declares your leader-writer, "now, as always, is agrarian." The vital cause of discontent, if you will forgive me for saying so, is nothing of the sort. It is not misgovernment, but foreign government, from which Ireland is suffering, as any clear-headed Nationalist will tell you. England's great crime against Ireland is not the confiscation and misuse of Irish land, the suppression of Irish industries, or the persecution of Irish Catholics. These are all crimes of a sufficient blackness. They are all petty and in-

considerable, however, compared with the centuries-old crime of attempting to rule Ireland against the will of the Irish people. It was against this crime, and not against any merely agrarian or sectarian evil, that Hugh O'Neill fought in the sixteenth century, and Owen Roe in the seventeenth. It was this criminal design that the Volunteers and the United Irishmen combated in the eighteenth century, and the Young Irelanders and the Fenians in the nineteenth century, and to which the Sinn Féiners are seeking to put an end to-day. Possibly, Englishmen do not realise that it is really a crime that they are committing in remaining in Ireland, for belief in the rights of the smaller nationalities seems to grow weaker in England every day. Your leader-writer, indeed, in writing of the foreign government of Ireland, puts the word foreign in inverted commas, as though it were an absurd adjective to use in the circumstances, and Ireland were merely an English province or colony. None the less, Ireland is a nation—as foreign to England as she is to France or Russia. Until English Liberals have grasped that fact, they cannot be said to have mastered the bare A B C of the Irish question.

Another point. Your contributor, in the course of his article, casts a slur upon Irish political methods that ought surely not to have been permitted in the columns of THE NATION. "We are far removed," he writes, "from the hideous tumult of twenty-seven years ago, with cattle-maiming and the shooting of landlords and their agents as part of a deliberate policy." These words mean, if they mean anything, that the forces of Irish Nationalism deliberately set on foot and approved of a policy which included the maiming of cattle. Now, twenty-seven years ago, Irish Nationalism was making use of the agrarian weapon to obtain its ends, and had just organised itself in the Land League. Here is the policy of the Land League in regard to cattle-maiming, as set forth in the late Michael Davitt's official Memorandum of Instructions to Organisers and Officers of the Branches of the Land League, issued in December, 1880:—

"In speaking of injuries inflicted upon dumb animals" (Davitt writes), "we cannot for a single instant believe either the numerous reports of these monstrous outrages which the landlord organs are publishing, or that a single man within the ranks of our organisation would be guilty of participating in the few cases which, we are sorry to say, have been authenticated. No injustice in the power of Irish landlordism to perpetrate upon our people could justify in the least degree the unfeeling brutality which inflicts injuries or suffering upon harmless and defenceless animals in revenge for the wrongs committed by their owners. . . . Agents of the Associated Press throughout the country are known to have manufactured outrages near their districts in order to turn them to account in obtaining money by feeding the criminal appetite of English readers."

Cattle-maiming was never "part of a deliberate policy" in Nationalist Ireland. It was always an exceptional form of crime, and never either typical or general among Irish Nationalists. In the year 1880—your contributor's "twenty-seven years ago"—Mr. W. E. Forster, the Liberal Chief Secretary, and perhaps, the greatest outrage-monger who was ever sent to Ireland, was able to discover exactly 101 cases of maiming cattle. Now, in England, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor reminds us, in "The Parnell Movement," there had been 2,726 convictions for cruelty to animals in 1877, and 3,533 convictions in 1878. In the single month of November in the year 1880 itself, there were 323 of these convictions—more by three times than the number of outrages upon animals that had been brought to the light in Ireland during the entire year. But I need not labour the point. Anyone who has mixed with Irish Nationalists knows very well the spirit in which they regard cattle-maiming and similar horrors.

Forgive me for claiming so much of your space, but your contributor seemed so hopelessly at sea in relation both to the central principle and to the character of Irish Nationalism, that I thought it only humane to come to his rescue.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LYND.

[When we referred to the "vital cause" of Irish discontent, we rather meant the substantial cause, arising from this or that consequence of the English government of Ireland. We by no means meant to imply that that government was not at the root of the evil.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THREE Kings have come to Bethlehem
With a trailing star in front of them.

Mary.

What would you in this little space
You three bright Kings?

Kings.

Mother, we tracked the trailing star
That brought us here, where oxen are,
And we would look on his dear face
Round whom the Seraphs fold their wings.

Mary.

But who are ye, bright Kings?

Caspar.

Caspar am I: the rocky North
From storm and silence sent me forth
Down to the blue and tideless sea.
I do not fear the tinkling sword,
For I am a great battle Lord
And love the horns of chivalry.
And I have brought thee splendid gold,
The strong man's joy, refined and cold:
All hail, thou Prince of Galilee.

Chorus of Angels.

All hail, thou Prince of Galilee,
For God shall give thee victory.

Balthazar.

I am Balthazar, Lord of Ind,
Where blows a little scented wind
From Taprobane toward Cathay.
My children, who are very wise,
Stand by a tree with shutten eyes,
And seem to meditate or pray.
And these red drops of Frankincense
Betoken man's intelligence.
Hail, Lord of Wisdom, Prince of Day.

Chorus of Angels.

O rosy fountain of the day
Thou hast revealed the hidden way.

Melchior.

I am the dark man, Melchior,
And I shall live but little more,
For old am I, and feebly move.
My Kingdom is a burnt-up land
Half buried by the drifting sand,
So hot Apollo glares above.
What could I bring but simple myrrh
White blossom of the cordial fire?
Hail, Prince of Souls, and Lord of Love.

Chorus of Angels.

O Prince of Souls and Lord of Love,
O'er thee the purple-breasted dove
Shall watch with open silver wings,
Thou King of Kings.
*Suaviolu' flos Virginum
In gremio est rex gentium.*

"Who art thou, little King of Kings?"

His wondering mother sings.

JAMES FLECKER.

Reviews.

THE CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE.*

IN one of his letters to a Sunderland working-man Ruskin describes the impression made on him by some Japanese jugglers. "The Japanese masks," he says, "like the frequent monsters of Japanese art, were inventively frightful, like fearful dreams; and whatever power it is that acts on human minds, enabling them to invent such, appears to me not only to deserve the term 'demoniacal,' as the only word expressive of its character, but to be logically capable of no other definition." That, no doubt, is a one-sided criticism. Since those words were written we have learnt to appreciate other aspects of Japanese art, its decorative sensibility, its emotional intensity, its delicate and refined manipulation. And yet to most readers, I think, who turn over the pages of Mr. Joly's very sumptuous and splendid work on Japanese legends as recorded in Japanese art, Ruskin's words will recur, perhaps, as representing a view of this matter which, however much we may qualify it, cannot be entirely overlooked. For in the vast amount of legendary lore which the Japanese imagination has put together, and which Mr. Joly has collected, there is to be found almost nothing save motives of complicated and ingenious horror. The pathos, the sentiment, which mingle with and beautify the legends of the Western barbaric age are for the most part wanting here; nor have these tales of violence, conflict, and cruelty any of that boisterous and exuberant quality which, as in the West, mark them as the outcome of mere inordinate physical vitality. Instead of this we have a patient, assiduous, cold-blooded dwelling of the mind on horrible and revolting conceptions. "Fearful dreams" is indeed the very phrase which best describes many of these tales, and we should almost think, as we glance from one to another of them, that the Japanese imagination dwelt habitually in a kind of nightmare. The reader will remember those ghastly effigies with tusked mouths and flaming eyes, gods of the nether world, as depicted in the illustrated papers at the time of the late war, which used to accompany the Japanese armies on their march. What human nature can see in such creations to satisfy, delight, and encourage it to face death must remain to the Western mind an enigma, but a large number of the illustrations in the present book have the same characteristics, or even more revolting ones. Masks, which form the readiest and most obvious means of indulging a taste for the distorted and grotesque, have always appealed to the Japanese fancy, and war masks made of iron and lacquered inside with red were an indispensable part of the accoutrements of a warrior. Many pages of examples of these frightful masks are given in Mr. Joly's book, and compose an assemblage of which the bestial malignity gives one a shudder of aversion and disgust.

But in all this, though there is little perhaps to attract and please, there is much to excite interest and curiosity, for it cannot be without strong feelings of interest that we approach and study a subject in which is stored up so much of the inner life and most intimate feelings and impulses of a race to which we are so closely drawn, yet from which we are so deeply separated, as the Japanese. Mr. Joly has carried out his design of collecting, explaining, and illustrating Japanese popular beliefs, legends, customs, and folklore in a manner only possible in one who for years has worked at the subject for his own pleasure and to satisfy his own love of research. The book is admirably and profusely illustrated, and to anyone desirous of groping towards some sort of comprehension of the Japanese mind and character it offers a perfect mine of information, and information of a really illuminating and intimate kind. That the first feelings which we derive from it are rather of increased estrangement than growing intimacy is only what the most cursory knowledge of the subject would have led us to expect. Many gifts Japanese art possesses, not the least striking of which is an imaginativeness so vivid that it may almost be called a possession. But that reasonableness, that sense of an underlying order and purpose in

all things, that great gift of, in a word, sanity, which is the main characteristic of the art of the West, Japanese art does not possess, and for this reason it will always probably fail to give any very great pleasure to, and be with difficulty received by, Western races.

And yet, when we come to make acquaintance with the Japanese, not in their imaginative vagaries, but in their daily lives; when we turn over, that is to say, the admirable pages in which Mr. Clive Holland has recorded the results of his intimate experience of the people and their country, then indeed our previous impressions of a something wanting, or ill-proportioned, in the Japanese character are dispelled by the gifts of kindness and simplicity which so evidently belong to them. Mr. Holland is to be congratulated on the book he has written. It has the right merits in the right proportions. His regard for the Japanese is the result of no cursory and superficial acquaintance, but of real knowledge, and a grave and steady intimacy. His style is undisfigured by the slightest tendency to that sentimental gush which is so common a trait in modern literature. There is not an affected expression in the book. It opens with a chapter or two on the history, the national spirit, the religious and ancient shrines of Japan, and then, on this foundation, in successive chapters of equal vivacity and charm, it proceeds to build up a representation of Japanese life in the present time in all its varied manifestations, and of the instincts and ideas that underlie that life. The Japanese home and home-life, the affection lavished on babies and little children, the many beautiful or pathetic festivals, manners and social customs, life in cities, the lives of the peasantry and the farmers, Japanese agriculture, trade and commerce, modern tendencies and the future outlook—such are the topics on which Mr. Holland dwells, and which he handles in turn with the ease that is born of experience and sympathy. And how unlike, one cannot but think, how unlike and how infinitely more attractive, is the Japanese as we see him here, sturdy and strong in character, yet with manners so simple and a heart so kind, to the shadowy glimpse we had of him in the creations of his imagination. Towards the end of the book occurs a passage describing the flowering of the plum trees at Kamedo, which, we are told, draws crowds from every tiny street in Tokyo to drink in the beauty of the sight. These flower-laden trees "are sure of their worshippers, who will fasten poetical tributes to the beauty of the blossoms, written on tiny strips of paper, to the gnarled and ancient branches." We may perhaps correct what there is repellant to us in Japanese emblems and symbols by this picture of a Japanese crowd turning out in spontaneous pleasure to do homage to the "honourable flowers."

HUMANITY AND THE ABSOLUTE.*

WE are not quite sure that Mr. Frederic Harrison does justice to himself or his philosophy in his title. "Common sense" in philosophy is apt to be associated with a somewhat impatient dogmatism. It too often represents the abandonment of analysis and the tendency to fall back on the first crude statement of a problem for its solution. In particular it is one way of exalting science with its certainties, its triumphs of power, its steady onward march, at the expense of the dimness, the gropings, the tendency to revolve endlessly round the same problems which it attributes to metaphysics. But modern science has long since betrayed common sense. The physicist's conception of the material universe is as far removed from that of the plain man as Berkeley's. Science no less than metaphysics postulates that taking to pieces and rebuilding of conceptions which is the essential process of the metaphysician. But of all this Mr. Harrison is perfectly aware. Indeed, the central conception of his whole system, the idea of humanity, is essentially a metaphysical, not a common-sense conception. Humanity as conceived by common sense is the aggregate of men and women, an aggregate which as an aggregate no one could worship. As conceived by Positivism it is rather the Being formed by the mutual interaction of all that is noble, wise, and good in the limited and faulty individuals physically separate and morally often

* 1. "Legend in Japanese Art." By Henri L. Joly. John Lane. 84s. net.

2. "Old and New Japan." By Clive Holland. With fifty illustrations in colour by Montague Smyth. Dent. 15s. net.

* "The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

half isolated of whom we speak as its members. It is the power directing their intelligence and shaping their ends, and yet without force or substance apart from them. It is the spirit growing to maturity in them, and through their efforts, even while it shapes their efforts and conditions their growth. So at least do we interpret the best expression of humanitarian religion to be found in this volume and in other Positivist writings, and even if the particular terms which we have used are rejected by any Positivist as metaphorical, we do not know how he is to express the conception to which his reasoning points without resort to alternative terms that would equally be open to a similar criticism.

Such a Being is no object of common sense. It is not a hard object, cut clear in its individuality from all others, capable of being seen or tracked. It is the result, perhaps only the half-wrought-out result, of a long and profound analysis. How then is it to be distinguished from the ordinary constructions of metaphysicians, and whence the polemic against metaphysics, sustained with all the writer's accustomed eloquence and trenchancy throughout this volume? The reply is that the idea of humanity is Positive, because verifiable. The ideas of metaphysics, so far as they conceive the ultimate origin or meaning of things, are unverifiable. Not but that Positivism has in a sense its own metaphysical creed. More explicitly than any recent writer so far as we are aware, Mr. Harrison associates his philosophy with the general school of Experience. But the doctrines of this school, and in particular the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge, only serve to enforce and explain the lesson of the history of thought—that the human mind is incapable of dealing with ultimate things. Our knowledge has a validity of its own. It serves our purposes. It gives us an ever-growing command of nature. But it is essentially a knowledge of phenomena, not of the reality behind phenomena. This confession of ignorance is reached by the Agnostic. But the Agnostic is contented with a negation. The Positivist thanks him for clearing the ground, but at once begins again to build upon it. There are verifiable truths, he tells us, not only concerning matter and motion, but also concerning mind and spirit. There is a spiritual world not "laid up in some place above the heavens," but discernible in the working experiences of everyday life and enlarged by all that history and science have to teach about evolution and social progress. Here is the true foundation of ethics, of religion, of poetry, and art, of all that constitutes the genuinely spiritual life. Here is the "solid mass of man's knowledge" floating in the "circumambient ether" wherein metaphysics for ever vainly attempts its futile constructions. The religion of humanity does not express final truth. It does not pretend to contain a solution for all questions that men may and do and will ask. It does pretend to give a meaning to human effort, and a form to the religious instincts which, Mr. Harrison strongly insists, belong to the most vital elements of our nature.

If Positive doctrine is the solid mass of ascertained truth that floats in infinite ether of diffused conjecture and ignorance, is it not, a critic may ask, in accordance with the nature of thought and the trend of history that such a mass may expand, or that, to vary the metaphor, fresh conquests may be made by advancing thought that will perpetually extend the limits of the ascertained, and in so doing perhaps reconstruct even our fundamental conceptions of man's own life and scope? In the abstract we take it that Mr. Harrison would be far from denying this possibility. Yet one question that it at once suggests is that of the alleged barriers to knowledge. Does the analysis of knowledge itself lay down limitations which the human mind by the law of its own constitution can never pass? Our view of the future of humanity, and in particular of human ethics and human religion, must be deeply affected by our answer to this question. But it is from beginning to end a question of metaphysics. The hope of escape from metaphysical discussions then seems, after all, illusory. Positivists cannot be content to take their stand on the work of Hume and the Mills. They must deal with all the criticism that has been directed against the Empirical philosophy, and decide whether they stand by or abandon or modify it. They may justifiably continue their crusade against certain meta-

physical positions, but they will do this most effectually not by abjuring metaphysics, but by seeking to introduce into metaphysical discussion something of the candour and detachment that belongs to the Positive method.

MR. SPENDER'S "BAGSHOT."*

MR. J. A. SPENDER is one of the few English journalists who command a real and critical audience, as distinguished from a mere mass of readers, and the example of his more deliberately formed work which lies before us will receive a wide welcome. The "Comments of Bagshot" may be read at large in the "Westminster Gazette"; read again in this concentrated shape, they enable us to realise the gifts of scholarship and intellectual refinement which sustain their writer's daily commentary on the ways of men. Those of us who know or have known what daily journalism means—and have made acquaintance with the seven devils of malice, slovenliness, evasiveness, conventionalism, confusion, cock-sureness, and cheapness of thought that sit round the editor's chair—may well rejoice to think that at least one of their craft has kept so strict a watch on their entrance into his *sanctum*. We do not say that all the writing in this little book is equally good. Here and there the author's evenness and calmness of temper appear to great advantage; there, again, they just seem to miss the mark, for want of a certain depth of feeling and sympathy. For example, we should describe the saying of Bagshot, "He who pities the whole world relieves no one," as cleverness, with an undue touch of cynicism. For pity, like all virtues, is universal, and if we take the Founder of Christianity as the type of the pitiful nature, and the mourning over Jerusalem as the great example of pitifulness, we realise how the truly affectionate nature turns from the largest humanitarian outlook to the smallest and most individual acts of compassion.

However, cynicism is far from being the prevailing strain of Mr. Spender, or rather of Mr. Spender's Bagshot. The latter is presented to us, we imagine, with intention, and with a certain sympathetic approach between his point of view and his creator's, as about the best available type of the thoughtful, cultivated, liberal-minded Englishman of the guiding class—rather sad and disillusioned, mildly distrusting the falsehood of extremes, feeling a little strange and out of place in conventional society, and yet striving all the while to acquire a certain placid reasonableness and self-contentment. Bagshot's philosophy is indeed like Mr. Spender's journalism. It is meliorist, with the qualifications which an able but not ardent observer makes concerning the artificial world in which he moves, and in which he discerns no powerful, or at least no overwhelming, moral element. It invites the world to be rather better than it is, to move sedately towards some not quite declared goal, and to exhibit on the way sweetness of temper, command of the emotions, patience with bores (otherwise known as enthusiasts), and even a half-shy hopefulness.

It is difficult to select sayings from these "Comments," whose literary form, we may add, is always good, revealing no touch of carelessness of form. But we take a few, which at least show the variety of the writer's observation of life and the true penetration of his mind:—

"The misfortune of the 'artistic temperament' is that so many people have the temperament and so few the art. We should never excuse the temperament, unless we are sure of the art.

"When the speculative man talks about his 'ideals,' the practical man talks about his 'rights.' Rights are ideals in terms of action. Man first becomes formidable in action when he conceives his ideals as his rights.

"Just as the journalist conceives of men and women as readers of newspapers, and the banker conceives of them as the possessors of cheque-books, so the doctor conceives of them as 'suffering humanity.'

"Women are much more truthful than men when they are convinced of the importance of truth, just as they are much more uncompromising than men when they are convinced of the importance of an ideal. . . . Nearly all white lies are

* "The Comments of Bagshot." Edited by J. A. Spender. Constable. 3s. 6d.

the invention of women, and nearly all great falsities the inventions of men.

"All the world is agreed about a pretty face, but there is always a minority against a beautiful face.

"He who need not worry about his wealth will almost certainly worry about his health. Cast out the fear of poverty and you let in the fear of death.

"A politician need never apologise for opportunism in action, but he should always be ashamed of compromise in thought.

"The best mind feeds all day, like the flower, from sun and air. The inferior mind needs constant meals to keep it going.

"Never display a wound—except to a physician.

"Taste, like humour, is an intermittent quality. Most of us have moods in which we are very vulgar. It is a common trick to disguise a vulgar thought in an absurd frippery of language."

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.*

It was Matthew Arnold's sympathetic criticism that made Heine known in this country, and few who followed Arnold's leading in literature have regretted it. The little Düsseldorf Jew was as possessed by the sentiment of the Middle Ages as Scott or Manzoni; and he had a medieval quality which they had not—irony, a sardonic humour, the consciousness of the grotesque. This, if strange to the revived Romanticism of the nineteenth century, was an essential attribute of the society whose life it attempted to reproduce. No church was without gargoyles expressing in half-human, half-animal shape the mocking moods of its builders; the mysteries and miracle plays provided an outlet for the cynicism which, then as now, beset those who portrayed man and surveyed, or tried to survey, life as a whole. Romanticism did not, and did not wish to, do so; hence this humour was wanting to it: the Middle Ages did, and had it to the full.

Of this humour Heine was a master; nor was this mastery affected by the undernote of suffering which was seldom silent in his best work. The sore heart is ill protected by the motley; through the shrill flutes of the orchestra the cry "I am in pain" is heard. The weird picture of the country parsonage under the autumn moon, with the dead father beckoning at the window, is an illustration; but there is hardly a poem in the collection where the discord, the note of contrast, does not appear.

"My songs are full of poison—
How else, then, could it be?
Thou hast poured a deadlier poison
O'er life's fresh flowers for me.

My songs are full of poison—
How else, then, could it be?
I carry snakes in my bosom,
And thee, my beloved one—thee!"

With him the tear and the smile are near neighbours. "Ich kann meine eigenen Schmerzen nicht erzählen, ohne dass die Sache komisch wird."

Heine invites and defies translation: the first by his spontaneity, the second by the personal touch which gives this spontaneity a form which it is impossible to reproduce. The experiment has been tried often enough with indifferent success; and it can scarcely be said that Mr. Todhunter has improved to any perceptible extent on Sir Theodore Martin. Be the translator who he may, few who have not read the "Buch der Lieder" in the original will appreciate it in an English dress; on the other hand, to those who know the text a new rendering recalls something of the incomparable charm of that melodious, pathetic, despairing book. It is perhaps as happy as such an attempt can hope to be; which, after all, is not saying much. Here, as elsewhere, something essential has been lost, something foreign brought in. Heine, for all his apparent naturalness, is a master of style. There is neither too much or too little; invariably he has "le mot juste." This balance, precision, harmony, call it what we will, disappears in a translation; it may be caught for a moment, but the completeness is evanescent and cannot be sustained. Take, for instance, "Konig Wiswamitra."

"And all for a paltry cow,"

errs by putting into words what

"Und alles für eine Kuh,"

*"Heine's Book of Songs." Translated by John Todhunter. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net; or, India paper, 4s. 6d.

says without saying; the Lorelei does not give up her open but unspoken secret in such lines as—

"It seizes with wildest longing
The boatman unawares;
Black reefs round his boat are thronging,
He sees not, as upward he stares.

At last the wild waters upspringing,
Boat, boatman, whelm—in my thought;
And this with her siren singing,
The Lorelei hath wrought."

To show just the thing in Heine which is untranslatable, let us put, in one instance, the text and the rendering side by side.

"Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein:
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold."

It is flawless, exquisite, a liquid, clear-cut gem. Now for the translation.

"Sweet as a flower thou seemest,
So pure and fair thou art,
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals gently into my heart.

I long to lay on thy forehead
My hand, as I feel 'twere meet,
Praying that God will preserve thee
As pure and fair and sweet."

This is good verse; telling and appreciative. But the life is gone. A translator, perhaps, does his work best when he sends his readers to the original. If Mr. Todhunter does this, neither he nor they will have reason to complain.

THE KING OF MOUNTAINS.*

IF it is a worthy thing to write a book about a man, how much more worthy to write about a mountain—so much more enduring, so much nobler, so much nearer to "Heaven our home"! But if any mountain deserves a biography, then the Matterhorn above all others—that mighty pillar of rock, so mysterious and so solitary, so long unconquered, so terrible even in its conquest! Custom cannot stale the Matterhorn; not even our own age spoil its infinite variety. Ropes have chained it, and in fine summers its summit—so curiously large for so precipitous a peak—is the meeting-place of nations. But still it rears its majestic head, unaffected by the little scramblings of mortal man. Like some noble beast, it seems to tolerate rather than to submit. Beneath that air of mild submission there still dwell, only surface deep, all the fierce passions of the elemental in nature. At your peril do you make light of the Matterhorn. Every now and again some sudden outbreak of rage makes it clear that that mountain, so immense, so steep, so terribly exposed to storm and wind, can never really be tamed. Those who know it best fear it the most.

The great work of Signor Guido Rey forms a companion volume to Mr. C. E. Mathews' book on Mont Blanc; and Mr. Fisher Unwin has added one more to his many services to the mountains and mountaineers by asking Mr. Eaton to translate it. Rey's prose, very noble and beautiful in Italian, is a little dithyrambic for Englishmen, but Mr. Eaton has done his work with restraint and judgment. The interest of the book to English climbers will be that it forms a companion volume to Mr. Whymper's famous "Scrambles Among the Alps." Mr. Whymper tells the story of the Matterhorn from the English point of view; Signor Rey from the Italian. The Southern writer describes that famous race for the summit in 1865 from the south side, of which we hear little in Whymper. Readers of the "Scrambles" will just vaguely remember that there was an Italian party, under Carrel, trying to reach the summit from the Italian side at the same time. With English conceit, they will probably have gone away with the impression that the Italian attack was a much inferior performance. But climbers know that there is little to choose in point of difficulty between the ascents, and it was

*"The Matterhorn." By Guido Rey. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

probably only excess of confidence on the part of the Italians, combined with the glaring imprudence of the Englishmen, that led Whymper to snatch his costly victory. Looking back on it all now, we can recognise the valour of both parties in this glorious strife, and Englishmen can readily, after these years, acknowledge Italians as comrades and equals in mountaineering achievement.

The story thrills in every episode. We see the rivals, Giordano and Whymper, glaring at one another in the passages of the same hotel, watching one another's movements, almost tracking one another's footsteps. We see the guide Carrel going over to the side of the Italians, and preparing his attack on the mountain with indomitable skill and patience. Then Whymper awakes to his danger, and suddenly rushes off to the Swiss side, seizes hold of anyone who has a guide, scrapes together that amazing party of raw youths and amateurs, and launches that extraordinary surprise attack which succeeded only too well. Three days before the victory the Italian writes:—

"I have tried to keep everything secret, but that fellow, whose life seems to depend on the Matterhorn, is here, suspiciously prying into everything. I have taken all the competent men away from him, and yet he is so enamoured of this mountain that he may go up with others and make a scene. He is here, in this hotel (Breuil Hotel), and I try to avoid speaking to him."

That was on July 11th. Three days later "that fellow," in spite of all his defeats, had gained his victory. Rather than be beaten by his loss of guides, he had taken with him to the top of the mountain a lord, a parson, and a youth, and, with the help of their guide, vanquished the impossible. On July 14th the Italian thought that Carrel had conquered, but on the 15th he discovered his mistake:—

"Whymper, after all, gained the victory over the unfortunate Carrel. Whymper, as I told you, was desperate, and seeing Carrel climbing the mountain, tried his fortune on the Zermatt slope. Everyone here, and Carrel above all, considered the ascent absolutely impossible on that side; so we were all easy in our minds. . . . Yesterday Carrel might have reached the top, and was perhaps only about 500 or 600 feet below, when suddenly, at about 2 p.m., he saw Whymper and the others already on the summit."

Carrel, heartbroken at his defeat, beat a momentary retreat, and it was only on a subsequent day that his Italian master rallied him to a second attempt, and, on that occasion, to victory. It was not, strangely enough, until after that victory had been secured, that the Italians heard news of the disaster to Whymper's party.

So far for the victory of the Matterhorn. But Signor Rey is a great climber himself—one of the most daring of that group of climbers that have sprung up in Italy during the past quarter of a century, and have increased so rapidly under royal encouragement and favour. The House of Savoy have always been a family of mountaineers—and now Italy can join with Austria and England in a sort of mountaineering Triple Alliance. Signor Rey supplements the history of the Matterhorn with an account of his own daring ascents—his first ascent by the ordinary route, his climb up the Zmutt ridge, his amazing attempt, astounding even in its failure, on the Furggen ridge. Since Mummery's wonderful book, there has not been a more brilliant account of a great ascent than Signor Rey's description of his climb up that ridge. Sitting at home, one feels dizzy at the mere reading of the narrative. One seems to feel all the sensations of high mountains—the exhilaration of height, the sudden terror of the slip, the awful loneliness of the precipice face. One lives again those solemn moments when joy is so strangely interwoven with fear and the vividness of life with the presence of death. It is a great mountaineering book.

THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON.*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS once asserted that "a picture must not only be done well; it must seem to have been done easily." Judged by this standard, Dr. Gregory's volume is a masterpiece. No trace of laboured work or tedious process can be found in its five hundred pages. The book gives one the impression of having been written out of full

knowledge, with the deliberate ease of a scholar who has mastered the wide fields of his particular subject. German idioms occur now and then, although one hesitates whether the Fatherland or the United States should be credited with a sentence like this: "The thought that Justin did not know our Gospels, but used apocryphal ones, finds a very good blocking-off in a single passage" (p. 94). But the volume, taken as a whole, is English and not German. It is popular and impressionist rather than thorough-going. Dr. Gregory caters for the reader who has no Greek; he cheerfully ignores the thickets of intricate detail which are apt to preoccupy the technical scholar in a German university.

The first half of the book, which traces the history of the canon down to Theodore of Mopsuestia, has little or nothing that is startling in the way of special criticism. The author's strong point is his common sense, and this comes out with particular force in his treatment of what may be termed the radical and the conservative schools. The former are taken to task for handling early Christianity and its traditions in too documentary a fashion. Dr. Gregory enters a wise protest against this un-historical notion. His general attitude towards the function of tradition in the primitive age is sound. "If we are scientific enough," he pleads (p. 162), "to consider the whole growing Church, from Jerusalem and Antioch to Ephesus and Smyrna and Thessalonica and Corinth and Rome and Vienne and Lyons in Gaul, and to conjure up to ourselves the occasional Christian societies in countless places between,—if we consider this large field, and I shall not now say the possibility, but the necessity of there having been many men and women of seventy and eighty, and some men and women of ninety overlapping each other, we shall be ready to concede that the cause of Christian tradition has not been in the least a frail and weak passage from Paul to Irenæus, from John to Clement of Alexandria." True, but there was tradition and tradition. Dr. Gregory might have noticed, to prevent any misconception on the part of the general reader, the obvious tendencies to fanciful embroidery which are patent as early as Irenæus. On the other hand, he makes short work of cut-and-dry theories about verbal inspiration and a fixed canon. As he points out, for the benefit of the conservative Christian, there is no basis for the prevalent idea that "in some mysterious way during the second century the spirit of God gathered precisely our New Testament, from Matthew to Revelation, into one single volume, and that since that time the whole Christian Church has held fast to just this book." "I believe that God watched over every step in the paths of the early Christians, but He had no thought of this theory of inspiration and of canon." (p. 294.)

The latter half of the book discusses the text of the New Testament with a view to the needs of a general reader. Dr. Gregory does not take much for granted in his audience. Like John Bright in his speeches, he is not afraid to be elementary, and he has the fortunate faculty of conveying masses of useful information in quite an attractive way. The best part of his work is the opening account of the material conditions of the primitive text. The closing part is too casual and colloquial to be of real service. Dr. Gregory comments justly upon the apathy of the Roman Catholic Church towards the Latin text (p. 413). Three centuries have passed since the Clementine vulgate appeared, yet no good edition of the text has been issued by the Roman Church, for all its vast libraries and resources. Perhaps Father Gasquet's new movement will wipe away this reproach.

We have received from Messrs. Black copies of the indispensable "Who's Who" (10s. net), and its companion volume, "Who's Who Year Book for 1908" (1s. net). It is superfluous to speak in praise of either of these volumes, both of which are standard books of reference. We have also received "The Liberal Year Book for 1908" (Liberal Publication Department, 1s. net), and "The Reformers' Year Book" (Reformers' Press, 4, Clement's Inn, 1s. net), both useful annuals. The first-named is quite indispensable to Liberal politicians, and care, accuracy, and knowledge are its distinguishing features.

*"The Canon and Text of the New Testament." By Caspar René Gregory, D.D., LL.D. The International Theological Library. T. & T. Clark. 12s.

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No great historic figure of the nineteenth century, except perhaps Garibaldi, can compete with Abraham Lincoln in the grandeur of the part played in a great national drama, and Lincoln was in the richness of his humanity a greater man than Garibaldi. For America he stands out not merely as a "saviour of his country" but as a new American type, as far sundered from the cultured puritan of Massachusetts as the latter was from the transplanted English squires who won independence in the eighteenth century and made a nation. Lincoln stood for the emergence of the new West. Born of Quaker stock in Kentucky, his father a carpenter, bred in Indiana and spending all his early manhood in Illinois, then a Western frontier state, he condensed in his character and career all the best qualities of intellect and heart which are even to-day found most abundantly in the great Mississippi valley, and which may save America again if she requires it. Mr. Binns does for English readers just what is wanted. In a lucid and convincing sketch,* not cumbered with entanglement of detail, he shows the great unwieldy figure of this raw, half-educated youth, farmer, postmaster, saloon keeper, surveyor, country attorney, gradually shouldering his way to the front of public affairs in the Western State, while the great clouds were gathering for the storm of the Secession. These were the times when events moved swiftly, and reputations ripened with corresponding speed. It was therefore no matter for real wonder that this giant "rail-splitter," with his wit and energy, found himself at forty pitted against the foremost statesmen of the land, and moving towards the highest office in the Republic.

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We have here not merely a biography of the foremost American negro of the last generation by the foremost negro of the present,† but a vivid history of the relations of the white and black races from the opening of the anti-slavery movement up to the close of last century. The opening scenes of Southern slavery show not so much the inhumanity of "the system" as the haphazard, almost chaotic, conditions of its operation upon the life of the individual slave liable to pass from hand to hand and from one fate to another by the higgling of the market. As we read the exciting story of young Frederic's escape to Philadelphia, we realise the evil wisdom of the penalties attached by the slave-owning states to the crime of "educating" negroes. The utter ignorance of the blacks was essential to the maintenance of slavery.

Douglass found himself an escaped negro in the North just at the period when Garrison and his friends were beginning their crusade in Massachusetts, and when the Vig-

lance Committee had organised the Underground Railway by which in secrecy the coloured refugees could pass from the land of bondage to that of liberty. Courage, character, and an uncommon gift of eloquence brought Douglass quickly to the fore, and a peculiarly tough physique enabled him to survive the rough and often brutal treatment accorded to reformers in the early years of the great conflict. His agitation was carried on amid constant risk of capture, for as late as 1850 the Fugitive Slave Act, followed by the Dred Scott decision, enabled the slave owner to pursue his prey through all the "free" states and carry him back to slavery. Twice for long periods Douglass had to flee to England, where he did more than any other man to sow the seeds of sympathy with his oppressed race. He was with John Brown just before the historic incident of Harper's Ferry, and when war began he threw all his energy into a vindication of the rights of negroes to serve in the Federal Army, a step probably essential to the final victory of the North. The chapters dealing with the early problems of reconstruction should be read by all who are so ready to condemn the hasty policy of entrusting negroes with a franchise which by education and intelligence they were not competent to use. Abuses of a very grave order certainly arose, but before condemning outright the policy adopted by the North we must remember that it was designed to meet a deliberate endeavour of the ex-Slave State to re-establish slavery by various sorts of crooked legislation. Whatever course had been taken, an age of waste, corruption, and disorder was bound to follow such a war. A vote has not indeed proved a very efficacious weapon of protection against the power of a dominant race, but political liberty is an essential condition of economic liberty. Douglass indeed lived to a prosperous and honoured old age, and there is even a sense of completeness about his personal career. But the real liberation of the negro remains to-day the gravest moral task confronting the American nation. Lincoln and the Civil War have only done half the work.

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PROFESSOR COMMONS, one of the ablest political thinkers in America, publishes opportunely this new edition of his work upon Proportional Representation,‡ adding, among other new matter, an extremely interesting discussion of the Referendum and the Initiative, considered as remedies for corruption and inefficiency in municipal politics. The form of Proportional Representation favoured by the author is less simple than that advocated in this country by Lord Courtney and others, in that it is based upon a retention and official recognition of the "ticket" or party. Professor Commons, erroneously in our judgment, thinks party and elections conducted on group lines to be indispensable to the working of free government. It is curious that in a country where the structure of parties has undergone such revolutionary changes this feeling should prevail. It must be remembered, however, that for many decades the party ticket has received official recognition in all pollings, and that public provision is made for party action through the various grades from the ward "primary" to the National Convention. The method of Proportionate Representation here preferred works in the following way. Each voter in a district has as many votes as there are persons to be elected, and these he can distribute as he chooses, giving no more than one vote to any candidate. The vote he gives counts both for the individual and for the "ticket" to which the individual belongs. In counting, the first thing to be determined is the number of seats to which each "ticket" is entitled; this is decided by the proportions of the aggregate votes cast for members of the several tickets. When the number of seats to which a ticket is entitled has been ascertained, the particular persons upon that ticket who have got the largest number of individual votes obtain these seats. While no system is perfect, we are disposed to think this is far more imperfect than the simple method of "one man one vote with an order of preference" which is being urged in this country. Indeed, the imperfection is admitted by Professor Commons, and is entirely due to his ill-advised attempt to blend individual with party voting.

‡ "Proportional Representation." By John R. Commons. Macmillan.

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THREE IRISH AUTHORS.*

IN "The Northern Iron" Mr. Birmingham puts aside for awhile the examination of modern Irish life, which he essayed in "The Seething Pot" and other of his novels, and endeavours to re-create for us the terror-stricken atmosphere of the Irish rebellion of '98 in Antrim. Truth to say, though his story is picturesque and well constructed, it is not nearly so convincing as Mr. William Buckley's "Croppies Lie Down." And this is partly due to the fact that many of Mr. Birmingham's characters, the hero, Neal Ward, and his friends, Lord Dunseveric and Maurice and Una St. Clair, and his Irish-American uncle, Donald Ward, are modern men dressed up in the clothes of '98. Though the author has studied the political life and passions of the period, he has been unable to create figures really typical of Ulster society, and his informer, James Finlay, and the insurgent chief, James Hope, and even the brutal Captain Twinely of the Killulta Yeomanry, are not cunningly individualised. Mr. Birmingham indeed fails in artistic subtlety, though his novel may be read with some profit and pleasure by English people who, while afraid to face the savage reality of "Croppies Lie Down," are apt to complain of the "irreconcilable Irish patriotism." We English forget that our grandfathers saw the horrors of the great famine of '46, while our great-great-grandfathers took sides in that deplorable struggle in '98 which filled the cup of Irish bitterness, after the bright hopes of Grattan's Parliament had come to nought. But we should not forget if our grandfathers and their fathers' fathers had been the sufferers.

In "Cambia Carty and Other Stories" Mr. William Buckley has brought together a number of tales which touch on different sides of the Irish character. The strongest and best is the study of Cambia, the net-maker's daughter, a cool, beautiful girl, who keeps M. Florimel, the wily mate of the "Ariane," a French brig, on tenter hooks till she can extract an "hon'r'ble" proposal of marriage out of him. M. Florimel has had considerable experience of love affairs in European seaports, but he meets his match in the Irish girl, who parries all his attacks, saying on one occasion significantly: "Trust you, is it? Faith, I will, as far as I can throw a dead horse." And at last the Frenchman, carried away by passion, intimates an hour before his ship sails, that "there would be a priest and a ring." But Cambia will have no hole-and-corner work. "What would me father say? Sure, he'd kill me, and no wonder too. Sure, who ever heard of the like?" So M. Florimel betrothes himself, swearing he will soon be back. Cambia, to keep her hand in in his absence, tries her feminine arts on Pat Carroll, the man who really loves her, and when the fisherman proposes marriage she tells him that he is too late. Winter comes, and when a foreign ship is driven wrecked in a storm on Youghal bar, Cambia learns that not only is M. Florimel on board, but that he has with him his newly-wedded Italian wife! The psychological study of Cambia's dramatic interview with the faithless Frenchman is as capitably done as the description of the shipwreck. Another clever story is "Stephanie de Liancourt," in which

the true thrill of awe in face of the supernatural is communicated to the reader; and no less excellent is the touching and restrained sketch of an Irish peasant, in "Shamrocks" who is forced, by family poverty, to let the girl he loves emigrate to America, where she dies before he can scrape enough money together to recall her as his wife. Mr. Buckley shows such a variety of emotional tone that we trust he will set seriously to work and produce another historical novel of the importance of "Croppies Lie Down."

The same note of the pathetic efforts of the Irish peasant to keep his family together on a small holding is struck by Mr. Stephen Gwynn in two of his stories, "The Grip of the Land," and "Splendide Mendax." In the latter, old Nancy Lafferty, on receiving a letter from her emigrant daughter, Mary Jane, to the effect that she can no longer be certain of sending the monthly four dollars to her mother now that the baby has come and "George objects," gets a neighbour to write and report that "ould Nancy" is dead. "Sure, I'm not for making trouble betwixt Mary Jane and her husband," says the old creature, and when Mary Jane writes back a sorrowful letter saying that she "would rather have yellow meal brochans in Dunfanaghy nor ham and wine in New York," Nancy only repeats "Sure that had to come to her soon or late, and now it's over and there'll be no ill will with her husband." But when the old woman, as one dead, is cut off from all news of her daughter and her child, she grows gradually dazed, and, as the narrator puts it, "the heart's dead in her this two year." Equally significant is the companion story "The Grip of the Land," in which Johnny, the grown-up son of Robert Corscadden, an Ulster farmer of "thirty acres of cold sour land," is only kept from emigrating to Texas by the refusal of Mary McCormick, his sweetheart, to hear of his leaving the old people. "And do you think, Robert," she says, "we might never rise if we went out yonder, and might never think long, and the ones that reared us toiling and slaving here and us not helping them?" The self-denial of the old father, Robert, and of the old mother, Mary, is subtly indicated, and may stand as a type of the heartbreaking bitterness in hundreds of thousands of humble Irish homes which have seen the sons' and daughters' enforced emigration beyond the Atlantic. Another good story is "St. Brigid's Flood," in which the marvellous curse of Biddy O'Hea on Mike O'Hanlon and his family comes unexpectedly to roost. Biddy's character has been taken away by Mike O'Hanlon, "true or false," and, having spirit in her, she "makes a journey in her bare feet to the Holy Well, and with each Five Paternosters and 'Hail Mary's' and the prayer to Saint Brigid, she prays for the suffocation of Mike O'Hanlon and all his family." And her prayer is answered. In "A Reconciliation," the author gives a good picture of the household of a degenerate Irish gentleman, Captain Despard, a picture which we imagine aptly symbolises the downward course of many an Anglo-Irish family of good blood that, four generations ago, ruled the roast in the four provinces. In conclusion, we may add that a perusal of the three volumes before us points to the conclusion of the main body of modern writers on Ireland, viz., that English rule of Irish affairs is and must be a disaster because it acts as a screen between conflicting sections in the nation, intensifying class differences and the antagonisms of rival religious sects. In England the differences of party, creed, and class are bound to meet and compromise in action, but so long as the English Executive remains the overruling power in Irish affairs, so long will Ireland's economic, social, and political differences never be brought to a head and adjusted in the interests of the main body of the people.

* "The Northern Iron." By George A. Birmingham. (Dublin: Maunsel and Co., Ltd. 6s.)

"Cambia Carty." By William Buckley. (Dublin: Maunsel and Co., Ltd. 6s.)

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NOVELS WITH AND WITHOUT A PURPOSE.

(1) In "The Convert" Miss Elizabeth Robins has produced what the Germans term a *Tendenz-Roman*. As a matter of fact, there is much more of tendency than romance in these strenuous pages. Even the most complete sympathiser with Woman's Suffrage may find interminable reports of Trafalgar Square meetings somewhat oppressive when regarded as fiction. In her enthusiasm for her cause, Miss Robins has somewhat forgotten the artist in the propagandist; there is next to no plot in "The Convert" and there is surprisingly little character-drawing. Those who remember the deep humanity and grim realism of "The Magnetic North," turn the leaves of its successor disconsolately, encountering statistics in place of incident, and argument instead of drama. Vida Levering, the "convert," is the only character given with much detail, and the final working out of her early sin forms the climax of the book. Yet this one episode of human passion has to be twisted into an argument for woman's political freedom. The author does not make it quite clear how the possession of the vote would have guarded Vida against the fall which was due to an unhappy love and her own weakness. Doubtless, fuller equality, a hold on life's larger issues, might save many a woman from being made a victim to men's desires; but ethics and logic are alike somewhat distorted in the effort to make Vida Levering's love story point a political moral. The book is full of trenchant reasoning, of earnest thought, but, in spite of the author's evident conviction, it lacks wholly that vitalizing passion which transformed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from an anti-slavery tract into a human drama and a moving force in the affairs of the world.

(2) We have not to dread the vestige of a moral or a purpose in "Major Vigoureux," yet, for all its fantastic irony, there is spiritual struggle and conquest in "Q's" quaint romance. Very winning, in its subdued humour and half-mocking pathos, is the story of Major Vigoureux at his forgotten post, with his absurd little garrison and superannuated defences. Here we have "Q," not in his adventurous but his whimsical mood. There is not much incident in the tale, but there are delightful pictures of the lonely islands off the Cornish coast; there is much clear-cut characterisation and a fragrance of freakish love.

(3) The days are gone in which we looked to Mr. Marion Crawford for sincere and strenuous work. "Arethusa" is a picturesque story, full of love and adventure, told with the facile skill of the practised craftsman. Yet, in this drama of fourteenth-century Constantinople there was scope for deeper passion and more convincing conflict than any which Mr. Crawford has set forth. The well-told tale does not strongly stir the pulses for all its hair-breadth escapes, nor touch the heart, despite its surrender to love. It is thankless to quarrel with so vivid a romance, but the author of "Greifenstein" and "Sant' Ilario" is to blame if "Arethusa" be judged by a too exacting standard.

(4) Mr. Stanley Weyman would be the first to confess that "Laid up in Lavender" can lay little claim to serious treatment. The handful of stories gathered up from old magazines was scarce worth the redeeming. Some of them are but average magazine fiction; one or two have good motives, rather carelessly handled; one—"The Body Birds of Court"—is a clever bit of grim humour. Take it all in all, the stories do not repay the laying up or the bringing forth.

(5) In "Lisheen" we return to the domain of the problem novel. The motive is extremely simple: Bob Maxwell, a young Irish landowner, influenced by Tolstoi and kindred theorists, is stung by the mockery of his acquaintances into accepting a wager binding him to live for a year as a peasant among peasants. Most of the book deals with his experiences during his masquerade, especially at the farm of Owen McAuliffe. There is much sympathetic portrayal

of Irish life, and Maxwell himself—with his dreams and disillusionings, and gallant endeavour—is an attractive figure. But there is a curious uncertainty in Canon Sheehan's method; he is not content to give a realistic study of peasant life, nor even an idealised picture of his reformer and theorist. Wrought in with his story of Irish poverty and endurance is the melodramatic romance of Mabel, Maxwell's cousin, and Outram, with his Eastern mysteries and taint of secret leprosy. Had Canon Sheehan done less, he would—paradoxically—have accomplished more. As it is, the book leaves an impression of unreality, despite some admirable characterisation, and the charm of its Irish atmosphere.

(6) "The Awakening of Bittlesham" reads almost like a parody of the foregoing gravely intended book. Mr. Bradbury's story is comedy which verges on farce, but it is clever work of its kind. Gregory Bewstridge, with his Socialistic theories, his dream of a "return to the land," certainly does awaken the slumbrous village of Bittlesham to some purpose. The various experiments: his revival of old English sports, his valiant donning of a smock—"the ancient Saxon dress"—his town-bred enthusiasm for the "straight furrow," which he unwarily attempts to draw in practice as well as theory, all are set forth in entertaining fashion, though at times the humour tends to become a little boisterous. Perhaps "The Awakening of Bittlesham" will never be so truly appreciated as after a conscientious course of problem fiction.

XENOPHON AND OTHERS.*

SOME of these studies in the text of Xenophon and other Greek and Latin authors have already appeared in the pages of the "Classical Review." Their republication is highly gratifying to the pride of English scholarship. Mr. Richards is one of the small band of modern scholars who can be placed in the line of Bentley and Porson as emenders of corrupt texts and interpreters of hard passages. In the maps of modern educational reformers their explorations are a *terra incognita* viewed with a contempt not bred of familiarity. We are glad that Mr. Richards leaves Xenophon practically intact. The notes upon the minor works attributed to Xenophon involve many points of interest both with regard to their authenticity and to the actual usages of Attic prose, and the concluding discussion contains a noteworthy passage contrasting the style of the Orators with that of Thucydides and Plato.

The first-named used "the actual Attic speech of their time, not indeed in all its colloquial idiom and ease, but in its serious and slightly formal shape, just as Burke and Macaulay and Bright in their speeches give us the English that has really been spoken in the best English society for 100 or 150 years past." On the other hand, Thucydides was archaic, "his bent was towards singularity, and no doubt his long absence from Athens also affected his style." As for Plato, "the real Athenians of the fourth century talked even less like the interlocutors of the 'Phaedo' and the 'Phaedrus' than Englishmen of the last fifty years have conversed or made speeches in the style of 'Modern Painters' or 'Marius the Epicurean.'"

The elaborate discussions of *ἄν* followed by a future tense, and of the exact meaning of certain place adverbs cannot be dealt with here. Mr. Richards supports his arguments by a wealth of illustrations. But another theory—that many difficulties in the text of Greek authors arise from the mistake of a copyist in unconsciously repeating or anticipating a neighbouring word—is upheld by modern instances. A pupil at Oxford wrote in haste, "We are more likely to opinion a true opinion," on which Mr. Richards drily comments: "Were this Greek someone would certainly maintain that it was a good cognate accusative and that *opinion* was a verb which did not happen to occur elsewhere." But two of the instances quoted from English literature seem to be beside the mark. The double use of *knocked* in the passage from "Marius the Epicurean" is not a mistake in sense but merely in style, while in Johnson's "Life of Shenstone, 'I wish it well enough to wish it were in rhyme,' the repetition is half playful and apparently intentional.

* "Notes on Xenophon and others." By Herbert Richards, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford. E. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

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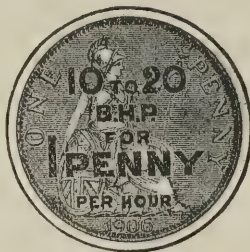
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The candidate appointed will be required to commence work after the Easter holidays, or, if possible, earlier.

Applications should be made on the official form, to be obtained together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Thursday, January 9th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

Candidates applying through the post for the form of application should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

Full particulars of appointments in the Council's service are published in the "London County Council Gazette," which can be obtained from the Council's Publishers, Messrs. P. S. King & Son, 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W., price (including postage), 1½d. an issue, or, for the year, a prepaid subscription of 6s. 6d.

G. L. GOMME.

Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,

Victoria Embankment, W.C.

November 23rd, 1907.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the appointment of an ASSISTANT MISTRESS to teach Science and Mathematics at the Hackney Secondary School, Cassland-road, S. Hackney.

The person appointed will be required to commence work not later than Easter, 1908.

The salary attaching to the post will commence at £120 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £220 a year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed if the candidate appointed has had satisfactory experience.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the Council, L.C.C. Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Monday, January 20th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

Candidates applying through the post for the form of application should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

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G. L. GOMME.

Clerk of the London County Council,

Education Offices,

Victoria Embankment, W.C.,

December 21st, 1907.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the appointment of a NON-RESIDENT ASSISTANT MISTRESS of Method at Avery Hill Training College, experienced in infant-school work.

The salary attaching to the post will commence at £130 a year, and will rise, subject to satisfactory service, by annual increments of £10, to a maximum of £170 a year.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the Council, L.C.C., Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Monday, January 20th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

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G. L. GOMME.

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December 21st, 1907.

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The Nation

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1908.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE New Year has brought the Immigration Restriction Act into force in the Transvaal, and the Indian community seems resolute in meeting it by passive resistance. Six thousand are said to have left the Transvaal already, but about seven thousand remain. Under the leadership of Mr. Gandhi, they refuse to submit to the humiliating provisions regarding registration and segregation. It is expected that the leaders will be arrested and deported, and the rank and file deprived of their trading licenses. These exceptional measures against British subjects, which we should not for a moment have tolerated had the Transvaal still been under a Republican government, naturally arouse deep resentment in India. Lord Elgin gave his assent to the Act with reluctance, on the ground that he could not over-rule the unanimous opinion of a self-governing colony. This argument overlooks the fact that autonomy on such terms carries with it rights that do not belong to actual independence. We can interfere to protect British subjects whose interests are threatened by a sovereign State; our hands are tied when the aggressor is a colony. If the idea of citizenship of the Empire does not carry with it the elementary right to travel freely and reside freely within it, it must be nearly meaningless. We are teaching Indians, by this inaction of ours, that we are not in earnest when we profess to accord to them the same civil rights as white men. Colonial autonomy must not be so interpreted as to destroy all idea of a common basis of personal rights within the Empire.

On the last day of the old year sentence was pronounced on the 169 deputies of the First Duma who signed the Viborg manifesto. With two exceptions all were condemned to three months' imprisonment and to the life-long loss of their political rights. Their bearing at the trial, especially that of Professor Muromtseff, the speaker, and M. Petrunkevitch, the veteran Zemstvo

leader, was dignified and courageous, and though it is doubtful whether the procedure was sound, the defence disdained to press technical pleas. There will be an appeal to a higher Court. The Liberal members of the present Duma, headed by M. Roditcheff arranged a touching demonstration of sympathy. With the exception of M. Stolypin's own organ, the "Rossia," the entire Russian Press sides with the deputies against the Government, describes the affair as a moral defeat for the bureaucracy, and asks why, if the deputies really endangered the safety of the State, they have received only the punishment which might have been meted out to a careless cabman. In this country, opinion, as voiced even in Conservative papers, is strongly hostile to this act of vengeance, but in France, where a new loan is being quietly prepared, the non-Socialist Press is singularly complacent towards the allied government.

* * *

LORD CURZON'S eagerness to return to the field which his interesting but unrestrained personality adorns, has been curiously displayed in a letter addressed to the Irish Peers. In this letter Lord Curzon announces himself as a candidate for the seat in the House of Lords which Lord Kilmaine's death vacates, and asks the Irish Peers to elect him as one of their "representatives." He adds the strange information that he applied for an English peerage to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and was refused. One of Lord Curzon's early acts as a member of the House of Commons was to join a movement of eldest sons of Peers, which, if it had succeeded, would have enabled him to remain in the representative House. Now he not only refuses to enter that House, a seat in which is presumably open to him, but calls on a Liberal Prime Minister to give him, a high Tory, and the author of an Indian policy of which Sir Henry disapproves, a seat in an Assembly which in a very few years, or even months, he will enter by right. The Prime Minister naturally refused to add an able Conservative to a body in which the Conservative majority stands at about ten to one. We are bound to add that Lord Curzon's leap into the ranks of the Irish representative Peers is hardly fair to them. That body consists of Irishmen, possessing Irish estates and interests. Lord Curzon, though an Irish Peer, answers to neither category. Moreover, though his need is a temporary one, he will, if elected, remain an Irish "representative" Peer for the rest of his life, and for so long will bar out a "representative" Irishman. Surely this is a straining of the Act of Union to the point of abuse. What right have the representative Irish Peers to bargain away a seat in the Lords to suit Lord Curzon's personal convenience?

* * *

THE attempt to hold the Indian National Congress at Surat in the face of the wrecking tactics of the Extremists was abandoned after the platform had been carried by Mr. Tilak on the second day, in a triumphant rush. The Moderates, who form two-thirds of the Congress, have now founded a new organisation, with colonial Home Rule under the British flag as the basis of its programme. Dr. Ghose, Mr. Gokhale, Surendranath Banerjee, and Lajpat Rai are its leaders. The three former profess themselves satisfied by the schism, which they regarded as inevitable. Lajpat Rai, who has rejected all the overtures of the Extremists to become their leader, will, however, work for a reconciliation.

The Extremists have also founded a rival and permanent organisation under Mr. Tilak and Ajit Singh.

* * *

THIS formation of two sharply divided camps in the Indian Nationalist movement might well mark the inauguration of a new policy in India. It is now possible to say definitely that two-thirds of the reform party are not merely not disloyal, but even that they are actively and positively loyal. It is obvious that many of the more ardent reform leaders have been grossly misrepresented by Anglo-Indian journalists, and misunderstood by officials. Mr. Bannerjee, for example, has usually been depicted by correspondents as the arch-contriver of sedition in Bengal. The fact that Lajpat Rai, smarting presumably under a sense of grievance, hailed from one end of India to another in popular ballads as a national hero, and invited by the extremists to lead them, has none the less joined the moderate section, is strong presumptive evidence that the suspicions of his loyalty must have been mistaken. Generous reforms on democratic lines would now assure the triumph of moderate counsels.

* * *

M. CLEMENCEAU seems this week to have abandoned finally his attitude of reserve in the Moroccan complication. General Drude has been superseded, ostensibly on grounds of health, in the command of the forces near Casa Blanca. They are to be largely increased, and General d'Amade will be authorised to penetrate indefinitely into the interior. Rumour even speaks of an expedition to Fez. In the East also the tribes near the frontier are being "pacified" on a considerable scale, disarmed, and forced to pay a heavy money indemnity. The idea behind these costly and risky movements is apparently to re-establish the nominal authority of the Sultan, who has been compelled by the success of the Pretender to become the *protégé* of France. Such a policy, if logically pursued, could only end, after a long period of conquest, in reducing him to the position of the Dey of Tunis. So far there is an absence of criticisms or commentaries in Germany. But it is disquieting to learn, on what appears to be good authority, that preparations for an eventual mobilisation are being actively made in Alsace.

* * *

THE Prime Minister appears to have made some interesting remarks to a Liberal friend who interviewed him at Biarritz and reported his conversation to the "Manchester Guardian." The Prime Minister described the situation with the cheerful *sang-froid* which belongs to him. He hinted that a settlement of the education difficulty should be solved by a measure "whose justice should be manifest to everyone." The question of the reduction of expenditure was "never absent from his mind," but, considering the difficulties arising in the war services, the people "must not expect too much." The Government would choose their own time for going to the country, after "two or three years" of effective work. The dominant issue in politics was the power of the Lords, and the most vigorous demand was for land law reform. The Licensing Bill, he hinted, would contain some recognition of the principle of local option, but would not deal with "disinterested management." The battle of the Trade would, he thought, centre in a fight on the time limit.

* * *

A POWERFUL reinforcement of the Government's temperance policy has come from the trade unions, who have issued a manifesto from the Trades Union and Labour Officials' Temperance Fellowship. It repudiates the document coming from the "National Freedom Defence League"—a body, it says, without officers or offices—in the name of the workers. It declares that licensing reform will not cause "unemployment," but "help to remedy it"; that excessive drinking is one of

the greatest obstacles to the progress of working-class movements; and that the conductors of the liquor industry, with their cynical motto, "Our trade our politics," have for the last thirty-five years used their whole electoral force against labour. The workmen are urged not to act as the catspaws of the "liquor monopoly." This document, which echoes the voice of organised labour in all countries, is signed by the leading representatives of all sections of the British Labour Party, including Mr. Burns, Mr. Burt, Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Maddison, and Mr. Philip Snowden.

* * *

MR. ARCHIBALD HURD, an Imperialist, and a thoroughly well-informed authority on naval matters, contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" an absolutely destructive criticism both of the attack on our system of naval organisation, and of the demand, now reinforced by that eccentric "pacifist," Mr. Stead, for a "forty million naval Budget." Nothing could be more striking than Mr. Hurd's description of the power and mass of the Navy as a defensive force, ready for action. We now maintain three large fleets in home waters, the Channel Fleet, an armada consisting of sixty vessels, including fourteen battleships; the Atlantic Fleet, whose base is the Irish coast; and the new Home Fleet, consisting of a practical, organised reserve, available for almost immediate service. This is Mr. Hurd's summary of the collective fighting strength of this unparalleled assembly of warships:—

"In place of eight armoured ships either at the Home ports or in British waters during only a portion of the year, we have always in British waters twenty-six battleships, fifteen armoured cruisers, thirteen protected cruisers, and fifty-four destroyers, besides submarines, accompanied by all attendant auxiliary vessels; supporting this first line are six battleships, twenty-two cruisers, and upward of 140 torpedo craft—torpedo gun boats, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines—all of them furnished with commanding officers and all the essential officers and men who live on board, and requiring only the least skilled ratings to be embarked at a couple of hours' notice to place them absolutely on a war footing."

Is there a conceivable combination of naval Powers able to meet and break down such a force as this?

* * *

THE statement of revenue for the first three-quarters of the financial year, which was issued on Tuesday, shows a falling-off of some £272,000, as compared with last year's returns, a decrease due entirely to the last quarter's decline, which undoubtedly corresponds to a falling-off in trade. One or two of the increases, such as a growth of over half-a-million in the Post Office receipts, are, we fear, due more to the passion for gambling, thinly disguised as an interest in "Limericks," than to a genuine expansion of business. The Excise, which tests the consumption of liquor, dropped rather sharply in the last quarter after showing an increase for the first six months of the year. Millionaires, who die with unpleasing irregularity, have been less plentiful than usual, and the receipts from estate duties have accordingly shrunk by £846,000. On the other hand, it looks as if Mr. Asquith would more than cover the loss of threepence on "earned" incomes by his new method of requiring the disclosure of total income on the part of those who seek abatements. From this source the Chancellor may obtain a large contribution to his new Pension Fund.

* * *

WE have made a rough estimate of the cost of the Old Age Pensions scheme which was outlined in a recent number of THE NATION, as it affects the population at different ages. It works out as follows:—

At 70	£7,759,000
At 69	£8,999,000

At 68	£10,239,000
At 67	£11,479,000
At 66	£12,719,000
At 65	£13,977,000

The scheme, it will be remembered, was based on a wage limit of ten shillings a week.

* * *

THE Bishop of Hereford, writing to the "Times," has made a striking contribution to the controversy on the new relations between the State and secondary education which Mr. McKenna's policy sets up. Speaking as an old head-master, he declared the new regulations to be "entirely reasonable" and to deserve "our grateful recognition, acceptance, and support." They were liberal on "an unprecedented scale," gave a new opportunity to the "clever children of the poor," placed the problem of religious instruction in the hands of the parents, and, on the whole, merely applied the general scheme of religious teaching which obtains in nearly all great public schools. Meanwhile, the Board of Education, in their annual report, lay stress on the fact that the new grants are intended to pave the way for free admission to the secondary establishments of a number of children coming up from the primary schools. They also propose to allow local education authorities to relax some of the rules in favour of denominational institutions which are at once efficient and necessary.

* * *

THE appointment of a civilian as Minister of War in Italy, our Rome correspondent writes, represents an important reform, not only from the military point of view, but as an indication of the direction given to the general policy of the country. Twenty years ago, the Liberal policy of entrusting the direction of the War Office and of the Naval Office to civilian Ministers was considered almost blasphemy. Then came the successful experiment in France, while in Italy, especially at the Ministry of War, the inconvenience of having a general at the head grew more and more evident every year. Each general brought with him an entirely different programme regarding organisation, armaments, tactics, discipline of the army, and special preferences for the infantry or cavalry, for the artillery or engineers, according to the force to which he belonged. Unfortunately, the general did not remain in power even long enough to apply his programme, so that no experiment could be taken as an example. But the worst drawback was the complete lack of political and parliamentary training on the part of an officer suddenly put at the head of the Ministry of War, which was thus exposed, especially in the Chamber, to all kinds of mortifying and humiliating failures. This situation led to disorder in the war administration, and to unrest among the officers. Signor Giolitti thought that this was the moment to inaugurate the system of civilian Ministers of War, and his choice of Senator Casana is singularly happy. Senator Casana, an engineer of great reputation, proved to be also an administrator of the first order during the years in which he was Mayor of Turin.

* * *

THERE is no end to the passion for Utopian communities. A body of five hundred Americans, Irishmen, Russians, and Scandinavians propose to start a communistic society in an island in the South Pacific. Each member is to contribute £60. Discontent with social conditions, or with the dullness of city life, is described as the leading motive of the emigrants. The head of the expedition, which includes butchers, shorthand writers, and composers, is a publisher, an announcement which may possibly account for the absence of authors. As a rule these societies fail because men discontented with society as it exists are not always the right persons for conducting new communities, in which the old troubles concerning love, money, and personal dignity necessarily re-appear. But the history of the

colony will be interesting. The last notable over-seas Utopia was that which sprang out of the failure of the great shearers' strike in Australia, and was conducted by Mr. Lane, one of the leaders in that struggle. It founded a colony in Paraguay, called Cosmé, which split up after a rather heroic struggle with nature and itself.

* * *

ON Monday the grave in Highgate Cemetery, in which most sensible men and women would expect to find the body of Mr. T. C. Druce, was opened in the presence of a small body of experts and lawyers, and was found to contain the remains of an "aged and bearded man." These were said to have been identified by a friend of the late owner of the Baker Street Bazaar, but a doubt has been suggested as to whether the face was bearded or whiskered. The inscription on the coffin was:

"Thomas Charles Druce, Esq.,
"Died 28th December, 1864, in his 71st year."

No steps have as yet been taken towards the abandonment of the prosecution of Mr. Herbert Druce for his statement on oath that he had seen his father's body in its coffin.

* * *

WE cannot deal with the material of the still pending charge of "blasphemy" on which a man has been committed for trial at Bow Street, especially as we do not know what the defendant said. But we are bound to remember that all such trials are essentially trials of opinions. For that reason we regret the partial clearance of the court at the magistrate's order. The Press, which was admitted, feels a natural reluctance to print violent attacks on religion, which we may suppose to have been made, and therefore the public is in the unsatisfactory position of knowing almost nothing of the ground for bringing a very old law into operation again.

* * *

THE sudden death on Tuesday of M. de Trooz, the Belgian Premier, has passed almost unnoticed in the London Press, but it can hardly fail to have an important bearing on the Congo crisis. A Clerical of a somewhat indefinite personality and Centre views, he held together a coalition Cabinet, which included reactionary Royalists as well as a Catholic Democrat so independent as M. Helleputte. It is useless to speculate on his successor, but when one remembers how long a crisis preceded the formation of the Trooz Cabinet, it is obvious that grave difficulties may arise. The clauses relative to the Crown Domain in the Congo Treaty of Annexation have induced both the Liberal groups, the Socialists, and the Catholics who follow M. Beernaert, to assume a definite attitude of hostility to the idea of annexation on any such terms, and if they vote solidly, they can defeat the Government. There is some talk of finding financial compensation for King Leopold, if he will surrender the Domain, but it is very doubtful whether a rather frugal Chamber would face such an expenditure.

* * *

THE private view of the ninth annual exhibition of the Women's International Art Club was held at the Royal Institute galleries on Thursday. In a very mixed company of exhibits the landscape painting of Mrs. Dods-Withers, the nude "Enfant au réveil" of Mdlle. Madeleine Carpentier, Miss Bethia Clarke's pastel picture of Dutch children "Going to School," Mrs. Austen Brown's colour wood-cuts, Miss Maud Beddington's imaginative conception "Echoes," and Mrs. Cayley Robinson's tempera designs, are prominently meritorious. As regards the rest, the exhibition suffers from the usual defect of large shows in so far that it includes a good deal which, without being artistically bad, is of no earthly importance to anybody.

Politics and Affairs.

A CRITICAL YEAR.

THIS year, which has opened so quietly, bids fair to develop into a stormy, critical epoch in modern politics. The quiet of to-day can deceive no one as to the difficulties and disturbances of to-morrow. We are witnessing a play in which, like most modern plays, the first two acts are but talk and preparation, leading up to the third, in which the heart of the drama is revealed. It would be unfair to summarise the first two sessions of the Reforming Parliament as entirely occupied with talk and preparation. Much effective administration has been restored in part the old Liberal traditions. Much beneficial and most necessary legislation has been dealing with problems whose consideration has been too long delayed. But it would be fair to assert that the heart of the drama is concentrated in the third act. Difficulties which could not be fairly met in the earlier time have all been relegated to this period. The Government has announced its intention of joining issue with the House of Lords in a combat which, when commenced, must be pushed to its conclusion. It has promised a scheme of Social Reform in connection with the aged poor which may excite either a great devotion or a great disappointment. It is confronted in Ireland with a situation trembling on the margin of danger, and only preserved from complete chaos by the efforts of those who believe in the reality of the Government's promises. It has guaranteed Bills on a variety of subjects, satisfying its various sectional supporters in their demand for a fair payment during the past two years by promissory notes redeemable in the present Session. So that it will start with a programme whose realisation, even with the best will in the world and no obstruction in either House, will require nearly continuous sittings from January to December. The situation is not a gloomy one. It is rather the testing of great capacities: the occasion for which previous energies have provided a training and a preparation. If the present Administration proves equal to the strain, it will go down to posterity as one of the great reforming Governments of the world.

Three main questions overshadow all others. The first is the campaign against the Lords. The second is the Old Age Pension scheme. The third is the congestion of public business. The first is definitely to begin as action superseding assertion. We are no longer to be content with academic motions of protest. The Bills which have been mutilated and slain by the Upper House during these past two years are to go back to that House again. An attempt will be made, that is to say, to ascertain if the Lords will accept the arrangement outlined in the Government scheme for enforcing the supremacy of the People as embodied in the representative Chamber. That scheme definitely recognises the possibility of considerable variations in the "second thoughts" of the Commons. The function which it leaves to the Lords is a function of far-reaching importance. They can compel the Commons to reconsider any legislation in a later Session, to delay for many months the passage of a Bill into law, during which the members of the Commons, in full communication with the electorate, may have time to ascertain how far the first attempt embodied the wishes of the electorate. In the present instance, we can

imagine that the two Scottish Bills will be returned to the Upper House practically unchanged. Political controversy, dormant this autumn in the southern, has been exceedingly vigorous in the northern half of these islands. The Small Landholders Bill has been copiously discussed in every village; the Land Valuation Bill—with the policy of land rating, to which it is avowedly preliminary—copiously debated in every town. The result has been, so far as we can ascertain, to demonstrate that outside a small section of landowners, their agents, and large farmers, these Bills command the enthusiastic approval of the bulk of the people of Scotland. The Scottish representatives will declare what minor changes, if any, are desirable. And the Bills, with these minor changes, will be swiftly despatched again to the House which so contemptuously rejected them last August. In education, on the other hand, it is probable that there will be found considerable variation from the original scheme. Mr. Birrell's Bill represented a very elaborate attempt at compromise, with such balances and adjustments designed to placate all the interested parties, as left it, at the end, a measure of unusual complexity. The new Bill will be simpler in its operations; and, although no one can imagine that it is possible at one blow to rectify the extraordinary anomalies and injustices which have grown up in our elementary educational system, yet it is exceedingly probable that some attempt will be made to cut through the tangle by use of one or two firmly asserted Liberal and Democratic principles. What will be the future of the whole controversy? What relationship will operate between the two Houses twelve months to-day? Few situations have been more difficult to forecast. The choice indeed—perhaps unfortunately—rests with the Lords. If they agree, however reluctantly, to swallow these three Bills on their second presentation, they will undoubtedly take out the heart of any anti-Lords campaign in the country. They will be able to ask with some complacency, "What is all this pother about, when we have done exactly what you design us to do in the very scheme which you have yourself prepared?" If, however, they decide to fight, a fight would appear to be inevitable. The Prime Minister, in an interesting interview published this week in the "Manchester Guardian," anticipates two or three years more of sound and useful Liberal legislation. But the decision of the Lords at the end of this year once again to defy the action of the Commons would seem to make the prospect of such sound and useful legislation chimerical. It would relegate to the Session of 1909 those necessary rectifications of electoral machinery which are demanded immediately before the appeal of the elected House against the hereditary House is placed definitely for the decision of the people.

And if this great constitutional question provides the chief ground for uncertainty, an equally great social question provides a chief ground of hope. By careful preparation, and by most cautious advances, the present Government have led up to a moment of profound possibilities. Without committing themselves at the last election to the granting of old age pensions, or winning the votes of the electors with such a policy, they are now setting themselves to a reform which nine out of ten of the labouring classes would place before all others. The land and pensions—so runs the universal testimony

—are the vital questions in the minds of the people: the land to provide work for the day, pensions for the waiting time before nightfall when the day's work is done. And the sole danger in connection with the scheme is that the high hopes which have been already excited, and which will intensify as the controversy continues, may find a sudden cold douche cast upon them by the production of a scheme timid, limited, and imperfect. We do not advocate old age pensions because it will form a popular subject in the country—an indirect bribe to the electors. Were such a policy required, it would be far more effective if maintained as a promise rather than a performance. For Democracies speedily forget, and accept the past with acquiescence, being always more interested in what is becoming rather than in what has been. We ask for it as a wise, large, humane method of social organisation which will remove the reproach that at present challenges our modern civilisation—the treatment of its aged poor. We ask for it because we believe, if established on sound and generous lines, it will stand to posterity as a not inadequate return for a more than adequate national trust: a return to the people of this country, to-day and for all to-morrows, from a Government called to power by the largest vote of confidence that has ever been given to any Government since Democracy was born in England.

The third question is the congestion of public business. First-class Bills rudely jostle each other, like the souls in the philosopher's vision crowding round the channels of egress to obtain reincarnation in the world. The Temperance Bill is being matured amid pressure from various militant temperance organisations, and a feverish organisation for "protection" on the part of "the Trade." An English Land Valuation Bill has been promised as a preliminary to the rating of land: the only great social measure which in the Northern cities is able to excite an enthusiasm rivalling that of economic Socialism. Ireland will insist on at least two Bills: the University scheme to which Mr. Birrell has pledged his political reputation, and that Land Act dealing with the breakdown of the land purchase scheme which is the law-abiding alternative of cattle-driving. The Housing Bill promised last year is understood to be completed, and will form a measure of great importance, but transcending the normal party divisions. The Miners' Eight Hours Bill has been guaranteed to go forward. The Port of London Bill is already in print. The new system of Committees worked excellently last Session. Many of these Bills unfortunately cannot be referred to them. But tact, patience, and some restraint upon loquacity will be needed if anything like this programme is to be harvested at the end. The greatness of the present opportunity is measured by its gravity. No serious reformer dreads the challenge. Politics which two or three years ago seemed dead and an offence, have to-day become serious, compelling, and alive.

THE NEW HELOTS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

MUCH as we regret Lord Elgin's decision to sanction the Transvaal Immigration Act, we are surprised to find the Conservative Party among his critics. For if there is one feature of British policy in South Africa for which the late Government and the two High Commissioners it appointed are more responsible than for any other, it is the aggravation of the old Boer policy towards the Asiatic trader. They ought, of course, to

have mitigated it. They had a free hand; their responsibility was absolute, and there was no form of representative Government to dispute it with them. The treatment of British Indians by Mr. Kruger furnished the Government of 1899 with part of what Mr. Lyttelton called "the British case against the late South African Republic." It roused Lord Lansdowne to "indignation," and Mr. Chamberlain to intervention. But when the British power was firmly seated in Pretoria, the old anti-Asiatic law of 1885, on which the present structure of oppressive legislation was built up, was reaffirmed and strengthened. "The position which the Boer Government took up," said Lord Milner, "is one I fully approve," and he proceeded to descant on the hatred of the white population of the Transvaal for "low-class Asiatics" with "insanitary" habits.

Nor, unfortunately, was the home Government able to change Lord Milner's purpose. The anti-Asiatic law of 1885, like many Boer laws, was laxly administered and partly inoperative. The Boers were not, as a rule, town traders, and did not feel acutely the competition of the Indian community. Their Act offered no impediment to the entry of British Indians into the Transvaal, it gave them distinct rights of trading for a fee, and it imposed no degrading or offensive conditions of registration. Under British rule, the right of entry was restricted to ante-war residents, and the modern and very humiliating method of identification by finger-marks was initiated. And now, all real powers of citizenship have been withdrawn or suspended. Both Governments have refused Indians the vote, barred them out from the ownership of fixed property, and tried to segregate them in filthy town locations. Lord Milner began by calling for a general registration of the community. This has now been made compulsory, and re-registration has been called for, coupled with forms repugnant to free men. Even the right of entry for old residents, guaranteed by Lord Milner, has been withdrawn. The Registration Act, passed last summer, was simply Lord Milner's Peace Preservation Ordinance—one of the most arbitrary documents ever issued in a British Colony—re-drafted for the benefit of the Asiatics. Now it is reinforced by the Immigration Restriction Act, which gives the formal power to deport Asiatics who will not register, and the Indians are invited to choose between re-registration and expulsion. The new Act discriminates in favour of Yiddish, the bastard tongue of European Jewry, and against the ancient languages spoken by hundreds of millions of our Imperial citizens, whose standard of culture and civilisation is, we should say, quite as high as that of the "Peruvian," or Jewish, cabmen of Johannesburg. It is against this final stamp of servitude which the Immigration Act inflicts that the East Indians of the Transvaal have gone out in a kind of passive revolt. The wrongs of these helpless settlers, the redress of which, as Lord Lansdowne declared in 1899, the Empress of India was "powerless to secure at the hands of a small South African State," have been multiplied since that State passed under the rule of her successor, and King Edward has been made an innocent accomplice in the "helotry" of thousands of his subjects.

This is the plain case of the Indian traders of the Transvaal. We confess our reluctance to accept Lord

Elgin's decision to assent to so grave an act of injustice, so large a disturbance of the equality of British citizenship, in face of the provision of the Constitution which gave him the veto on all such legislation. The motives of the anti-Asiatic movement are well known. They have nothing to do with the problem of mine labour. The opposition is that of the white retail traders, and is engineered in each town in the Transvaal by the local rivals of the Indian shopkeepers. This again is enforced by the fierce colour prejudice that would exclude Prince Ranjitsinhji or Admiral Togo from a Johannesburg hotel, and shuts the grounds of the racecourse even to the most refined and representative members of the East Indian community in the Transvaal. Yet this rigidly exclusive society is not a self-dependent community. Economically there never was a more dependent one. As a rule, the white races are not manual labourers. They rely on coloured people for the mass of their unskilled work, reserving for themselves the easier rôles of proprietorship, superintendence, and the more responsible kinds of skilled employment. Coloured workmen cook for them, wait on them, mine their coal, their gold, and their diamonds, load and unload their ships, tend their orchards, reap their crops, make their roads, herd their cattle, drive their trollies, carry their tools, and nurse their children. A society thus constituted tends to resent any and every effort of the dependent races to rise above the status which the powerful, possessing caste assigns them. But it is a grave question whether the Imperial Government is called on to enforce this colour inequality on thousands of its own subjects against whom no moral fault or conspicuous intellectual inferiority can be sustained.

It is not as if the vast spaces of the African veld were being rapidly filled with white settlers, flowing naturally into all kinds of occupations. White South Africa does not expand with rapidity. The British part of it has the mobile and restless character that belongs to all town populations, so much so that it is often difficult to maintain a true register for electioneering purposes, even in the older towns of Cape Colony. Large bodies of whites still regard this country as their home, and we doubt whether the business of small retail trading, which the British Indians sustain, is congenial to them, or could be well served by the race that monopolises both the Government and all the larger commercial undertakings of the sub-Continent. We know that the Dutch and English in the Transvaal practically unite on the policy of exclusion, and that the small State of white planters and overseers which we call Natal even outdoes the Transvaal in zeal to maintain the servitude of nine-tenths of its population. So long as white South Africa calls for some equalisation of the standard of life between Oriental and white traders, most people will agree that the claim is just. But that is a matter for industrial and sanitary law rather than for cunningly devised edicts of expulsion, directed mainly against British subjects. The least that an Imperial Government, ruling millions of black, yellow, and brown men for thousands of white ones, can do when faced with a demand to establish not merely a ruling but a commercial white caste, is to call for delay and consideration. It can surely ask the Transvaal to wait until the united voice of British South Africa requires such a violent disturbance of Imperial custom. The policy of Cape Colony towards the great variety of coloured races who inhabit its coast towns is far more enlightened than that of the northern States. Cape Colony

acknowledges some kind of responsibility, some form of duty, towards the industrious Asiatics who feed the prosperity of the State, and are indispensable to its town activities. We think Lord Elgin might fairly have referred the brand-new Transvaal Government to Cape Colony, and asked for the postponement of a measure like the Immigration Restriction Act until the unification of South Africa was an accomplished fact, and the great colour problem could have been calmly considered by the federating States. We shall wait to know why he has failed to exercise a function of guardianship expressly reserved to him under the free and very liberal Constitution of 1906, which, like all Constitutions worth the name, was designed to bestow rights, not to destroy them. For if one class of the King's subjects cannot freely enter or leave one part of his dominions, cannot trade there, or vote there, or hold land there, we must cast aside the great Roman example, and admit that we are unable to fix a common standard of Imperial citizenship. And will not that be an omen, almost a confession, of separation?

THE END OF A REVOLUTION?

"THE peoples of Europe are leagued against us," said Danton. "We throw down before them as a gage of battle, the head of a king." M. Stolypin has just addressed a more pettifogging defiance to the conscience of Europe. For the trial of the 169 deputies of the First Duma who signed the Viberg manifesto is not a mere move in a realistic game of politics. It is a shout of triumph, an assertion of a principle. It deserves the name which Spanish inquisitors used to give to their executions. It is an "act of faith." The First Duma was long ago destroyed. Its members have ever since been outlaws excluded from civic life. And now its corpse—the corpse of a Parliament—is, as it were, exhumed and publicly burned, with the civilised world as spectator. The time for this great spectacle has been carefully chosen. When the First Duma was destroyed, the only one of the three which wins a place in the world's imagination, the Duma which other Parliaments had saluted at its birth as their comrade, it was possible for all Europe to repeat with the British Prime Minister, "*La Duma est morte, vive la Duma.*" While the Second Duma sat, the idea of constitutionalism still lived. It is only since the *coup d'état* that a packed Parliament, docile, impotent, and insignificant, has killed the promise of that prediction. Safe at last in the possession of a Conservative majority, securely based on a gerrymandered franchise, M. Stolypin retraces his steps to imprison and degrade the men who had the sympathies of Europe and the confidence of Russia. His purpose in this long-deferred trial clearly is to work on the imagination of mankind. He gains no concrete end. The judges have not dared to treat the noblemen and professors of the Liberal First Duma as they treated the Social Democrats of the Second. They passed a sentence of three months imprisonment on Professor Muromtseff and his colleagues, while they sent Tseretelli and his comrades for life to Siberia. A punishment which entails no moral degradation, and only a trifling personal inconvenience was not worth inflicting for its own sake. Nor was it necessary to try these 169 ex-deputies in order to exclude them for ever from political rights. The mere threat of a trial had that effect. A Russian Minister who wishes to silence and ostracise a political opponent has only to indict him; his political rights are suspended

from the moment when the charge is formulated. By merely hanging over the heads of these ex-deputies the threat of a trial which never took place, M. Stolypin might have kept them for ever in a political limbo. Since he chose to try them, but did not press for heavy sentences, it is fair to assume that he reckoned mainly on the psychological effect to be derived from this grandiose and public vengeance.

What M. Stolypin intends to convey is that the revolutionary period is now at an end. The prisons were never fuller, the gallows rarely busier, the police and the terrorists never engaged, since the eighties of last century, in so deadly a duel. There is, in short, no sign of acquiescence or pacification. But still in the official view the epoch of construction has now begun, and with the imprisonment of the Liberals of the First and the Socialists of the Second Duma, a dead past has buried its dead. The new *régime* is being organised on the Prussian model. The revolution of 1848 gave Prussia an equitable franchise. The reaction of 1851 introduced the monstrous three-class system which survives to the present day. That precedent has been literally followed in Russia, and doubtless the bureaucracy imagines that by the skilful manipulation of interests, class rule may prove as serviceable and permanent a method of autocracy as it appears to be in Prussia. The Octobrists seem destined by nature and accident to fill the part which the National Liberals play in Germany. Professing a timid faith in constitutionalism, their hands are tied and their action compromised by their acquiescence in the *coup d'état* of last June. They owe to the new electoral law their predominance in the Third Duma; while they profit by that arbitrary ukase they must tolerate the thesis that the Tsar is above all laws. A mixed party of officials, industrialists, and landlords, they will reap the reward of their loyalty in an economic policy based on their class interests. M. Stolypin is stamping out trade unionism. His land policy is creating a proletariat which will provide their factories with an inexhaustible supply of cheap labour. The old communal and family system of land tenure is being rapidly destroyed, and this, though we hear little of it in the West, is unquestionably the biggest constructive feature in M. Stolypin's policy. The lands of the nobility are being sold at extravagant prices through the State banks to village moneylenders and the more prosperous peasants. The communal lands are being broken up into private allotments held by an individual tenure. The migratory labourer and the factory worker, who had of old always one foot on mother earth, because he still retained his share in the common heritage, is being gradually disinherited. All this means the reconstruction of village society on an individualist basis, the destruction of the ideal of communal property which was the basis of the Revolutionary Socialist propaganda, and the creation of a class of peasant proprietors who may perhaps reinforce the Conservative upper class.

The defeat of the Liberal revolution means much more than a new lease of life to the old-world bureaucracy. It means the evolution in Russia, as in Germany, of a reactionary policy based on class interests. The model is slavishly copied. A world policy marches side by side with the social policy. Despite the deficit, expenditure increases both for the army and for the navy. Naval officers are beginning to preach the need

of a great fleet with all the zeal of the German Flotten-Verein. Russia is visibly aspiring to renew her pretensions to be once more a Great Power in the European Concert, filling the place which her British and French understandings have held open for her. She even aims at consolidating the Slavonic world, as Prussia consolidated the Teutonic, and sees in the Balkans her natural outlet. The end of the revolutionary period means for her official optimists the inauguration of a magnificent future, haunted only by the spectres of bankruptcy and terrorism.

In one sense this calculation is probably not extravagant. The failure of the Cadets to give effect to the Viberg manifesto did, in fact, spell the Odern of the Liberal Reform Movement. The Cadets believed that the dissolution of the First Duma meant the beginning of a *coup d'état* which would be followed by a popular rising. A combination of circumstances put them in the wrong. M. Stolypin was, in fact, reserving his last card. He did not on this occasion tamper with the electoral law, and he promised betimes that a Second Duma should meet after an interval of governmental terrorism. The result was that the mass of the people saw no need to revolt. They had waited a century for freedom; they could afford to wait for six months more. The Social Democrats spoiled the idea of passive resistance by organising the foolish naval outbreaks at Cronstadt and Helsingfors, while the Social Revolutionaries started a furious campaign of terrorism. The Cadets launched their defiance and then lay low, imagining that a mere limit would induce the peasants to refuse to pay their taxes. Had they coupled that hint with a promise of land as well as liberty, and sent their emissaries to rouse the villages, it is just conceivable that they might have succeeded. But many of them went abroad; nearly all kept silence. They did enough to justify M. Stolypin in proscribing them as an "illegal party," but too little to retain their moral ascendancy as the leaders of a democratic revolution. Robbed by prosecutions of all their best men, reduced by Socialist successes to half their previous numbers, they never regained their original courage and impetus. They are to-day a party of compromise. The emergence for a moment into publicity of men like M. Petrunhevitch and Muromtseff, who still utter from the dock the words that used to ring from the tribune of the First Duma, only serves to remind us how much the party has lost in resolution, in clearness of vision, and in eloquence. Their batteries were ill-served at Viborg, and when, last year, the real crisis came with the alteration of the electoral law, it found them without gunners and without ammunition. While that law lasts, they cannot regain their lost position, and nothing but a movement outside Parliament can destroy that law.

The failure of the Liberal revolution has probably condemned Russia to years, it may be to decades, of repression and reaction. We shall often be reminded of Prussia. But there are essential differences. The Russian bureaucracy does not understand the meaning and use of safety valves, and the national temperament on both sides tends to extremes of violence unknown among Teutonic peoples. Above all, though the "intellectuals" and the middle classes, who have experienced the brunt of the repression, may be for the moment weary and discouraged, the immense mass of peasants

and town-workers is too numerous to have suffered in the same individual way. Its sufferings are rather those of sheer hunger and economic exploitation, and every stage in the development of bureaucratic class-rule only makes it riper for some eventual revolution. The pioneers of the reform movement are prisoners in the enemy's tents. But the fighting ranks, filled with obscurer combatants, are being formed and marshalled in their rear.

PAPER FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

READERS of a representative list of 387 stocks, possessing a nominal net value of £3,425,000,000, which appears in the "Bankers' Magazine," will be keen to note a depreciation within the last twelve months of about £342,000,000, or nearly nine per cent. This means that a person who invested £100 at the beginning of the year would find that if he had wished to realise his investment at the end he would only have had £91. Nine pounds in the hundred is the average loss. If he had invested in British Consols he would only have lost about £2; if in German Three Per Cents. his loss would have been £3. Had he put his money into English railways, his losses would have been comparatively small unless he had been unlucky enough to choose Brighton "A," or Metropolitan, or Metropolitan District, or the Tubes, in which anything from a third to a half of his capital might have gone off into thin air. Upon the whole it is certainly true that British securities have contributed less than an average to the tremendous international shrinkage in stock market values which this year has witnessed. The causes of that shrinkage are well known. The supply of interest-bearing paper has enormously increased, and there has been no corresponding increase of liquid or loanable capital. In fact, liquid capital, or "money," to use the fallacious language of City men, has been hard put to it for the ordinary work of business and commerce. The high prices of raw material and food have made the money and credit requirements of the world greater than ever, and it is really almost surprising that international capital could find all the money that had to be borrowed by Russia and Japan to carry on their war. If the two countries had not had the British and French markets to turn to, the war could hardly have lasted for six months.

Perhaps we have already said enough to show that the suggestion of the Protectionist Press that Socialism has caused the fall in British securities is nonsense. What they have to explain is why British funds, British railways, British industries, have fallen so much less than American, Canadian, Japanese, or German stocks. Let us take a few cases from the other side of the Atlantic. Suppose a millionaire had put £280,000 into the Union and Southern Pacific Railroads, two great favourites at the beginning of the year, his investment on the last day of the year would have been worth £198,000. So much for Mr. Harriman's achievement. Had our imaginary capitalist chosen the Erie, one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's railroads, he might have put in £44,000 and drawn out £17,500. Mr. Carnegie's great steel combine, which was arranged by Mr. Morgan, would have yielded rather better results. But even there £490,000 invested at the beginning of the year in the Common Stock would have shrunk to less than £280,000 by the end of the year. Some equally tremen-

dous losses have been incurred by English speculators in Canadian stocks. A month or two ago it was known in the City that certain newspaper magnates were throwing a good deal of this stuff overboard. Let us suppose that these gentlemen had put £280,000 into Grand Trunks at the beginning of last January, and had been compelled to realise on December 31st. They would have lost about £90,000. Hudson's Bay would have proved even more disastrous, and £60,000 would have been lopped off a similar sum sunk in Canadian Pacifics.

But the speculative investor was hit in every direction. If he avoided the American or Canadian snare he might have been quite as badly caught in mines—gold, silver, copper, tin, or lead. Rand Mines sank in the year from over 7 to under 6; Rio Tinto from 90 to 66; Broken Hill from 47 to 12½; Kalgurli from 12 to 8; and De Beers from 24 to 14. Rubber shares, motor shares, nitrate shares have all gone down, and many of the weaker companies have disappeared altogether.

We need not wonder, then, that the year has been an uneasy one for the great financiers, whose profits depend upon the promotion of companies, the floating of loans, and what is called the judicious "milking" of the investing public. In the United States, where the magnates have actually secured control of banks and trust companies in order to lend money to themselves for the purpose of inflating the prices of securities in which they were interested, it is not surprising that the public took alarm and that depositors began to prefer cellars to banks. There have been panics also in Japan and Genoa and Amsterdam and Egypt and Chili. But the world has never seen such an overwhelming collapse of credit and business as overtook the United States at the end of October. Suddenly unexampled prosperity was turned into dismal adversity. In one week the New York papers were boasting that trade had never been so good. In the next, employers in all parts of the country were at their wits' end to find cash to pay their workers. There was a universal suspension of banks. Tens of thousands who could find their passage money streamed back to Europe. Hundreds of thousands in the great cities are out of work and have to face winter with no prospect of employment. The shutting down of furnaces and factories in the States has caused a great falling off in the consumption of home and foreign goods; but gold has been withdrawn in enormous quantities from Europe, and the cash famine in New York has made money very dear in London and Berlin. Dear money invariably curtails trade, and we already see a general reaction in manufacturing activity. Happily, the home trade is still fairly good; but in view of the shortage in the world's crops, the high rate of taxes, and the high price of food, it would be folly to expect trade to be as good in the new year as it was in the old. The last revenue returns may serve as a warning. It will take a long time for the world to recover from the effects of public and private extravagance. The expenditure upon war and armaments and private luxuries has been so profligate that for a time legitimate enterprise must starve, and millions of honest workmen all the world over must pay for the folly of their governments and the roguery of their financial magnates. Let us hope that all classes, whether they are employers or employed, will realise in the coming year that there is something to be said, after all, for the virtue of honesty and the blessing of peace.

Life and Letters.

THE RECURRENCE OF DISEASE.

THAT all diseases will be slain by science, and all slain speedily, was one of the accepted anticipations of the earlier nineteenth century. In the great outburst of a triumphant optimism which inspired the early Victorian literature, the present, whose discontents were clearly diagnosed, was sharply contrasted with a future, where such discontents would be no more. Here on the solid ground a new race should arise, whose life, if limited, should be at least secure. Sorrow and sighing, those "two black birds of night"—at least as excited by loss and physical suffering—would "flee away." How far are those high hopes entertained to-day by an age introspective, wearied, a little disappointed at the slowness of human betterment? On one side, it may be confessed, there are evidences of a continued and almost exultant progress. We have eliminated from Europe the menace of those sweeping cyclones of pestilence, whose terrors brood like a grey cloud over all the brightness of the Middle Ages. Onethird of Christendom perished in the few months' agony of the Black Death. The sound of its lamentation, the madness caused by its apparently irresistible destruction, still remains revealed in those "Dances of Death" which absorbed the later medieval time, and in the literature of protest and despair of a similar age. The Plague still terribly ravages the East, but science has succeeded, and apparently will succeed, in protecting Europe against it. Other malignant fevers we seem on a fair road to stamp out altogether. Small-pox has almost disappeared, under the combined effects of sanitation and vaccination. Diphtheria has lost its terrors since the arrival of the anti-toxin treatment. Hydrophobia has become merely a dread memory of the past. Even Tuberculosis, the special and terrible scourge of the northern races, seems likely to become in the future but as an evil memory of old years. Science again, through the devotion and intelligence of a long roll of famous men, has boldly sallied out from the limited abode of men, into the wild and shaggy regions of Nature, in the determination to strike its enemy boldly at his very heart. It is not content with mere preventives and prophylactics, dosing men with drugs or covering them with veils and protections. It is setting itself to extirpate the very instruments of the propagation of the disease. Its enemy is the insect. That extraordinary populous and intelligent kingdom might have once attained the supremacy of the world; but for some inexplicable limitations in size which has prevented any of its denizens from challenging the forces of mankind. Michelet has described the kind of horror with which the head of an ant inspired him as first seen under the microscope; with its vast complicated eyes, its evidence of incalculable brain power, but with the utter absence of any of those elements akin to humanity which are revealed even in the vertebrate animals. Yet those ants can exhibit inexplicable powers of communication, and a social organisation which has been the envy of many a philosopher, as he contrasts with it the chaos of human life. Ants charged with Mr. Wells's "Boom food," ant communities of many thousands, all six feet high, might provide a considerable obstacle to the accepted supremacy of mankind. But the insect, however tiny, is becoming more and more to be recognised as one of the ultimate enemies of humanity. There is here no possibility of compromise. We can be senti-

mental over the cat, the dog, and the horse. If we are sentimental over the insect we are lost. "Why should I harm thee, little fly?" is Uncle Toby's famous inquiry. "Is there not room enough in the world for me and thee?" Science is unhesitatingly pronouncing a grim negative to the question. There is not sufficient room in the world for "me and thee." This is probably true of the common house fly, who more and more is coming to be regarded as a propagator of disease. It is already accepted of his cousin, the mosquito, against whom the whole of the world is turning with a set purpose of extermination. The alleged unhealthiness of marshes and tropical regions, formerly ascribed to heat and noxious vapours, is now declared to be entirely explicable by the spread of a definite bacterium through the bites of insects. Where the insects are destroyed the white men flourish. Panama, in the early days of the Canal building, was converted into a small hell, in which a population rioted and rotted and died, as they rioted and rotted and died in the days of the plague. The Americans to-day have descended there with all scientific resources. They burn the insect, they choke its offspring with oil, they drain the stagnant pools where it can breed, they consume it in clouds of evil-smelling smoke; they are rapidly making Panama a healthier place than New York and Chicago. All down the coast of South America yellow fever has decimated mankind for centuries. To-day it is well on its way to becoming a thing of the past. Six years ago an international campaign was inaugurated against the *Stegomyia fasciata*, the "white-ribbed mosquito," which spreads the disease. At Rio Janeiro Dr. Cruz, "Cruz the mosquito killer," has practically removed its menace. Repairing choked-up gutters, draining stagnant marshes, fumigating and isolating, scattering oil on the still waters, he is speedily and relentlessly, extinguishing this enemy of mankind. Yellow fever and malarias will become shortly things of the past, as the warfare, at present of necessity limited to the neighbourhood of the cities, is extended through all the waste places of the world.

And if the discussion passes from the prevention to the cure, here also the sanguine dream of our fathers might seem in process of realisation. We can treat the tortured human body as Brutus wished to treat the condemned Cæsar, "Carve it as a dish fit for the gods," and still preserve life and ensure recovery. First in antiseptic, then in aseptic surgery, we have discovered a method of safe operation, under which death would have been inevitable a few years ago. Gambetta perished in early manhood, because the doctors were afraid of an operation in which to-day over ninety per cent. of the patients recover. Opiates and anaesthetics, combined with the agile use of the knife, have eliminated on the one hand an almost inconceivable burden of pain, on the other have rendered possible a tearing and lacerating of the frail physical human body which would seem almost magical to our predecessors. Nor can any one imagine that we are anywhere but in infancy in this particular progress. If, as many eminent physiologists assert, the nerves of pain are distinct from the nerves of sensation or volition, there would seem no impossibility in the discovery of some subtle drug which will completely blockade these particular channels of communication, and render mankind henceforth completely immune from the pangs of physical agony.

But then thought turns to the other side of the picture; and is immediately confronted with a challenge to its optimism. As soon as one disease is eliminated, another steps into its place to continue the old tragic function of scourging mankind with piety and terror. Science is always discovering new maladies, which baffle its exultant energies. Medical, as distinct from surgical effort, is still largely in the condition of alchemy: stretching blind hands in the darkness towards a secret not yet revealed. A great man of science once recently asserted that there were only two medicines whose

beneficial effect—in application to specific disorders—could be guaranteed—quinine and mercury; and that the operations of both of them were completely mysterious. We drain our cities, we use our knives and our medicines, we maintain armies of doctors, huge hospitals, and halls of research. And the result is that in the factory centres one-fifth of the children born perish within the year. Consumption, plague, malaria disappear. Their places are readily assumed by cancer, which is steadily increasing; by appendicitis, which had not even a name twenty years ago; by meningitis, which is excited by the ordinary harmless cold in the head. One woman in every twelve dies of cancer, and the cure—exultantly proclaimed year by year—still remains unknown. The human body in increase of prevention, seems also to lose the power of resistance. Carefully shielded from the rough forces of the world, it falls a prey to injuries born out of the very conditions of safety which it has so laboriously constructed. "He who has ordained all things in measure, number, and weight," said Mansel, "has also given to the reason of man, as to his life, its boundaries, which it cannot pass." Some unknown Power seems with these "boundaries" still to defy man's determination to push them back or fling them down. In ten thousand years mankind has not added a cubit to his stature. The Greek vision of bodily perfection has shown no advance in succeeding time. In the Middle Age, with its outward squalor and frequent pestilences—so operative in men's minds that to some observer the whole appears as a kind of physical delirium—there are figures of Popes and Emperors taking the field at eighty years of age, and an ineffable impression of an enormous physical vitality. It would appear that, at least as far as one can look ahead, uncertainty, sorrow, pain, and longing are still to be accepted as the normal companions of the life of men. From these, indeed, have been born men's highest achievements. Metchnikoff—that great sane optimist—still proclaims unfaltering faith in the triumph of human intelligence, and sees a vision of humanity sustained on a diet of soured milk, to well beyond a normally secure centenarianism. The cry of such might still be the cry of Tithonus—"Release me, and restore me to the ground"; a desire for the return to the fate of "happy men that have the power to die."

THE LIMITATION OF FRANCE.

THE figures that were published the other week lay bare one of the oldest and most anxious of the problems of France—her dwindling population. Dwindling is not quite the right word, because the population of France does not really decrease, nor does it remain stationary; it advances, but very slowly. It is only relatively that the French birthrate has lagged behind. The returns for 1906 show, it is true, a decided falling off from the average number of births during the past decade; but the statistics of a single year cannot in such a connection as this be allowed much weight. There have been other years in which the French population was apparently only maintained by the Swiss, Belgian, and Italian immigrants. But if one runs over the records of half a century, one sees that France adds to her population; but adds to it so meagrely that in a comparative and competitive world she seems to be standing still. In 1850, for instance, the populations of France and of Germany were practically the same. To-day France has 39,000,000, and Germany 62,000,000. In the past fifty years the population of France has increased by only four millions, and that of Germany by twenty-six millions. At the present moment, Germany seems to be generating more than thirty times as many units of manpower per annum as France. In another decade it is calculated that Germany will have twice as many conscripts as France. "Then she will begin to devour us," say the French alarmists, and the fear of being devoured lies near the root of their anxiety over the question of depopulation.

One of the obvious objections to Malthusianism is that it is rarely adopted by those who superficially seem to gain by small families. As a rule, those who ought not to have large families have them, and those who ought to, have them not. This is getting to be the case in England; it is pronouncedly the case in the United States; and even in France, where the restriction of population is almost a national purpose, the generalisation holds good. Where the Church is strongest, and her teachings most faithfully obeyed—in Brittany, for instance—there the birth-rate is highest. But practically it is only the poorest and most backward districts that are prepared to accept the clerical commands on these intimate points of secular conduct. The prosperous farmers of Normandy and Picardy, restrict themselves to at most two children, while in less well-to-do regions, such as Lozère and the Haute-Loire, the increase in population is continuous. In the industrial districts, and among the working classes, it is the poor who are the most prolific, in France, as elsewhere. So that, on the whole, one might say that in France prosperity and small families go hand in hand, and that it is really the devout poor in the country, and the non-saving poor in the towns, who are the mainstays of the French birth-rate.

The causes of "race suicide," as Mr. Roosevelt has called it, have probably in all countries the same economic origin. They may be complicated and intensified by local and special conditions, by the prevalence of disfiguring social ideals, and by the incalculable turns of religious emotion. But primarily people confine themselves to small families because to do otherwise is to become involved in a mass of anxieties and an assured loss of the comforts of life, such as they would prefer to avoid, both for their own and their children's sake. In France, this elementary reasoning is greatly reinforced by the dowry system, and by the law of equal testamentary division of property. Napoleon borrowed the idea of this enactment, as he borrowed much else, from Montesquieu; and nothing that he accomplished has left a deeper or more abiding impress on the social life of the French people. It has been one of the prime causes of that vast diffusion of wealth which must for ever make the word ruin inapplicable to France. It has helped to turn France into a nation of small-holders. It has promoted stability and content; it has checked the ravages which a submerged tenth creates in the well-being of a community; it has prevented the growth of latifundia. Indirectly, by making most Frenchmen capitalists or property owners, to some extent, it has also made them unambitious, apt to seek a career in the safe and unexciting service of the State, apt in consequence to applaud the creation of posts and offices at the expense of the taxpayers. Again, it has given birth to a peculiarly territorial form of patriotism, a passion for the actual soil of France—such a sentiment as is only engendered when a large proportion of the people are able to measure their stake in the country in tangible acres, roods, and perches. And as a result of this France is made so comfortable, placid, and pleasant a place to live in, there are so many ties binding the citizen down to his share in the national heritage, that the idea of bettering himself by emigration hardly occurs to the average Frenchman, and even a temporary exile becomes a form of torture. If the French do not colonise, it is because there is so much ready money in France.

But the most direct effect of the law of *morcellement* is to be seen in the necessity it entails of limiting the population. After several generations of constant dividing and parcelling out of estates, whatever their dimensions, the peasants, if they would hand down more than a square yard of land, are forced to renounce all hope of large families. There comes a time when even the largest estate may be so subdivided as to afford adequate support to no one. The thrifty, prudent farmer has therefore no option but to limit the number of his offspring. This has now become a habit, and has encouraged the idea that the land is incapable of supporting even those who already dwell on it. Thus a new impulse is

given to the migration of rustics to the towns; and as life in the streets is soon discovered to be no easier than life in the fields, the refugee peasants, according to Mr. Bodley, carry out and spread abroad the doctrines which they believe to be the salvation of the countryside, and hope to see eventually adopted as the remedy for all social ills. Then, again, there is the dowry system, which hovers over every French cradle like a disenchanting ghost. In all countries an extra child means extra expense; in France, it means an extra fortune, and that is a very powerful reason why the French have few children. "The social conventions," says M. Demolins, "make their task an impossibility; and then, not being able to destroy the conventions, they destroy the race."

Malthus lived before conscription, before agriculture became scientific, before the laws of heredity were more than guessed at. How far have the conditions of to-day and the discoveries of the past century sustained or modified his propositions? Is the example which France presents to be regarded as a reach forward to a better dispensation or as a sign of yielding in the fight for international existence? There are probably few questions more bemused with spurious saws than this of population—which should be, and one day will be, the first care of statesmanship. We know at present very little about it, and though the best thought of the world is coming more and more to regard it as the fundamental issue, and though the tendency to surround marriage with more stringent safeguards in the interests of the common stock of health will almost certainly increase, it is questionable whether the data yet exists for anything that could be called a population policy. There are no *ad hoc* remedies either for "race suicide" or for the rapid and reckless "multiplication of the unfit." France has trifled with many "solutions" of her special case—taxing bachelors, exempting the father of a certain number of children from all imposts, investing him with votes in proportion to the size of his family, employing none but married men and women in the service of the State, and such-like devices. Nothing has come of them. They beat in vain against the impregnable compactness of the French family, which is patriarchal in spirit if not in numbers, and against the ingrained instinct of thrift. France continues to cut her coat according to her cloth, to regulate her population by her resources and her well-worn social arrangements. She remains the supremely civilised, prosperous, provident, and strictly limited country that we know.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONE of the defects of our present order is the chasm it often creates between society and friendship—two things that should quicken and reinforce each other. The ideal society is the communion of people who are mutually delightful and inspiring, people who refresh each other, who have enough in common to make giving and taking possible, but not so much as to make it superfluous; people who subdivide naturally into smaller groups of friends.

Unluckily, what is called society, though adopting lines of classification that are all very well in their way but have no relation to our spiritual and mental needs, often hampers, rather than promotes, friendship. Men and women still choose their associates too exclusively from those of the same rank, the same income, those who have passed through the same University curriculum, or subscribed to the same number of Articles; and it means that the people who are drawn together are very often the last people to make good one another's deficiencies. You can see the results in a deterioration, both spiritual and mental, that corresponds to the result of continual intermarriage on the physical plane. We ignore the potent factor of cross-fertilisation.

This is only to say that we form our companionships, as we do our lives, not after the pattern showed us in

the Mount, but after the blind, incongruous suggestions of the Valley. It is a blunder. If there is any wealth the soul bears with it when it leaves the body, surely such wealth includes the memory of our ideal friendships, the friendships that were life to us. They are too good to be sacrificed to any convention, to any social, or pecuniary or theological difference. "'Tis a hard matter for friends to meet," says Elia, "but mountains may be removed by earthquakes, and re-encounter."

You may do without friendship, perhaps, in the heyday of prosperity, whether it be worldly or otherworldly. Acquaintances may serve your turn. But it is another matter when things go ill with you. Perhaps moments come to most people of such utter discouragement, such disillusionment in themselves, that if they were not surety for more than their own souls, they would curse God and die. And many a hard-pressed fighter has been saved from desertion because there was someone to whom he could say in his heart, "I am worsted spiritually and morally, and I have no strength left to fight for my own hand. Yet I must strike one more blow for the sake of the man you believed in."

In other words, that sense of responsibility to something not ourselves, a feeling that holds when all that we have called ourselves seems utterly past redemption, is at the root, not only of what is technically called religion, but of all the other great things. We can acquiesce in the thought of our own folly less readily than in the thought that our friends have been fools.

Your claim is a sorry claim. You have never found a nugget in it, and you are convinced you never will. Yet, because others have a stake in it, you must go on washing out the scanty gold-dust from the immeasurable sand, till the day's work is done. You see your own reflection in the mirror of self-knowledge, and it is an ugly sight. You would often like to do away with the reflection, and the mirror, and the person reflected as well. But—you who feel this most acutely—look, in the portrait-gallery of your friend, at the picture that bears your name. You have dreamed of yourself with that aspect, and it has only been a dream. It is more than a dream to him; he has painted it on the one kind of canvas that is indestructible, and he calls it the real you. Probably, he has a shrewd inkling that you do not always resemble it, but that, to him, is but another reason for guarding it with reverence, so that if you should ever want to know what you are eternally like, there may be a picture to tell you. Nor does he greatly care how many snap-shots people take of you, grouped with the world, or the flesh, or the devil, whichever, at the moment, you honour with your allegiance. He knows that the only authentic portrait is the portrait that hangs on his wall.

An enduring friendship requires the greatest output of individuality, and the least of egotism; and it bars out a number of things. One form of egotism which it bars out may be called a thirst for recognition in detail, which leads to continual explanations, questionings, probings of our own hearts and the hearts of other people. We want, not only recognition along broad lines, in round sums, but the recurring decimals of recognition. Probably even the most sincere of us crave for it more in respect of our goodness, than in respect of our evil. It is more marked in women than in men; but in a certain type of man it is quite marked enough. And it may be accompanied by a trust, not only to be recognised, but to recognise in detail, which makes it still worse.

It is ruinous for more than one reason. In so far as it can reach them, it destroys atmosphere, and mystery; and gives, instead, a sense of garishness, or of the dissecting room. It robs the soul of its shadowy background. There are people who are perpetually dragging the background into the front of the picture, with innumerable journeys, with infinite toil and travail. And when they have completely obliterated the meaning of the picture, they think they have accomplished a notable deed. So they have; they have wrecked a friendship.

There should be something illimitable about friendship, something instinct with all the mystery of life

and death, something that, much as it gives, suggests far more—not only a comforting hostel in time, but windy spaces, and an outlook on eternity. These blunder, who desire to see the souls of their friends mapped out, or try to map out their own souls for the benefit of their friends. In most souls there are jungle growths, which the closest friends should not seek to penetrate, although they may be well aware of their existence; and there are mounts of vision that each must climb—alone with God and memory. There are hours in which only the memory of us can commune for us, with our friends; but they are the hours in which friendship shakes off the fear of death. Why crowd them out by visibilities and tangibilities, by a too curious scrutiny, by any passion for spiritual or emotional statistics? God gave to friendship the glamour and the wonder of an unexplored country. It is our own fault if they ever fade.

Another thing that spoils friendship is a continual demand for the small coin of affection and sympathy. Some people do not understand gold and bank notes. They must have trivial observances and demonstrations and soft words, the pence and farthings of friendship. Of course, there is an opposite error of persons who so despise copper that they will give nothing but gold. That is wrong: even among friends there are occasions that demand a threepenny-bit, with the knowledge of gold behind it. Yet, as a rule, the less small change the better, especially in a world where bright farthings look like sovereigns.

Or again, you find people who are less hungry than greedy, complaining bitterly that their friends have given them stones for bread—and when you look at the stones, you see priceless diamonds. Such people are always being wounded in the house of their friends, whether they hide their wounds like histrionic Spartans, or bandage them for the world to see. The mistake is to be wounded at all. A friend should have such a panoply of faith in his friend—a faith that is not credulity, but loving wisdom, as to be practically invulnerable. And till we wear this panoply, we may be martyrs, but not friends.

Such martyrdoms are always occurring when people lay too much stress on the emotional side of friendship, when they regard it primarily as a vehicle of joy. That always ends in it becoming a vehicle of pain. It is one offshoot of the self-considering instinct which leads us to love our friend's relationship to ourselves too well, and his relationship to God and man too little. We value the narrow isthmus of affection and sympathy that unites his soul to ours more than his soul itself, which is a whole country. If we could, we would make it all isthmus—and we are apt to be jealous of countries on the opposite borders. But when you touch a friend's spirit, you touch something free, universal as the atmosphere, something that to capture is to vitiate and spoil—something that no one can wish to possess. We often think that we are walling in some spiritual possession, when we are really walling it out, and hermetically sealing a vacuum. We ask for stability and constancy in human beings; but we forget that constancy is the child of freedom. There is a certain constancy about a frozen stream; but the constancy we need in friendship is one of life, not death—the constancy of the flowing current that the whole world renews.

Questions of emotional profit and loss should not arise in friendship. It is an artist's affair to paint the best picture he can, to realise his ideal to the utmost, without considering the price. Otherwise, he will paint pot boilers. This is not to say that it may never be a man's business or duty to paint pot boilers. But it is clearly not the artist's business. So, when a person is trying to realise an ideal of friendship, he must not be always wondering how much pleasure, or relaxation, or even support, he is likely to get out of it—or the result will not be a friendship. It will be an emotional pot boiler. There are too many of these, and whether they sell or don't sell, there is nothing immortal about them. And as for people who try to build a friendship out

of feeling—they might as well try to build a house out of foam.

Friendship is not the communion of a few select souls in an ark, an ark æsthetically sound, and warranted to glide through seething torrents, unsubmerged. Rather, it is the comradeship of men in a lifeboat, fighting hard against loss and death, not for themselves, for others, holding their lives in their hands. Distrust all heavens of light, and happiness, and sweetness, that take no cognizance of the dark night, and human sin and agony, that wage no warfare with hell. Heaven must either destroy hell, or become hell. And if it does not do the first, it will very soon be the second.

A PORTUGUESE MONASTERY.

EVEN were it not linked for all time with the sad story of Ignez de Castro, the church and monastery of Alcobaca would still be one of the sights in Portugal which no self-respecting tourist may afford to miss. Unfortunately for the mere birds of passage who touch at Lisbon one day and steam away the next, Alcobaca is not so handy as Cintra. They all make for Cintra, whose attractions of two or three kinds are undeniable. It is a frequented and lovely spot for lotus-eating and loud admiration, with plenty of associations, bright and poetic in the main, and one or two of the best hotels in the country. Alcobaca is altogether different. It lies almost mouldering in a hole about seventy-five miles north of Cintra, several miles from a railway station, and although one may be stimulated by the vision of Affonso Henriques, first King of Portugal, himself breaking the sod for the abbey's foundation in 1148, and much diverted by the records of the establishment's magnificence in its prime and onwards, a veil of melancholy now shrouds it. Its 999 monks are gone, and their home is a barrack and stable for cavalry. One thinks of the Black Death, which in 1355 swept through the dormitories of these Cistercians until only eight remained alive. One thinks also of that torch-light procession from Coimbra far north, in 1361, when, with bent head and grim revengeful brows, Dom Pedro, "the Severe," followed the disinterred body of his beloved Ignez through long leagues of pine forest, up and down hills, to the tomb here prepared for her—a tomb one would call incomparable if his own were not alongside to vie with it in sculptured glory. On the heels of such suggestion it seems childish to mention the relative indifference of Alcobaca's inn. This is not nearly up to Cintra's level. Its bran pillows scarcely yield to the most leaden head, and though, thanks to the cultivated appetites of the cavalry officers who mess in it, the fare is good, it is uphill work for a stranger to mix freely with fellow guests to whom the place has become a sort of private club.

Like most such buildings of national importance, this of Alcobaca was a thankoffering to Heaven for victory in war. Portugal was only in the making in the twelfth century. The Moors had still to be turned out of Lisbon. Previous to this, Santarem was besieged, escalated and taken by the king in person, and in joy of his triumph, Affonso wrote to St. Bernard for a few of his own monks, and founded this enormous home for them and their successors. Seventy years were devoted to its erection. The history of its origin and construction is charmingly portrayed in its fine Sala dos Reyes; a series of large blue-and-white tile panellings, very suitable for the hot Portuguese summer. One may go to the Saracen records for enlightening details about the king's prowess. This "Enemy of God"—as Ibn-Sahibi-s-salat terms him, was ever the first up the ladders and into the Moorish citadels; the first to seize a sleeping sentinel by the throat; and the first to shout "Santiago!" when the onslaught was ready.

For another hundred years Portugal thus enlarged itself by the sword as a Christian kingdom, contemporaneously with the growth of Alcobaca's noble church. The cloisters followed—as rich in detail as the church

is simple. Affonso the Second and Third, with their queens, were buried here. Then came that troop of thousands of torch-bearers down the hill from Aljubarrota, and the burial of Ignez in the little chapel, to which a wheezing sacristan will at once lead the appreciated stranger. Ignez's lord died next, and lies adjacent to her. Recovering itself after the pestilence, the monastery now enjoyed centuries of importance and usefulness under its mitred abbot, with no cessation of its church offices night or day. Then, little by little, the religious spirit fell away from the great house. Instead of self-denying friends of the poor, the monks became splendid voluptuaries. Beckford's description of their kitchen in 1794 must be given in his own words:—"Through the centre of the immense and noble groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a cornfield." A delightful picture, if one can forget the original pious purpose of this brigade of cooks. But in a few years more the French came, and only the mocking shadow of Alcobaça's impressive past was left to it. When, in 1810, the British Army appeared, those of the monks who had not run away, waited on the officers in the palatial apartments, and gave them the keys of the place, with an invitation to help themselves to anything they fancied. The French and the English seemed to them the devil and the deep sea, and they preferred to be raided by the friends of their own country. Whatever our faults in Portugal, we did not disturb poor Ignez in her majestic tomb. The French were ruthless. They dragged her out by her long hair, carried off tresses of it, and knocked out her teeth as further mementoes. The tale of their occupation of the monastery is, otherwise also, of the usual kind. One more glimpse of them, and we have done with these degenerate Cistercians. After the restoration of order in Portugal, the establishment tried to pull itself together. But though still good to the poor, the reassembled monks could not recover their earlier excellence in morals. When Miss Pardoe visited them in 1833, she found a company of extremely gallant and hospitable old and young gentlemen, and nothing better. They put a rabbit and a weasel on the floor for her pleasure, and suggested that she should indulge them with a "pas seul" in the church for their pleasure. A little later the State suppressed them and appropriated their remaining treasures, and thus ignobly there was an end to the Cistercians of Alcobaça.

There is much to see in their disestablished and transformed home. A church of the purest twelfth-century architecture, as grand internally as any of its period in Europe; well preserved, but tapestried with cobwebs. Exquisite Gothic cloisters, much mutilated, but still indescribably beautiful. The stately kitchen which made Beckford's mouth water, the stripped library, once as remarkable for its elegance as that of the Escorial itself still is, and a few other rooms protected from military occupation. But, best of all, are the tombs of Ignez and her princely lover. They stand foot to foot, so that on the resurrection day Dom Pedro and Ignez may come face to face at the moment of their uprising. Lions support the King's effigy, and angels that of Ignez; and hours may be spent examining the other details of these marvellous specimens of fourteenth-century stonework. The mildewed nakedness of the neglected church is no insult to them. One looks and remembers the red story of their lives and outraged bodies, and realises that it were a mockery indeed to surround them with decorative splendours. And, by and by, when, a thousand miles away, one recalls Alcobaça, these two tombs stand forth in the memory as its most precious part.

Short Story.

FAME.

"Not guilty," said the foreman of the jury. "I 'eaved a sigh of relief for it was my pal Bill as was being tried for murdering a mate of 'is called Alf 'Awkins. The trial 'ad lasted four days and was the talk of the town. The Prime Minister, who was abroad for 'is 'ealth, was lucky if 'is bullytins got a blessed line in the papers, for every column was about Bill. Duchesses, dramatists, and dustmen, like meself, fought 'ard for places in Court. K.C.'s 'ad been at it daily 'ammer and tongs, and more than once things 'ad looked uncommon black for the neck of my pal Bill. 'Awkins, yer see, 'ad been found shot dead in 'is own little 'ouse with a revolver that was Bill's, and when nabbed and searched Bill 'ad on 'im more money than 'e could account for, not to mention a few knick-knacks that 'ad belonged to 'is pal. A witness swore the dead man 'ad told 'im Bill meant to murder 'im, and Bill was obstinate and wouldn't give no account of 'is whereabouts on the night the job was done, but only kept on saying as 'ow "Alf 'Awkins was 'is best pal, and 'e 'ad never done 'im no 'arm in 'is life."

"All's well as ends well," and though I never could 'ave believed as 'ow Bill could a done a cold-blooded murder, I was just that glad to 'ear the Beak say the evidence were inconclusive, and the Jury acquit 'im.

Then for the next few weeks Bill 'ad a mighty fine time. Interviews in the daily papers, the story of 'is life in a weekly (and didn't them Editors pay—better than Limericks), 'is portrait on the sinnymattegraph, not to mention a enterprising Music 'All Syndikit, finding 'as Bill 'ad a good voice and a fair notion of singing, billed 'im large in "Excerps from the Sacred Oratorio's" for three 'Alls, each doing two 'ouses nightly.

Two 'underd quid a week for a matter of a month 'e got, and the Syndikit apologised for not making it more, explaining as Bill 'ad only been tried for murdering a man, and their *clientail* preferred a case with a woman in it.

Bill took it all very quiet and a bit mysterious like: 'owever at the end of a month 'e found 'imself with a matter of fifteen 'underd quid in a Bank. Then 'e took an' bought the "Blue Dragon" with 'is 'ard-earned wealth, and the 'ouse soon did a roaring trade, for Bill was a 'ero, my word!

One afternoon, a drizzly sort o' day, I dropped into the "Blue Dragon" meself to pay my respects to Bill, and wish 'im luck in 'is new venture.

Though the bars was crowded and beer and gin a-flyin' round, Bill looked down in the mouth, but seemed to cheer up a bit when 'e saw me, and asked me to step inside the bar parlour. 'Aving shut the door 'e offered me a seat and a drop o' gin. I asked 'im 'ow 'e was feeling, and 'is answer give me a rare start. "D'you know," sez 'e, "I'd give this pub an' all to 'ave a clear conscience, and old Alf 'Awkins alive again."

I suppose me thoughts showed in me face, for 'e sez quick, "Don't be a fool, I didn't murder 'im, but there's more be'ind than Scotland Yard knows on. Look 'ere, I must tell someone; can I trust yer not to split?"

"'Ave yer a 'oly Bible?" I inquired, but 'e took me 'and an' sez, "Fair does it, that's good enough for me."

Then 'e began in a far-off sort o' voice, "You remember old Alf 'Awkins," 'e sez, "'e 'ad a lot o' trouble afore 'e died; lost 'is wife, lost 'is child, lost the use of 'is right 'and, and would 'a lost 'is job but—Death took 'im." "Death took 'im," Bill repeated in a voice so strange that the cold shivers ran down me back. Without saying of another word 'e put 'is left 'and in 'is breast pocket and 'anded me a letter, which I recognised as the writing of the departed Alf.

"Dear Bill" (it ran),

"I've 'ad more than my share o' trouble and life don't seem worth nothing without my old woman and the little kid, and I've made up my mind to end it. First I intended just to make a hole in the water, but then I thought of you, as had always been a true-blue pal, and I thinks out a better way. So I took the liberty of borrowing your pop-gun when I came to see you to-night, and I put all my money and a few odds and ends of mine into your pocket,

and I told old Stumpy, as lives next door, as you'd swore to kill me. I'll just post this letter to you, and then come back and finish it all, but I'll take care to shoot myself so it don't look like a suicide, and if you play the game, gets arrested and have a exciting trial, what with the newspapers, and the Music Halls, you ought easy to make a tidy bit out of my death.

" 'It's an ill-wind,' and good luck to you, mate,

" Yours now and always,

" ALF HAWKINS.

" P.S.—If things go nasty at the trial, this letter and a alibi will easy save your neck."

" There ain't many pals like Alf," sez Bill, laconic-like, as I 'anded back the letter. He 'elped 'imself to another drop o' gin, and sez, apologetic, for there was tears in 'is eyes, " I ain't got over 'is death yet."

WALTER HERBAGE.

Poetry.

THE TRANCE.

LORD GOD, I saw Thee then; one mind, last night,
Met Thee upon Thy ways.

I was upon a hill, alone;

My drudgèd sense was aching in amaze:

Into my thought had too much gone

The inconceivable room of the blue night,—

The blue that seems so near to be

Appearance of divinity,—

And the continual stars.

I was afraid at so much permanence,

And was in trouble with vastness and fixt law.

All round about I saw

The law's unalterable fence;

And like a forgery of shining bars

The stresses of the suns were there,

Keeping, in vastness prisoner,

My thought caged from infinity.

And then, suddenly,—

While perhaps twice my heart was dutiful

To send my blood upon its little race,—

I was exalted above surety

And out of time did fall.

As from a slander that did long distress,

A sudden justice vindicated me

From the customary wrong of Great and Small.

I stood outside the burning rims of place,

Outside that corner, consciousness.

Then was I not in the midst of Thee,

Lord God?

A momentary gust

Of power, a swift dismay

Putting the infinite silence to disarray,

A thing like anger or a mighty lust,

A zeal immeasurably sent—

So Law came and went,

And smote into a bright astonishment

Of stars the season of eternity,

And grazed the darkness into glowing lanes.

Swiftly that errand of God's vehemence,

The passion which was Law slid by,

Carrying surge of creatures, fiery manes

Of matter and the worldly foam

And riddles of confused flame;

So the law's kindled shaking came

A moment, and went utterly.

And seemed to be no more

Than if through the eternal corridor

Of emptiness a sob did roam,

Or a cry out of a fearful ecstasy.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Letters from Abroad.

THE LAND QUESTION IN GERMAN TOWNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the time when the present German Empire was founded—1871—there lived of its population 64 per cent. in rural places and 36 per cent. in towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants. In 1905, *i.e.*, only thirty-four years later, the proportion of people living in rural places had fallen to 42·58 per cent., whilst that of people living in towns had risen to 57·42 per cent. The whole increase of the population of the empire is represented by the growth of the towns in number and size. The rural population was 26·2 millions in 1870, and is to-day 25·8 millions, whilst the town population has grown from 14·8 millions to 34·8 millions.

Of this increase the towns of over 100,000 inhabitants have had the largest share. They were 8 in 1870, and 41 in 1905, their population not quite two millions in the former, and eleven millions and a-half in the latter year. Then follow the medium towns, comprising from 20,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Their number increased from 75 to 208, their population from 3·1 to 7·8 millions. The small towns (5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants) were 529 with 4·6 millions in 1870, and 945 with 8·3 millions in 1905; the country or rural towns (2,000 to 5,000 inhabitants) 1,716 with 5 millions in 1870, and 2,386 with 7·2 millions in 1905.

To the expert reader these figures suggest that in the big and medium towns at least there must be something of a land question. He will be fortified in this presumption if he learns that the speed of their growth has until quite recently increased from quinquennium to quinquennium. It was comparatively slow in the first two lustra of the Empire, but since then it has become quicker and quicker, as a few more figures may illustrate:—

		Population of	Population of
		big towns.	medium towns.
1870	...	1,948,537	3,147,272
1880	...	3,273,144	4,027,085
1900	...	9,120,280	7,111,447
1905	...	11,509,004	7,816,360

At the foundation of the Empire, not quite the twentieth part of its population lived in big towns, in 1880 it was about the fourteenth part; but in 1905, almost the fifth part of the population was herded in places of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

This sudden growth found the authorities in town and State in many respects very little prepared for the tasks it involved. Of building laws and by-laws there were a good many, and some of them good enough, as far as they go, or as the particular purpose the aimed at was concerned. But of a housing policy there was almost nothing; all and everything in regard to the supply of houses and dwellings was left to the speculative builder. Recently, I have seen in an English paper much praise of the German system of mapping out whole plans of town enlargement before any permits of building in the respective districts are granted. Systematic laying out of street, &c., plans has surely its advantages. But before imitating the German example, people would do well to get information on all the features and effects of the system. For until now it has been practised in Germany in a way that has made it one of the most powerful agencies of raising the price of building lands to quite usurious levels. As one of the best-known writers on housing reform in Germany, Dr. Karl von Mangoldt, the General Secretary of the German Society for Housing Reform, puts it in a book just published: "Germany is, indeed, a very orderly country, but she is also a country with a want of liberty, under the rule of the police, a country which has to pay dearly for her orderliness."

The work in question has the title "Die Städtische Bodenfrage" (Goettingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht), and offers all the features an Englishman would expect from a German book: comprehensiveness, depth of investigation, effusiveness in regard to theory, and a certain diffusiveness in argumentation and exemplification. The result of many years' painstaking, the book may be regarded as a standard work on its subject, the land question of the German towns. It fully justifies its sub-title: "facts, causes, and remedies." It is crammed with facts, but they could have been presented in a more lucid arrangement.

There exists for the named period no exact compilation of the rise of the ground values of the German towns in their total. But from the statistics of the individual towns an estimation of the whole amount can be arrived at. In regard to Berlin it has been ascertained that the increase of the value of land on which houses are built has been from 530 millions of marks in 1870 to 2,118 millions of marks in 1898. This comprises only the old precincts of the town. In the suburbs where in 1870 the land in most cases had only an agricultural or, at best, a garden value, the rise was much larger. The late Dr. Paul Voigt, a much appreciated economist, has calculated that alone in the twelve years from 1887 to 1898 the ground value of the suburbs of Berlin had a rise of not less than a round milliard of marks. In the suburban town of Charlottenburg each newcomer has in the decade 1887-1897 increased the ground value of the town by 2,500 marks, the family of six heads by 15,000 marks, and this increase continues. In Schöneberg, another suburban town of Berlin, the ground value rose in the eight years from 1895 to 1903 by 231 millions of marks, *i.e.*, by about 30 millions per year. These are western suburbs, but in the eastern suburbs the rise has been no less remarkable. In Rummelsburg, part of Berlin, the value of an estate of 24 acres rose from the eve of the Franco-German war to 1,901, more than twenty times. In Britz, another eastern suburb, and like Rummelsburg mainly inhabited by working-men, an estate was sold at twenty-five times its former value when a station of a suburban railway was erected there. The owner, a farmer, got 1,300,000 marks paid in cash for what a few years before he could not sell at 50,000 marks.

True, an equal rise has not taken place everywhere. Berlin, with her surroundings, is to a certain degree an exception. But considerable increases are reported from everywhere in Germany—from large towns, from medium towns, and even from the small towns. Towns of the size of Breslau, Dresden, Frankfurt, Leipzig, &c.—*i.e.*, of several hundred thousand inhabitants—show increases up to ten times the original site value; towns like Freiburg, Giessen, Halle—*i.e.*, with less than 100,000 inhabitants—can point to increases of three and four times the former price; and even in a State like the Duchy of Oldenburg, with only small towns, the price of building sites in towns has in twenty years almost trebled. In 1869-73 the hectare was paid 852 marks; in 1889-1893 it brought 2,224 marks in the average. On the ground of all this, Professor Schmoller estimates that the increase of ground values of all the German towns together exceeds the increase of those of Berlin and her suburbs by considerably more than twice the amount. The fortunes made since 1870 by the increases of site values in towns exceed in their total six milliards, and may even be put at eight milliards. And three-fourths at least of these were the spoils of idle property taken from the combined labour of the nation.

Such spoils of property, or whatever you may call it, are to be found everywhere. So far as the principle goes, Germany is no exception to the rule. But it appears that the rise of ground values is in Germany, on the whole, greater than in many other countries; and Dr. von Mangoldt shows that in the eastern part of the Empire, particularly the old Prussian provinces, the rise is greater than in the western and southern parts.

Now, it is in the eastern parts of Germany that the big tenement or block building, the *Mietskaserne* (rent-bearing barracks) flourishes. The five and more storeyed tenement house has found its admirers and passionate defenders; and economists have tried to prove that, far from increasing the rents of dwellings, it actually lowered them. They insisted

that if undeniably the block dwelling raises the price of the building site, it was still true that each new floor reduced the share per dwelling so much that in the end less ground rent was paid in the rent of the individual dwelling than in the rent of the corresponding small one-family house. As the tendency to erect block dwellings has also gained ground in England, it may be of interest to know that this theory, so seducingly obvious at first sight, had to be given up. Even its most fervent advocate, Professor Andreas Voigt, is, in his book, "*Kleinhaus und Mietskaserne*," compelled to deny ever having said that the *Mietskaserne*—the block dwelling—has led to a reduction of rents. It only reduces the rent-raising effect of rising ground values. This means, as a matter of fact, that the block dwelling facilitates and generalises the rising of ground values.

Those who doubt it and are ignorant of its consequences may well read the chapters on town enlargement in Dr. Mangoldt's book. They will see how it is impossible to have cheap small houses even in the surroundings of those towns where the blockdwelling prevails. The traveller who comes to Berlin can already see, twenty miles outside of the town, high blockhouses, so to speak, in the open field. Ground rents are so high that it does not pay to build small houses unless it be expensive villas for very wealthy people. The block dwelling dictates the price, and, as if this did not suffice, the authorities do their very best to make cheap building almost an impossibility.

This they do by their thoughtfully worked-out plans for new quarters. If you see these plans on paper you will probably be delighted in finding how wide the streets must be and how squares and everything to secure air and light are provided. The regulations will tell you that nobody is permitted to start building unless the street is constructed from the corner where it is connected with another of the laid-out streets to the next corner on the map, that the new houses must be wholly separated from the agricultural land around. All and everything is wisely premeditated. So many charges are laid upon the shoulders of the daring *entrepreneur*, and starting new streets becomes such an expensive affair, that the builder is compelled to erect high blockhouses on the sites left. It is the opinion of almost all the economists who have studied the question that—contrary to popular conception—as a rule it is not the speculative dealers or companies to whom the high price of building sites is mainly due, but the bureaucratic spirit of the authorities on the one side and the greed and obstinacy of the original owners, the freeholding farmers, on the other. The farmer near the growing town can, in most cases, wait much longer than the speculator before he condescends to sell. The site dealer and the land company have to meet so many charges that, as a rule, they are driven to re-sell or build themselves as quickly as possible; the farmer finds many ways to lie down, like the dog in the manger, and wait his time, even when his farm is taxed on its site value.

Consequently a more or less wide border surrounds the town where sites are exceedingly dear, and this explains the fact that high block building starts mostly not in the centre of the towns, where it would appear most natural, but in the outskirts where open land seems to abound.

This is the feature of all the great towns where the block dwelling obtains and the town is in the hands of the propertied classes. This is the case in Prussia, where the communal franchise reserves two-thirds of the town representatives to the wealthier classes, and prescribes besides that one-half of the representatives must be house-owners. As the house-owner is here also the ground landlord, it is quite obvious that drastic measures, such as are wanted to fight the evil, cannot be expected from them.

We may get the best laws, and the laws introduced by the late State Minister, Dr. Miguel, are comparatively good, but they will in their most important sections either remain dead letters or be applied in a half-hearted fashion, which produces no real improvement. Thus Dr. von Mangoldt, though a middle-class reformer throughout, puts as the first condition of an effective reform of a state of things where 30 to 40 per cent. of the rent of dwellings is ground rent, the right of compulsory expropriation and a democratic reform of the town franchise.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE total number of books published during 1907, according to the useful summary issued by "The Publishers' Circular," amounted to 9,914, or 1,311 more than in 1906. Of these, new editions and reprints account for 2,213, leaving a total of 7,701 entirely new issues. There is a slight decrease in fiction, only 1,862 new novels having been published—an average of five for every day including Sundays. Religion and Philosophy increased by 213, Law by 145, History and Biography by 232, and Poetry by 69, while a large increase is noted under the heading Arts and Sciences. Those who are appalled by the sight of these figures may console themselves with the thought that a large percentage come under Charles Lamb's classification of "books which are no books—*biblia à-biblia*," and that from the point of view of statistics every pamphlet, no matter how small, is given the dignity of a book.

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THE next volume in the "English Men of Letters" Series will be a life of James Thomson, by Mr. G. C. Macaulay. It will be interesting to see whether the book will revive interest in a poet who is now little read, although his descriptions of nature are usually considered to have opened a new era in English literature. Hazlitt called him "the best of our descriptive poets," and Dr. Johnson, when writing on him, in "The Lives of the Poets," overcame two of his greatest prejudices—against blank verse and against the Scottish people—and praised him warmly. Lord Lyttelton's famous eulogy that Thomson's works contained

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot"

is to be found in the prologue to "Coriolanus," a tragedy which was produced after Thomson's death for the benefit of his family. Coleridge, too, thought highly of Thomson. "The love of nature," he says, "seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet I still feel the latter to have been the born poet."

* * *

By the issue of their "Tudor Facsimile Texts," Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack are rendering a valuable service to the study of early English literature. The series, which is under the general editorship and supervision of Mr. John S. Farmer, claims to be the first systematic attempt to reprint pre-Shaksperian literature in facsimile. Among the volumes now ready to be issued to subscribers are "Wealth and Health," "Johan, the Evangelist," and "Impatient Poverty"—the three "lost" Tudor plays recently discovered; four volumes of unrecorded editions of scarce old plays, viz., "Darius," "Lusty Juventus," "Nice Wanton," and "The Play of the Weather," and a facsimile of Massinger's autograph of "Believe as you List." Other issues arranged for are seven volumes of Early Enterludes (including "Everyman"), five volumes of Early English Comedies and Tragedies, a complete collection of Heywood's "Enterludes," and the "Enterludes" of John Bale with the exception of the "King John" manuscript. The enterprise is a spirited one and deserves to succeed. It will enable every Reference Library in the country to have, if not the original, at least an exact copy, of rare plays and other documents which are now practically inaccessible.

* * *

MR. BROUGHAM VILLIERS, whose volume, "The Opportunity of Liberalism," showed real power of political generalisation, has just finished a book on "The Socialist Movement in England," which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It traces the history of Socialism from its early beginnings, through the period of Labour organisation in the latter part of the nineteenth century, to its revival as a political propaganda in the early 'eighties. Mr. Villiers also discusses the influence of Socialist ideas on the Labour movement generally, on the older parties, and on current literature and thought. He ends by attempting to estimate the probable results of the appearance of a Labour Party in politics, and the type of society likely to be evolved by the

action of the Socialist spirit on the temper and institutions of the English people.

* * *

MESSRS. MACLEHOSE & SONS are adding to their library of books of travel the "Itinerary of Fynes Moryson," first printed in 1617. Their "Coryat" and "John Smith" were complete in two volumes. "Fynes Moryson," in the same handsome scarlet boards, printed in the same fine type, will fill four volumes. With this reprint (when completed), and with the reprint of the lengthy MS. at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, first printed by Mr. Charles Hughes five years ago, the scholar will have a complete sociological survey of Europe (and of part of the Holy Land) as they were at the end of the sixteenth century. "Fynes Moryson" is little known to the present generation. He was neither a buffoon, like Coryat, nor a venturesome man-at-arms, like Smith; but a shrewd, quiet gentleman, interested in character. Coryat was moved by gallowses and by the Heidelberg Tun; Smith liked some desperate feat of arms. Moryson, a much more intelligent man, found his delight in interesting people. He met Cardinal Bellarmine; he met Beza; he served as secretary to Lord Mountjoy, the lover of Sidney's Stella, and subduer of Tyrone. He saw the whole of the horrible Irish war, known as Tyrone's Rebellion; and his account of the state of Ireland ranks with the famous discourse of Spenser. More than this, his nephew was celebrated by Ben Jonson in a famous ode, while his niece married Lucius Cary, the second Viscount Falkland. The reprint (like all the famous reprints from Messrs. Maclehoose) contains many good illustrations, reproduced from the old copper engravings. Some of them are "drawn rudely"; but while a modern illustration amuses, these help the reader.

* * *

THE bi-centenary of the death of Mabillon, which was celebrated on December 27th in Paris, calls to mind a book which to-day seems to be almost neglected—the "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," by Sir James Stephen. It is made up of contributions to "The Edinburgh Review," and in its day enjoyed a vogue almost as great as Macaulay's "Essays," to which it bears more than a superficial resemblance. Among the contents is an essay on the French Benedictines which gives an excellent account of Mabillon. Other articles in it deal with Hildebrand, Saint Francis of Assisi, the Founders of Jesuitism, Luther, the Port-Royalists, Richard Baxter, William Wilberforce, and the Clapham Sect—a wide range of subjects all treated with sympathy and enthusiasm, not infrequently, as in the case of Gregory VII., with singular power.

* * *

DR. FRIEDJUNG, the greatest living German historian in Austria, and, in the opinion of many, the greatest in all Germany, has just published a "History of Austria, from 1849 to 1859"—a dismal decade of oppression. A Viennese correspondent writes: "Friedjung is a fine literary man who should be appreciated in the fatherland of great historical literature, the home of Macaulay and Morley." Friedjung won fame by his splendid "History of the Austro-Prussian Rivalry from 1859-1866"—a work which, though consisting of two large volumes, has run to nine editions in ten years. This brilliant Austrian author is the confidant of many leading families in Austria; hence his new work contains and may almost be said to be based on hitherto unpublished letters, papers, and diaries of famous Ministers like Dr. Bach, Prince Schwarzenberg, &c., who really ruled Austria from the overthrow of the revolutionaries until the Battle of Solferino. The second volume of the new book, which will also be published before the end of the year, will throw some remarkable light on Palmerstonian policy.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Diaries of Edward Pease, the Father of English Railways." Edited by Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bart. (Headley Brothers. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Royal Manor of Richmond, with Petersham, Ham, and Kew." By Mrs. Arthur G. Bell. (Bell, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Bridge of Fire." Poems. By James Flecker. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

"Vronina." By Owen Rhoscomyl. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"The Explorer." By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Blaise de Monluc, Historien." Etude critique sur le texte et la valeur historique des "Commentaires." Par Paul Courteault. (Paris: Picard. 12 fr.)

The Drama.

MR. SHAW'S GOSPEL OF COMMON SENSE.

I HAVE a shadowy recollection of a shadowy performance of "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, some thirteen years ago. That ghostly remembrance is not likely to survive Mr. Granville Barker's very robust revival of the play at the Savoy Theatre, on Monday night. Mr. Shaw's dramatic types and methods are now well known to the public, and Mr. Barker's intelligence, *verve*, and facility as a manager ensure them a brilliantly easy and flowing interpretation. Moreover, Miss Lillah McCarthy is so well able to breathe abundant life and charm into Mr. Shaw's idea of womanhood, and looks so handsome in a Victorian costume of 1885, which recalled to me a picture of the present Queen, that this early and comparatively simple example of his work is likely to stand with "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell," in the rank of "popular favourites." The laughter it provokes is all open and pleasant; and its satire seems to hurt only some far-away Victorian moralist. The play, therefore, ought to realise Mr. Shaw's original and modest expectations—expressed in his preface to the published edition—of what a well-constructed comedy of this type should achieve. So light and sure a touch on one's sense of the absurd can hardly fail, even with the coarsely fed play-going public of 1908.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to trace the progress of Mr. Shaw's art through the stages which began with "Candida" and "Arms and the Man." The truth is that he does change his point of view; that he is one of the very few British playwrights of whom any kind of progress, intellectual or moral, can be predicated. Mr. Pinero does not advance; nor Mr. Jones; nor Mr. Hall Caine, unless it be that, like the crab, they advance sideways. The reason is simple. These gentlemen aim at the success which issues from an able calculation of the kind of dramatic work suited to that portion of the play-going public which they best understand. Within these limits, they may aim high or aim low; but at the best their estimate will be steadily material and practical, an aim with which the thoughts, feelings, and desires of the artist, and his determination to express them, have little or nothing in common. Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, possesses the kind of salient and wilful personality that we call artistic. What the Pinerian and Jonesian personality is may be revealed in some future incarnation of these highly talented men, but is imperceptible in this, for it is purposely suppressed. Then Mr. Shaw has something worth saying. He has thought seriously about life, and has seen men and women, not merely as trees walking, but in relation to each other, and to the facts of existence, as far as he discerns them. His work is vital, and therefore changing, work.

Furthermore, he represents an ever-recurring tendency of human thought. With some reserves in favour of romanticism, which at the bottom of his nature he may cherish, he is still an anti-romantic, certainly an anti-sentimentalist. Thus he rejects most of the conventions which crowd the pages of the Victorian romanticists. Thus he judges "ideal" love-making ridiculous, a kind of moral drunkenness, mixed with something of the sentimental make-believe of inebriation. He thinks (and so do most sensible men) that it is horribly, nauseatingly overdone in our modern imaginative literature, and that it overlays more important and useful aspects of human nature. So, by the way, does Tolstoy, so (if we could only bring them to life again) would almost every actor in the great bygone drama of English Puritanism. He treats other modern literary habits in the same way. The self-deceptive pose of the lover, the way in which he dramatises his *rôle*, and fortifies himself by half-sincere adaptations from the romantic poets and rhetoricians, is no falsier than that of the swaggering soldier or the self-conscious patriot. Love and war (to take two great human interests) are matters of business; war a very bad business. Much selfishness is at the back of them; all sorts of small,

though very human, calculations. So, as in "Arms and the Man," Mr. Shaw fills the stage with humbugs, very sparkling humbugs, it is true, with plenty of good manly and womanly stuff at the back of their natures, but still humbugs, who give up their pompous game only when Mr. Shaw waves a harlequin's wand over them, and turns them into average sensible, self-confessing, human beings again.

All this, of course, is the old stuff, the old method, of the satirist. In "Arms and the Man" Mr. Shaw makes Bulgaria at the period of the Servian war the scene of his travesty of the heroic sentiment in literature. A battle in Bulgaria is, of course, no more to him than it was to the author of "Candida"; Bulgaria is Mayfair or Streatham Common. We all strut on a little stage of our own construction, muttering rhetorical glorifications of ourselves, much as a self-absorbed man talks to himself in the street. To the congregation of sham idealists in "Arms and the Man"—to Raina, sly, and like all Mr. Shaw's women, something of a "cat," but fairly honest at heart, sick of her posing lover, and to Major Saranoff, tired of his own affectations—Mr. Shaw introduces the Swiss, Bluntschli, a mercenary soldier—*i.e.*, a man who fights for his bread, not for his ideals—good-natured, resourceful, kind-hearted, helpful, practical to the finger-tips. Through this medium, the muddy sentimentalism of the Petkoff family gets gradually clarified. Life is accepted for what it is, and not what it is supposed to be. Incidentally Mr. Shaw tells a great many plain truths about war, which our later experience of the Boer War revealed to a nation that has now completely forgotten them again.

So far so good. Mr. Shaw, in "Arms and the Man" preaches the good old gospel of common sense, impartially scouting Liberal idealists, romantic lovers, glorifiers of war, and rhetorical poets and phrase-makers in general, and incidentally producing a brilliant and highly entertaining stage-play. But since then he has entered on a more difficult and complex development of his art, and on times which have sorely tried his Fabian creed. Things were going the way that Mr. Shaw imagined them. Imperialism waxed; Home Rule declined, the nationalities went down right and left—the Boers in South Africa, the Finns in Northern Europe; and yet the times seemed to promise a rather better lot for the proletariat, under enlightened, though not democratic, ideas of Government. And the dramatist, continuing his criticism of life, and misled both by his reading of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and his interpretation of events, turned his good fairy, Bluntschli, into the cynical "Overman," Undershaft, contemptuous of everything but material force moulded by the strong individual will, and determined to show up, undermine, turn inside out, not merely sham idealists like Raina and Saranoff, but honest, if rather short-sighted, reformers of the type of "Major Barbara." Here Mr. Shaw forgot that it was precisely this kind of element in the working out of the world's destiny that events were discrediting. Liberalism came into power. The nationalities rose to their feet again. The Finns got back their liberty; the Boers secured Home Rule; a struggle of terrible seriousness, developing all kinds of heroic qualities, broke out in Russia. On the other hand Imperialism, battered at Port Arthur, and badly wounded in South Africa, has by no means been able to reconcile itself with liberty, to which Mr. Shaw is attached, and has developed no special capacity even for working out the economic problems of civilisation. Again arises the demand for ideals, for poetry; and Mr. Shaw, if he will not identify himself with the coarse materialism of his age and become in practice more of a Tory than a Socialist, finds himself bound to take account of spiritual forces. His intellectual delicacy and fastidiousness keep him a rebel; presumably they will in time lead him back from the indirect flattery of the powers that rule the modern world—and rule it very badly—which plays like "Major Barbara," and, less markedly, the delightful "John Bull's Other Island" suggest.

M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FATE OF THE MILITIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Haldane's speech at Edinburgh last Saturday, and the memorandum issued by the War Office on Monday, put an end at last to the uncertainty that has surrounded the fate of the Militia force.

Now the country is informed that the Secretary of State for War has obtained Royal sanction to "the biggest order of recent years."

This is the abolition of the Militia.

Mr. Haldane's "expert advisers" have had their way with him and the old constitutional force, older than the British Navy or the English Parliament, is to disappear.

The statement that Militia Battalions are to become special reserve battalions is the flimsiest of evasions.

The avowed intention of the Army Council, who have always been jealous of the Militia, because they work only partially under their control, is to squeeze out, in the shortest possible time, the present Militia officers, and to substitute ex-Regular officers, while the terms of enlistment, and conditions of service for the men, show that the force is simply the Militia Reserve of the 1882 Act (which was abolished by Mr. Brodrick) brought to life again. That the Militia has fallen on evil days, no one will deny, but that they are incapable of being revived, and again becoming of use to the country, is a matter of grave doubt. There are two reasons why the Militia should have been saved.

They have never failed the country in a time of emergency.

They have always been the people's force, under popular control.

The origin of the force is lost in the dim past among the wild tribes of our Saxon ancestors.

King Alfred organised the force.

It was the Militia which rallied round Harold at Stamford Bridge and Senlac.

When the Conqueror William organised his military forces, he retained the Militia as a check against the feudal armies of his barons.

It was the Militia that fought for the first Henry, and laid siege to Rochester Castle.

It was the same force that supplied the bowmen of Crecy and Poitiers, and it was from this force that Cromwell made his army.

When the issue lay between King and nobles, the people's force was with the King; but when the issue was between the King and Parliament, the Militia was with the people's representatives. At Waterloo and in the Peninsular War, the Crimea, and in South Africa, the Militia responded readily to the calls made on them.

They have abundantly proved that, without them, the Regular Army machinery breaks down in a time of stress. They were embodied in 1900, and went cheerfully to Africa and the home garrisons, without reward and without thanks, and now, after waiting six years for recognition, they have got it—abolition. They are being destroyed for no other reason than that the Army Council finds it inconvenient to depend on Parliamentary sanction for embodying an essential part of the Army, and on the willingness of the Militia—a willingness which has never yet failed—to undertake foreign service. Apologising for the length of this letter,—Yours, &c.,

A. M. O.

"THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The old-fashioned air of "Oxonian's" letter, with its superficial contrasts and distinctions, its rough and simple-minded gibes, may serve to remind us that the same causes which lead us to perceive the decline of the Oxford Movement are lifting the whole Christian question and controversy into the large and noble freedom of what has been well-called a "super-confessional" movement. Harnack and Sabatier, Eucken, "*Il Rinascimento*," Laberthonnière, and all the great "Modernists" are pointing out the way

to a condition of things in which the most terrible reproach that has ever been brought against the Church of Christ—"See how these Christians love one another"—may become her praise.—Yours, &c.,

WM. SCOTT PALMER.

December 30th, 1907.

MR. HALDANE AND THE INITIATIVE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—To defend Mr. Haldane appears to me unnecessary. Yet I would attempt that task. For Mr. Haldane echoes only the sentiments of many good Liberals, when he states that "the greater the Sovereign, the greater the initiative he could and did show."

Surely we have room in our great Liberal and Radical Party for even the admirers of a King's initiative. Our majority is large enough to admit of some variation of opinion.

With the larger part of your article (of December 21st) the great mass of Liberals must surely agree.

With a small part of that article we may be allowed to differ. Yet differ, I trust, without heat.

Who and what is our King? Surely the chosen, the accepted of the people. The Head of a Limited Monarchy venerated and respected by the people.

In the present instance, though, he happens to be something more. You yourself admit that King Edward is an "excellent and most impartial Monarch."

No Dictator's power is sought for by, or granted to, the Presidents of the two great Republics—France and America. The power of these two Presidents, as by constitution conceded, may equal that of a British Sovereign. Assuredly it does not exceed it. Granted, then, that the brains of our hereditary or chosen representatives are equal, what fact stands foremost to arrest attention? It would appear to be this. That, whilst Republicans can listen open-mouthed to the remarks of their Presidents, the Radicals of Britain are to be reprimanded for imagining for an instant that their King can possess one single idea of his own.

On the face of it, this hardly seems fair.

The question revolves itself into this—Ought a King (given he be a King of the type of King Edward) to dwell—like his State jewels—in some safe place, apart, merely as a nonentity, merely as an ornament?

Many good Liberals could answer, No.

And that without jeopardising their creed.

For surely, exceptions to this time-honoured rule of a King never taking the initiative can be made though the power of Parliament stands untouched, though the power of the Monarchy remains strictly limited. No British Sovereign would lose the sympathy of many Liberals by endeavouring to create good feeling, for instance, between his nation and the other nations of the world.

If he possess the grace to accomplish this, if he succeed in maintaining the peace of the world, to that King's initiative we Liberals have cause to look with thanks. In this connection, the *entente* with France I can surely name.

Again. No British Sovereign would lose Radical regard who used his initiative to help to bring to a close a sanguinary war, waged between his nation and another.

Surely, too, a British Sovereign could initiate schemes for meeting immediate and dire distress, when, through some unlooked-for and appalling catastrophe, his nation lies crushed and bleeding.

For "class distinction" and "aristocratic privilege" no Liberal cares. The words "tire" him.

But for the Monarchy he cherishes usually a deep respect.

I was privileged to listen to a Labour Member of Parliament, speaking on a Liberal platform, only last week. It was no revelation to me to learn that he bowed to no Conservative in the strength of his patriotism.

Firmly as sits the Eddystone Lighthouse upon its rock, so firmly, and even more firmly, sits the love for the British Monarchy, deep-seated in the people's hearts. That being so, a light can surely be permitted to shine forth sometimes—even from the sanctity of some Palace wall.

When it shines, there need, in some cases, be no pro-

test. Nay, even, in others, there may be applause—the applause of staunch Liberals.

Some of us remember the call, “Wake up, England.” To that call, to that initiative we may be indebted perhaps for our present sound Liberal position. Who knows?—Yours, &c.,
MAXWELL ROUSE.

Firby, Bedale, Yorkshire.
December 28th, 1907.

SIZE AND COST OF FLEET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“Retrenchment” has done a service to the British nation in pointing out the true lines to be adopted in dealing with naval expenditure. The German bogies are laid low by a master hand in two concise paragraphs.

The fact is that a country can be weakened by an excessive load of taxation just as much in peace times as if at war with a foreign Power. Supposing, at present, more ships are built, in a few years’ time, through fresh scientific discoveries, such as construction of superior airships and other possible causes, they are rendered obsolete; all the money is, indeed, “thrown into the sea.” Therefore it behoves our Government to be cautious and curtail ruinous expenditure. A nation in rags, less even pocket money, would be a poor substitute for a few Dreadnoughts. The greatest reserve force is to be strong financially.

The Liberal Party, if it truly represents the democratic forces, must go in for social reform undeterred by Whiggery or Jingoism; the third line of defence lying more in a contented prosperous people than in the piling up of gigantic armaments.—Yours, &c.,

J. MACKENZIE.

Caledonia, December 23rd, 1907.

“THE VIRGIN BIRTH.”

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I turned with some interest to the review of Dr. Orr’s book, “The Virgin Birth of Christ,” in the last issue of THE NATION. That the criticism would, possibly, be keen I anticipated. It did not occur to me that it might not be rigorous in its statement of fact. This is, however, my complaint about it. As a Radical, who has been wont, with pride, to associate scrupulous fairness in such matters with intellectual Radicalism, I was the more disappointed. Let me say it is no part of my purpose to enter into controversy with your reviewer on “The Virgin Birth.” I wish simply to point out what appears to me, at least, one serious inaccuracy. Referring to the Fourth Gospel, he says, “We are not surprised that it has its theory of Divinity; but it is the Logos theory, and concerns ‘Jesus of Nazareth the son of Joseph’ (i., 45).” Is this a fair statement of fact? Does the Fourth Gospel declare that its “Logos theory concerns Jesus of Nazareth the son of Joseph”? Such is the obvious implication of your reviewer’s words. What is the fact? The Fourth Gospel records conversations between Andrew and Simon, and Philip and Nathaniel, in which there was eager communication of the fact that they (Andrew and Philip) had “found the Messiah.” It was Philip—a new and, necessarily, somewhat uninstructed follower of Christ—who said to Nathaniel, “We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.” Is it legitimate criticism to represent such a communication, so recorded, as expressing the view of the writer of the Fourth Gospel on the origin of Jesus?

Again, your reviewer is not happy, it seems to me, in his choice of words when he writes, “The fact that He is throughout spoken of as ‘the seed of David according to the flesh.’” The use of “throughout” is surely not justified. The phrase he quotes occurs twice only, I believe, in the New Testament, once in Acts, and once in Romans. I should not have inferred this from the use of such a comprehensive term. The subject is grave enough in the estimation of some of your readers to demand the greatest care in statements of fact.—Yours, &c.,

WM. WINDSOR.

Lyndhurst,
Lancaster Road, Birkdale.
December 23rd, 1907.

ENGLAND’S GENEROSITY TO IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“He (the average Englishman) thought that, by paying £14,000,000 of his own money, he had got rid of the landlords”—Where, in heaven’s name, does THE NATION or the average Englishman get this thought, so stated in THE NATION of December 5th?

Mr. Birrell lately recommended the average Irishman to act on the principle of the old lady who declined to read Gibbon’s history because it was better to let bygones be bygones. But Mr. Birrell is not always serious, and he never introduced such a principle into his educational programme in England.

Irish history has been practically excluded from Irish schools, but the average Irishman reads and knows enough of it to make him think that at the Union Ireland was compelled to accept an agreement at the point of the bayonet, and that her pocket was rifled at the end of the performance; that Ireland’s national debt was created by money spent in systematic corruption and final purchase of the Irish Parliament; that, when the separate Exchequers of the two countries were amalgamated by a device almost too shameful for belief, Ireland was made responsible for the English national debt; that the leaders of Protestant ascendancy and O’Connell for fifty years after the Union exposed and denounced the injustice, yet the system was not remedied, but intensified; and that the financial relations of the two countries were, and are, as shamefully unjust as their political relations.

I quote from an historical work by Gavan Duffy, which is not read, but ought to be, in Irish schools and colleges. Without exploring the whole of that great dustheap called history, it is necessary to know something of the past financial relations in order to understand the present situation, and to estimate justly such statements as that in THE NATION.

Liberal leader-writers, who don’t seem to know anything of Irish history, past or present, continually speak as if all money voted for Irish purposes was a gift from Great Britain, and ignore that from £10,000,000 to £12,000,000 of the revenue dealt with by Parliament is raked into the British Exchequer, and that it is raised and spent in ways that Irish taxpayers have not consented to, and in many cases object to. They can’t understand that the average Irishman feels justified in resisting a claim that his fellow-subjects in Great Britain, generally ignorant or indifferent, should have entire command of the fortunes of Irishmen, by taxing them without their consent, and spending their taxes without their approval.

They ignore that the overtaxation of, and the wasteful expenditure in, Ireland was established by a Royal Commission so lately as 1898 (they are ready to let this be a by-gone), and that the almost unanimous conclusion of the Commissioners (eleven out of thirteen) was that, instead of contributing one-eleventh of the revenue, Ireland’s share should at most not exceed one-twentieth. In face of that uncontradicted report, how can it be alleged that the English taxpayer contributes anything to the expenses of Irish administration or reforms?

What has England done? Not lent, but imposed the use of her credit on us with disastrous financial consequences. Is it likely that an Irish financial authority would raise money, up to a possible sum of 150 millions, at over three per cent., and lend it for such a purpose as land purchase, for the exclusive benefit of a small class, or for any purpose, at 2½ per cent.? That is the main cause of the present financial difficulty in Ireland; and this course was not imposed on Ireland until every care was taken that the inevitable loss from such Bedlamite finance was guaranteed by, and saddled on, the revenues of the local authorities.

The average Irishman believes all this and much more that he has learnt from recent and present history. He has always been too ready to let bygones be bygones; but he sees no sign of repentance or amendment in financial or legislative methods. Feeling miserable, and being helpless, he protests, just now by cattle-driving, which it is surprising to find is not considered by his English critics and advisers an improvement on former popular methods of protest. They are hard to please.—Yours, &c.,

MURBOUGH O’BRIEN.

December 24th, 1907.

"VITAL CAUSES OF IRISH DISCONTENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In spite of his humane intentions I fear that your correspondent, Mr. Robert Lynd, has not succeeded in grasping the "vital cause" of Irish discontent any more firmly than your leader writer of the previous week. This is not surprising to anyone who knows Ireland, where everything is as elusive as the skies or the mists on the mountains. One sometimes wonders, in this land of shadows, where life itself seems hardly real, whether it is ever possible to discover the real cause of anything. You will find in Ireland people who know the country thoroughly, people who are full of sympathy for the public weal and who are genuinely disinterested, all holding the most widely differing views, not alone about what are called elsewhere matters of opinion, but about the actual circumstances and conditions of life with which they are surrounded. Everything in Ireland is a matter of opinion. In no country is it so difficult to get at the actual facts, and if it is difficult for the people who live in Ireland to understand her, how much more difficult is it for those who look at her from across the sea, or from the motor car which carries the well-disposed British official through the wilds of Connaught. It is a truism to say that the Irish are a paradoxical people. But I think that few amongst the many students of modern Ireland have realised the extent to which this is true. There is, in the Irishman, an extraordinary listlessness with regard to life and constructive social and political effort, and, along with this, a core of primitive savage energy which drives him forth to attack individual institutions—all that we know as the social order. Yesterday it was the landlord, to-day it is the grazier; to-morrow it will be somebody else. Ireland is perpetually eating her heart out. The people have not yet found themselves; nor will a change in the machinery of government, nor even "the settlement of the land question" suffice to solve the problem. Two things, however, give one hope for the future. One is a growing interest in Irish affairs on the part of the Protestant minority, now a third of the entire population; the other, the demand for a better system of primary education.—Yours, &c.,

E. D.

United Arts Club, Lincoln Place, Dublin.

LAND LEGISLATION IN ROUMANIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With reference to the note in your issue of the 21st, dealing with the agrarian reforms in Roumania, I beg to send you herewith a copy of a telegram received from Bucharest, which would indicate that the Government have been able to secure unanimity for the agrarian reforms which they are introducing.

Should it interest you, I will send you in a few days' time the complete projects of law for agrarian reform.—Yours, &c.,

A. STEAD, Consul-General.

49, Parliament Street, S.W.

December 24th, 1907.

"The Government and the Opposition have come to an agreement on the principal point in the project of law relating to agricultural arrangements between the great land-owners and the peasants, namely, on the question of the pasturages to be granted to the peasants. Owners of more than one hundred and fifty hectares of land will voluntarily sell to the peasants pasture-lands not exceeding one-eighth of the extent of their estates. All the abuses of agricultural usury are suppressed and placed under severe penalties as the result of this agreement. The law will be voted by the Corps Législatifs and put into force with the least possible delay. The agricultural crisis of last Spring will thus find a solution which will be accepted by all political parties."

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. James R. Williamson, has called attention to a subject that is ripe for legislative action, and by "legislative action" I mean Governmental action, as the private M.P. now hardly counts as a law-maker.

The whole practice of death certification needs reforming, it being now in a very unsatisfactory condition, and one which greatly increases the risk of that ghastly catastrophe, premature burial.

Then again, considering the unsatisfactory domiciliary conditions under which great numbers of people live, the provision of public mortuaries is pressingly needed. In this matter we are far behind some parts of the Continent.

A good deal has been written, and by very competent writers, on the subject of the signs of death; but the net result of their labours leaves the matter so uncertain that the only sure proof of death seems to be the signs of putrefactive decomposition. The trouble lies chiefly in cases of apparently sudden death, catalepsy, &c. It is obvious that both, as a sanitary precaution, and for decency, or seemliness, the bodies of persons so succumbing should be removed from cramped homes, and carefully placed and tended until the fact of death is placed beyond dispute, or restoration takes place.

This important social reform is one that could hardly encounter any serious opposition in Parliament, and it may, therefore, be hoped that the present Government will adopt with any modifications that may be deemed helpful, the Bill which has already been drafted at the instance of The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

The subject is fully dealt with in a volume published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., and written by Mr. William Tebb, F.R.G.S., and Col. Edward Perry Vullum, M.D.

Surely *THE NATION* will lend its powerful aid to bring about the improvements indicated that are so manifestly needed?—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

SCHOOLBOY MISTRANSLATIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The list of school-boy mistranslations in your last number reminds me of one which came to my notice. The following passage from a fable by La Fontaine, "Une grenouille vit un bœuf qui lui sembla de belle taille," was rendered "A greengrocer lived on beef which seemed to him to be well cut."—Yours, &c.,

MAGISTER.

London, December 24th, 1907.

THE BIRCH ROD FOR OLD TRAMPS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The recent birching sentence passed upon an old vagrant, named Podmore, by Lord Hatherton—the victim being the same age as Lord Hatherton himself, viz., sixty-five—was perfectly legal under an antiquated Act which at one time permitted the birching of women, and but for the prompt action of the Humanitarian League, the punishment would have been inflicted. As Mr. Collinson has on more than one occasion pointed out, the law allows such disgusting sentences to be carried out almost immediately after they are pronounced. Neither the prison governor nor the police are under any obligation to communicate with the Home Office on the subject, and, under these circumstances, the intervention of the Crown, either in the way of remission or of the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, is impossible. At Gloucester, about three years ago, an insane man was flogged within twenty-four hours of the passing of the sentence, and at Dorset five old tramps, convicted of sleeping out and begging, were birched before the Home Secretary had time to interfere.

May I call attention to the fact that under this infamous Vagrant Act men who are not vagrants at all, but genuine unemployed labourers, if convicted of street-begging a second or third time, are liable to be flogged with the "cat"? Some time ago a London magistrate said he would send three labourers to be punished as "incorrigible rogues" if they came before his Court again. It was proposed by Sir M. W. Ridley, in 1889, to abolish the punishment of flogging in such cases, and, but for the action of the House of Lords, which threw out his amendment to the Vagrant Act, this would have been done.—Yours, &c.,

VETERAN CRIMINOLOGIST.

December 28th, 1907.

Reviews.

THE CREED OF A CATHOLIC LIBERAL.*

I.

It is no exaggeration to say that Lord Acton's Essays are the book of the season, and that their publication is an event. Their author stood in the first rank of *Gelehrte*. His reading was immense, his memory unailing. He added to his learning a considerable knowledge of affairs and an almost passionate moral energy. The former kept him in touch with life, the latter with principle; he lived in the world of men without descending to its level; he raised and inspired. The works of such a man are of public, it is not too much to say of European, interest; and while welcoming the volume before us, they form, we hope, an instalment only. For, even if we add to them the "Lectures on Modern History," the "Letters to Mrs. Drew," and Dr. Gasquet's judiciously compiled *Tendenz-Schrift*, "Lord Acton and His Circle," we possess but a small part of his published, not to speak of his unpublished, work. The list of his anonymous articles fills more than twenty pages of an octavo volume; "Quirinus," the contributions to the short-lived "Chronicle," much of the historical and other comment on the controversies which culminated in the Vatican Council are scattered, difficult of access, or out of print. Were private motives, however natural, to stand in the way of an adequate memoir and of the editing by a competent hand of his remains in full, the world of letters would have reason to complain.

To his foreign blood, his German training, and his hereditary creed he owed the large outlook, the absence of the provincial note, that distinguished him. Continental thought was nearer to him than English; his studies were cosmopolitan; he had much of the "massive solidity" of the German mind. The years (1848-1854) spent at Munich were decisive; he threw himself into the intellectual movement of which the Bavarian capital was the centre; and, associating intimately with Döllinger, shared the development, the disillusionment, and, ultimately, the defeat of that distinguished man.

Whatever may be the case to-day, half a century ago the standards of German were higher than those of English science; Acton learned to be a severe judge as of his own so of other men's work. But what moved his indignation was less ignorance as such than the pretence which seemed to him a moral fault. His judgment of Buckle—"he is neither wise himself nor likely to be the cause of wisdom in others"—was ethical rather than intellectual. He disliked what seemed to him the parade of "slovenly erudition," but he resented much more "the laborious endeavour to degrade the history of mankind to the level of one of the natural sciences"; and, though his sense of the unity of science increased in later years, he would have protested to the end against an attempt to construe ideal in the terms of material fact. This austere temper passed over into the practical province. Hence a certain academic strain in his political judgments which recalls Burke or, in our own day, Mr. John Morley.

"To treat politics as a game, to play with truth, or make it subservient to any cause other than itself, to take trivial views, was to Acton as deep a crime as to waste in pleasure or futility the hours so brief given for the salvation of the soul would have seemed to Baxter or Bunyan. Indeed, there was an element of Puritan severity in his attitude towards statesmen, both ecclesiastical and civil. He was no 'light half-believer of a casual creed.'"

This was the key to his admiration for Mr. Gladstone and his antipathy to Lord Beaconsfield; to his enthusiasm for Rothe, whose "Ethik," he said, was the book which he would give to anyone who he wished to turn out a good Catholic—a term which he used in an Actonian rather than a denominational sense—and his distrust of Newman, whom, with all his gifts, he regarded as "a sophist, the manipulator, and not the servant of truth."

His criticisms of public men were acute. Of Goschen—"his lips have never been touched by the sacred fire of

Liberty": of Lord Liverpool—"his mediocrity was his merit"; what his party valued was "the safe sterility of his mind." So too with writers. Of a certain professor of history—"his lectures are, indeed, not entirely unhistorical, for he has borrowed quite discriminatingly from Tocqueville"; of another—"ideas, if they occur to him, he rejects like temptations to sin."

He was not without the defects of his qualities; the historian's judgment of Demosthenes, "he was an idealist, and overestimated the efficacy of moral forces in times of danger," applies. A failing that leans to virtue's side is still a failing; his "périssent les colonies plutôt que les principes" indicated a stiff-jointedness which amounted to a real weakness. This came out in his views of Imperial policy, of the Italian Risorgimento—"he (Cavour) was not intentionally a persecutor or consciously an enemy of religion"; "his means were, on the whole, better than his end"—and of the relation between Church and State, e.g., "where ecclesiastical authority is restricted, religious liberty is virtually denied." On the last head, it is true, experience modified his opinion. The triumph of Vaticanism in the Roman Church taught him to distinguish between "authority and authorities," and led him to a certain sympathy with Prince Hohenlohe's view that religion ought to be maintained in its integrity and not only in its independence, that society is interested in protecting the Church even against herself, and that the enemies of her liberty are ecclesiastical as well as political. But on the principle he never wavered, and it is in the principle that the fallacy lies. "It must be wrong to do wrong" is the phrase in which the editors sum up his attitude. Yes; but while the aim, at least the ideal aim, is to moralise life as a whole, and while the science of social as distinguished from that of individual ethics is, we grant, in its infancy, to apply the standards of the latter to the former is misleading. As well argue from "resist not evil" to pure passivity; and, starting from the Christian duty of forgiveness, disband the police, close the law courts, open the prisons. It is a *reductio ad absurdum*; society would be at an end. Acton, indeed, did not go the length of non-resistance. But his principles looked that way.

"It was not his (Mr. Gladstone's) successes so much as his failures that attracted him. What he most admired was what many condemned. It was because he was not like Lord Palmerston, because Bismarck disliked him, because he gave back the Transvaal to the Boers, and tried to restore Ireland to its people, because . . . his politics were part of his religion, that he used of Gladstone language rarely used and still more rarely applicable to any statesman."

When the different idols to which men are led agree in diverting their attention from certain important truths it is an unwelcome task to point out the relativity, if not of these truths in themselves, at least of their application. We are not criticising the Gladstonian policy. Mr. Gladstone was a great moral force in politics; and he may have been right in his view of the questions referred to. What we are concerned with is the principle that in morals, as elsewhere, applied differs from pure science. And that for this reason. Society, whether in Church or State, is as yet only to a certain extent moralised. It is, as Jowett reminds us, largely mechanical; and rests primarily on certain motives, partly self-regarding, partly altruistic, which have been found strong enough to bind men together; on certain institutions tested by use and handed down from former generations; on certain compacts, tacit or avowed, between conflicting ideas and interests—liberty and law, the good of the individual and that of the community, present pleasure and future pain. Ethics, like religion, presents us not with a concrete polity but with an ideal; and "an ideal is by its very nature removed from practical life." Ethical motives have never existed, perhaps are never likely to exist, in such strength as to make it safe to entrust them with the preservation of social order. Other instincts, therefore, not so much immoral as, apparently and on the surface, unmoral, exist for this purpose. To disparage those is to assume that the Divine manifests itself only in the sphere of conscious morality. But this is not so; Schiller's maxim, "Die Welt-Geschichte ist das Welt-Gericht," while capable of abuse, is the expression of a truth which no monistic conception of the universe can safely overlook. The ethical notions which conflict with this truth, however important in their own province, have

* I. "The History of Freedom and Other Essays." By Lord Acton. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Neville Figgis, M.A., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. Macmillan. 10s.

II. "Historical Essays and Studies." By Lord Acton. Edited by John Neville Figgis, M.A., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. Macmillan. 10s.

no jurisdiction outside it; they are of the number of those which "the moralist can never afford to forget, nor the metaphysician to remember."

This loyalty to the moral law led him to forget the gradual purification of its prescriptions. "Are you aware," he once asked, "that St. Charles Borromeo was a party to a scheme of assassinations?" "Must we not make allowances for the morality of the time?" it was urged. "I make no allowance for that sort of thing" was the emphatic answer; and he protested against Manning for holding up the authority "that canonised this murderer to the veneration of mankind." To see in this way is to see out of focus. A patron of the ring to-day would be put down, justly enough, as a depraved person. And it is possible that to a future generation the criminal code of our own may seem at once stupid and barbarous. But our grandfathers who patronised the ring were, man for man, as virtuous as we are; nor whatever we may come to think of the laws which they administer, are our magistrates specially inhuman. In the sixteenth century, as in our own, there were men who were in advance of their age; but they were exceptional, and, when we remember that the author of *Utopia* was himself a persecutor, their professions must be received with reserve. There is a flaw in the syllogism which excludes the average; the premisses are strained.

It is probable that a personal factor entered into Acton's rigorism on these questions.

"In early life he had sought guidance in the difficult historical and ethical questions which beset the history of the Papacy from many of the most eminent ultramontanes. Later on he was able to test their answers in the light of his study of original authorities. He found that the answers given him had been at the best but plausible evasions."

He had been "put off with explanations that did not explain, or left in ignorance of material facts." The falsehood of the system, its teaching, its representatives, was essential and incurable. This at least was his deliberate judgment on a question which no man in Europe was as competent to judge as he. And exaggeration bred exaggeration; it is dangerous to set belief in the Pope on the same level as belief in God. He escaped the "all or nothing" dilemma over which so many of his co-religionists have made shipwreck; he was a religious man and a sincere Christian throughout. But his natural and proper suspicion of Ultramontanism led him at times to "see men as trees walking." He forgot the relativity of moral standards; he forgot, in judging Liberal divines like Rosmini and Newman, that men are often better than their principles; and that the question to be asked is not, Are they consistent?—few of us are so, fortunately—but, which way do they face? The key to this was the fact that his own position in the Church of Rome was an ambiguous one. "Pour faire l'histoire d'une religion," says Renan, "il faut ne plus y croire, mais il faut y avoir cru." Had Acton possessed this twofold qualification, his criticism of Vaticanism—which, it must be remembered, he distinguished, rightly or wrongly, from Catholicism—would have gained in balance what it lost in fire.

In the first stage of his literary activity he possessed the confidence of the reformer and something of the self-assurance of youth. He was convinced, with reason, of the fallacy of many of the ideas associated with the democratic movement; he was contemptuous, also with reason, of the parochialism of English thought. Perhaps in each case he did not sufficiently distinguish form from substance; or discern the potentialities of the crude and immature. The next ten years were taken up with theological controversy. He fought the Papacy, and was defeated; its hour had not yet come. He survived the Vatican Council for more than a generation. During this time his attitude to the Church was one of detachment; he remained, as he had been born, a Catholic, but he viewed the politico-ecclesiastical questions which absorbed his co-religionists from without. With the view of his editors that in later life he felt that the Infallibility Dogma "need not have the dangerous consequences, both in regard to historical judgments and political principles, which he had feared" we cannot agree. Six years after the definition he wrote:—

"I do not know of a religious and educated Catholic who really believes that the See of Rome is a safe guide to salva-

tion: I do not believe that there are Catholics who sincerely and intelligently believe that Rome is right and Döllinger wrong."

And in 1884:—

"A man's opinion of the Papacy is regulated and determined by his opinion about religious assassination. If he honestly looks at it as an abomination, he can only accept the Primacy with a drawback, with precaution, suspicion, and aversion from its acts."

Here, certainly, there is no surrender. And, if it is asked how a man holding this view of Rome could be a Roman Catholic, we can only quote Patmore's "I believe in Catholicism as it will be ten thousand years hence." He distinguished the merely lengthy from the eternal, and looked to the future—perhaps the far future—for the triumph of his ideas.

H. F.

(To be concluded.)

THE WRITING OF HISTORY.*

THE present book, which consists of a series of lectures recently delivered by Professor Pollard, well known for his researches in the Tudor period of English history, at University College, deserves, in more ways than one, the highest praise. It merits recognition, as a production of up-to-date English academic training, by reason of its general freedom from bias, as well as its unsparing criticism of many time-honoured prejudices with which the academic exponent of history has been wont to regale the raw and receptive student mind. It is further worthy of commendation for the absolute lucidity of its exposition, and for a charm of style which rarely flags. Mr. Pollard would, probably, himself hardly claim any especial originality for the subject-matter of these lectures. The course of development, the facts and the relations of fact, which Mr. Pollard so admirably presents, are probably known to well-nigh all serious historical students of the present day, and the points of view here given are accepted by all who are moderately free from such prejudice as is likely to distort their insight.

The title of the present work is, perhaps, somewhat misleading, since it deals exclusively with English history during the period of which it professes to treat, i.e., the close of the Middle Ages to the present time. But, taking English history as their text, Mr. Pollard's lectures contain in many respects a masterly survey of the course of development from the Tudor period onwards.

In the first chapter, Mr. Pollard offers some excellent remarks on the qualifications requisite to a successful understanding of history. He very properly places "imagination" in the forefront of the natural gifts with which the student of history should be endowed. Imagination, in the sense referred to, historical imagination, like scientific imagination, is not, of course, to be identified with imagination in the ordinary sense, which is restricted to the "imagination of deeds which were never done, and of causes that never existed." As Mr. Pollard justly observes, indispensable as original research is to the historian, no ransacking of archives or accumulation of materials "will make a man a historian without the capacity to interpret and construct." It is this capacity to interpret and construct which determines the value of the historian. Historical reality, like all other reality, resolves itself, in the last resort, into two factors, or elements, a logical factor, expressing itself in laws or causal formulae, economical, psycho-social, political, &c., and an alogical factor expressing itself in the play of individual events and human wills. The first of these constitutes the universal, and the second the particular, side of historical reality. The one is law, the other chance. The task of the philosophic historian is to disentangle the law side of history from its chance side, but there is a danger here of falling into the delusion that history, as concrete fact or progress, can be exhaustively or adequately explained by a formula or set of formulae. No view of history can be adequate that does not explicitly recognise the seething mass of particular events and human wills, themselves irreducible to law, as an

* "Factors in Modern History." By F. M. Pollard, M.A. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

equally important factor in historical development as any law that we can formulate.

It is here that the historical imagination comes in, guiding its possessor between the Scylla of barren *doctrinaireism* and *Prinzipreiterei* on the one hand, and the Charybdis of losing himself in a mere superficial chaos of facts and personalities, on the other. There is a further problem for the historical imagination to determine, and that is as to the norm for its reality as reflected in our minds. We all know the puzzle of our childhood, which was the real object, the chair say, as seen with our eyes close to it, a few inches away, or a few yards away. So here, we may ask ourselves, is the true and real history of a period the history as seen through the eyes of a contemporary, and if so, of what contemporary, the man of thought, the man of action, or the man of artistic imagination; or, again, of the scholar of a later period, who reconstructs it with the aid of his imaginative faculty, working on the facts given and on the light thrown upon them by subsequent development? Of course, Mr. Pollard, as he does not profess to be writing a philosophical treatise on historic method, cannot go into these questions in the few passages which the limits of his task allow him to devote to general considerations.

Professor Pollard would emphasise the rise of the modern national state as the salient fact distinguishing modern from medieval, or ancient, history. The importance of the nationality as the political unit of modern times as opposed to the kinship or group unit of early society, or the local territorial unit (the village, manor, township) of the older civilisation, is unquestionable, but it may be fairly doubted whether it can be properly treated as ultimate, or, on the other hand, whether the change in the political centre is not rather itself deducible from causes lying deeper in economic development. Indeed, there are passages which would indicate that Mr. Pollard is himself conscious of this possibility. If such be the case, the evolution of the political nation as opposed, on the one side, to the cosmopolitanism, and, on the other, to the local independence, of earlier ages, resolves itself into a phase of a movement at once wider and deeper than itself. With all due acknowledgment of the recognition, as compared to earlier academic writers on the subject, which the economic "moment" receives at Mr. Pollard's hands, we would suggest that even he sometimes allows it to be over-weighted by the political and ideological side of things in his estimates of social change as a whole.

Some of Mr. Pollard's *obiter dicta* are certainly open to question. Take, for example, the dogmatic assertion on p. 45 that "if England is destined to turn into a social democracy, the transformation will be accomplished by the same gradual, legitimate, and peaceful methods as those by which feudal England was converted into a commercial middle-class community." It is surely, to say the least, rash to conclude, without reservation from the past to the future, in this way. Besides, is it quite true, as Professor Pollard implies, that social change in England has been, invariably, so entirely peaceful? How about the various risings in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, how about the Civil War, how about the Revolution of 1688? Again, the passing reference to the Paris Commune of 1871, on p. 170, is quite unworthy of an historical scholar of the calibre of our author, combining, as it does, bias and inaccuracy.

But, in spite of any slight drawbacks, every impartial critic must admit that Professor Pollard has furnished the best scientific survey of the course of English history as yet existing in the language, certainly within the same compass. He has not hesitated to blow many cherished myths to the winds, and in most cases to present, clearly and concisely, the causes of events in their true proportion. The book is one which should be in the possession of every historical student.

A PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN.*

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND, who is well known in France as a writer upon music, has had the original idea of writing a book upon Beethoven the man, with barely a reference to Beethoven the musician. The result is singularly in-

teresting. The little book contains no new matter—none that is not already familiar to students of the German biographies of Beethoven and of his letters; but practically all the available information about his appearance, his manners, and his ways of thought is here compressed into a small volume that anyone can read through in less than an hour. In this way we get a swifter and more complete idea of the living man than it is possible to get by picking out the essentials here and there from the mass of details given us in the biographies and the letters. M. Rolland builds his data into a very penetrating and convincing piece of portraiture. For the most part he lets Beethoven speak for himself; only at one point does he idealise the portrait—when he regards the choral portion of the Ninth Symphony, the "Ode to Joy," as a kind of deliberate purgation of the composer's soul, the conscious adding of a coping stone of optimism to a life that Beethoven had consciously shaped with this end in view for years. "He has now," says M. Rolland, "come into possession of the object for which he has sought all his life; he has seized hold of Joy." Men do not dramatise themselves in this way, and Beethoven least of all.

To the psychologist Beethoven's is one of the most interesting of lives, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the fact that it is almost devoid of outer incident. It does not stand in the limelight like Wagner's, does not come down to the footlights and bawl its story at us till the least concerned of us cannot help but hear; it has not even the romantic garnishings of the lives of men like Chopin and Liszt. Beethoven, for the greater part of his career, rarely moved out of Vienna; and for a composer—and such a composer in such a time—he was fairly well treated by the Fates, his work being appreciated to an extent that is really surprising, and his material lot being felicity itself in comparison with that of Mozart or that of Schubert. Yet his life was on the whole the most tragic in the history of music, even when one remembers the poverty and the misery and the too-early deaths of the composers just named, and the pitiful endings of Schumann and Hugo Wolf. No other musician has had to face so awful a trial as deafness during practically two-thirds of his working life. What that meant for him we can, with all our sympathy, only dimly guess. It must have been heart-rending for his friends to see such a sight as Beethoven playing the piano and frequently drawing no sound at all from the keys, so lightly did he touch them in the more expressive passages, while he himself was unconscious of the silence, the rapture written on his face showing that his spiritual, if not his physical ear, was listening to the divinest strains; but for Beethoven himself, except in moments of forgetfulness like these, the anguish of that perpetually lamed sense must have been something beyond our power of imagination. The wonder is not that he should have thought of suicide so early as 1802, but that he failed to carry the idea into execution.

And yet the scientific student of his case sometimes asks himself whether, paradoxical as it may seem, music did not gain by Beethoven's deafness, for the simple reason that it withdrew him from the world, and concentrated almost the whole of his faculties upon his art. For Beethoven was a man of great physical energy, unflinching courage, and an exuberant—even turbulent—temperament; and with all these driving forces at the back of him it is hard to say whether, had all the ways of life been left open to him, he would not have wandered down many of the wrong ones and lost and wasted a good deal of himself. In that gnarled and ugly frame—the product of a vigorous but drunken father and a consumptive mother—there was a combination of physical strength and nervous fire that is not common among artists. There is not a shadow of doubt that he was very nervously organised; his letters, the Heiligenstadt Testament, and the evidence of his friends, prove it conclusively. But the organism and the life were kept from going to pieces by a fundamental toughness of tissue, a devouring ambition, and an abnormal tenacity of will. He could faint from sheer emotion after the performance of one of his works; but he could also endure physical fatigue and mental torments that would have broken most

* "Beethoven." By Romain Rolland. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. Henry J. Drane. 1s. net.

other composers to pieces. Men who unite such nervous fire to such strength of body and of will cannot confine their energies within ordinary bounds. Every now and then in Beethoven's letters and conversations we get an inkling of the disturbing force he might have been in actual life had not his deafness bound and caged him. "What a pity," he said of Napoleon after Jena, "that I am not acquainted with the science of war as I am with that of music! I would show myself his master."

His energy, indeed, was always overwhelming. "My youth, I feel," he writes to Wegeler in 1801, "is only just beginning. . . . For some time past, my physical along with my intellectual strength has grown greater than ever"; and again, "I am happy every time I overcome something"; "I should like to live my life a thousand times over. . . . I was not made for a quiet life." As M. Rolland well expresses it, "A very contagion of courage evolves from his personality, an eager joy for the strife, the exaltation of a consciousness which feels the god within." Yet the Fates ordained, perhaps wisely, that for all this energy there was to be no outlet at all but music. "At the age of twenty-eight," he himself said in the touching "Heiligenstadt Testament" of 1802, "it is no easy matter to be forced to become a philosopher; such an obligation is even harder for the artist than for any other." It was undoubtedly hard for Beethoven. If any musician really went about the earth with a deep sense of his own mystic kinship with all created things, it was he. Like Schumann, he felt that his development as an artist was bound up with his development as a man; and he was willing to pour out upon his fellow-creatures an ideal love for humanity. "I shall be greater when you see me again," he writes to a friend in 1801. "I am not thinking of the artist alone but also of the man, who will show himself to you better and more accomplished in every way; and if there is not a little less misery in my birthplace than there used to be, my art shall be devoted entirely to improving the conditions of the poor." After the shock of losing Thérèse von Brunswick in 1810, he writes in his note-book: "Submission, absolute submission to destiny; no longer canst thou exist for thyself, only for others. . . . My God! give me strength to overcome myself." With sentiments such as these, we can understand the attraction Schiller's "Ode to Joy," with its call to universal brotherhood, had for him. Yet this was the man who was condemned by his malady to live a life almost of solitude, and who was driven by it to say at one time that the world was "altogether detestable," and at another, "I love a tree better than a man."

Even as it was, with his outer life so sadly clipped and confined, Beethoven remains one of the most interesting of musical personalities in his relation to the world. He was the first composer to dominate the environment in which he lived, instead of being dominated by it. The conditions had no doubt changed. Bach had to drag out an existence embittered by the ignorant and often unsympathetic overlordship of a small town council. Mozart ate with the servants, and was kicked out of a room by an insolent Philistine. Haydn was a musical house-servant practically all his life. When Dittersdorf, in 1760, ran away from the master whose livery he wore, he was brought back by the aid of the police, and when he was "ordered to be kept under arrest in the porter's house for a fortnight, with bread and water every fourth day," the leniency of the punishment so affected him that, as he says, "My tears choked me. I could scarcely find words to express my gratitude to so generous a Prince." The status of the musician had improved since then. But the improvement in the manner of regarding musicians as a whole does not account for the extraordinary power of Beethoven over everyone who came into contact with him; it was the personality of the man himself that lifted him into a position of contemptuous independence such as no musician in Europe had hitherto known. His refusal to take off his hat to the ducal family at Weimar, while Goethe stood bareheaded in the conventional attitude of the courtier, is typical of the granitic hardness of the man. Under no circumstances could he have become a servant like Haydn or Mozart. As Wagner said, one glance at that determined face would have been enough to deter any prince from choosing Beethoven for his Kapellmeister. He was, indeed, something new in the history of music, not only in his art, but in himself; an historical symbol as well as an individual.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE latest product of Mr. A. C. Benson's almost irritatingly prolific pen is a study in morbid pathology. "The Altar Fire" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net) purports to be the diary of a successful man of letters, begun at a time when he has crowned all his previous achievements by writing a really great novel. Suddenly and unaccountably he is struck with sterility. He feels he can write nothing equal to his *magnum opus*, and is plunged into profound depression of spirit. Then all the misfortunes of Job come upon him. He loses first his only son, then his fortune, then his wife, and then his only daughter, and he is left miserable and lonely, pondering over the cruelty of his own fate and the mystery of "all this unintelligible world." The last few chapters of the book relate how he is brought into healthy relations with his kind, by contact with an invalid squire, a man of great beauty of character and calmness of outlook; and how his self-centred life is gradually made healthy and peaceful by spending itself in the service of others. In everything that Mr. Benson writes he more than half disarms criticism by his clear, limpid style—subtle, rhythmical, tender, and persuasive. And yet the book as a whole is unconvincing; the writer has not created a living character, but has only half animated a lay figure by imparting to it some phases of his own sympathetic and many-sided personality. For a few pages at a time we feel that we have got a glimpse of the inner recesses of the temple of sorrow—we think that

"A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain."

And then the impression vanishes, and we realise that the story he tells is not the "journal intime" of a real sufferer, but only an inadequate attempt by a gifted writer to enter into experiences he has never realised for himself. "How often," he makes his diarist say in one place, "have I thought how deplorable it was to see a man issuing a series of books, everyone of which is feebler than its predecessor, dishing up the old characters, the stale ideas, the used-up background; I have always hoped that someone would be kind and brave enough to tell me when I did that." It would savour of ingratitude to one who, in "The Upton Letters," has made a unique and delightful contribution to English literature to turn these words of his own against him—at any rate, without saying that they are not in all respects applicable to the present book. It may, however, be permitted to express the hope that he may in future restrain his gift of easy utterance until he has some message for his generation fresher and more inevitable than the volume now before us. The best things in the book are a few penetrating flashes of literary criticism, but there is in it much of vapid and not a little rather feeble sentiment. The diarist is a self-centred creature, whose beautiful talk about his emotions only half conceals his essential egotism.

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THE forty-six reproductions of "Drawings by Michael Angelo" (George Newnes, 7s. 6d.) preserve the outward character of the originals astonishingly well. This may be due in part to the virile nature of the latter, which enables them to suffer translation more easily than work depending wholly for its meaning on the subtler finesse of line; but it is also due to great care in the preparation of the blocks. At all events such studies as the pen and bistre figure for the "Bathers," the "Haman Dying on the Cross," and the anatomical "Study for the Dead Christ" at Windsor, lose little of their sculptural force, while the softer contrasts of the black chalk "Pietà" (Plate XXXI.), and others in the same medium are not inadequately rendered. The examples are culled from the collections at Windsor, Oxford, the British Museum, and the Louvre, and from one or two private sources, and an introduction by Mr. E. Borough Johnson voices the opinion of an artist on their characteristics and merits. There is less to be said about the half-tone plates in the "Sir Henry Raeburn" (Newnes, 3s. 6d.), though they compare favourably with those of the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" in the same series, probably on account of the stronger modelling that characterised the Scotsman's paintings. Mr. R. S. Clouston's prefatory letter-

press is sympathetic and to the point. He shows that Raeburn's faculty for catching a likeness without the conscious effort required by many others constituted him a "Heaven-born portraitist," since it enabled him to devote himself to the painter-like qualities "which he primarily introduces to please himself." Mr. Clouston is not alone in deeming the full-length portrait of Dr. Nathaniel Spens as the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*. While Sir Walter Armstrong is disposed to rank the "Sir John Sinclair" as a more mature effort, Mr. W. McKay in his work on the "Scottish School of Painting" gives first place to the "Nathaniel Spens," and most painter critics will agree with him.

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HUNTING men, especially if they belong to the older generation, will enjoy Sir Reginald Graham's "Foxhunting Recollections" (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. net). The book goes back as far as the early 'twenties, for two of the chapters are compiled from the hunting diaries kept by Sir Reginald's father, Sir Bellingham Graham, a noted sportsman, who succeeded Mr. Osbaldeston in 1821 as Master of the Quorn. The lavish scale on which he worked may be gathered from the fact that later, when offered a subscription of £700 to hunt the Hambledon country, his reply was: "Barely enough to keep me in spur leathers and blacking." Sir Reginald Graham's own recollections go back to the time of the Crimean War, when he was on active service. He retired from the Army in the "sixties," and hunted for several seasons with the Burton and Beaufort Hunts. In 1871 he became Master of the Cotswold, and afterwards, in succession, of the New Forest, the Tedworth, and the Hurworth, and, more recently, he kept a pack of harriers at Norton Conyers. It is difficult to avoid keeping dulness out of a chronicle of sport, but Sir Reginald Graham's style, if a trifle prolix, is engaging. His recollections of a number of foxhunting parsons of the old school—a type now almost extinct—add to the interest of his pages.

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ANOTHER entertaining book on sport is Mr. Frederick W. Hackwood's "Old English Sports" (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), which has also the merit of containing some good illustrations from old prints. Mr. Hackwood gives a mass of information about most forms of sport which have been popular in this country, and as he writes in an easy anecdotal style, his book may prove useful to those who shrink from more technical treatises on the subject. The predominant feeling in the reader's mind as he glances through the accounts of some of the "blood sports" treated of in the volume, is one of thanksgiving that most of them are now obsolete, though, as Mr. Hackwood points out, the law has not yet done all that it should to put down mere exhibitions of cruelty which still masquerade under the name of sport. We commend to the notice of those who like to see dogs with their ears cropped an account of how the operation is performed taken by Mr. Hackwood from the "Pall Mall Gazette." We are also glad to see that he protests against the senseless custom of "docking" dogs' tails. Dealers have persuaded the public into a belief that Dutch Schipperkes and English Bobtail Sheepdogs are born tailless. The fact is that both these breeds must have their tails removed before they stand any chance of admiration from the "fancy." If the tail is "docked" before the dog is nine days old the pain inflicted is comparatively slight—but pain there always is—while if the mutilation is deferred the pain is acute.

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MR. HUBERT BLAND scarcely does himself justice in "The Happy Moralist" (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net). We have, indeed, the light touch, the kindly cynicism, the tolerance, and the air of irresponsibility, which he has taught us to expect, but they are mingled with other qualities less entertaining. The catalogue of sources whence our food is derived in "The Lucky Ones," for instance, is much too long drawn out, and the reader runs some risk of boredom before its conclusion. However, boredom and Mr. Bland are ill-assorted companions; and in such essays as "A Question of Conscience" and "Her Plea of Independence," we have the Mr. Bland to whom we are accustomed. "Religion and the Child" contains some autobiographical

memories of unusual interest; and in "At Hertford House" we have criticisms of the pictures and hints concerning the morals of the eighteenth century French artists. On the whole, however, these essays, though containing many shrewd thrusts and happy verdicts, lack the sparkle or the "dry" flavour we look for from Mr. Bland.

* * *

WE welcome the appearance of a new edition of the Rev. W. Tuckwell's delightful "Reminiscences of Oxford" (Smith, Elder, 6s.). The book, which is a mine of good stories, has been much enlarged by the addition of fresh chapters on Trinity and Corpus, and the introduction of the author's recollections of T. H. Green, Archbishop Temple, Frederick Meyrick, F. D. Maurice, Isaac Williams, Dean Lake, Vaughan Thomas, Warden Sewell of New College, and Monsignor Patterson. The notices of Pusey, Newman, Sir H. Acland, Provost Hawkins, and Mark Pattison have also been added to. Mr. Tuckwell is probably the oldest of living Oxonians, and forms a link between our own days and the Oxford of stage-coaches, sinecures, and bibulous Dons. His volume of genial recollections makes delightful reading from cover to cover. There hangs about it a flavour of scholarship and converse with life not often found in combination. To read it is—in the hackneyed phrase—to talk with a gentleman and a scholar.

* * *

"THE Art of Naval Warfare" (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d. net) opens well with a generous dedication to Professor John Knox Laughton, whose work in unravelling the secrets of Sea Power, though unrewarded, ranks with that of Captain Mahan. Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge was a scientific officer when the Navy was yet grasped in the firm stricture of rule of thumb. The book is a scholarly study of the lessons of naval warfare. The author believes that the only effective way of giving instruction in the art of naval warfare is to impart to the students a general notion of the art and to apply the knowledge acquired by them to the investigation of particular wars, campaigns, and sea fights. It is then possible to make deductions applicable to particular conditions, no matter how recent in date. Admiral Bridge's premises are unexceptionable; his conclusions are puerile to the shell fire of criticism. Although he "names no names," he employs his technical study of naval history as ammunition against the Admiralty. Sir Cyprian Bridge is the only prominent member of the late Syndicate of Discontent who has not accepted office under the "retrograde Admiralty." Sir Reginald Custance is Vice-Admiral of the Channel Fleet; Sir Gerard Noel is Commander-in-Chief at the Nore; and the author of this book, like the prophet of old, may say, "and I, even I only, am left." If war, as the author says, is essentially the contest of wits, preparation for war in democratic countries is a result of the struggle between the Tory and Liberal Parties in the sphere of naval warfare. Naval Tories read history in one way, naval Liberals in another. The Board of Admiralty appointed on the 21st October, 1904, was the first progressive Board since masts and marlinespikes were superseded by boilers and spanners. According to the Tory Party in the Navy, always a strong force, progress is counted as revolution, and reform as ignoring the teachings of history. The secrecy with which the "Dreadnought" was built, for example, is severely condemned by the author. He declares that official secrecy in regard to material conceals little or nothing from the future enemy. Its only effect is to keep the home public in the dark concerning the money paid by it in the form of taxes. This is the teaching of the naval Tory. We will not presume on so technical a matter as to contradict Admiral Bridge, but we note that when the "Dreadnought" was building, Germany contemplated for 1907-8 a paper programme of 70,680 tons. She actually laid down only 2,120 tons to date and a ship of last year's programme, which was postponed because the "Dreadnought" was then an experiment. To the plain man it looks very much as if the Admiralty were right in their policy of secrecy, and that Admiral Bridge's *ipse dixit* is not sustained by facts. There is much in this book of real value, although the veteran author gives the impression of taking himself so seriously as to mate pedantry with scholarship.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

On a public whose artistic perceptions are crude the subtle truth to nature and beauty of form of works of art are nearly always thrown away. The great public instinctively patronises writers who thrill it with sentimental scenes, utter its own confused ethics, or flatter its sense of national importance. The writers of this popular class, who are legion, are pained, even surprised, when a critic dismisses them with the epigram "to the mediocre mediocrity is excellent. They plead that their works interest and please a very large audience, and by this plea they define where they and their public stand, even if it cannot justify their existence. Mr. Mason's and Sir Gilbert Parker's last novels are of no account from the artistic standpoint, but as they are the work of highly popular novelists, it may be worth while enquiring why they appeal to so many thousand persons.

Of the two novels before us, Sir Gilbert Parker's is so out and away the worse that Mr. Mason's is quite acceptable by comparison. In "The Weavers: A Tale of England and Egypt of Fifty Years Ago," the atmosphere, the plot, the characters, the philosophy, are all so cheap, so journalistic in the usual sense, that the tale is hardly worth the honour of detailed analysis. To the commonplace picturesqueness of a "Christmas Supplement" are super-added a pretentiousness of tone and an emotional unreality that, from the pen of any man but Sir Gilbert Parker, would suggest insincerity. We cannot, however, charge Sir Gilbert Parker with the simulation of emotions and interests that he has not applied himself to fathom and reproduce, so we can only regret that he has taken for his subject the pure-souled magnanimity and high endeavour of a hero, for whom Gordon of Khartoum has apparently served as the exemplar. Sir Gilbert Parker modestly assures us in a prefatory note that his "book is not intended to be an historical novel, nor are its characters meant to be identified with well-known persons connected with the history of England or of Egypt." That may be, but it is unfortunate that his hero's character and aims should suggest Gordon's, while the closing scenes are practically a version of Gordon's last days in Khartoum. That much romantic stuffing should pad out the meagre bones of the narrative does not absolve an author from the critical charge of cheapening a subject that needs genuine depth of feeling and insight in the handling. For the charge that is brought against the unabashed journalist can be brought against "The Weavers." Any smart young man with a note-book, told off to "report" some grave issue of life and death, grates on our taste if he appends his trivial reflections to the "facts" he is enquiring into at lightning speed. But should he aim at fulfilling the artist's function and try and weave the contents of his note-book and his "snap-shots" of distinguished men, eked out with "local colour," into a "romance" that not only defies probability but caricatures nature, he increases his offence. What grates on us especially in "The Weavers" is that the author has travestied the most poignant situations. The young Quaker hero, David Claridge, an absurd cross between Gordon and the "Friend" of Transatlantic romance, is not possible in any of the situations Sir Gilbert Parker's colonial fancy is pleased to present us. David playing the flute in the Quaker Meeting-house before the Elders of Hamley is a picture worthy of Mr. Crockett's profitable imagination, but even Mr. Crockett, we think, would recoil from the absurdity of Chapter VI. in which the good Quaker youth becomes the favourite of the

Prince Pasha of Egypt, ousts the astute Nahoum Pasha, rescues an English girl from the clutches of the sensualist Foorgat Bey (who is killed in the struggle), and then appropriately murmurs to himself: "I have taken a life, O my God. Accept mine in service for this land, for this poor land, for Christ's sake." The beauty of falsity in art is that the practitioner need only take one factor into account, the receptivity of his public. If Sir Gilbert Parker had recounted how his Egyptian Pashas rose in a body and danced an official hornpipe before the austere Quaker youth, or how Foorgat Bey was strangled before his eyes by a bevy of Nubian women, it would be all one to the generously receptive British people. As it is, the scene in which the "sullen, evil, cruel Achmet Pasha came to David to beg that he may die fighting, and for Egypt, and for thee, if it must be so," is so utterly theatrical that it is mortifying to think that it should be accepted in good faith. But so it is. Nothing is, apparently, too crudely coloured for a public which judges art by the same standards that it judges the heterogeneous contents of a sensational newspaper. To label "The Weavers" "fit for popular consumption" may seem unkind to the tastes and outlook of an audience, but we should be doing an injustice to its author if we were to class his last with those early works of his by which he first (and fairly) caught the critical ear.

In "The Broken Road" we find nothing of the shallow facility and strident assumption which characterise "The Weavers," and it is evident that Mr. Mason has made a conscientious study, to the best of his ability, of the false position in which his hero, the young Prince of Chiltistan, Shere Ali, is placed by his English education. In England Shere Ali is treated as an equal; at Eton, Oxford, and in London society everything is done to make him lose the taste for native life; but when he returns to India he has to live it, and while he finds himself a stranger among his own people, he is practically treated as an inferior by Anglo-Indians. This is the text of "The Broken Road," and we are far from denying that the novel may be useful. We sympathise with Shere Ali when, hopelessly in love with the charming white woman, Mrs. Oliver, he is told by her that though she has flirted with him and accepted his pearls in London, it is all "impossible" in Calcutta. "You know that it's impossible. We can't alter these things." But good intentions and conscientious endeavour do not necessarily produce good works of art. Though Shere Ali's skin is brown, in thought, feeling, and character he does not differ from a typical Englishman. And none of the other characters are, in fact, alive. Try as he may Mr. Mason can never force his people to tell us anything but commonplaces, or do anything but the expected thing. The situations are carefully prepared and the characters are grouped in attitudes appropriate to fighting, hating, and loving, but the one important thing, the force of nature, is lacking. The Linforths, father, mother, and son, for example, are like a wax-work group. Three generations of Linforths have devoted their lives to building the Road, the Road which goes northward through Chiltistan towards the Hindu Kush. And Linforth the second, captured by insurgent Chiltis, naturally employs his last hours in writing the expected thing to his wife—"May he meet a woman, like you, my dear, when his time comes, and love her as I love you." And again came the phrase—"I am very tired." It spoke of the boy's school, and continued: "Whether he will come out here, it is too early to think about. But the Road will not be finished—and I wonder—. If he wants to, let him! We Linforths belong to the Road." Simple and impressive, is it not? And the quality of Mr. Mason's art is always of the obvious order. The great public rejoices in the obvious, and so Mr. Mason's books seem impressive masterpieces. But to those among our readers who can tell the difference between mediocrity in art and the genuine article, we commend the study of the scene between Sybil Linforth and her son Dick Linforth. It is a good illustration of the pregnant saying, "To the mediocre mediocrity is excellent."

* "The Weavers." By Gilbert Parker. W. Heinemann. 6s.

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The Week in the City.

I MUST apologise for omitting my usual article last week; but even a financial writer must occasionally take a holiday, and in Christmas week there is very little to write about in the City unless one chooses to indulge in retrospects and forecasts. Perhaps after offering this apology I may now be allowed to atone by making a few remarks on the situation as it stands both for investors and traders. It is still indeed rather obscure owing to the uncertainty about America and Germany. Will the United States now gradually recover its balance, and will Germany scrape through its banking and trade difficulties without more than an unusually large crop of private failures? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative we may feel fairly hopeful. In any case people who remember Lord Rothschild's advice not to try to buy at the very bottom have had and will have for some weeks, if not months, to come, ample opportunities for purchases which are certain to look well in a year or two. It has, of course, been a splendid year for trade, though it may be doubted whether the profits have been proportionate to the increased volume. The costs of living and the costs of raw material have been so high that neither the workpeople have really enjoyed their higher wages, nor the manufacturers their higher prices. Lancashire and West Riding have, no doubt, had real prosperity and the mills are still fairly busy. Agriculture also has done extremely well. We have had splendid crops of everything, and there ought to be a much better demand than usual from the country districts for warm clothing. This should help to arrest the downward movement of trade. In Glasgow the outlook for ship-building is very bad, and there is much unemployment. London has never recovered from the war. High taxation and dear money hit her merchants and builders very hard. But there may be a revival in a month or two; for it is quite possible, after the reduction in the Bank Rate, that a spell of cheap money will come in the Spring.

MR. LAWSON ON AMERICAN FINANCE.

Messrs. Blackwood have just published a second edition of Mr. W. R. Lawson's book on American Finance, and the re-publication is undoubtedly opportune. As this most prolific of financial writers justly observes, since the autumn of 1906 when the first edition appeared, "A series of convulsions in the financial world have fully justified the warnings it contained."

In 1907 New York has seen two panics—the Wall Street panic of March and the Banking panic of October. The recoil of these catastrophes on American trade and industry has produced a deadlock which Mr. Lawson thinks may not be overcome for years.

Mr. Lawson is not a very accurate reasoner and many of his conclusions are erroneous. He seems to see more or less that the troubles of the Americans are largely due to trusts and that the trusts are the creations of the tariff. But he has not yet realised that the only way to purify American life and to restore honesty to American commerce or the confidence of the public in American banks is to sweep away the protective tariff. Such indeed is the confusion of his mind that while he inveighs against the Trusts he introduces his invective by congratulating the Yankees on being "wholly free from the Cobden fetish which has paralysed economic science in England." As a matter of fact, the best minds in America are rapidly awakening to the necessity for a Cobden fetish. The ground is being prepared for a great Free Trade movement and from what I can see and hear it is quite possible that the coming Presidential Elections may turn on Free Trade. For example, the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce has just passed, by big majorities, two resolutions demanding large and immediate reductions of the tariff. However, Mr. Lawson's book is readable and contains a good deal of interesting information. It is a little unfortunate that the second edition contains nothing new except the preface—not even an index.

FROM SEVEN TO SIX PER CENT.

A fortnight or even a week ago there was no prospect of any immediate reduction of the Bank Rate; but the fact that the Bank was able at the beginning of this week to

secure the large supplies of gold available in the open market without difficulty opened up a hopeful prospect, and discount rates fell away sharply. There was much uncertainty, however, until the last moment. But a prominent banker put the matter very well early on Thursday morning when he said, in answer to a question, that unless the directors had some secret piece of bad news they would certainly not be justified in retaining any longer such a tax upon the trade of the country. The Stock markets did not respond to the stimulus. American prices are considerably above the lowest now, and there must be a tremendous amount of liquidation to be got through before banks and their customers are at all straight. Hence, no doubt, the sharp relapse in the Yankee market on Thursday. I think the directors were confirmed in their decision by an impression that the financial situation in Germany is less critical, though a number of commercial failures are still expected. It is curious to notice the pessimistic reviews of trade in the German Press, and the strenuous language in which the tariff is denounced for the exorbitant prices of bread and meat. Apparently, also, coal is much costlier there than here, and altogether the outlook both for employers and employed in Germany is very black just now.

DRIFTING TOWARDS CASH PAYMENTS.

Once more the currency premium is reported to be disappearing and the deficit of the New York Banks has been materially reduced. From a commercial and manufacturing point of view there is no improvement. But when once the banks have resumed cash payments, and those which cannot do so have been definitely suspended, trade ought to mend slowly. But for weeks and, perhaps, months the receivers will be busy and it is quite expected here that some big railways will have to throw up the sponge before long. This should be borne in mind by investors and they should take care in buying debentures to select lines that have a good margin.

REVENUE RETURNS AND TRADE OUTLOOK.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Government and the Liberal Party in the House of Commons have suddenly received an unmistakeable warning that the fat years are coming to an end, and that the continuance of naval and military extravagance may speedily lead them into a morass as deep and fatal as that which engulfed their predecessors. So, at least, I read the figures, and I sincerely hope that these, coming on the top of the financial and monetary crisis, will have a sobering and salutary effect. The reports from the trade centres almost all speak of an actual or prospective decline of activity, and this is borne out by the fact that in the third quarter of the year almost every department of revenue shows a decline. It is just possible, however, that the tone of these reports would have been rather more cheerful had the writers been aware that the first week of the New Year would have seen a reduction of the Bank Rate to 6 per cent.

LUCCELLUM.

MR. A. R. ORAGE has set himself the task of popularising Nietzsche among English readers. His little book, "Nietzsche, the Diophysian Spirit of the Age," introduced the German philosopher to many who would otherwise not have heard of his amazing theories. Mr. Orage now publishes "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism" (Feulis, 2s. 6d. net), an excellent collection of Nietzsche's striking aphorisms grouped under separate heads, Philosophy, Life, Man and Woman, Art, Morality, Good and Evil, Superman, &c., each introduced by an essay containing a brief statement of Nietzsche's views on the subject. Unlike Mr. Common, whose "Selections from Nietzsche," now issued by the De la More Press, is chiefly made up of extracts from the longer works, Mr. Orage confines himself to the aphorisms, a form in which—whatever else we may think about him—Nietzsche was one of the greatest masters. Mr. Orage has made his selection with care and judgment. His book gives an excellent summary of Nietzsche's teaching which many who are puzzled by "Thus Spake Zarathustra," or the still more wayward "Genealogy of Morals," will be glad to possess.



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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

It has been announced that Mr. Arthur Pearson, the director of the "Standard," the "Express," and some obscure and trivial publications, and also an active promoter of Protection, has been appointed managing director of the "Times." Mr. Arthur Walter, the fourth member of the Walter dynasty, which has conducted the "Times," with one interval, since 1788, becomes Chairman of the Board. Other new shareholders are said by the "Daily Chronicle" to be Lord Brassey, Lord Rothschild, Lord Iveagh, and Lord Strathcona, but we believe that the largest new shareholder will be Sir Alexander Henderson, who, like Mr. Pearson, is an active Tariff Reformer and a member of the Tariff Commission. The additional capital, which is said to be £200,000, is not a large fund for the sustenance of a newspaper of the character and size of the "Times." There appears to have been a conflict between the Protectionist and Free Trade interest on the paper, which would have ended happily for the "Times" in the appointment of Mr. J. A. Spender, the editor of the "Westminster Gazette." Mr. Pearson's appointment must be held to settle the dispute, but Lord Brassey and Sir Edward Tennant are Free Traders, and we have reason to believe that the "Times" will retain its nominal abstinence from merely partisan journalism. Mr. Buckle, the present editor, is, we understand, retained, but Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager and the protagonist in the Battle of Books, will leave. This implies the close of the war with the publishers, and the maintenance of the "Times" Book Club, if it is maintained, on lines which they will accept.

* * *

THE danger of a great industrial war in the cotton trade is still imminent, and a new effort of State mediation may be necessary. A general lock-out of operatives will be declared in all mills controlled by the Employers' Federation on January 18th, in the absence of an agree-

ment. The dispute centres round the demand of the Oldham "ring" spinners, who are women workers, for a rise in their admittedly low scale of wages. The masters have denounced this demand as a breach of the Brooklands agreement, a point which the Crown lawyers, when appealed to, have left open. The dispute has been aggravated by the action of the workers in two of the Oldham mills in sending in their strike notices; while, on their side, the Federation seek the support of non-federated employers for a general closing of mills. Their contention is that workers in individual mills have no right to force the hands of the whole industry, bound as it is by a general agreement. This is a strong contention; but, on the other hand, it seems a hard policy to make 200,000 people responsible for the action of about 700. We are glad to know that the latest news suggests the probability of a settlement. The question whether the action of the ring spinners has violated the Brooklands agreement may be referred to arbitration. The point will probably be submitted to Lord James of Hereford, who has well earned the confidence of masters and men by his work and methods as an arbitrator.

* * *

A TREMENDOUS sensation was caused in New York on Tuesday by the arrest of Mr. Augustus Heinze—until lately "the Copper King"—on a charge of illegally certifying a cheque on the Mercantile National Bank for 62,768 dollars. He is also charged with illegally certifying other cheques to the value of 400,000 dollars on or about October 14th. At the time of the alleged offence Heinze was President of the Mercantile National Bank, which he and Morse controlled in order, it is supposed, to bolster up their copper corner. He resigned the Presidency on October 14th. The charge illustrates what is believed to be a prevalent vice of American banking—the habit, we mean, of those who control banks borrowing from them on favourable terms. It is one of the subtlest forms of corruption, and its existence amply justifies the nervousness of depositors. The abuse probably exists in a greater or less degree in all countries, and we should like now to see a statue passed providing that no person connected with the control or management of a bank should be allowed a loan or overdraft.

* * *

A REMARKABLE, but not altogether unexpected, development of the San Francisco "graft" scandals was reported in Friday's papers. Ex-Mayor Schmitz, one of the two chief "bosses" of the bribery syndicate, has been acquitted by the State Court. This is really a triumph of cynicism, since Schmitz and several of his chief accomplices long ago confessed everything. It means that the gang which captured the municipality also captured the law courts. For although Schmitz and Ruef posed as Labour leaders in San Francisco, they were in State politics the "bosses" of the Republican caucus. The local Republican party, from the Governor and the Judges, whom it nominated, down to the police officers, is evidently determined to stand by its chiefs, even in adversity. Public opinion is in all probability a negligible factor, largely because it is convinced that the group which has exposed Schmitz and Ruef is merely a rival gang of "grafters." The Harriman group, entrenched in the railways and other "franchises," is also bound to prevent the punishment of the men who accepted the bribes which it is supposed to have paid. "Graft" on this scale is some-

thing more than a local or accidental phenomenon. It is an inseparable accompaniment of the development of monopolist finance on American lines.

* * *

THE Belgian Cabinet, since the death of M. de Trooz, has been reconstituted under M. Schollaert, an ex-Minister and the President of the Chamber. He is said to command the confidence of the whole Catholic party, largely because he is believed to hold fairly liberal views on the Congo question. It is expected that he will insist on altering the King's proposals regarding the Crown Domain. These concessions may not suffice to conciliate the Liberals and Socialists. But the Catholics, if unanimous, can impose their own solution.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE made an interesting reply on Wednesday to a deputation of the Mining Association of Great Britain, who desired an amendment of the Eight Hours Bill. Mr. Ratcliffe Ellis, the Secretary of the Association, made three points. He disputed the careful estimate of Mr. Rea's Committee that the eight hours day would mean a reduction of working time by 10·27 per cent., and declared that the reduction of hours would amount to 13·72 per cent., with a loss of output of nearly 34½ million tons per annum. Mr. Ellis, however, did not mention that the Committee considered that in time the entire reduction of output would be made up by increased efficiency of labour and of labour organisation. Mr. Ellis's second point was that the time occupied in bringing the miners down to their work and bringing them up again ought not to be counted in the eight hours day, which should be reckoned from the face of the mine, and not from the bank. His third point was that the cutting-down of the working day could only come into force after the mine-owners had been given time to make their arrangements. Mr. Gladstone's answer pointed out that the deputation did not resist the principle of the Government's action, which had overwhelming Parliamentary authority behind it. The case for the Bill, indeed, was so generally admitted that the only member of the Opposition who last year spoke on the Bill of the Miners' Federation urged the Government to adopt it on the spot. The Home Secretary did not depart from the principle of the Ministerial Bill, which provides an eight hours day from bank to bank, but hinted that the attitude of some of the miners suggested a compromise. This may be provided by the proposal of "Mabon," the Welsh miners' leader, that the time taken up by one winding might be included in the eight hours day, but not the other; in other words, that the normal working day should consist not of eight hours, but of eight and a half hours.

* * *

THE Bishop of Hereford, having examined the case against the new regulations for secondary schools, writes to the "Times," with equal breadth and force, on the new scheme of rules for training colleges. As to the existing colleges, the Bishop points out that as the Church of England now contributes only about five per cent. to the cost of maintenance, whilst the State and fees provide 95 per cent., the time has come for the opening of their doors to students of all denominations. This change the new regulations effect. As the Bishop says, they maintain denominational management, staff, teaching, worship, and atmosphere undisturbed. As for the new colleges, while the general tendency of the regulations is that teaching shall be, in the Bishop's words, "in the spirit of Christian unity," they leave parents of students free to obtain denominational teaching by applying to the governing body. On the general moral effect of the rigid denominational system the Bishop writes with great force:—

"The separatist, sectarian, denominationalist tendency to segregate our children into rival pens for all religious instruction (he says) may produce Pharisees, but hardly Christians. Indeed, this denominationalist

spirit which has taken such a strong hold on some sections of our clergy and a few laymen, is doing much harm to the national Church and the national life."

* * *

MR. HALDANE, speaking on Women's Suffrage at Glasgow on Wednesday, declared that we were advancing year by year to a condition in which it would be difficult to withhold it. But the change was so important that it must be clear that a large preponderance of voices called for it. The inevitability of Women's Suffrage Mr. Haldane traced to the fact that modern life continually opened up fresh avenues to women, including the professions; but the Suffragettes were unwise to wage a kind of "bodkin" war against men, who, before such tactics, became sullen and resistant. Which is really equivalent to saying that men possess much the kind of character that they attribute to women.

* * *

WE are sorry to find that some of the railway companies interested in the settlement are approaching their non-unionist servants, and suggesting the payment of the expenses of the delegates to the Conciliation Boards. We cannot understand how Lord Claud Hamilton can maintain that this action does not violate the spirit of the Lloyd-George agreement. Lord Claud must know that the representatives of the directors raised this question during the Conference. Mr. Lloyd-George at once told the objectors that it was unfair to the union, which would never accept it, and that it qualified the freedom of the delegates. The point was conceded, and the proposal that the railway companies should pay the delegates' expenses was withdrawn. Why should it be revived now in the case of the non-union men? Lord Claud suggests the reason when he says that, the non-union men, having no fund for the raising of expenses, their delegates will have recourse to the union. This is possible, though we imagine that non-union men can act together for so simple a purpose. But the statement of the difficulty shows that the directors would be wise to recognise with frankness that trade unionism cannot be shut out from the railway services.

* * *

THERE has been a change of some importance in the personnel of the Prime Minister's Secretaries. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby has resigned his position as first secretary, and his place has been taken by Mr. Vaughan Nash, the second secretary. Mr. Nash's old place is to be filled by Mr. Herbert Montgomery of the Foreign Office, a very proper step in view of the immense complications of modern government and the difficulty which a Prime Minister must experience in following the tangled threads of exterior policy. Mr. Ponsonby's loss is serious, for though the present Prime Minister has assigned his secretary a less commanding position than did his predecessor, he has great responsibilities, and it would be hard to imagine a more admirable temperament or a better-equipped personality than Mr. Ponsonby's. Happily his successor, Mr. Nash, shares these qualities and adds some of his own.

* * *

A MEETING in support of the claims of the British Indians in the Transvaal was held in London on Thursday, with Lord Ampthill in the chair. Resolutions were passed protesting against the deportation of Indians as a penalty for refusing to register, and calling on the Government to instruct Lord Selborne to revise the order. The speeches were chiefly moderate and more extreme resolutions were lost, but Mr. Harold Cox disputed Lord Ampthill's proposition that South Africa must be retained as a white man's country, a place for the reception of the European overflow. This, of course, is the point. At present South Africa is hardly a white man's country, and if all the coloured merchants, traders, and workers, skilled and unskilled, black, brown, and yellow, withdrew from labour in a body, the community would cease to exist. The real question is, what

political terms the coloured working classes of South Africa are to obtain in exchange for their indispensable economic services. This question Cape Colony has answered rationally by giving rights to coloured men—education in exchange for taxation, and a limited franchise, based partly on property and partly on culture. All the other States, while taxing the coloured element heavily, withhold education, deny the vote, refuse citizenship, and insist on extending the insignia of servitude from the more child-like Bantu races to the Asiatics, including the King's subjects. This is the true case of the British Indians in the Transvaal, not the precise character of the system of registration and deportation which Lord Milner initiated and the present Government has perfected.

* * *

THE Free Trade Unionists are suffering from the consequences of Mr. Balfour's Protectionist declarations at Birmingham. The Tariff Reformers have clearly decided to interpret those declarations not merely as conveying Mr. Balfour's personal adhesion to their cause, but as giving them the right to bring the Free Trade Unionists into line with at least the principles of Tariff revision, or to exclude them from party candidatures. This kind of pressure appears to have been applied to Lord Henry Bentinck at South Nottingham. Lord Henry, hitherto a Free Trader, had declared that he was no nearer Protection than he was a year ago, and was opposed to the taxation of food. This brought into action not only the local Tariff Reformers, but a body calling itself the Confederacy Club, whose agent visited Nottingham. Interrogated afresh, Lord Henry made the following concessions, which indicate, we fancy, the line that many of the weaker members of the Free Trade section in Nottingham are adopting.

"If selected as candidate for South Nottingham, I will be prepared to vote for a 10 per cent. tariff on foreign manufactured goods.

"Whilst objecting in principle to any taxation on corn or food-stuffs, I will refrain from voting against such taxation."

With this declaration the "Confederacy Club," whose organisation is said to be "backed up by wealthy men," expresses itself fairly content, if it is made good. But should it be qualified or withdrawn, Lord Henry will at once see a Protectionist rival in the field.

* * *

ON Tuesday the directors of the Road Car Company issued an ultimatum to their employés, who have gone on strike to the number of a thousand, declaring that, unless they returned to work by nine on Thursday morning, their licences would be returned, and they would be dismissed from the company's service. The cause of the strike is a change in the method of paying the men's wages, the company having decided that in future payment must depend upon the number of journeys completed, and not on the hours during which the men are engaged. This method would be equitable enough, provided motor-omnibuses were safe from breakdown, and therefore from delays caused by no fault of the drivers. The directors contend that many of the stoppages have been due to carelessness or negligence, and they believe that the adoption of piece work will lessen these inconveniences of which the public complain. It is suggested that it would not be difficult to devise a system of inspection, by which the responsibility for accidents to the machinery could be placed on the right shoulders. The directors, however, decline to consider this proposal; and at the time of writing there is no likelihood of a settlement.

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M. PICHOV's visits to Madrid presumably mark a new departure in the development of the Moroccan question. France and Spain have for some time worked as ill together as France and England did, after Gam-

betta's fall in Egypt. It may be possible to give reality to their nominal partnership, but in what direction? It is believed that the plan of policing the coast towns with European troops is likely to be revived—a plan not contemplated in the Algeciras arrangement. The Sultan, moreover, is seeking, apparently with official approval, a loan of six millions sterling in Paris. Clearly an indebtedness so considerable, with resources so meagre, would entail a degree of control hardly removed from a protectorate. In Berlin it is said that while the Sultan has every right to seek money in Paris, the money once obtained must be transferred to the international Bank created at Algeciras, that is to say, internationalised. There are here unpleasant possibilities of conflict. Meanwhile, the forward movement goes on behind Casa Blanca, and the French vanguard is now twenty-three miles from the coast. Opinion is uneasy, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, an ardent Colonial, a keen advocate of the conquest and exploitation of the Sahara, is preaching the abandonment of Morocco.

* * *

THE Consul-General for Roumania sends us an interesting account of projected legislation against drunkenness and the indiscriminate sale of alcohol in rural districts in that country. A Bill which has been drawn up by M. Sturdza, the Prime Minister, reserves the right of retailing alcohol exclusively to the communal (local) authorities. It limits the number of public-houses to one per 150 heads of families, or, reckoning five persons to each household, one per 750 of the population, though there is a provision that a public-house may be opened in a hamlet of more than fifty houses should there be no other within a radius of five kilometres. The regulations for the conduct of these communal public-houses are most drastic, and a committee of administration will be formed in each village to see that they are acted upon. By a clause of the Bill, the profit made from the sale of alcoholic drinks will become part of the ordinary income of the village, and will be applied to the improvement of rural schools, churches, infirmaries, roads, plantations, and in other similar ways. This promising attempt to solve many of the problems connected with the drink traffic deserves to be watched with close attention by reformers.

* * *

AFTER six days' play, the slow procession of facts that we call a Test Match, came to an exciting close. On Tuesday, the sixth day, England, wanting 282 runs to win, opened the day's play with a loss of four of her best batsmen, and with 123 runs to get. Her chance of victory seemed to disappear when Braund, Hardstaff, Rhodes, and Crawford lost their wickets, and the match depended on the wicket-keeper, Humphries, and Barnes and Fielder, the bowlers. These three men had to make 73 runs between them, and the last pair, neither of whom is an expert batsman, were called on for 39 runs. The best cricketers usually fail under the combined strain on nerve and skill which a very close game entails, for bowling and fielding, when victory is almost within the grasp of the attacking team, are usually at their best. Probably a pair of first-rate batsmen would have failed through sheer timidity; but the English Eleven won, and their feat redeemed a match marred by the intolerable caution of both sides.

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THE eighth Exhibition of "The International" has attracted a host of distinguished Continental painters, the French impressionist school being particularly well represented. Nothing, on the other hand, comes from Zuloaga or Anglada-Camarasa, and the absence of these unconventional artists robs the New Gallery of a certain piquant, if not always pleasant, element. Signor Zuloaga, however, has been painted at full length by M. Blanche, and there are many other compensations for the loss of pictures from his own vigorous brush and that of his compatriot.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

THE publication of a belated blue-book on the Hague Conference has thrown a flood of perplexing twilight upon the international situation. The embarrassment of our Government and of other Governments in the chaos of naval laws and practices is exhibited in the confusion caused by the emergence of an international prize court. But behind all stands the tremendous and ever-growing problem of armaments, a problem whose economic side is more and more powerfully revealed as it is seen to threaten the stability of Governments from Japan to Russia and from Russia to Germany and even to Great Britain. In the face of so pressing and staggering a question, the arguments, or, rather, the excuses, which Sir Edward Grey puts forward for refusing assent to the proposal for releasing peaceful private property at sea from the risk of destruction or capture, seem lame and half-hearted. It is clear that there were stalwarts in the Cabinet who agreed with the overwhelming opinion of commercial men and of the Liberal members of Parliament, that this was a proposal to be freely accepted, from a purely national point of view. By accepting it, we should have put an end to the really criminal competition of nations in the building of warships specially designed to prey upon merchant vessels at sea, and have confined navies, as armies are confined, to the business of destroying one another. It is astonishing to find a man of Sir Edward Grey's clear and good sense arguing that the "right" to capture and destroy merchant vessels is a valuable offensive weapon for the Power which owns half the merchant vessels of the world, and has in its hands a vast proportion of the business of marine insurance. There is, however, a saving clause which should encourage independent men to raise this great question in the approaching Session. The despatch says:—

"If at some future date . . . changes favourable to the diminution of armaments were to take place, the British Government might be able to reconsider the question."

Let us hope that it will be considered without delay and in its proper place as part of the problem of the reduction of armaments. This, as we read it, is the tendency of the paragraph, and we heartily commend it to the attention of Parliament in a Session which is bound to bring into sharp contrast the mutually destructive results of social demands and of naval and military expenditure.

But what of our own policy in its relations to international peace? For the moment, the British proposals for the reduction of armaments have failed, partly, we are afraid, because, in refusing to abandon the right of capture at sea, we have given Germany an excuse for maintaining the increase in her fleet as an insurance of her mercantile marine. But the Government will not,

we are sure, take the position that this country is thereby absolved either from further international action, or from exhibiting, in practical form, the sober and peaceful character of her own aims. For if the British offer at The Hague broke down, the year that is past saw the conclusion of the Russian understanding, which established a state of mutual non-interference in regard to Afghanistan and Thibet. Those who criticised the idea of a general treaty with Russia were expressly encouraged to look to that part of it which did away with the provocation on the north-west frontiers of India as carrying with it a substantial reward in the reduction of our military burdens. That instrument did not stand alone. It was the cause of a long series of *ententes*, or actual treaties, based on conventions, with naval Powers like Italy, France, and Japan, backed by a firm friendship, initiated by Lord Salisbury, and pursued by his two successors, with the United States. Doubtless these instruments took for granted the existence of a strong British Navy. But are we to be told that they were in the nature of warlike alliances, directed, let us say, against Germany, whose fleet does not at the moment stand at more than a quarter of the strength of our own? No responsible statesman will maintain such a theory. But if the long procession of *ententes* had a peaceful character and effect, can it be held that our diplomacy has done nothing to secure the safety of the King's dominions, and that it is necessary for us to find for our army and navy in 1908 nearly nineteen millions more than we found in 1898, the year before the Boer war, when none of these instruments existed, and when it could fairly be said that this country was genuinely unpopular abroad? We do not think that any such contention will be raised. We gravely doubt whether the present strength of the British Navy, consisting as it does in the main of three powerful and fully organised fleets in close communication with these shores, could be increased without reducing, rather than adding, to its efficiency in war-time. And we are certain it cannot be increased relatively to its rivals. The more we build the more we stimulate building and scientific inventiveness, now the common property of civilisation, on the part of other Powers. The louder our Jingoism talk, the noisier the response from the German Jingoism. And the farther this race in material force goes, the emptier do all the moral resources of diplomacy appear. Is it really true, or plausible, that we must spend nearly fifty per cent. more in armaments than we spent in the year when Russia had a strong navy and no kind of political understanding with us, when France was bitterly chagrined over Fashoda, Germany actively malicious, the Venezuelan dispute unsettled, and the now allied Japanese naval Power non-existent?

But there is another set of considerations which must be held to be binding on the present Government. Their election pledges in favour of a substantial reduction of armaments are absolutely overwhelming. Can it be maintained that they are fulfilled by a paltry saving of some 2½ millions on the last War Budget of their prede-

cessors? No such theory can be upheld. In the late Parliament the then Liberal Opposition joined an important section of Unionist members in calling for a reduction of 27,000 in the men voted under the Army Estimates. This question of the cost and numbers of the Army is, indeed, a very serious one, for while we believe that both parties were agreed in 1906 that a considerable reduction was necessary, Mr. Haldane has re-started the dangerous heresy of the incompleteness of naval defence, and has fixed the strength of his "fighting force" at 150,000 men. But on this point of the numbers of the expeditionary force the Prime Minister, speaking in 1903 on the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, declared that even the smaller figure of 120,000 was unnecessary. He said:—

"The first thing we ought to know is the actual requirement of the country and the requirement of the Empire for defence. But those requirements will depend upon the policy you pursue; and I am one of those who think that the real and only patriotic policy for this country is one which would probably put an end to the necessity for this large expeditionary force. There has certainly been nothing in the South African War which has altered the state of things since four or five years ago; and therefore I cannot but think that the right hon. gentleman has started on false premises altogether when he assumes as the basis of his argument that we must be ready at any time to send 120,000 men out of the country as an expeditionary force."

And in the same year, criticising Mr. Brodrick's scheme for the establishment of Army Corps, he subscribed freely to the doctrine that the army was being maintained on a scale of gross excess:—

"The hon. member for Oldham has said that up to 1897 our Army was a good one and sufficient for our purposes. That is true. The idea was then that we should never contemplate anything more than an expeditionary force of 70,000 or 80,000 men; and that was more than accomplished with the machinery and material that we had. The question is, What has caused since then an increased demand on the Army? If the Army was strong enough in 1897, why should it need to be stronger now? If the expenditure of 18 millions were sufficient in 1897, why should we now require an expenditure of 30 millions? . . ."

Sir Edward Grey went even further than the Prime Minister. Speaking on the Guest motion to reduce the Army by 27,000 men, he suggested that if the Navy insured us security from invasion and the Indian frontier were safe, the country might be "better off with a smaller expeditionary force of 80,000 or of 40,000," provided the auxiliary levies were ample. The Indian frontier has not been as secure as it is to-day within the memory of our generation; and as for auxiliary backing of the Regular Army, that is precisely the point which Mr. Haldane's scheme is supposed to secure. Yet we have a demand for an expeditionary corps larger by 30,000 men than the force which the Tory Ministry provided and the present Prime Minister and Foreign Minister declared to be excessive. Such a position cannot be maintained. The country will look for substantial reductions in the Army Estimates of this year. They are due and overdue, and we shall look to the Liberal and Radical Party in Parliament to co-operate with the Government

in securing them, and in resisting hostile influences, wherever they reside. It must be remembered that the theory and practice of Liberalism are involved in a true attitude to the problem of armaments. If the excessive tendencies of the old system and of the Haldane scheme are not vigorously curtailed, the fund for social reform cannot be constructed and maintained. Moreover, the Liberal conception of the national power, without Quixotry or disregard of the actual balance of material elements, looks to moral forces to sustain it. Its rule is not military; its army is more an Imperial police force than a national levy, in the Continental sense, and this aspect of it emerges clearly now that the menace on the Indian frontier has been successfully diminished. And finally the Liberal Government is bound to have a special regard to that powerful factor in national stability which firm credit and a bearable and diminishing debt, provide.

THE NEW "TIMES."

MANY Englishmen who hear that the "Times" has passed under the managing directorship of Mr. Arthur Pearson will feel as if Westminster Abbey had been suddenly given over to the control of the "Shakers." Such a feeling is not, we believe, confined to those who regard the "Times" as a tower of defence of property, a broad ægis of the Empire. What Carlyle called the "emphatic, big-voiced, always influential, and often strongly unreasonable 'Times'" has become, in its way, a national possession; and, to do its conductors justice, they have never quite ceased to value this characteristic. For four generations the "Times" has remained under the control of a single family, which had become almost a dynasty, able and determined to maintain a continuous tradition. The family subsists in an executive function, but the "Times" now announces as its active conductor a gentleman chiefly known as a founder and promoter of the "Yellow Press." To the public we have in view, this kind of journalism is either unreadable or unspeakable, not infrequently both. Between it and the method of the "Times" newspaper a great gulf has been fixed all through the period when the sensational Press, closely copied from American journalism, was establishing itself in this country. The Americanised Press has gifts of its own. But it is no more than the bare truth to say that it tends to be untrustworthy in its news; ignorant, slight, and superficial in its comment; shifty, insincere, and exaggerative in tone; and disposed to feed, and to feed to excess, the commoner appetites of the people—the appetite for gambling, the appetite for hearing about crime, the appetite of curiosity about the private doings of the rich and the ostentatiously vulgar. From these failings, the columns of the "Times," while open to many prejudices, have been kept conspicuously free. The paper has not needed to minister to them. It has been proud to regard itself as the organ of the "governing classes," and to maintain a kind of world-reputation on that basis. The root of its enterprise has no doubt been commercial. But it has not been the commerce of the "Daily Ex-

press," any more than the philistinism of the "Times" is the philistinism of the "Daily Mail."

There will be another feeling about the new direction of the "Times." On the face of it, the transaction links it more or less closely with other newspaper ventures, and establishes unknown relations with them. The changes and developments that have gone on in Fleet Street during recent years make it difficult to say how near we are to the creation of a great newspaper combine, the prime object of which is to unite great wealth with great power over public opinion. Hitherto, the identification of half-a-dozen families with the ownership and control of leading London and provincial newspapers has guaranteed a certain steadiness and continuity of opinion and purpose. Now this stable element is disappearing. Newspaper after newspaper has changed hands, and the purchasers have rarely thought it necessary to consider its established views. Free Trade papers have become Protectionist with the passing of a cheque, and the old idea of a newspaper as the depository of a certain intellectual and moral trust, and of its writers as the guardians of that public treasure, seems to have been superseded. Incidentally this process has involved a real degradation of the status of the journalist with convictions. He has been passed on with the material stock-in-trade to the new proprietors, and left to choose between losing his bread and butter and forfeiting his influence and his power of self-expression. How far these considerations apply to the change in the proprietorship and management of the "Times" we cannot say. It has never been a steady force on the side either of Free Trade or of Protection. One view has prevailed on Monday; another on Tuesday. But an authoritative position has now been assigned to Mr. Chamberlain's "champion hustler," who has the merit, or demerit, of turning the "Standard" into an organ of tariff reform, and who brings to the proprietary a conspicuous member of the Tariff "Commission." The "children of light," the friends of ideas, and of the more hopeful and generous thoughts about mankind, have never had much to say to the "Times." But they and others would be loth to think of it as closely identified with the calculations and bargainings that underlie the framing of a great instrument of private advantage and public ill like a Protectionist tariff.

They will also, we think, seek for light on some features of the new management. They will want to know whether the best features of the "Times"—the fairness of its correspondence, the balance and impartiality of its reports, and the weight and authority of its foreign intelligence—are to be preserved, or to be gradually modified until the paper becomes as crude an organ of sect as the new "Standard." They cannot see how Mr. Pearson's identification with it strengthens these features, or contributes any element of power or stability to its general conduct. They have not been enamoured of the new enterprise which turned the "Times" into a kind of Yankee shop, stocked with costly "remainders." But these eccentricities have not spoiled the paper, or made it less interesting to the student of politics, or less important as an exchange medium for the powerful and the well-informed. Here it stands alone, or, let us say, with a small and fit company, of which a few contemporaries, like the

"Temps," or the "Débats," or the "New York Evening Post," are less significant members. On these grounds it has inspired an exaggerated respect, and even fear, born of a unique self-confidence—a half-bullying tone and tradition—and a special brilliancy of expression that belonged to it under Delane, and have partly deserted it, or are shared in some degree among its rivals. Even to-day it would be possible to compile a respectable list of Liberal Ministers and politicians who might be described as "afraid of the 'Times.'" Probably these half-superstitious emotions would be dissipated by the sight of a collective photograph of the present leader-writers and conductors of the "Thunderer"—or of any newspaper written, or believed to be written, by mortal hands. But we are quite sure they will not survive the notion that it has been assimilated to the genius of the "Daily Express."

THE RE-MAKING OF AMERICA.

AMERICA, said Whitman, is destined either to realise a new beginning in the life of humanity or to prove the greatest historic failure of all time. This generous dream of a "new beginning" has haunted the minds of all the greatest American leaders. It inspired the devotion and sacrifice which broke the power of the Secession. "That form or substance of Government," Lincoln proudly defined the Republic, "whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men." In the War, John Bright wrote to the President, of "your great country, the great hope of humanity." "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose," Lincoln told his Congress, "the last, best hope of the earth." It is that spirit of exultant optimism which has led the American people to welcome immigrants from the poor and oppressed of every European nation. It is that spirit which has raised the great Statue of Liberty above New York Harbour, the first introduction to the wanderer who has left his country and his father's house for the sake of freedom and a home. That bedrock belief amongst the common people in its greatness and destiny alone to-day enables it buoyantly to confront problems of poverty, irresponsible wealth, and racial cleavage which might daunt the energies of the most experienced student of human affairs.

In a remarkable series of articles now appearing in the "Times," an "Observer of America" has focussed attention upon this ultimate question of race. Others have before noticed—for the thing is conspicuous and glaring—the hazardous future which these race problems indicate. No one has presented the challenge in a clearer and more definite fashion. Over a million immigrants sweep into the American ports every year. A few decades back they were recruited from the northern and western races—Irish, in enormous quantities after the famine; English men and women, sick with the squalor and poverty of the days of adversity; Germans, Swedes, Danes. To-day these sources have largely dried up. A new and increasing river of supply has been opened, which flows turbulently from the South-East of Europe. Southern Italians, Ruthenians, Polish Jews, Macedonians, offer a new and perplexing addition to a race problem already sufficiently complicated. In former days, again, when the voyage was hazardous, and work precarious at the other end, only the boldest and most enduring ventured on the journey.

To-day the immigration agent makes the transition easier than the transport of cattle. A man or woman enters his office in a village of Eastern Hungary; and thence his individual volition ceases. In a kind of sleep-walk he is shepherded across Europe and the Atlantic, and only awakens when engaged in the sweated unskilled industry of New York or Chicago. It is the weaker who come under such conditions. The employers call impatiently for more. The ground of America has only been scratched, and the scratching has hitherto almost invariably turned into gold. There are enormous potentialities of mineral wealth—as, for example, the great coal and iron strata which run for hundreds of miles across Alabama and North Carolina—which only demand for profitable working unlimited supplies of human implements. In the cotton mills of the south, working frantically day and night and being run up as fast as ingenuity can construct them—white children are working under entirely unregulated factory conditions, twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day. The new immigrant races have the highest fecundity of Europe, and their large families of children are thus early woven into the industrial machine. The American type—the business men—largely of Anglo-Saxon descent, who have captured control of a Continent, have very few children at all, and seem to have lost their ancient emotional vitality in the hard intellectual competition of wealth accumulation.

These characteristic classes of Americans do no work at all, although they think that they are working harder than anyone ever worked in the world. They sit in offices embedded in great cliffs of buildings in the cities, each fitted with telephone and typist. They dictate to the typist or shout through the telephone orders and arrangements for the manipulation of the products of working-class America. Or they direct the control of machinery in great factories, or upon the land, where machinery has become so perfected that it can do everything except boast of its doings. Below is the huge mass of foreign sweated labour—Slav and Italian and negro—which accomplishes the manual work of the nation. It has acquiesced in this arrangement because hitherto it has gained so much upon its past that it has no desire to contrast its present with its future possibilities. Mr. Upton Sinclair, in "The Jungle," has shown the life of such a foreign family in the abysses of industrial Chicago: harassed, ill-treated, losing its ancient pieties and devotions, often subject to the last indignities; but still, from a material point of view, improved upon the hard, pitiless struggle with poverty in the village from which it has escaped. The compounds of the unskilled workers for the Steel Corporation at Pittsburg would cause a Chinaman from South Africa a sensation of disgust. But to the Macedonian who has been accustomed to anticipate outrage, murder, or robbery as a normal incident of his daily life, these compounds appear like the ante-chambers of the Kingdom of Heaven.

But although the Anglo-Saxon Plutocracy thus demands more and more of this cheap and wealth-producing product, the better minds of the nation are beginning to wonder whether it would not be well to cry a halt; whether (in an American euphuism) the Republic is not at present "biting off more than it can chew." Heroic efforts are made in the schools, by free use of the flag and all symbolic education, to assimilate the second gene-

ration to the American type. Yet that type itself must insensibly change under the impact of this torrent of human lives. There are those who see in the future a Latin-Slav civilisation, Roman Catholic or blatantly atheist in creed, complicated by the competition and antagonism of the negro; with the Eastern races beating defiantly on its Pacific borders; the whole only tremulously controlled by a diminishing number of American business men and politicians, insecure in the position of great wealth, which the common people greedily desire. There are others, however, who declare that all this mixture and fusion of races must ultimately consummate in the development of a higher type—the super-man of the future. They foresee the cheerfulness and artistic skill of the Southern mingling with the energy of the Northern and the patience and stubborn industry of the Eastern European races, to produce an ultimate type which will combine the excellences of all. From this roseate dream, however, two items stand excluded—the Jew and the negro. The Jew remains as apart in America to-day as he has remained apart in Europe for nineteen centuries. Whole districts of the cities—for he will not go upon the land—he has made into enormous ghettos. He is losing in the friction and hard energies of American life that old religion, with its poetry and symbolism, which kept the ideal in his heart through generations of persecution. He is becoming—for the moment—a rather repulsive and ugly type. And the wildest optimistic "fusionist" never dreams of suggesting that the negro shall enter the American amalgam. The introduction of his virility, his music, his passion, and his good temper, counts for nothing in face of an ultimate feeling of disgust and horror at contemplation of union between white and black. And, as the negro and the Jew are multiplying at least as fast as the remainder of the native population, the problem of their future, in that bubbling cauldron of human activity which we term America, remains blank and insoluble. The whole affair presents much the biggest thing that to-day is happening in the world. The migration across the Atlantic can only be paralleled by that unrest of peoples which coincided with the decay of Rome, and finally consummated the end of a world. Few members of that proud and secure civilisation, as they contemplated the barbaric invader, would ever have dreamt that from these wild men, Goths and Huns, and shaggy, uncouth creatures, there would arise in the fulness of time a grander society than they had ever known. It may be that in the future America may reveal, after a similar descent into the Dark Ages, a similar re-making of Earth and Heaven.

A CONTEMPORARY MYTH.

THE final proceedings in the Druce case have buried, for the time being, one of the most singular legends in contemporary annals. But if the exhumation of Mr. T. C. Druce's coffin has established the fact that Mr. Druce was merely himself, and that the fifth Duke of Portland was an eccentric nobleman, who lived and died decently within his own skin, it has left behind it a problem which is really much more fascinating than the legend itself. Had the tale been true, we should merely have said that the Duke was a daring actor, with a curiously limited imagination. A Duke who wished to escape from the full decorum of his station would be a sympathetic figure, if he had chosen his double with any

taste. He might have been a pavement artist, a fiddler, or a backwoodsman; he might, like the vanished Austrian Arch-Duke, have commanded a smart sailing-ship; he might have been a Fenian or a secularist lecturer, a poacher, or even (if he had a boyish mind) an engine-driver. But a Duke who yearned to become a prosperous shopkeeper, the head of a mid-Victorian home, and the husband (in succession) of two middle-class women, might have been odd, but would hardly have been interesting. Romance has lost nothing in the rehabilitation of the Duke's taste. The science of mythology, on the other hand, has gained a contemporary legend to study, and history a baffling illustration of the fallibility of human testimony.

The figure of the late Duke was, to begin with, a natural nucleus for myth. His fabulous wealth, his odd appearance, his solitude, his misanthropy, his trick of disappearing, and, above all, his underground tunnels and rooms, invited conjecture and legend. Long before the world had heard of the Druces, the legend had begun to grow. There is, for example, a romance by Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam, published in the 'eighties, in which he figures, in a tale enriched with marvellously romantic pictures of Queen Victoria, as a heroic young man who had contracted leprosy by some act of devotion, and thereafter hid himself in a subterranean mansion. The basis for fiction is obvious on this side of the story. It is less easy to explain how the Duke came to be associated with a respectable and apparently commonplace person like the proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar. The resemblance, which some think they see in their photographs, can hardly have struck their contemporaries, for the sufficient reason that Mr. Druce was bearded and the Duke shaven. No fact has emerged which supplies the least clue to the connection. It is equally difficult to suggest why the people of Hendon began to hint immediately after Mr. Druce's death, that he was not dead at all, as the family nurse—clearly a trustworthy witness—admits that they did. Whether any obscure business or relationship linked the Duke and the shopkeeper, we do not know. How the legend began we cannot guess. One suspects that there must be some simple and quite commonplace explanation; and it may be, that, in the interests of science, the Druce family may some day be induced to supply it. Meantime, the evidence which we do possess points to a good deal of interested lying, with some developments which doubtless were more innocent.

It is difficult for the normally honest person to conceive of false witness, on an elaborate scale, where no compelling personal motive of love or hate or fear exists to explain it. Caldwell's good faith it is unnecessary to discuss. In his opening statement Mr. Atherley Jones made the rather risky admission that if their stories proved untrue, Miss Robinson and Mrs. Hamilton, the two ladies who knew the Duke as Druce, must either be committing perjury or labouring under an hallucination. It would be improper to discuss these alternatives; if there was an hallucination, however, it is remarkable that two persons suffered simultaneously under hallucinations so happily complementary to each other and so likely, if believed, to be profitable. And yet, unless all these witnesses had believed the story, at least in its essentials, it is hardly conceivable that they would have ventured into the witness-box. They knew the risk that they ran. Cald-

well, whose tale was clearly untrue from beginning to end, must himself have been the dupe of the Druce-Portland legend. He probably believed the tale of the alias and the lead in the coffin, and argued that in supplying a missing link in the chain of evidence, he did no substantial wrong. That may indeed have been the psychology of all or several of these witnesses. Druce, they would say, certainly was the Duke; it was matter of common knowledge; in adding their contribution to the common stock they benefited themselves and assisted the triumph of justice. They may have known that their bit of testimony was literally untrue, but it was ideally true; somehow thus, if not quite thus, the facts must have run. Given a basis of floating legend, and the detailed corroboration of witnesses will, under sufficient stimulus, be forthcoming. So, one supposes, the pious persons must have argued in the early centuries of Christianity, who forged the false Gospels and epistles, or altered the received text to suit the tenets of their own particular sect. They knew they were forging, but they forged in accordance with what they believed to be true, and the process in their view resulted not in falsifying fact but in establishing truth. The two witnesses, a photographer and a draper, who swore that they had seen Mr. T. C. Druce alive, after he was quite certainly buried in Highgate, probably belong to a more innocent stage of self-deception. They doubtless knew the legend, and the legend acted on a hazy background of recollection, gave it definiteness, and caused the memory to emerge labelled with a conveniently inaccurate date. They are in the same case as the contemporary respectable Jewish witnesses who informed Sir Paul Rycout of the facts of the miraculous life and reappearance of Sabatai Sevi, the Levantine Messiah of the *Annus Mirabilis*. He was seen preaching the old doctrine by many in his former haunts in Asia long after he had become an apostate to Islam, and taken up his residence at the Sultan's Court in Adrianople.

To the historian, the distressing and baffling character of this evidence is its plausibility and internal consistency. The tale which Miss Robinson and Mrs. Hamilton told was remarkable enough, improbable, it may be, but in no sense impossible, and quite consistent with itself. Even after a severe cross-examination, it was not seriously discredited, for an occasional slip as to dates, and variations in minor details are to be expected in all evidence about distant events. Caldwell's story was a trifle too complete, but it also was self-consistent. Mr. Ivory, by testing it by facts relative to Caldwell's own obscure history, reduced it to a tissue of fiction. But a historian, examining it after the lapse of some centuries, would not have had this material of comparison at his command. Had the narratives of these three witnesses, and of the two who saw Druce after his death, come to light in the form of affidavits two hundred years hence, history would have been compelled to accept the legend. There were kings before Agamemnon who went unsung because they lacked their sacred bard. There are saints and heroes since Agamemnon, who have entered the calendar, because they lacked their cross-examiner. It was, no doubt, for that reason that the Church invented the Devil's advocate, but he rarely disposed of the funds and the opportunities which would have enabled him to test the details of the miraculous tales which he was expected to criticise.

Life and Letters.

MONEY.

EVERY night between the hours of two and four he would wake, and lie sleepless, and all his monetary ghosts would come and visit him. If, for instance, he had just bought a house and paid for it, any doubt he had conceived at any time about its antecedents or its future, would suddenly appear, squatting on the foot-rail of his bed, staring in his face. There it would grow and grow, until it seemed to fill the room; and terror would grip his heart. The words "I shall lose my money," would leap up to his lips; but in the dark it seemed ridiculous to speak. Then presently beside that doubt more doubts would squat. Doubts about his other houses, about his shares; misgivings as to Water Boards; terrors over Yankee Rails. They took the shape of owls. Clinging in a line, they swayed, while from their wide black gaps of mouth would come the silent chorus: "Money, money, you'll lose all your money!" His heart would start thumping, fluttering; he would turn his old white head, bury his whisker in the pillow, shut his eyes, and con over such investments as he really could not lose. Then beside his head half-hidden in the pillow, there would come and perch the spectral bird of some unlikely liability, such as a lawsuit that might drive him into bankruptcy; while on the other side, touching his silver hair, would squat the yellow fowl of Socialism. Between these two he would lie unmoving, but for that thumping of his heart, till at last would come a drowsiness, and he would fall asleep.

At such times it was always of his money and his children's and grandchildren's money that he thought. It was useless to tell himself how few his own wants were, and that it would be better for his children to have to make their way. Such thoughts gave him no relief. His fears went deeper than mere facts, they were religious, as it were, and founded in their innermost belief that, by money only, Nature could be held at bay.

Of this, from the moment when he first made money, his senses had informed him, and slowly, surely, gone on doing so, till his very being was soaked through with the conviction. He might be told on Sundays that money was not everything, but he knew better. Seated in the seventh pew on the left side of the central aisle, he seemed to listen—a grandchild on his either hand, his old knees, in quiet striped trousers, crossed, his white-fringed face a little turned towards the preacher, one neat-gloved hand reposing on his thigh, the other keeping warm a tiny hand thrust into it. But his old brain was busy far away amongst the tables of commandment, telling him how much to spend to get his five per cent. and money back; his old heart was busy with the little hand tucked into his. There was nothing in these sermons therefore that could quarrel with his own religion, for he did not hear them; and even had he heard them, they would not have quarrelled, his own creed of money being but the natural modern form of a religion that bade his fathers "Lay up treasure in the life to come." He could not nowadays do more than say that he believed in any life to come, so that his commercialism had been forced to find another outlet, and advance a step, in accordance with the march of knowledge.

His religious feeling about money did not make him selfish, nor niggardly in any way—it merely urged him to preserve himself, not to take risks that he could reasonably avoid, neither in his mode of life, his work, nor in the propagation of his children. He had not married until he had a position to offer to the latter, sufficiently secure from changes and chances in this mortal life, and even then he had not been too precipitate, confining the number to three boys and one welcome girl, in accordance with the increase of his income. In the circles where he moved, his course of action was so normal that no one had observed the mathematical connection between increasing income and the production and education of his family. Still less had anyone

observed the deep and silent process by which there passed from him to them the simple elements of his faith.

His children, subtly, and under cover of the manner of a generation which did not mention money in so many words, had sucked in their father's firm religious instinct, his quiet knowledge of the value of the individual life, his steady and unconscious worship of the means of keeping it alive. Calmly they had sucked it in, and a thing or two besides. So long as he was there, they knew they could afford to make a little light, a little free, with what must come to them by virtue of his creed. When quite small children, they had listened rather bored to his simple statements about money and the things it bought; presently that instinct—shared by the very young with dogs and other animals, for having of the best and consorting with their betters—had helped them to see the sense of what he said. As time went on, they found gentility insisting more and more that this instinct should be concealed; and they began unconsciously to perfect their father's creed, draping its formal tenets in the undress of an apparent disregard. For the dogma, "Not worth the money!" they would use the words, "Not good enough!" The teaching, "Business first," they formulated, "Not more pleasure than your income can afford, your health can stand, or your reputation can assimilate." There was money waiting for them, and they did not feel it necessary to undertake even those "safe" risks which their father had been obliged to take, to make that money. But they were quite to be depended on. In the choosing of their friends, their sports, their clubs, and occupations, a religious feeling guided them. They knew precisely just how much their income was, and took care neither to spend more, nor less. A priest-like knowledge led them to the spots where they would be "done well," for to be "done well" they thought the most important thing in life. And so devoutly did they act up to their principles, that, whether in the restaurant or country house, whether in the sale room of some "old" curio shop, whether in their regiments or their offices, they could always feel the presence of the Godhead blessing their discreet and comfortable worship. In one respect, indeed, they were more religious than their father, who still preserved the habit of falling on his knees at night, to name with Tibetan regularity a strange God; they did not speak to him about this habit, but they wished he would not do it, for they were fond of their old father, who continued them into the past. They had gently laughed him out of talking about money, they had gently laughed at him for thinking of it still; but they loved him, and it worried them in secret that he should do this thing which seemed to them dishonest.

With their wives and husband—in course of time they had all married, recognising that in order to be "done well," this was really necessary—they very often came to see him, bringing their children. To the old man these visits were worth more than doctors or hydro-pathy; to help in playing with the toys that he had given them, to stroke his grandsons' yellow heads, and ride them on his knee; to press his silver whiskers to their ruddy cheeks, pinching their little legs to feel how much there was of them, and loving them the more, the more there was to love—this made his heart feel warm. The dearest moments he knew now, the consolation of his age, were those he spent reflecting how—of the young things he loved, who seemed in their light way to love him too a little—not one would have secured to him or her less than twelve or thirteen hundred pounds a year; more if he could manage to hold on a little longer. For fifty years at least the flesh and blood he left behind him would be secure. His eye and mind, quick to notice things like that, had soon perceived the difference of his children's standards from his own; they had perhaps a deeper veneration for the means of living while they were alive, but certainly less faith in keeping up their incomes after they were in their graves. And so unconsciously his speculation passed them by, and travelled on, telling itself that these small creatures, who nestled up against him, and sometimes took him walks, would,

when they came to be grown men and women, have his simpler faith, and save the money that he left them for their own grandchildren. Thus, and thus only, would he live, not fifty years, but a hundred, after he was dead. And he was rendered very anxious by the law, which refused to let him tie his money up in perpetuity.

Firm in his determination to secure himself against the future, he opposed this strenuous piety to those temptations which beset the individual, refused numberless appeals, often much against his instincts of compassion; opposing with his vote and all his influence movements to increase the rates or income-tax, for any such purpose as the raising of funds to enable aged people without means to die more slowly. He himself, who laid up yearly more and more for the greater safety of his family, felt no doubt—though cynicism shocked him—that these old persons were only an encumbrance to *their* families, and should be urged to dwindle gently out. In such private cases as he came across, feeling how hard it was, he prayed for strength to keep his hand out of his pocket, and strength was often given him. So with many other invitations to depart from virtue. He fixed a certain sum a year—a hundred pounds—with half-a-crown in the velvet bag on Sundays—to be offered as libations to all strange gods, so that they might leave him undisturbed to worship the true god of money. This was effectual; the strange gods, finding him a man of strong religious principle, yet no crank—his name appeared in twenty charitable lists, five pounds apiece—soon let him be, for fear of wasting postage stamps and the under parts of boots.

After his wife's death, which came about when he was seventy, he continued to reside alone in the house that he had lived in since his marriage, though it was now too large for him. Every autumn he resolved to make a change next Spring; but when Spring came, he could not bring himself to tear his old roots up, and put it off till the Spring following, with the hope, perhaps, that he might then feel more inclined.

All through the years that he was living there alone, he suffered more and more from those nightly visitations of monetary doubts. They seemed, indeed, to grow more concrete and insistent with every thousand pounds he put between himself and their reality. They became more owl-like, more numerous with every fresh investment; they stayed longer at a time. And he grew thinner, frailer every year; and pouches came beneath his eyes.

When he was eighty, his daughter, with her husband and her children, came to live with him. This seemed to give him a fresh lease of life. He never missed, if he could help it, a visit to the nursery at five o'clock. There, surrounded by toy bricks, he would remain an hour or more, building—banks or houses, ships or churches, sometimes police-stations, sometimes cemeteries, but generally banks. And when the edifice approached completion, in the glory of its long white bricks, he waited with a sort of secret ecstasy to feel a small warm body climb his back, and hear a small voice say in his ear: "What shall we put in the bank to-day, Granddy?"

The first time this was asked, he had hesitated long before he answered. During the thirty years that had elapsed since he built banks for his own children, he had learned that one did not talk of money now, especially before the young. One used a euphemism for it. The proper euphemism had been slow to spring into his mind, but it had sprung at last; and they had placed it in the bank. It was a very little china dog. They placed it in the entrance hall.

The small voice said, "What is it guarding?"

He had answered: "The bank, my darling."

The small voice murmured: "But nobody could steal the bank?"

Looking at the little euphemism, he had frowned; feeling that it lacked completeness as a symbol. For a moment he had a wild desire to put a sixpence down, and end the matter. Two small knees wriggled against his back, arms tightened round his neck, a chin rubbed itself impatiently against his whisker. He muttered hastily:

"But they could steal the papers."

"What papers?"

"The wills, and deeds, and—and cheques."

"Where are they?"

"In the bank."

"I don't see them."

"They're in a cupboard."

"What are they for?"

"For—for grown-up people."

"Are they to play with?"

"NO!"

"Why is he guarding them?"

"So that—so that everybody can always have enough to eat."

"Everybody?"

"Everybody."

"Me, too?"

"Yes, my darling, you, of course."

Locked in each other's arms they looked down side-long at the little euphemism. The small voice said:

"Now that *he's* there, they're safe, aren't they?"

"Yes, quite safe."

He had given up attending to his business, but almost every morning, at nearly the same hour, he would walk down to his Club, not looking very much at things about the streets, partly because his thoughts were other wise engaged, partly because he had found it from the first a deleterious habit. Arriving, he would take "The Times," and "The Financial News," and go to his pet armchair; here he would stay till lunch time, reading all that bore in any way on his affairs, and taking a grave view of every situation. But at lunch a longing to express himself would come, and he would tell his neighbours tales of his little grandsons, of the extraordinary things they did, and of the future he was laying-up for them. In the pleasant warmth of midday, over his light but satisfactory lunch, surrounded by familiar faces, he would recount these tales in cheerful tones, and his old grey eyes would twinkle; between him and his struggle with those nightly apparitions, there were many hours of daylight, there was his visit to the nursery. But suddenly, looking up fixedly with strained eyes, he would put a question such as this: "D'you ever wake up in the night?" If the answer was affirmative, he would say: "D'you ever find things worry you then out of—out of all proportion?" And, if they did, he would clearly be relieved to hear it. On one occasion, when he had elicited an emphatic statement of the discomfort of such waking hours, he blurted out: "D'you ever see a lot of great owls sitting on your bed? It's—it's—a perfect horror to me!" Then seemingly ashamed of what he had just said, he rose and left his lunch unfinished.

His fellow members, though nearly all much younger than himself, had no unkindly feeling for him. He seemed to them to overrate their interest in his grandsons, and the state of his investments; but they knew he could not help preoccupation with these subjects; and when he left them, usually at three o'clock, saying almost tremulously, "I must be off, my grandsons'll be looking out for me!" they would exchange a look, as though remarking: "The old chap thinks of nothing but his grandchildren." And they would sit down to "Bridge," taking care to play within the means their fathers had endowed them with.

But the "old chap" would step into a hansom cab, and his spirit, looking through his eyes beneath the brim of his tall hat, would travel home before him. Yet, for all his hurry, he would find the time to stop and buy a toy or something on the way.

One morning, at the end of a cold March, they found him dead in bed, propped on his pillows, with his eyes wide open. Doctors, hastily called in, decided that he had died from failure of the heart's action, and fixed the hour of death at anything from two to four; by the appearance of his staring pupils they judged that something must have frightened him. No one had heard a noise, no one could find a sign of anything alarming; so no one could explain why he, who seemed so well preserved, should thus have suddenly collapsed. To his own family he had never told the fact, that every night

he woke between the hours of two and four, to meet a row of owls squatting on the foot-rail of his bed—he was, no doubt, ashamed of it. He had revealed much of his religious feeling, but not the real depth of it; not the way his deity of money had seized on his imagination; not his nightly struggle with the terrors of his spirit, nor the hours of anguish spent, when vitality was low, trying to escape the company of doubts. No one had heard the fluttering of his heart, which, beginning many years ago, just as a sort of pleasant habit to occupy his wakeful minutes in the dark, had grown to be like the beating of a hammer on soft flesh. No one had guessed, he least of all, the stroke of irony that Nature had prepared, to avenge the desecration of her Law of Balance. She had watched his worship from afar, and quietly arranged that by his worship he should be destroyed; careless, indeed, what god he served, knowing only that he served too much.

They brought the eldest of his little grandsons in. He stood a long time looking, then asked if he might touch the cheek. Being permitted, he kissed his little finger-tip and laid it on the old man's whisker. When he was led away and the door closed, he asked if "Granddy" was "quite safe"; and twice again that evening he asked the question.

In the early light next morning, before the house was up, the under housemaid saw a white thing on the mat before the old man's door. She went, and, stooping down, examined it. It was the little china dog.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE BOY AND GIRL SCHOOL.

It is the habit of all who maintain the conventional view of education to treat the critic as an innovator, if not a faddist, on whom lies the burden of proof. The assumption is that a system which has age on its side must be in some sense natural. So strong is this bias of inertia in England that it can hardly be said that the advocates of the co-education of boys and girls have as yet obtained a hearing.* But, despite the antiquity of the tradition which divides the sexes at school, there is no practice in education which stands in greater need of apology. If, with no past to prejudice us, the proposal to educate boys and girls separately could be made to us for the first time to-morrow, it would strike most of us as a daring and paradoxical suggestion, a defiance of all the spontaneous dictates of nature and society. To leave the sexes together would seem to be the normal course. The daring and revolutionary step was their separation. Brothers and sisters grow up together, and learn the same lessons at their mothers' knee. Neighbours' children of all ranks, in villages and the country, play together, with a natural pleasure in the association of girls and boys. Peasants' children, in every simple state of society, work and play and dance together, and, when the schoolmaster comes at last among them, the class-room is as much the common ground of the sexes as the threshing floor and the village green. In Scotland this primitive traditional system developed undisturbed. In all the smaller Scottish towns, and even in places with a population as considerable as Dundee, boys and girls are still educated together, from the elementary schools, through the High School, to the University. What morbid and artificial conception of society and morals was it which dictated the separation and maintained it?

The common-sense Protestant Englishman who sends his boy to a public school and his girl to a ladies' college, and imagines that he is obeying some unquestionable law of nature, is in reality the victim of a forgotten medievalism. The sexes are separated to-day because education was originally the function of the monastery. The idea behind that separation was a hatred and dread of sex, a turning away from nature, a conception of society in which any association of the sexes was tolerated only as a concession to the world and to the weakness of

the human animal. Brothers and sisters were separated, simply because the teachers to whom they were confided were vowed to a sex-less life. It was originally held that girls, even in the upper class, required little education at all to perform their simple and restricted duties, but when that tradition weakened, the girls went as naturally to the convent school as the boys to the monastic college. The system survived from obvious reasons of convenience. The English upper class was scattered in a sparsely peopled agricultural country, and the public school, given the aristocratic tradition, was the only alternative to the private tutor. In Scotland the reformation was at once democratic and Protestant. It destroyed the ascetic conception of sex, and it also broke down the separation of classes. The laird and the minister sent their children, boys and girls alike, to the same school as the ploughman and the farmer. The consequence has been not merely a more natural relationship of the sexes, but a more humane intimacy of the classes, with less of insolence on the one side, less of subservience on the other and, in the strata between the two extremes, a relative absence of snobbishness. The ideal of the English lower middle-class parent in the last century was to send his boy to some such inefficient boarding-school as Mr. Wells describes in "Kips," where he hoped he might acquire not so much knowledge and education, as the manners and sports of the class above him. The Scottish parent of the same rank aimed at the University. It is this imitative instinct, based on a pathetic if contemptible social ambition, which has perpetuated and generalised the type of the upper-class monastic school in England, long after the religious and economic reasons for its existence have disappeared.

It will be said, no doubt, that there is a special spirit or ethic proper to each sex, which co-education might destroy, or, at least, fail to develop. Boys would lose their "manliness," and girls their "womanliness." This is a very singular argument, for if there is anything proper and natural in the idea of a special sex virtue, it is obvious that it ought to arise rather from the association of the sexes than from their isolation. In so far as "manliness" in this connection means anything more than ordinary courage and honesty—qualities as desirable in women as in men—it must mean chivalry. In so far as womanliness means anything more than a sympathetic disposition—as desirable in men as in women—it must mean the queenly grace which encourages and rewards, which exacts respect and inspires chivalry. These qualities are complementary, and cannot be evolved in isolation. The monastery is not the place in which one would look for chivalry. In practice, the conception of a special sex virtue which is cultivated apart, is apt to be a self-conscious and exaggerated ideal. It tends to mean, for men and boys, hardness and brutality, rather than honour and courage; for women and girls, softness and prudery, rather than modesty and grace. It resulted in the grotesque divorce of sex-morality which characterised the Early Victorian era—the ignorant or affected innocence of the women, the after-dinner grossness of the men, the cruelty of the gilded youth who patronised cock-fights, the silliness of girls who fainted at the sight of a mouse. There is in this exaggeration of special sex virtues a sort of spiritual coarseness as unpleasant as the trick of fashion which encourages women to exaggerate by clothing the special characteristics of their form. It is at the same time an insincere and shallow tendency. Popular sentiment, which talks of some monopoly of manliness in men, has always delighted to dwell on the physical courage of a Joan of Arc or a Grace Darling, and is prodigal of its inconsistent admiration for "the strong man" of romance (usually a soldier), who is "as tender as any woman." Co-education might help to bring about a blending of these special sex-ideals; it would certainly not destroy the graces which gain their whole meaning from the reaction of one sex upon the other.

The gains which would spring from co-education are obvious and clear. In the first place, it would remove a grave economic difficulty in the way of higher education. Scotland, with a poorer and sparser population than England, has an older and better system of second-

* See "A Natural Education." A Lecture by Mrs. Ennis Richmond, G. Street & Co., 30, Cornhill. Post free 4d.

ary schools, largely because of the economy which results from co-education. A small country town, or even a mere village, can support one really good school for both boys and girls, where it would fail to maintain two separate schools of the same standard of efficiency. There is an economy in money, and also in teaching talent. It is now quite a usual thing for boys and girls to be taught by women graduates. It is generally believed that women are better teachers than men; and at present, through the closing of the professions, it is easier to get women of high academic qualifications for the work of secondary schools. Where such a woman has any grace or magnetism, she exerts an influence on the boys which few men can wield. Competition among boys alone or girls alone is apt to become a harsh and almost commercial stimulus. The association of boys and girls together introduces a new spur to distinction, which is certainly more pleasing and more educative than mere competition. The possibility of friendship is realised betimes, and in common studies girls and boys learn the meaning of disinterested companionship. In after life such experiences cannot fail to be beneficial. The process of selection and mating can go on in a less restricted circle, with more mutual knowledge, more mutual understanding, and less risk of a precipitate choice based on a momentary physical attraction.

There will, no doubt, be cynics who will profess to believe that the habitual association of boys and girls of all ages must result in immorality. To make good that point he must admit that the boys and girls of the upper and middle classes are in some way more depraved than peasant children. So far as that is so, if it is so, it must be due to the fact that the boys are herded together, without the restraint of home, or the appeal to chivalry which comes from the presence of girls. They talk and think lightly or grossly of women, because they know nothing of girls. Morality cannot be taught, but it can be learned, and it is absurd to expect that a healthy society can be based upon the unisexual school. In every other region of conduct, the school is supposed to be a preparation for the world, but on this one point we are still the slaves of a despairing tradition, which assumed the natural depravity of mankind. The peasant child, in whose development romance succeeds naturally to play, and love to companionship, leads in this respect the happier and the easier life.

THE LIFE OF A FOX.

THEY found him in the withy bed by the mill—he had a wild duck there only a week ago—and chased him without a break right away to Honey Lane, a good ten miles as the crow flies. There he gave them a loop that would have taken a good deal of unravelling, but some one gave the trick away, and they were on his scent again within ten minutes. It was all up with him then, with those great hounds running almost fresh, and himself the worse for a week's irregular feeding. Nobody expected him to put up another ten mile run, but this is just what he did, taking them close up to the gates of Brotheridge Park before Music ran into him, and received a snap in the face that she will remember.

He was a bit of a nuisance to us this winter. Many a man, however, who has done a hundred times as much harm, has passed away under a mound of flowers and deeply regretted. Vulpes was about four years old, perhaps five next March. This is the third winter that his bark has been heard in the night, seldom unanswered by the scream of his vixen. Their cubs were gambolling in the hill field last May, Vulpes making shy and phantomlike appearances, at any rate while we watched, just dropping a freshly killed rabbit and floating away as though his speed had been of wings rather than feet. The cubs grew up and dispersed into the woods, two of them falling victims to the opening meet, when young hounds are blooded, the others disappearing from the ken of this valley. But Vulpes and his mate kept the same beat: levied their customary toll on the hen-houses

of their four or five mile radius; renewed their marvellous knowledge of the country that had so often saved their lives from the hot-footed pack.

A rather unwise change in the routine of our own hens gave the fox a chance that he was not slow to take. The house was placed a little afiel, in the hope that the fowls would forage elsewhere than in the garden that they had frequented too much. But they kept the same daily habits as before, returning in the afternoon to their home in the suburbs. Here Vulpes waited for them once or twice, and bore off each time some scatter-brain that had waited too long for the last worm. The only wonder is that he did not take them all, when we consider the desperate deeds that won for him the detestation of some of our neighbours. About two miles away was a stock of prize birds, the value of which easily topped ten pounds. A night passed in the usual silence, so far as the owner knew, but no ringing call of chanticleer announced the advent of day. Seventeen pedigree fowl lay dead in a rough heap on the floor, while the remaining two were, as they say in battle reports, "missing."

It is the midnight visit of "Mr. adjectival Fox," as he is called here, that is most to be feared. His far bolder raids on another neighbour resulted in considerably fewer victims. Here, it was considered, he could be found during the day more often than not within two hundred yards of the holding. Sometimes, he would even make a dash on the hens as they crowded round the grain that the poultry master had just thrown down. Once, this when the cubs were growing fast, the hens had no sooner been let out in the morning than one vanished "squawking" in the jaws of the brigand. In half-an-hour the fox returned, and went away with some reluctance when he found the irate farmer ready to receive him with a warmth I dare no more than hint at. Some of these exploits are more like the ignorant boldness of a young fox, but nothing is set down here that does not rightly belong to this particular four-year-old villain.

All the fowls that Vulpes took from our valley in the course of a year would scarcely keep one healthy fox in food for a month. Of rabbits, to which he is in the main quite welcome, he must have caught ten times as many. They seemed to know his rabbit seasons and his fowl seasons. When he was not out after rabbit, at any rate, they took little notice of him. Possibly they were as confident at other times. Certainly he seemed able to get rabbit whenever he fancied the diet. Best of all he liked the young things not yet out from the "stop," but it seemed to be rather more the vixen's work than his to scratch out these tender tit-bits.

We were always astonished at the number of voles, short-tailed field mice, as we call them, that Vulpes managed to catch and eat. We are not cursed with many of these unwelcome rascals, a fact for which we seldom give due thanks to the foxes. A vole plague is no light infliction, and even a mild population of the creatures means considerable loss, as anyone can see who digs up the winter hoard of one of them, or marks the grass that is kept short by a single small colony. The removal of a very slight check would enable a sprinkling of voles to bound into millions and it is certain that on this account we owe a good deal to the fact that Vulpes and his friends have a sweet tooth for the "short-tailed field mouse." Even in the winter he used to get this cherished dainty. When the snow was on the ground we used to find yards of the surface scratched up and there or elsewhere unmistakable signs that the hunting had not been in vain.

It was when we were snow-bound with a crust of frost on the top of the snow that Vulpes seemed to be having his hardest time. One day Young Hopeful, aged nine, met him in the orchard. Vulpes was moping round, nosing the base of each tree, in the hope of finding a wounded fieldfare or spent red-wing to stay his sharp hunger. He took scarcely any notice of Young Hopeful, who appeared to be unarmed, and the boy drew to within ten yards and tweaked him with his catapult. Vulpes started, more in anger than in pain, glared at the boy, so he says, and then picked up his back trail

towards the hill field and the woods. Through the hedge and up over the smooth white bank he went at a pace just over a walk, and the boy, tucking his catapult into his pocket, followed, lumbering and panting, behind. Of what he should do if he should catch up with the fox, he had not the slightest idea. Neither did Vulpes stop to consider that he would have nothing to fear from a man of this growth in a bare tooth-and-limb tussle. An unreasoning dislike urged the one to follow and the other to shun.

Once, said the boy, and the tracks confirmed him, Vulpes stopped and looked back over his shoulder. Possibly he was thinking, "Why cannot you and I be friends? You could put a meal in my way easily enough, and possibly I could repay you." Here, though the boy did not volunteer the statement, he stopped also. The tell-tale tracks made that clear. Perhaps he began to consider the consequences of catching up this sharp-toothed animal. Perhaps he happened just then to want new breath. May we even imagine that he instinctively accepted the truce proposed by Vulpes, with a view to peace and an alliance? There is no telling which first moved on again. Only the steps were resumed, first at a walk, then at a run, as Vulpes whisked over the big bank, then flashed into the gorse, long before the boy was able to see what had become of him.

The orchard will be a blanker place for the boy, now the red fox is gone. For ourselves, when we have added up the account, even though it includes a few ruined partridge nests to his discredit, we find no cause to rejoice at his death. That remains for those who have chickens, but not voles, or who do not know that they have voles. Pheasants being accounted poultry also, as, indeed, they are, poultry keepers are almost the only ones who will speak ill of the dead. The hundred horsemen who took part first and last in that twenty mile run have nothing but praises to bestow on the gallant quarry.

THE MAKING OF A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

A COUPLE of weeks ago one of our readers wrote suggesting that village libraries and the books suitable for them would be a proper topic for discussion in *THE NATION*. The subject is particularly interesting at the moment in view of the awakening of village life, and we shall be glad to open our correspondence columns to those who have suggestions to make, or who have had experience or knowledge of the organisation of village halls or book-rooms. In the meantime we offer a few remarks on what we believe to be the main principles that ought to guide those who undertake to form or add to a village library.

In the first place, it should not be forgotten that most people read books not because they have any conscious wish to "improve" their minds, but simply, as Fitzgerald said, "for human pleasure." "A book," said Dr. Johnson, "should help us to enjoy life or to endure it." Our correspondent seems to have some such thought in his mind, for he writes that "it will of course be realised that after physical labour during the daytime, literature must be really attractive to be read in the country." Still, it is surprising to see the power which literature exerts, often in unexpected quarters. Stevenson tells the story of a Welsh blacksmith who at the age of twenty-five could neither read nor write. He heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm kitchen, and "painfully learned to read Welsh and returned to borrow the book." Unfortunately, the only copy to be found was in English, but so strong was his resolution that he learned English in order to possess himself of the treasure. Mr. Andrew Lang gives us another example of the spell which literature can throw over minds which seem closed to its charm. "I know," he writes, "that in a remote and even Pictish part of the kingdom, a rural household, humble and under the shadow of a sorrow inevitably approaching, has found in 'David Copperfield' oblivion of winter, of sorrows, and of sickness."

A book, then, being for most people either a stimulus or an anodyne, the well-chosen village library—as, indeed, any general library—will be freely supplied with poets and novelists. Of the poets it is enough to say that as many should be represented as space and money permit. Readers of poetry are to be found in all classes, and it is a mistake to suppose that those who have not been to a public school and university cannot develop an affection for the greatest English verse. We should say, for example, that Crabbe, Burns, Cowper, Scott, and Byron are well within the range and fancy of many village readers. It is likely that there are more readers of poetry among the Populace than in the ranks of the Barbarians. Venables used to tell of a certain notorious peer of the last century whom he met at Lansdowne House, and once asked whether he ever saw "Punch." "Why, no," was the reply, "to tell the truth, I'm—not much of a book-worm!" But though it would be a serious omission if even one true lover of poetry were deprived of the sustenance he needs, the chooser of a village library will have to see that fiction is largely represented, even if he must curtail the poetry. And fiction should be interpreted in the widest sense of the word, not excluding Bunyan on the one hand, or on the other those children's books, lists of which have recently been contributed to our pages by Mrs. Frederic Harrison and Lady Rendel. Such books are of especial value in a village library. The father of Robert Burns, a typical peasant, struggled, his son tells us, to keep him "and his other children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil. He understood men, their manners, and their ways," and he taught what he knew to his children. But the boy received the best part of his education from an old woman who lived in the family, "remarkable," Burns says, "for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition." "She had the largest collection in the county of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry." And Northcote, the painter, made a similar confession to Hazlitt. "'Jack the Giant-Killer' is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me even now. I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is, whether good or bad, but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. Had I been bred a scholar," he adds, "I daresay Homer would have been my Jack the Giant-Killer." "Think," says Lamb to Coleridge, "what you would have been now if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history." Among the books which help mankind to enjoy life or to endure it "the classics of the nursery" clearly must be allowed a place. To include all the representative names in European fiction within the village library is, fortunately, an easy task. By spending a five-pound note on Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library," Mr. Frowde's "World's Classics," Messrs. Routledge's "New Universal Library," or Messrs. Cassell's "The People's Library," it is possible to have a hundred volumes neatly bound and clearly printed. To one book in Mr. Frowde's list we would especially direct attention. An excellent selection of Tolstoy's short stories has been translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude. By general consent some of these short stories are to be counted as the greatest work of the greatest of living writers, and they have the direct appeal and power of exciting deep emotion that reach simple minds.

Perhaps next after fiction books of travel have the greatest power of lifting people out of themselves, and are therefore of value to the village library. These have the additional merit of being the work of men who have a first-hand knowledge of what they write about. "The reason why so few good books are written," says Bagehot, "is that few people that can write know anything. In general an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the

style and sentiments of the best authors, but is out of the way of employing his own ears and eyes. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum. . . . He sits beside a library fire, with nice white paper, a good pen, a capital style, every means of saying everything, and nothing to say." Books of travel introduce us to men who have used their ears and eyes in countries where not all of us can hope to use our own and enable us at least to travel "by deputy."

The villager should also find in his library books on history—say, Macaulay, Froude, Green, or such series as "The Story of the Nations" or "The Romance of History"—short and picturesque biography, such as Macaulay's historical essays supply, and studies of natural and country life of the type of J. G. Wood's many volumes. The great value of pictures should also be borne in mind. It is a great misfortune that we have not more and rather better work of the class of Knight's "Illustrated History of England." A good simple "History of Great Britain," illustrated as M. Boutet de Monvel, or "Job" have illustrated imposing scenes and characters in French history, would be a great gift to the British people.

On the general question of the books to be included and those refused admission, we might adopt the words of the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer prefixed at the Revision of 1662, *viz.*, "to keep the mean between the two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much ease in admitting" with an inclination to the latter. Some selection is necessary, since the library must be to the villager not only a store-house of books, but also a guide to his use of them.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE RECURRENCE OF DISEASE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article under the above heading, which appears in the current issue of THE NATION, invites comment.

Its suggestiveness lies as much in what is omitted as in what is indicated. Were it not that action is the law of life, and men are compelled, as it were, to grapple, despite themselves, with life and its problems, they might almost despair of making any all round solid advance in this matter of disease.

It has long been the fashion—the ignorant fashion, one might almost say—for medical writers to ignore or to scoff at the French thinker, Carnot's, alleged law of vicarious or substitutionary mortality. But that theory contains a great truth. Our most famous vital statistician, Dr. Wm. Farr, plainly recognised, if he did not formally acknowledge it, *sans phrase*. He insisted in the luminous Registrar-General's Reports that healthy conditions of existence, all round, are indispensable to save human life. Otherwise, the stamping out of one disease (he said) merely left the way open for another disease to replace it. "Keep your eye," he said, "on the total death-rate." A low total death-rate was his ideal, and not the mere stamping out of one particular disease, such, for instance, as is (erroneously) alleged in Germany, where the absence of small-pox—through persistent vaccination (?)—leaves the country with a constant higher total annual death-rate than that of England, even with the latter's large neglect of vaccination.

A remarkable confirmation of the soundness of Carnot's theory was unwittingly supplied in 1813 by Dr. Robert Watt, of Glasgow. He carefully tabulated, year by year, for thirty years, the child mortality of that important city. To his amazement he discovered that although vaccination had been as general there as in any other part of the United Kingdom, yet he found it had had no effect whatever in reducing the children's total death-rate. He says he could hardly believe the testimony of his own senses, so unexpected were the results of his careful investigations. Whatever had been won from small-pox, by means of vaccination, had been lost in other ways!

Your contributor, in writing that "small-pox has

almost disappeared under the combined effects of sanitation and vaccination," seems to be unaware of Leicester's thirty years, or more, conclusive experience. That city finds it can do better without vaccination. Nor can he be aware that in the eighties—when we in London set up the small-pox hospital ships on the Thames and thus cut down London's small-pox permanently—Germany, owing to the recrudescence of small-pox, had to adopt in essence the Leicester method.

As to diphtheria, that disease has not lost its terrors through anti-toxin. Your contributor has overlooked the fact that, year by year, the Registrar-General reports an increase in the deaths from it. And this when it is claimed that, through anti-toxin, the case-mortality has fallen! How can these contrarieties be reconciled? It is said that in compiling these statistics the worst cases are not counted—anti-toxin being useless with them. Then the presence of the *Kleb-Loeffler bacillus* is accepted as proof that the disease is diphtheria. And yet this bacillus may be found, at times, in common sore throats, and even in healthy mouths! All these cases are termed diphtheria. Thus it can be easily seen how fallacious must be the tabulations so framed.

Again, if hydrophobia be, as your contributor asserts, "merely a dread memory of the past," it is such in despite and not in consequence of Pasteur's anti-rabic virus—an inoculation process, as was said at the time by some competent observers, which was more likely to impart the disease than to protect from it. And the published necrology of some few hundreds of Pasteur's patients gave deadly point to the criticism. So also in the case of Koch's anti-consumption virus, which was a ghastly failure.

In this particular aspect of disease intelligent laymen are apt to wonder at the apparent negation by ardent advocates of viruses, vaccines, serums, and lymphs—all of which are poisonous animal substances—of all thought as to the possible secondary and long-time consequences of their use.

With one fixed idea they inject these terribly potential substances directly into the blood of human and sub-human creatures. Everything is ignored but the one result sought. But as Herbert Spencer wisely pointed out in this connection how can it be supposed that the human system can thus be protected against one invading agent, and yet be left otherwise totally unaffected? To ask such a question is to answer it.

The evils caused by infecting the blood with such diseased matter may, in some cases, not be visible for years; it may lie dormant and, when the mischief becomes visible, mostly likely all connection between cause and effect is lost. Cattle are tested by means of tuberculin inoculations. If no reaction takes place, the planting of a dose of disease seed in the animal is treated as a mere nothing. But why should not such seed yield a harvest in due season just as any other?

In passing it may be observed that just as the advocates of these various inoculations base themselves on Jennerism, so their opponents oppose them on the grounds that Jenner's prescription has degenerated into something little better than a sordid monopolism. Certainly the Gloucester surgeon could not now obtain £30,000, or any other sum, from the Legislature. His nostrum, having been established, endowed, and vested interests created thereby, will die hard, as do all such things.

Your contributor remarks—either satirically or playfully—that "science is always discovering new maladies which baffle its exultant energies." This is little else than a variant of the adage, "The more doctors the more diseases." It invents new names—as witness appendicitis, not known twenty years ago, as your contributor states. It is merely perityphlitis renamed. The votaries of medicine naturally press onward to new discoveries, if not to new victories over nature, always seeking, of course, to learn her secrets, and to pluck out the heart of her mystery. And this for motives mixed, both high and low; for fame, for fortune, and for desire to benefit mankind.

But how vastly important it is that such energies and abilities should be directed on to right lines! How heavy the price to pay to unlearn. And what sadness was in the heart of that famous French researcher—a typical of his class—who, in dying, exclaimed that while his mouth was full of promises his hands were empty of results. Laymen, who, if

not scientific experts, may yet be capable jurymen among such, may well ask themselves whether the correspondences in constitution, structure, and function are such between men and the lower animals as to make deductions drawn from experiments upon the latter trustworthy as to the former.

Rather pessimistically writes your contributor, "Medicine, as distinct from surgical effort, is still largely in the condition of alchemy, stretching blind hands in the darkness towards a secret not yet revealed." And yet what confident claims are made as to the alleged gains from vivisection and vaccination, claims which are as confidently denied by equal authorities! It is the age of the squirt *vice* the lancet—"that minute instrument of mighty mischief"—and the opprobrium of medicine.

Amid all the heat and dust of controversy one broad fact stands saliently out. It was neither by the lancet nor the syringe that our ancient destroyers, such as the black death, the sweating sickness, the plague, leprosy, scurvy, and typhus, were banished. Improved dieting, housing, draining, water supply, and ventilation, perform these hygienic miracles. Strange that for many centuries our ecclesiastics had the virtual monopoly of the Mosaic ritual of health which they ignored, leaving nineteenth century secularites to rediscover and apply it in modern ways.

In this land there has been for several decades a bitter conflict between two contending parties on this matter. And neither has had its case fully placed before the nation. On the one hand there is a pseudo-science backed by the educated ignorance of conventional opinion, and supported by a legislature, pliant, and at the mercy of plausible scientific sophists, who act as spokesmen for a professional monopoly. On the other are the people, unorganised, and unable adequately to present their case. But these latter have seen much, know a good deal, and have strong opinions on the subject.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

January 6th, 1908.

"THE DECLINE OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Would you be kind enough to make room for yet another letter on the Oxford Movement discussion? It seems that no one has read what Mr. Chesterton has to say in this controversy carefully enough to understand what he means. This is probably because everyone speaks condescendingly of Mr. Chesterton as a brilliant and amusing literary critic, who has no business to meddle with so exclusive a thing as theology, on which the expert alone has a right to an opinion. Mr. Chesterton is proud to represent the ordinary man, on whom democracy must be built, and he will not be annoyed if it is said that his exclusion from a theological discussion means the exclusion of the great mass of humanity. The doubts and needs of the ordinary man are seldom the same as those of the theological expert, and it is no answer to him or to Mr. Chesterton to ask peevishly if he has heard of Newman, or to call down destruction on him for having views differing from those of Dr. Lightfoot and the Editor of this review.

To the man in the street some "cast-iron Creed" seems always necessary to progress of any kind. It does not satisfy him in the least to be told that Christianity is simply the love or veneration of a Personality, and that no Creed is wanted. "A Reader" says that he is supported by many great men in holding that as long as a man loves or venerates the Personality he need have no fixed opinions or beliefs about anything connected with Christianity. But surely the love or veneration of a Personality involves a Creed, even a "cast-iron" one. To take an extreme instance. Suppose A is a Conservative, a Protectionist, an anti-Socialist and a Roman Catholic, and that B is a Radical, a Free-Trader, a Socialist, and a Rationalist; and yet that in spite of this A loves or looks up to B—that is, to B's personality. It is surely obvious that if A only thinks the matter out, he will discover that his attitude to B is actually due to something with which he (A) dogmatically agrees. He will perceive that attitude to be due to the dogmatic fact that B has, let us say, energy and a sense of humour. He will feel that energy and a sense of humour are splendid things, and that if a man does not possess them

he falls short of an ideal man. So that this dogma is immediately formed in the mind of A: "Energy and a sense of humour are splendid and eternal things."

It may be urged that there is a difference between the attraction of a man for a man—and the attraction of Christ for a man. But this difference proves, if anything, the truth of what has been said. A man sometimes loves an earthly man (whom he has seen in the flesh) for something which cannot be defined, but if he loves Christ (whom he has not seen in the flesh) the love must be due to certain actual facts about Christ's personality; that he was tender, or that he was merciful, or that he loved men. Will "A Reader" say if an ordinary man who loves or venerates the Personality would still do so if instead of being tender Christ was hard, if instead of being merciful he was unmerciful, or if instead of loving men he hated them? Then, if these opposites alienate that man's love or veneration it is a dogma in the mind and heart of that man that tenderness, mercy, and love are splendid and eternal things. Does "A Reader" deny this?

Besides this, "A Reader" fails to see what Mr. Chesterton meant in his last letter to this review. He (Mr. Chesterton) says that progress is impossible without dogma and a "cast-iron" Creed. "A Reader" says firmly and dogmatically that he believes progress to be impossible unless dogma is abolished. Is it not obvious that in saying this "A Reader" has given voice to a Creed and a dogma? Mr. Chesterton himself said that when Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote in the "Revolutionist's Handbook" "the Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule," he was himself laying down a Golden Rule. "A Reader's" Creed is: "I believe that a Creed makes progress impossible." The Creed of the Church differs from this only in containing a few more clauses. The fact that your correspondent's Creed contradicts that of the Church does not make it any the less a Creed.—Yours, &c.,

A MAN IN THE STREET.

THE BLACK DEATH IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the interesting article entitled "A Portuguese Monastery," in your issue of January 4th, the writer says: "One thinks of the Black Death, which in 1355 swept through the dormitories of the Cistercians until only eight remained alive." In the British Isles the awful pestilence known as the Black Death began in 1348, raged in 1349, but except in Scotland had come to an end by 1350. I did not know that its ravages continued in the Peninsular so late as 1355. But I write away from all works of reference, and I only query the date given by the writer of your article because of my impression that, in the main, the plague had subsided in south-west Europe before it reached the shores of England.—Yours, &c.,

ROBT. A. HUDSON.

Beach House, Felixstowe,
January 8th, 1908.

"PREMATURE BURIAL."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter signed "J. H." on the above subject.

Judging by the mass of correspondence that has reached me since my article, "Premature Burial and the only True Signs of Death," appeared in "The Nineteenth Century" (October, 1907), I am led to believe there must be an enormous number of persons deeply and seriously interested in the question, and impotently clamouring for the adoption of a safeguard against this horrible form of torture.

Indeed that interest in the matter is not confined to our own country may be concluded from information I have just received that the "Nineteenth Century" article has recently been reprinted in the "New York Sun," and that a member of the Massachusetts Legislature is about to reprint it in a pamphlet.

It truly is amazing that the bulk of the general public should remain so grotesquely apathetic in the face of the overwhelming pile of irrefutable evidence we have in almost every language that a proportion by no means inconsiderable

of the persons yearly interred are in all probability shut up in their coffins before life is extinct. It took just a century to get Germany to realise that the peril did actually exist, but no sooner did that country become alive to the truth than it at once set to work to establish the excellent safeguards that are still enforced there.

Germany bears the reputation for being a wide-awake country. Certainly the nation is not addicted to hysteria. Consequently we may rest assured that the sums spent in Germany to establish the system of waiting mortuaries was not disbursed without good cause.

This is no party question. It is a matter that members of the various political factions assuredly ought to unite in bringing prominently before the House with as little delay as possible.—Yours, &c.,

BASIL TOZER.

Boodle's Club, St. James's, S.W.,
January 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Permit me to say a few words on the subject of Mr. J. R. Williamson's letter. Dr. S. Hooper said, "The subject of trance was of the most vital interest, and they would all acknowledge that more interest was now taken in the psychic aspect of man as well as the material side. They would never understand man in his whole bearings, much less in illness or apparent death, until they understood the tremendous influence exercised by the psychological part of man as well as by the materialistic part. It was the psychological factor which played such an important part in the case of trance. He had himself seen a patient apparently dead after an attack of hysteria. There was to all appearances no life left whatever, and in such a case an ignorant person might go and explain to the doctor that the patient was dead, and if it was very far off the doctor would be within his present rights in giving a certificate of death on the *ipse dixit* of that friend or neighbour. That was one of the scandals that should be altered in the matter of death certification."—Yours, &c.,

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

December 23rd, 1907.

"THE VIRGIN BIRTH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. W. Windsor objects to my ascribing agreement by the author of the Fourth Gospel with the words ascribed by him to Philip concerning "Jesus of Nazareth the son of Joseph." How much a reported speech implies the agreement of the reporter depends altogether on the nature of the literary work in which it occurs. No one would ascribe to Shakespeare the sentiments of his characters; everyone would assume Plato's unity with the speeches of Socrates in the Republic. Between these there is every variety. No one thinks that we have much reliable verbatim reporting in the Fourth Gospel. Its date and its style as a work of art render that unlikely. Indeed, in the Nicodemus conversation no one can tell where the words of Jesus end and those of the Evangelist begin. Considering that no contradiction is offered by the author to the paternity of Joseph, I thought his weight went with Philip's phrase. The point is arguable and cannot be finally cleared up, but I do not think it unfair or inaccurate.

Mr. Windsor also objects to my statement that Jesus is, throughout the Apostolic teaching outside the Birth stories, regarded as "of the seed of David according to the flesh." He says this phrase only occurs twice. But the entirely equivalent expression "Son of David" occurs many times, and abundantly justifies my description. This is the kind of argument I should call unfair.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

January 5th, 1908.

THE REAL IRISH QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think I can explain "E.D.'s" failure to understand the Irish question. "E.D.," like a great many other people, seems never to have attempted to see the Irish

question as it really is in itself, apart from the various other questions that call for solution in Ireland as in France, Germany, the United States, England, and, indeed, in every free country. The confusion of the Irish question with those other questions has been the curse of Irish politics for something like a century. The only moments in the history of the nineteenth century on which an Irish Nationalist of the present day can look back with any gladness are the rare occasions—such as the Emmet insurrection, the Young Ireland movement, and the Fenian movement—on which Irishmen did not allow this confusion to take place, but saw the Irish question in all its simplicity as a question of foreign *versus* native rule.

There is no such thing as the English question. If you were annexed by France, however, and if the seat of Government of the new "United Kingdom" were placed in Paris, and, say, a hundred thousand French troops drafted in among you to look after the preservation of "law and order," an "English question" would be created immediately. The English question would be: how to get rid of those hundred thousand French troops and the Government whose mainstay they were, and to make England a free and independent nation again.

It has always been the policy of British statesmen, however, to refuse to admit that the Irish question was as simple a matter as this. And so, one after another, they caught hold of some purely social question, such as Catholic emancipation, or land purchase, or University education, and declaring loudly and repeatedly that this was the real Irish question at last, taught the Irish people to look for its solution to the London Parliament. In this way, they played off Irish Catholic against Irish Protestant, Irish landlord against Irish tenant—appealed to the sectarian and class selfishness of each in turn—until we had the bewildering spectacle of Irish Catholics looking to England for protection against the Irish Protestants, while at the same moment Irish Protestants were leaning on England with confidence as their bulwark against the wicked designs of the Irish Catholics; and the landlords and tenants played a similar foolish game. In the result, every class of Irishmen—Protestant, Catholic, tenant and landlord—has suffered; England alone has consistently been the gainer. That is why the Sinn Féin policy is making such headway in Ireland to-day. Sinn Féiners see that it is folly for the Irish people to ask England to settle their social problems for them—just as mad folly as it would be for two sheep that had a difference of opinion to call in a wolf as arbitrator.

The great mistake that Irishmen made in the nineteenth century was that, time and again, they listened to British promises and allowed the national question to be put in the background, in order that some urgent social question might first be dealt with. If they had refused to enter into any negotiations with England until the national question had been honourably settled, it is pretty certain that Ireland would have been an independent nation a good many years ago, and that her various social questions would have been solved three times as rapidly and three hundred times as satisfactorily as they have been. If Liberals really want to know the solution of the Irish question, I or any other Nationalist will tell them. Let them not trouble to introduce Mr. Birrell's University Bill during the coming Session of Parliament, but let them occupy their time instead by having copies of the Renunciation Act of 1783 printed and laid on the table of the House of Commons, and by re-affirming that this Act is the law of the land—which it undoubtedly still is, despite the subsequent passing of the illegal Act of Union. This is the simplest solution of the simplest question in the world.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LYND.

January 4th, 1908.

"THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I point out to your correspondent Lady Rendel, whose delightful letter on children's books appears in your current number, that "Leila" which she speaks of as divided into two parts, "Leila At Home" and "Leila, or The Island," really consists of three parts, viz., "Leila, or

The Island," "Leila In England," and "Leila At Home." The book was written by Miss Anne Frazer-Tytler, a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and with the exception of Mr. Howard's eternal preaching (Mr. Howard is the little heroine's father) is extremely lively and would, I am sure, amuse intelligent children now.

Your correspondent mentions "Ministering Children" a little doubtfully, but apart from the conventional religious teaching which comes in rather too often, this book has an idyllic beauty of its own which is simply charming. It is well known, I believe, that few English books have had a larger circulation, and it is said to have brought a small fortune to its publishers.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD FRANKLIN JUPP.

22, Grange Road, West Hartlepool.

December 23rd, 1907.

P.S.—I see your correspondent also mentions *both* parts of "Mary and Florence" as suitable for children. The first part, "Mary and Florence, or Grave and Gay," is admirable reading for little people, but the sequel, "Mary and Florence at Sixteen," they would hardly appreciate, as it deals with the adventures of an English family in France, and their hairbreadth escape from that country during the hundred days between Napoleon's return from Elba and Waterloo. The narrative is most spirited and it might well be republished, as it is clearly founded on a real experience.

A CROWD'S GRIEVANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On Friday of last week the London Pavilion Music Hall was the scene of one of those ebullitions of popular feeling with the occurrence of which we have of late grown unpleasantly familiar. The occasion was the wrestling match between two imported champions, Zbysco and Kara Suliman, and the disturbance took the form of continuous interruption during the "turn," culminating in a free fight and the throwing of electric light bulbs after the curtain had been lowered. Ostensibly the cause of the trouble was the action of the management in limiting the contest to twenty minutes' duration. As soon as this intention was announced from the stage the audience broke forth into booing, shouts of "Programme" and "To a finish!" and, as has been said, continued to manifest their displeasure throughout the dreary performance. Dreary it certainly was. The men, monstrosities of muscular development, were on the floor for the greater part of the time. The only incidents that relieved the monotony of the bouts were the violent blows with his hands which Suliman practised on his opponent's head, Zbysco's efforts to shake the wind out of his adversary's body by energetic dumping of himself upon the other's back, and the frequent interference of the referees. The rest resolved itself into an interlacing of brawny limbs, a feast of reddened carcases, a carnival of sweat. And by the end of the time neither man had secured a fall. When they separated, Suliman was allowed to make his exit, bowing stiffly and painfully, amidst a noise that might have been construed into applause, but Zbysco was virtually hissed off the stage. The managers, who came forward with explanatory speeches, were refused a hearing, and the riot began.

The desirability of serious wrestling as part of a music-hall programme is at all times questionable. The building, the atmosphere, and, I am beginning to believe, the audience that frequents the halls, are alike out of harmony with any sport that belongs to the open and untainted air. I have witnessed the games at Grasmere where big dalesmen wrestle with each other, with fellow dalesmen for their audience, a range of purple hills for their background, and their roof that of the world itself. Of wrestling in such a setting one may, whatever its degree of science, carry away an impression of wholesomeness, of honest strength, honestly matched—in a word, of sport without defilement. But transfer the *mise-en-scène* to a modern music-hall, substitute the glare of footlights for the sunshine, a painted background, tawdry in its falseness, for God's hills, the fog of tobacco smoke for the fairy mists, the reeking exhalations of beer and spirits for the scents of nature, and it becomes very much more difficult to regard even the finest wrestling as a desirable spectacle. When such wrestling as that exhibited at the London Pavilion is given before an audience of the kind that

assembled to witness it, the utter undesirability becomes more marked. I would say, however, that it is unnecessary to call in question the "square" character of the fight as between the combatants. Poor and pitiable as the spectacle was, pronounced as became the tendency of both men to honour the "Græco-Roman" rules in the breach rather than in the observance, no looker-on could doubt that the men were in deadly earnest. This sincerity, brutal and brutalising as its effect, was the one redeeming feature of the part played by the wrestlers. Yet it is impossible to recall a single instance of chivalry or even of humour wherewith the audience may be credited. Throughout Zbysco had to stand up to an unreasonable hostile sentiment towards himself that could hardly have been less disconcerting than the ferocious wiliness of his opponent. When both men lay on the ground and Suliman was uppermost, the referee who interposed to prevent an illegality in the latter's grip was greeted with shouts of "Leave him alone!" When, in one of the few moments of excitement, Suliman had almost wrenched his opponent's shoulders round, and the latter only twisted himself free by a mighty effort, there were loud groans of disappointment. Suliman had no lack of encouragement; but Zbysco could only succeed in raising a laugh by wiping the perspiration from his adversary's back on to his adversary's breeches, before he was finally hissed off the stage. So much for the audience's appreciation of the art of wrestling and their sense of fair play.

One may say that this partizanship is characteristic of all crowds, and that the unruliness of the Pavilion audience or of a large section of that audience, is liable to occur amongst every audience of the same class that thinks it is not getting its money's worth. But when one considers the character of the entertainment in conjunction with that of the disturbance, a deeper, more sombre significance seems to lie behind the incident. The wrestling, stripped of the thin veil of science that covered it, was an exposition of human fierceness. The behaviour of the audience was hardly less so. It is no use blinking the latter fact. The outburst was not mere horse-play, the result of high spirits, heightened by drink, the half-savage, half-whimsical protest, neither wholly earnest, nor wholly frivolous, that often follows a disappointing entertainment. It was a deep-down rage, and, worse still, the rage of an animal robbed of its prey; it was wholly earnest and wholly savage—the display not of animal spirits but of animalism. There is all the difference in the world between this sort of feeling and the feeling that takes students to Brown-dog demonstrations and Suffragette meetings, and between this type of savagery and the silly kind of hysteria that created a short-lived glory for the Hero of Camden Town. Those regrettable episodes of recent history suggested the existence of some unpleasant qualities in the London character; but the Pavilion scene laid some worse ones bare. For while the ostensible grievance of the audience was against the time-limit, their behaviour showed plainly enough that the real grievance was against the tacit rules of humanity. They came to see the men wrestle, but they hoped to see one or the other badly hurt.

It is sacrilege to speak of sport in connection with a temper of this kind, and the whole episode is one that one would willingly forget but for a consideration which renders it expedient to bear it in mind. That consideration is the presence in our midst of a class that can afford two or three shillings for a music-hall show, that has been taught everything except the need of self-control in a community, that has been educated out of everything primitive except the blood lust. What, in the event of lacking things more necessary to its existence than music-hall wrestling, in the failure, let us say, of food supplies, in the midst of surroundings more conducive to the rousing of elemental passion than any dross and tinsel entertainment can be, in the grim tragedy of war or industrial ruin, would that class mean to us? One can only hope that before that day comes some real, not superficial, education will have penetrated this unknown stratum of London civilisation. Meanwhile the proprietors of music-halls can help towards that end by following the example of the Pavilion management, which has now been persuaded or frightened—it does not matter which—in excluding wrestling matches from its programmes.—Yours, &c.,

January 9th, 1908.

A SPECTATOR.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

It will interest many readers to learn that M. Paul Sabatier is coming over to London next month to deliver the Jowett Lectures. He has chosen Catholic Modernism as his subject. Very few people understand the spirit and temper of Catholicism as well as the eminent author of the life of St. Francis. Although M. Sabatier is not a Catholic, he is in the closest touch with all the heads of Liberal Catholicism in France and Italy, and it will be deeply interesting to hear what he has to say about the aims and principles of a movement which is causing such a stir in the ecclesiastical world.

AMONG the Spring announcements are two promising books on the drama. Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation "Types of Tragic Drama," by Professor C. E. Vaughan, of the University of Leeds. The book attempts to sketch the development of tragic drama from the beginnings of Greek tragedy to the end of the nineteenth century. It is not a continuous history, but an endeavour to fulfil some of the main ends of such a history by a selection of what seem to the author to be the most typical figures. The writers treated are the three Greek tragic dramatists; Seneca, as being the chief model of sixteenth century tragedy, whether classical or romantic; Racine and Alfieri, as types of modern classical tragedy; Shakspeare, Calderon, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Browning, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen.

THE other book, which will be issued by Messrs. Constable, is a very full study of Elizabethan drama, by Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, a recognised authority on the subject. Professor Schelling's book begins with a brief account of the origins of the drama in England and of the development of such early forms as the miracle play, morality, and interlude. This is followed by a connected history of the Tudor and early Stuart drama taking into consideration the whole body of plays written during the period, their authorship, relations, and the involved history of the stage. As Professor Schelling's aim has been to write a history rather than to compile dramatic annals, the different authors are subordinated to their work and the time in which they lived. Shakspeare, for example, is represented not as an isolated genius but in his contact with his fellow workers, and as the natural crown and glory of a great age. The titles of some of the sections into which Professor Schelling divides his book will give some idea of its scope. These include the Old Sacred Drama, the Morality and Earlier Secular Plays, the New Romantic Drama, the Chronicle Histories, and the Domestic Drama, both tragic and comic, together with the Comedy of Manners which grew out of it.

PROFESSOR HARNACK has followed up his monographs on "Luke, the Physician" and the "Sayings of Jesus" by a corresponding study of the "Acts of the Apostles." This new volume is characterised by the same minute and penetrating scholarship as its predecessors. It is well worth study as a masterpiece in the art of critical enquiry. Harnack arrives at the traditional conclusion that the "Acts" are the work of St. Luke. He is of opinion that one of the reasons why modern criticism has been so reluctant to admit the Lukan authorship of the "Acts" is to be found in the miraculous elements contained in the book. He does not admit the historical character of the miraculous narratives but he says that this is not a sufficient reason for rejecting the authorship by St. Luke.

THE third volume of Professor Oman's elaborate "History of the Peninsular War" may be expected from the Oxford University Press early in the season. Napier's great history, though completed as long ago as 1840, remained the standard book on the subject until Professor Oman's first volume appeared in 1902. Apart from the personal and political bias that coloured Napier's narrative, the amount of new material which is now accessible—particularly in the form of the diaries and memoirs of officers, such as Sir Henry Smith, Blakeney, Shaw, Tompkinson, Foy, Fantin des Odouards, St. Chamans, Thiébault, and others—makes

a fresh study of the period highly desirable. Professor Oman has also been helped in his researches into the history of the momentous seven years by Sir Charles Vaughan's papers now at All Soul's College, and by the papers at the Madrid Deposito de la Guerra.

ANOTHER historical work which will appear shortly is the second volume of Mr. J. B. Atlay's "Victorian Chancellors," to be issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. It begins with Lord St. Leonards and brings the history down to the end of the reign. The book is likely to be of value from the fact that several of the eminent lawyers dealt with—such as Lord St. Leonards, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, and Lord Cairns—have not up to the present formed the subject of an adequate biography. In the writing of some of the memoirs Mr. Atlay has been able to draw upon unpublished materials.

MR. MURRAY will publish next week "A Family Chronicle, From Notes and Letters collected by Barbarina, Lady Grey." The book, which is edited by Mrs. John Lyster, is a history of three generations of English women: Lady Dacre, well known in social, literary, and artistic circles during the first half of the last century, her daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, and her granddaughter, Lady Grey. It contains many reminiscences and unpublished letters from Fanny Kemble, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lynedoch, "Bobus" Smith, and others of note in society and letters during the last century.

By the publication next week of "Wanderings in Arabia," an abridged edition of "Travels in Arabia Deserta," Messrs. Duckworth bring into prominence the figure of "the first among living explorers of Arabia," to quote the "Times." The original edition of these remarkable travels which is curiously little known to literary men, excited the enthusiasm of William Morris, who used to keep the book constantly by him, as a model of English style. Mr. Doughty, whose knowledge of Arabia and its people is second to none according to Mr. Wilfred Scaven Blunt, Mr. Hogarth, and other authorities, has, we understand, lately completed a poem, "Adam Cast Forth," on the Mahomedan version of the Fall of Man, and the Expulsion from Eden, which will be issued in the Spring by the same publishers.

MESSRS. CASSELL will shortly publish an important work by Dr. C. W. Saleeby on "Race Culture." Dr. Saleeby has shown great skill in popularising scientific ideas and his studies in a subject of such growing importance as race culture ought to provoke interest.

THE following novels are to be published within the next few weeks: "Sheaves," by Mr. E. F. Benson, "Somehow Good," by Mr. William de Morgan, "New Worlds for Old," by Mr. H. G. Wells, "Caroline," by Miss Clementina Black, "The History of Aythan Waring," by Miss Violet Jacob, "The Marquis and Pamela," by Mr. E. H. Cooper, and "The Mother," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Ibsen." By Edmund Gosse. Literary Livers Series. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

"William Clarke: A Collection of His Writings. With a Biographical Sketch." By Herbert Burrows and J. A. Hobson. (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Seven Ages of Washington." By Owen Wister. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"James Thomson." By G. C. Macaulay. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

"Political Problems of American Development." By Albert Shaw. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Religion and Historic Faiths." By Otto Pfeleiderer. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Poems." By Mary E. Coleridge. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Man and the Cassock." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Lamartine, Et la Politique étrangère de la Révolution de Février." Par Pierre Quentin-Bauchart. (Paris: Juven. 5 fr.)

"Le Sentiment de la Nature en France de J. J. Rousseau à Bernardin de Saint Pierre." Par Daniel Mornet. (Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50.)

"Physionomies Littéraires." Par Georges Rency. (Paris: Dechenne. 3 fr. 50.)

"Das Haus zur Flamme." Von Helene Boshlau. (Berlin: Fleischel. M. 5.)

"Richard Wagner's Religiöse Weltanschauung." Von Otto Schmiedel. (Tuebingen: Mohr.)

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There the fragment might have been allowed to rest. But if it was revived and made the material for a melodrama, the finisher of the fragment could hardly have worked more successfully to the cancelling of its beauties of form and suggestion. In the novel, we do not know whether Drood was dead or alive, though one or two sentences in the interview between Datchery and the opium seller suggest that he survived as an instrument of vengeance on Jasper, and that Dickens was disposed to open afresh the vein he had tapped not too successfully in "Our Mutual Friend"—the idea, that is to say, of a man regarded as dead working out his life-story in the background and under an assumed name. But we may be sure that Dickens would have kept his mystery "in being." In the play we know everything after the almost burlesque night scene in Jasper's rooms. After that revelation nothing matters to the satiated audience. Mr. Tree, as Jasper, gasps and chokes and turns livid for nothing, cowers in the corner for nothing, faints heavily against much-suffering members of the cast for nothing, mesmerises or Svengalises Rosa Bud for nothing, tries to enmesh Neville Landless for nothing, cries "Murder" for nothing, gropes about the crypt and the grave, and is masterfully found out and tracked down by Mr. Grewgious for nothing, shows (under the limelight) sullen tortured eyes, and exchanges them for sad and peaceful ones, for nothing, absurdly confesses in Crisparkle's drawing-room a crime which he did not commit for nothing, is touched by Christmas carolling outside his window for nothing, and finally says "Adieu, my

love, for evermore" (*bis*) for nothing, and less than nothing. For the people in His Majesty's Theatre, having seen Edwin Drood slip out of Jasper's room after watching his amiable friend rehearsing (under opium) the murder which Jasper thinks he is committing, only waits the appropriate moment for Edwin's reappearance. All the imaginative adornment of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been destroyed.

And with it, everything else of larger dramatic value has gone too. Jasper's obscure wickedness, set in the midst of innocence and sleepy church-going piety, stands in the centre of Dickens's picture. When it disappears, and we see a dying (and drivelling) sentimentalist in his stead, hardly one feature of interest, except the pretty scenery about the Cathedral and its Close, remains. The slighter characters of the play, not being over-endowed with life by Dickens, are dolls—Rosa, a small, very pretty doll (charmingly suggesting the "Dora" of "David Copperfield"); Helena Landless, a large, handsome doll; Durdles, a kind of gollywog; Mr. Grewgious, a chattering busybody of a doll. The fine scene, written with concentrated vigour, where Grewgious tells Jasper of his fatal error concerning the relations of Rosa Bud and Edwin, is practically dissipated in the stage version. And barely a touch of distinction remains to the dialogue, from which the meaning passages seem to have been eliminated. The novel, melodramatic as it is, gathers itself up as it goes along for a powerful, obviously difficult, development. The play has one element of real ingenuity, which solves one or two minor difficulties of the original. This is the idea of using Jasper's dream-trances, in which he continually acts the contemplated murder, as a means of getting Edwin Drood off the stage, before bringing him on again. But this again destroys the mystery, and after it the piece gasps and droops along to the absurdity of its forced termination.

Compare such a melodrama to a work by a vastly inferior writer, "The Bells." In "The Bells" at least there was a dramatic, even a moral, interest. There was an acted, mysterious, cunningly devised crime, present not only to the minds of the audience, but to the mind's eye of the tortured criminal. On that spectacle, as on the madness of the hero in the "Ajax," or the remorse of Lady Macbeth—all the light is turned, and goes on burning more and more brightly. Irving's subtle intellectuality gave all sorts of interesting expression to the emotions which he tried to represent—fear, cunning, calculation, a haunted mind and conscience, perpetually turned back on the evil deed by chance events, or its own brooding imagination. None of these higher elements exist in the play at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Tree indeed seems to have been stimulated by Irving's rendering of the dream in "The Bells" as he enacts (in trance) the murder and burial of Edwin Drood. But he employs nothing like the same range of intellectual and physical forces. He has a fine presence, his voice is capable both of depth and of softness, and his make-up closely suggests Dickens's picture of John Jasper, though in the first act it also accidentally recalls the late Mr. Wilde. But in action Mr. Tree seems only to use his eyes (the lime-light man kindly assisting) and his arms. The voice and its inflections suggest little. He poses rather than plays. His face shows with some skill the conventional change from a sinister Jasper to a repentant and softened one, dying (still in limelight) in Edwin's and Rosa's embrace. But, just as the dialogue gives him no chance, and the play no chance, his conception of character-acting is lower than that of his predecessor, Irving. And so, we are afraid, are his choice and treatment of dramatic material. Irving's selection was none of the best. But what business has Mr. Tree, with his undoubted talent and position, his fine theatre and his popular vogue, with such a play as "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"? And what can be the intellectual character, what the degree of artistic training and feeling, of an audience that can applaud and enjoy such work?

M.

Poetry.

TO THE WORLD AND A POET A THOUSAND
YEARS HENCE.

I.

I WHO am dead a thousand years
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send living men these messengers
Down through the night: and night is long.

I fear, O princely race of men,
That still you doubt, as heretofore,
And die, not knowing where or when,
And hope to learn a little more.

How shall man alter? Like a wind
That falls at eve, his fancies blow.
Alas, Maenides the blind
Knew that three thousand years ago.

Nothing to me what palaces
You build, or what new dress you wear,
Or if you sail beneath the seas,
Or ride in triumph through the air.

For still your thieves grip fast the gold,
Your good men plod their sulky way:
The roses fade: the girls grow old:
The children have no holiday.

But have you converse, wine, and song,
And statues, and a bright-eyed Love,
And foolish thoughts of right and wrong,
And prayers to them that sit above?

II.

Thou student of our English tongue
Who readest this at night, alone,
Art thou a poet, art thou young,
Dear friend, unseen, unborn, unknown?

Since I can never see thy face,
And never shake thee by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet thee: thou wilt understand.

Thou standest far, and cloudy Time
With ghostly pageant fills the air
Between us: yet this tinkling rhyme
Endureth till the world despair.

The warrior Sun may fail us soon,
Forgetful of his lucid might,
The myriad children of the Moon
May one by one put out their light.

But till beside his blackening spheres
The wings of Time be folded fast,
'Till there are none to count the years
The murmur of our loves shall last.

JAMES FLECKER.

Art.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE winter Exhibition at Burlington House is one of the best arranged and most piquant in interest that has been provided for some time. Its character is the same as that of last year, which is to say that it consists of a little bit of nearly everything with a good deal of one or two things, and, as before, the pictures are disposed in rough chronological order. The special features are the Hogarth and Zoffany and the Hook rooms. A number of the first-named's "conversation" pieces are gathered together in the gallery which is devoted in the summer to water-colours, while Room V. contains a representative collection of works by the latest "deceased master" of the British School. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say more about these Hookscapes than that they include the famous "Luff Boy" and "The Return of Torello," painted in 1852, which is not a Hookscape at all but a would-be classical composition from Boccaccio—an interesting example, nevertheless, of early Victorian endeavour. Here also is Millais' portrait of the painter. The Hogarths vary a good deal in size and quality. Although all are interesting to the connoisseur, one is disposed to give decided preference to the smaller "interiors with figures," not only on account of their subjects, but because their execution solves so many of the modern painter's problems. One or two of the larger family groups are rather a shock to those who have judged Hogarth's excellence as a portrait painter by the National Gallery portrait of himself and one or two equally famous examples. In "The Graham Family," particularly, the achievement of petrified expression could hardly go further. The four children represented in attitudes hypothetically animated are puppets out of a box of toys rather than the offspring of eighteenth century parents, less real than the inanimate playthings among which they are supposed to be enjoying themselves.

Reynolds makes a brave show in Gallery III. The portrait of the Countess of Carnarvon and her son, finely designed and rich in its glowing brown and amber tones, and the "Mrs. Croftes"—in a red and green-shot silk dress—please one more than the more grandiloquent and less sincere portraits with mythological embellishments, of which there are a few examples. The collection, however, serves on the whole to emphasise the gap between this artist and George Romney in a fashion greatly to the injury of the latter. Last year, Romney was but poorly represented. This, the specimens of his art are almost a blot upon the exhibition. A blatant colour scheme such as that displayed by the portrait of Mrs. Birch in Room IV. takes one's breath away; the canvas is only redeemed from sheer vulgarity by a certain grace in design. Gainsborough, on the contrary, easily holds his own, though there are no great Gainsboroughs. The anonymous "Portrait of a Gentleman" (No. 165) is the most complete specimen of his maturity, while among the Hogarths and Zoffanys a curious outdoor group of the Pitt family is ascribed to his brush. George Pitt, Lord Rivers, who must not be confused with the family of Pitt, the statesman, was undoubtedly one of Gainsborough's patrons, but there are reasons for questioning the attribution of this work to the painter. One may observe that the style of painting is very close, and though this is not inconsistent with what we know of Gainsborough's early methods, it was a style that he was quick to discard. Now the date of this picture is given as about 1760, which is that of Gainsborough's removal from Ipswich to Bath. By that time he was thirty-three years of age and it is

not to be supposed that Gainsborough had not then begun to develop the more liquid and easy handling that distinguishes the art of his prime. What remains of his early work at Bath supports this contention. If therefore this is an early Gainsborough, the date 1760 is obviously an error. At the same time, in spite of its extreme naïveté and lack of vital quality, it has points of beauty and interest in its defects. The simplicity has charm. There is a kind of decorative grace in the grouping of the flatly painted figures in their sober raiment. Whosoever may be the painter, the work stands confessed as an early work; but it is also the work of an artist with an eye for balance and the courage for that straightforward statement of fact which must inevitably precede his power of expressing poetic fancy. In some respects the "Pitt Family" recalls Zoffany, but the development it promises is not that which one associates with this painstaking craftsman's later efforts.

Pursuing the British School, one finds two moderate examples of Raeburn; his "Andrew Wauchope, Esqre," a refined, almost mysterious, realisation, is happier than the more audacious, one might say more Raeburnesque, "Mrs. Home Drummond." But the gem of the fourth room, where these are hung, is a View of Norwich by John Crome—landscape in its perfection of mellow sunlight, with a church-tower cutting the sky-line in its very centre. More than a pity that the panel on which this is painted is so badly cracked as to cause a disfigurement. A broad, intensely luminous "Windmills in the Marshes," represents John Sell Cotman; an incident of light, life, and the poetry of nature. It is really to these incidents, scattered throughout the exhibition, these one or two works by painters not as fully represented as many others, that one owes the greater part of this winter show's attraction. The Fragonard "Portrait of Chardin" may be described as an incident of the third gallery, which is infinitely grateful. The very virtuosity of this small head and bust is refreshing after Romney's vapid "Countess of Westmorland" which hangs next door. Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man" is another. The sole example of this master, it is clearly a portrait of his son Titus, and equally clearly a genuine Rembrandt, painted in the late and rich manner. Two surprising portraits by Sustermans, of a man and a woman respectively, introduce a seventeenth-century artist of whom, probably, the larger British public has never heard before. Yet the strident representation of an imperious Spaniard, ablaze with red and gold trappings, would not shame Velasquez, and the more sedate young woman in the stiff black dress of the period is painted with an *intimité* foreign to many better-known artists of the same school. A Tintoret "Portrait of a Man" in a dark dress, probably authentic but badly repainted, comes from the Duke of Northumberland's collection, and there is a marvellous "Rubens," the "Queen Esther before Ahasuerus," which suggests a school picture considerably worked upon by a very much later hand. The big and only Van Dyke on the same wall is a version of the Windsor picture of "King Charles I. and His Family," but beyond its historic interest as a "greate piece of our royal self, consort and children"—as the Privy Seal warrant describes it—its size is out of proportion to its impressiveness. Portraits by Albert Cuyp are rarely seen in this country, and the Academy is fortunate in having secured Mr. Standen's "Portrait of a Man"—a surprisingly fine example. The "Soldiers Quarrelling," attributed to Antonio and Louis Le Nain, and a portrait of Gabrielle de Bourbon by François Clouet might be taken to represent the early French School and its development upon the Netherlandish line, and there is a room full of early Italian and Flemish pictures, which provides ample food for the attribution-monger's activities.

The British water-colours in the Black and White Room are representative but not exciting. They serve, however, to put the finishing touch to the spring-cleaning of one's artistic conscience, which this exhibition is destined to promote.

Reviews.

THE CREED OF THE CATHOLIC LIBERAL.*

II.

ACTON was a convinced and indeed an ardent Liberal. But "his Liberalism was above all things historical, and rested on a consciousness of the past." He saw the value of the constitutionalism of the Middle Ages, and of much of the teaching of medieval theologians as to citizenship and the State. He did not, perhaps, make sufficient allowance for the "survival" nature of these theories; or remember that, like the Conciliar system, they had proved unworkable. Hence the various absolutisms; government in Church and State had to be carried on. His political ideal was to secure its precise weight, neither less nor more, to every individual or association forming part of the community, and to hinder any institution, secular or sacred, from acquiring greater. The federal principle, consequently, appealed to him. Each of the several Estates of the Realm had its place and function; their efficient working brought about the harmony of the whole. He was for the South in the American Civil War; and his sympathy with the Italian Risorgimento was qualified. He made much of precedent and prescription; he advocated local liberties rather than centralisation; he feared mob law. Absolutism, whether under popular or monarchical forms, was hateful to him; but he thought the former the more mischievous of the two; the tyranny of the many is more oppressive, because its pressure is more continuous and less easily resisted, than that of the one or the few. He was right: no one discerned the tendencies of political life more acutely. What he did not always see was that the past, as past, does not return. It enters into the present—which, were it not so would be inconceivable—but it enters rather as atmosphere than as a formula; here, as so often, the letter defeats its own end. To forget this is to miss half the lesson of history. Federalism, the plurality of Estates, or, to take a modern instance, Cavour's Free Church in a Free State, presuppose an imperfectly moralised community. The community is, and is likely to remain for long, imperfectly moralised; hence their justification and necessity. But this justification and necessity are relative: in proportion as the State advances towards consciousness and spirituality they disappear.

Again he looked at politics from the standpoint rather of a constitutional lawyer than of a statesman. That men like Mazzini and Cavour fell short of Kant's famous standard; that their acts were not laws for action in general, may be granted. They fought, like the Apostle, with beasts; and in such a warfare scruples were out of place. Right, in the mouths of rulers whose government was "a negation of God," was the last infamy; the outrage that crowned their crime.

The same punctiliousness marks his earlier—not his later—treatment of intolerance. Catholic persecution was political, he tells us in an essay published (1862) in the "Rambler"; Protestant, religious. There is more to be learned from Acton's errors than from other men's accuracy. But the former statement is very partially correct; and the latter, so far as it is justified, holds good only of the first stage of the Reformation. The Reformed theology was, at this period, incomplete. A creation *ad hoc*, its limitations were those of the medieval teaching from which it came out, bound like Lazarus. But from the first it had in itself the promise of a fuller life. *Quod illis est Papa, nobis est scriptura*. Where this was admitted, the larger Protestantism was at the door.

The controversies in which Acton was engaged, roughly speaking from the publication of the Syllabus of Pius IX. (1864) till after the Vatican Council, were in substance a conflict between the theological and the scientific spirit. Their result was the victory of the former in the Roman Catholic Church, and the consequent accentuation of the already wide gulf between that Church and the educated

* I. "The History of Freedom and Other Essays." By Lord Acton. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Neville Figgis, M.A., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. Macmillan. 10s.

II. "Historical Essays and Studies." By Lord Acton. Edited by John Neville Figgis, M.A., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. Macmillan. 10s.

lay world. In secular science the tendency to stereotyping, common to every system of thought, is corrected by touch with the actual; in physics, medicine, &c., the facts are under our eyes and force themselves upon our notice; theory and life cannot fall far out of step. In theology, as the Catholic Church understands it, this is not so. Its premisses are certain decisions, Papal and Conciliar, dating often centuries back; Scripture, interpreted by patristic and medieval writers; ecclesiastical tradition, brought into harmony with existing usage—the whole fixed and abstract; and on this foundation the ingenuity of divines works unchecked by criticism, impervious to new knowledge, remote from the real. The condemnations of the Syllabus and the Definition of 1870 were inevitable. These positions were contained in the premisses and could only be resisted successfully by men who were prepared to revise these premisses. The Liberals, with few exceptions, were unwilling or unable to revise them; this inconsistency was the rock on which Liberal Catholicism split. Acton was the protagonist of the Opposition; and its defeat was the tragedy of his life. In his criticism of actual Catholicism he went further than most of his colleagues. The records of the Papacy had no secrets for him; he knew the fraud by which its domination had been developed, and the bloodshed by which its rule was stained. He had not, however, specialised in Christian origins—the history of dogma and institutions during the first two centuries. This marks his position off from that of later Modernism, and made a qualified submission possible. "I do not reject—which is all the Council requires under its extreme sanctions," he wrote in 1874. His attitude probably was that which he attributes to the dissentient bishops, who, having renewed their negative vote in writing, left Rome before the public session of July 18th.

"Looking to the immediate future, they were persuaded that an irresistible reaction was at hand, and that the decrees of the Vatican Council would fade away and be dissolved by a power mightier than the Episcopate and a process less perilous than schism. Their disbelief in the validity of its work was so profound that they were convinced that it would perish without violence, and they resolved to spare the Pope and themselves the indignity of a rupture. Their last manifesto, "*La dernière Heure*," is an appeal for patience, an exhortation to rely on the guiding healing hand of God. They deemed that they had assigned the course which was to save the Church, by teaching Catholics to reject a Council which was neither legitimate in constitution, free in action, nor unanimous in doctrine; but to observe moderation in contesting an authority over which great catastrophes impend. They conceived that it would then be possible to save the peace and unity of the Church without sacrifice of faith and reason."

Suave mari magno. It was an ambiguous path; and, so far at least, it cannot be said that events have confirmed the anticipation of the eminent men who trod it. In Acton's case, however, his studies and his temperament combined to make it not impossible.

"It was part of his religion to live much in the past, to realise every phase of thought, every crisis of controversy, every stage of progress the Church has gone through. So that the events and ideas of his own day lost much of their importance in comparison, were old friends with new faces, and impressed him less than the multitude of those that were before."

A lesser man would have been crushed or soured by his failure, and by what it involved. He was neither. Some of his best and most mature work was done after 1870. He abandoned direct controversy; convinced that the study of the past was the key to the amelioration of the present, he taught indirectly; for him history reflected the actual, the problems of to-day were anticipated in those of a bygone age. Some of his most careful work was casual. In 1877 he addressed to a local literary society the remarkable lectures on the History of Freedom in Antiquity and in Christianity respectively, which, till the publication of the volumes before us, lay buried in a provincial paper. He has left nothing more full of insight and accurate thinking. On the theory and practice of the State:—

"In ancient times the State absorbed authorities not its own, and intruded on the domain of personal freedom. In the Middle Ages it possessed too little authority, and suffered others to intrude. Modern States fall habitually into both excesses."

On Liberty:—

"By Liberty, I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against

the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion.

The most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really free is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities."

Of the teaching of Machiavelli:—

"It gave an immense impulse to absolutism by silencing the conscience of very religious kings, and made the good and the bad very much alike. Charles V. offered 5,000 crowns for the murder of an enemy. Ferdinand I. and Ferdinand II., Henry III., and Louis XIII., each caused his most powerful subject to be treacherously despatched. Elizabeth and Mary Stuart tried to do the same to each other. The way was paved for absolute monarchy to triumph over the spirit and institutions of a better age, not by isolated acts of wickedness, but by a studied philosophy of crime and so thorough a perversion of the moral sense that the like of it had not been since the Stoics reformed the morality of paganism. . . . Calvin preached and Bellarmine lectured; but Machiavelli reigned."

His output during the early years of this period was small. Between 1877 and 1885 the Bibliography published for the Royal Historical Society shows only one review; the Cambridge edition gives fourteen after the latter date. The Lectures on Modern History were delivered 1899-1901; the Inaugural Lecture dates back to 1895; these, with a promised volume on the French Revolution, complete his academic record. It would, however, be a mistake to judge him by his published work alone. His power was wider, deeper, more penetrating. No one did as much as he to naturalise among us the conception of history as a science; to rescue it from the antiquarian, the writer of romance, the political or ecclesiastical partisan. No historical student of our generation has escaped his influence; and it is safe to say that this influence will increase rather than diminish as time goes on. That this is so is due as much to his character as to his learning; what moves us in him is something more than erudition or idiosyncrasy; it is his balance, his judicial temper, his virtue itself. Some of his aphorisms on the ethics of history and historians may be cited.

"A historian has to fight against temptations special to his mode of life, temptations from Country, Class, Church, College, Party, Authority of Talents, solicitation of friends. The most reputable of these influences are the most dangerous.

"The historian who neglects to root them out is exactly like a juror who votes according to his personal likes and dislikes.

"In judging men and things Ethics go before Dogma, Politics, or Nationality. The Ethics of History cannot be denominational.

"The notion and analysis of conscience is scarcely older than 1700; and the notion and analysis of veracity is scarcely older than our own time, barring sacred writings of East and West.

"In Christendom time and place do not excuse.

"Good and evil lie close together. Seek no artistic unity in character.

"The principles of public morality are as definite as those of the morality of private life, but they are not identical.

"Of killing from private motives or from public, from political or religious, *eadem est ratio*. Morally, the last is the worst. The source of crime is *pars melior nostri*, what ought to save destroys: the sinner is hardened and proof against repentance."

H. F.

A PRECIS OF THE LATE REIGN.*

Two general criticisms suggest themselves on the scheme which this twelfth volume of the "Political History of England" represents. The first is that the authors have been asked to cover too vast and too crowded a territory; the second that, by an accident, the most vivid light has been thrown on the middle period of their researches since their own dealing with it was completed. The authors of Vol. XI. were only assigned the first thirty-seven years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Low and Mr. Sanders have been charged with the sixty-four years of the Victorian period, *i.e.*, with some of the most rapid, eventful, and distracting passages of the national and Imperial life, and with those that can least be seen in their due perspective. This is a stupendous task. It leaves little scope, even in a volume of nearly five hundred pages, for the reflective and truly critical work in which Mr. Sidney Low excels, and reduces the undertaking to a series of "views" in which personalities and events appear in something of the shimmering, delusive

*"The Political History of England." In twelve volumes. Volume XII., 1837-1901. By Sidney Low and L. G. Sanders. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

glare of the cinematograph. Thus the vast theme of the literature and social development of the late reign is compressed within rather more than thirty closely packed pages, of which Labour and Trade Unionism together can claim a little over two.

Under these conditions the writers have accomplished the only kind of success open to them. They have produced an admirable hand-book; a lucid, closely balanced, judicious, and highly serviceable historical *précis*. They have not aimed at distinction, for it has not been open to them. The more brilliant personalities of the reign—Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle—can be enumerated, hardly described; the more massive ones—Mill, Spencer, Darwin, Kelvin, and the practical scientists and Empire makers—with the great sum and weight of their adventures and achievements, can only be hastily catalogued. The history, with its many admirable qualities and practical uses, is like an over-crowded map; great centres of activity cannot be sufficiently distinguished from the lesser ones. In our view, the history should have stopped with 1868, the opening year of modern Liberalism.

A second misfortune has attended the book; and that is the appearance of the supremely important volumes disclosing the Queen's political correspondence with her fellow-Sovereigns and her Ministers from 1837 to 1861. These disclosures render necessary a second edition of the book; for they reduce the value of some of its conclusions, firm and sound as they are on the evidence known to its authors. Popular opinion did not, as is suggested, over-estimate the interferences of the Court; it was unaware of their extent and seriousness. We can no longer accept the verdict on the Palmerston-Russell foreign policy of the mid-century which Mr. Low and Mr. Sanders inevitably base on their reading of the "Life of the Prince Consort" and the reserved memoirs of the period. It no longer suffices, for example, to trace Palmerston's forced resignation in 1851 mainly to the Cabinet's "exhausted patience" with his "escapades," or to Lord John Russell's jealous rivalry. The direct and most powerful factor in that event was the action of the late Queen and Prince Albert—the active instrument, in succession to Leopold and Stockmar, of her prepossessions in foreign policy. Only a few weeks earlier Russell had remonstrated with her for her Austrian policy and her indifference to public opinion, and had defended Palmerston's aims and even methods. Palmerston's language to our Ambassador in Paris was conveyed to the Queen by an underground and bitterly feminine communication from Lady Normanby, and her resentment of it preceded by a day Lord John Russell's demand for explanations, and set it on foot. The Queen's and the Prince Consort's exulting comments on Palmerston's fall, and Lady John Russell's letter regretting the separation of two men who were essentially agreed on foreign politics, disclose the main character of the incident. It presents itself as the crowning event in a long, able, and incessantly varied attack on Palmerston by the Queen, now and then directed against meddlesomeness and real breaches of prudence and etiquette, but inspired in the main by her dynastic prejudices, her Austrian sympathies, and her hatred of the Italian cause. When the rôles were reversed eight years later, and Russell was Foreign Secretary and Palmerston Prime Minister, the Queen pursued Russell as she had pursued Palmerston, in maintenance of her unbending preference for Austrian autocracy, and her resentment of the new element in European politics—that of a popular and national choice of sovereignty. This German view of the Monarchy yielded on occasion to a true and keen regard for the national interest, but it was her main motive, and it received continuous and passionate expression. In the light of the second and third volumes of the Queen's letters, our authors' judgments on the events of 1848-51, and of 1859-60 can hardly stand without either addition or qualification.

We will add one or two small criticisms of our own. On the whole, the book strikes us as fair and calm in judgment. The treatment of the first Gladstone Government is sympathetic, that of the highly important subject of Gladstonian finance fair but meagre. We do not feel quite content on other and later party issues. We do not pretend to see how any belief in Lord Lytton's sagacity can survive the breakdown and complete reversal of his

disastrous policy towards Afghanistan; nor, we think, do Mr. Low and his colleague realise the worthlessness of the settlement of Near Eastern affairs arrived at by the Berlin Congress. We agree with the general praise of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, one of the most materially successful episodes of the Queen's reign, and the least inspiring. But we doubt his leadership of the Concert in the matter of Crete, though he undoubtedly mitigated its anti-Greek bias. Mr. Gladstone's declaration for Home Rule in face of the deadlock in party government created by the exact balance of forces at the Election of 1885 is set down largely to personal ambition and passion for great adventure. Mr. Morley's impressive description of the immense responsibility of the Liberal leader, treading, as he did, ground deeply mined by the Conservative intrigues with Parnell, might, we think, have been more carefully considered, and the slight but perceptible Unionist bias of the whole narrative have been modified. We do not judge that Bright's oratory is characteristically described as a "rushing torrent" of "impassioned rhetoric"; its flow was usually composed, its note severe rather than passionate. Nor does the reference to Parnell's austere aloofness from his following apply to his earlier career as a leader; it was rather developed as the balance of his character was lost, and shyness developed into morbid pride and isolation. But on the whole, the personal appreciations, necessarily restrained within conventional limits, are sound and good. We select an illuminating contrast between Gladstone and Disraeli which illustrates the writers' tone and standard of criticism more thoroughly perhaps than any other citation that we could choose:—

"With much opportunism and much of merely personal ambition, both responded to a genuine and deep-seated sentiment that called for expression; Disraeli brought back to English politics the spirit of romance, while Gladstone vindicated the claims of righteousness. In each the predominant feeling led to errors: Disraeli could sometimes be justly charged with tawdriness and theatricality; Gladstone's fine-drawn morality often degenerated into unctuousness. Two different aspects of national development appealed to them with vague force: Gladstone, the political legatee of Peel, was at his best with some complicated problem of legislation or finance; his rival, who looked back to Chatham and Bolingbroke, was intent on maintaining the unique position of England among the nations. The Liberals, under Gladstone, became more closely identified with economic government, and with those reforms which tended towards the abolition of privilege and political inequality; the Conservatives, taught by Disraeli, found their main interest in a vigorous foreign policy, and the growth of the Imperialist idea. With all his acuteness, Disraeli sometimes misunderstood the British people; and Gladstone occasionally forgot the British Empire."

Finally, we confess ourselves puzzled by the colouring of the annexed political maps, and we deplore the restriction of capital letters (in the main) to names of persons and places.

MUTHER'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.*

PROFESSOR MUTHER, of Breslau, has done a great work in writing his "History of Modern Painting." The book really ought to be called "European Painting in the Nineteenth Century." Whoever has attempted to grapple with the problem of art in the nineteenth century knows what a Herculean task it presents. And no fair critic can read the three volumes dealing with that subject by the German historian without paying the highest tribute to the wide range of his knowledge, the penetration of his insight, the thoroughness of his search for facts and his power of marshalling them, and the perseverance with which he has welded them into a continuous account still possessing unity and composition. However keen and true the scientific spirit with which the historian approaches the work and the spirit of an age so near to us, there must necessarily be a personal touch in his estimate of that which is, after all, still a part of himself, or, of which, rather, he remains a part. The author felt this, and consciously embodies it

* "The History of Modern Painting." By Professor Richard Muther. 3 Vols. Dent.

"The History of Painting from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century." By Professor Richard Muther. 2 Vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 21s. net.

in the general method and character of his work. In his preface to the first edition of "The History of Modern Painting" he says: "What will be said here lays claim to no objective validity. As, like Zola, I conceive a work of art to be 'a piece of nature seen through the medium of a temperament,' so in my book I shall give no more than a piece of art-history seen through the medium of a temperament."

A striking feature of the new edition is the introduction of a considerable number of coloured prints. Some of these are decidedly good, while others necessarily fail to give the delicacy of tones possessed by the originals. We are glad to see that the beginning is made in an attempt to convey an idea of colour into the text-books on painting, not so much because of what is actually achieved now, but because we venture to hold that when once the beginning is made, the improvement of the technique will advance so rapidly, that in a not distant period we may hope for adequacy in illustration in this direction, as photography has helped us in giving the true rendering of drawing and composition.

Illustrations will, after all, ever remain one of the most important features in any text-book dealing with art. Considering the comparative cheapness with which by modern processes adequate illustrations can be provided, we think that in such general histories more space ought to be given to illustrations, and the important masters ought to be more fully presented by their work. We miss, for instance, illustrations of the work of Boucher and Fragonnard when Watteau is so well represented. But we specially feel the paucity of illustration in the shorter and newer work on "The History of Painting from the Fourth to the Earlier Nineteenth Century." Each illustration here generally occupies a full page. Surely smaller blocks might well have been introduced into the text with greater profusion in order to give a more vivid idea of the character of the great artist whose leading style is so admirably compressed into a few words in the letterpress. We have heard such a book as M. Salomon Reinach's "Apollo" depreciatingly characterised as a *catalogue raisonné*. Such criticism is distinctly unjust. We only wish there were more such *catalogues raisonnés* before the public. Such smaller illustrations give an accurate idea of the main features of the work, do more to train the power of observation of the student and to familiarise him with the works of the great masters than pages of excellent letterpress. To those who are familiar with the originals they act as most vivid reminders.

We have spoken of the personal touch in Professor Muther's historical work; yet it would be quite misleading were this to be presented as the leading characteristic of his method. His is distinctly the historical method. Art is to him an organic part of the spirit and the achievement of each age. In some ages, as in the Renaissance in Italy, it is perhaps the most characteristic feature. In every case, however, the true historian of art can raise it to a very high position in the life of the past and make it an essential feature in the proper understanding of each age. He must, then, insist upon the organic quality, the unity, of the historical manifestations of each age, whatever aspect of the past we may for the time being chiefly consider. What the German call *Kultur-Geschichte*, and its true significance to the student of the past, has perhaps not been sufficiently realised by our English historians; while our writers on art have often been carried away by too one-sided and exclusive an attempt to dwell upon the biographical, the technical, or even the ethical aspect of art, ignoring its organic relation to the life out of which it rose and which it so potently reflects. Who, for instance, can understand the romantic movement in the French art of the early nineteenth century in contradistinction to the Davidian classicism, the work of a Gericault, Ingres, Delacroix, without studying it in its vital relation to the movement of the time, the political and social life of France in the first half of the nineteenth century, the literature of the period in a Chateaubriand, in Victor Hugo, in De Musset, in Gautier, in Balzac? The same applies to the romantic movement in Germany. It applies to every period of art. In fulfilling this task of the historian of art Professor Muther is admirable.

For one feature in Muther's history of modern art we Englishmen have reason to be especially grateful to the

author. He has established in his general account the due importance of English painting in its position in modern art. He has not only remained content with demonstrating the importance of Constable and English landscape painters for the development of that art in France and throughout Europe; but he has properly placed in the foremost rank our great painters of the end of the eighteenth century, and our leading artists in the nineteenth century. The people of the Continent, even the most cultured among them, have never realised properly the *Kultur-Geschichte* of England in modern times. We have often been amused by the patronising tone of men eminent in science and literature in Germany and France when, while emphasising the importance of our political and social achievements, they have referred to our literature since the Elizabethan age, and especially to our art. Byron they know; Shelley, Keats, not to speak of Browning and Tennyson, they can rarely appreciate. But it is only of late years that they are beginning to realise the leading position which our great painters must necessarily hold in the history of art from the end of the eighteenth century down to our day. No doubt it is chiefly owing to our insularity that we are so little known and appreciated. We have never cared much for the opinion of "foreigners." The chief reason, however, is to be found in the fact that we have always been too wealthy. We bought pictures on the Continent and bought our own pictures at home, and we kept them here. The Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses, the Hoppners and Romneys, the Constables and Turners, the Cromes and David Coxes, and the scores of other names that we could mention, we never offered to the Continental market. From this point of view we think it a mistake that a hue and cry is raised whenever any great work of art of the English School leaves this country. We are far from advocating the denudation of this country of its great art treasures. Charity must begin at home; but it need not stay at home. Provided in our national galleries—not only in the metropolis, but in our provincial museums as well—our great artists are adequately represented, why should not some of our best works go abroad and diffuse their refining influence among the "barbarians," and why should we not care to maintain our rightful position in the estimation of the world? And as to the present day, why should we not create a foreign market for our living artists? We know how much fashion will do. *Anglomanie* in the past began with the horse, and penetrated through dress to domestic furniture. At this moment English furniture has penetrated into the most distant districts of the Continent. There may be the same possibility for the works of our painters. Some day, perhaps, when the importance of education will be realised through the covering haze of religious dissension, the Ministry of Education may become as important a part of our Government as the Treasury, the War Office, and the Admiralty now are; and then perhaps there may be a Department of Fine Arts in that Ministry which may set itself the task of opening out the avenues of foreign markets to our artists.

C. WALDSTEIN.

SALMON AND SALMON-FISHING.*

At what age do the young salmon leave the rivers for the sea? How far into the sea do they go? When do they come back to the fresh water? Is their return invariably to the streams in which they were born? What are the rates of their growth in size and in weight? These questions puzzled fishermen and naturalists for a very long time. Every year at certain seasons, parr, the young salmon, were seen to be moving down the rivers; and every year, at other seasons, grown-up fish, grilse and salmon, were seen to be running up. It was generally supposed that the adolescent fish, some of them weighing as much as ten pounds, must be the very fish that weighed two ounces when they went to sea not more than a year before, and that the larger salmon were fish which had made the grand

* "The Life of the Salmon: With Reference more Especially to the Fish in Scotland." By W. L. Calderwood, F.R.S.E. Edward Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.

tour more than once. The difficulty in the way of certainty lay in the lack of means of identification. Clipping a fin of a parr was not an infallible means of gaining knowledge. It was more than possible that when the fish was caught again the fin would have grown complete. In 1903 the difficulty was overcome by Mr. P. D. Malloch, Perth, who had each of many hundreds of Tay parr marked by a bit of thin silver wire fixed to the dorsal fin. Since then facts have been gleaned in such abundance that Mr. Calderwood, who, being Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland, has the statistics at his hand, is now able to answer all the questions we have stated. He does so in lucid chapters which are highly interesting.

The questions referred to, however, are elementary. The most important passages in Mr. Calderwood's book are those which have bearing on his remark that "the general principle at the root of all salmon-fishery legislation has been to counteract the natural tendency of man to overfish, to capture fish at a harmful time, or in a harmful way, or to erect engines which obstructed the ascent of salmon and facilitated their capture in undue numbers." We must all do what we can to put an end to practices which, as old Scots statutes say, "destroy the breed of fish and hurt the common profite of the realme." One of these practices, on certain rivers, such as those of the Border region, is fishing beyond the middle of October. The theory on which Parliament sanctions this is that certain rivers are late by nature. It is plausible. Each salmon-river has its own tribe of fish; think of five or six rivers, and you will find that the autumn migrations from the sea are certainly not simultaneous; those of the Tweed country, for example, are about a month later than those of Tayside. Now, the theory is false. A salmon river becomes early or late just as man chooses to determine. The after-summer migration is by nature early in all rivers. It goes on for a good many weeks; but it begins with the mid-August floods. What is to happen if the nets are allowed to be at work almost until the fish are ready to spawn? Nothing less than ruin eventually is to be expected. The late rivers are late simply because the August, September, and October fish have been gradually rendered well-nigh extinct. As Mr. Calderwood says, "If the amount of netting in confined waters was reduced and the remaining nets wisely regulated, the earliest-running fish would be allowed to remain in better proportion, and the spawning season would in time harmonise with the normal. A long belt of netting in a river renders the weekly close-time inoperative: all early fish are captured, and only late-running fish remain to keep up the stock." The natural and only remedy for lateness, that is to say, is an earlier close of the season. Mr. Calderwood deserves to be much congratulated on the insight which led him to this discovery.

It is true that there is a trouble in the way towards making it immediately fruitful. We have always a flood just before or about the middle of August; but it is soon past, and in many a year there is no considerable fall of rain until long afterwards. Thus most of the rivers are for many weeks in autumn too much dwindled to be fit quarters for salmon. As we had occasion to point out in summer, this is a result of agricultural drainage. If there were no such drainage, the August rains, soaking slowly down the hills and through the meadows, would be sufficient to keep the rivers brimming all the autumn. Happily, the derangement brought about in the order of Nature by man's invention in the interests of agriculture is not irremediable. It has been proved possible, by impounding the rain, in a lake, natural on engineered, at the source of a river, to keep a salmon water flush and fresh during any time of drought. This system of redress, which had its origin on the Helmsdale, in Sutherland, is spreading all over Scotland, and it seems probable that ere long there will never be any lack of water in any river. Mr. Calderwood's teaching, therefore, does really come immediately into the region of practical politics. It might, indeed, have gone a little farther. Mr. Calderwood mentions that "spring" salmon are not what they are generally thought to be. They are not fish that come from the sea when snowdrops or crocuses are appearing. Salmon do not run when the temperature of the water is at winter lowness. "Spring" salmon are salmon that ran up between the close of the fishing season and the

setting-in of the serious frosts. They are fish that are not to spawn until next autumn. That being so, they are fit to be sought and caught and eaten immediately after their arrival. Of course, it would not be proper to seek them in rivers, where fish of earlier runs are spawning, or just spent, and ready to rush at baits; but why should not we seek them in certain lakes? Take Loch Tay for example. There the season opens in the middle of January. Why should we wait until then? Splendid baskets of fresh-run fish could be made from the middle of November onward, and it is probable that spent fish would be fewer between November and New Year than they are between New Year and the beginning of March. Here and there throughout the Highlands a reform on the principle indicated would brighten the winter. Perhaps Mr. Calderwood, who guides our lawgivers as to salmon, will take this into consideration. In his book he deals with other problems. He is not invariably convincing. His reasoning in favour of the thought that salmon may have originally been native to the sea is not cogent. Evidently he devised it in order that he might be free to support the notion that the fish do not feed when in fresh water. That notion he has not established. Still, his book, as a whole, is exceedingly good and suggestive.

[A striking proof of our reviewer's theory has come to light in connection with the recent stocking of the Dupplin hatcheries. Of 256 salmon netted in the Tay between November 6th and December 9th, twenty-five, it is reported in "The Scotsman," "were beautiful spring salmon in the pink of condition."—*Editor of THE NATION.*]

NEW THEOLOGY.*

WE do not know whether the sale of this second volume from Mr. Campbell's pen is proving equal to that of the earlier one, in which he trenchantly defined his new theological position; but we should doubt it, because, apart from the vigorous preface, there is a devout restraint about it, less attractive to the "groundlings" than the spectacle of a parson in his shirt-sleeves smashing the idols that were lately his own, and are still largely his brethren's. But it will be a matter for regret if these sermons are not widely read, as a sequel to the "New Theology," for men's souls cannot live on controversy, still less on negations, and here the preacher does provide some oil and wine for the wounds of those who regard themselves as robbed of their faith by "modernism." And, while the impetuous zeal of the popular preacher is still evident on every page, that is at any rate a more agreeable characteristic than dullness or cynicism, and what the critics condemned in "The New Theology" is less conspicuous here. Dr. Rashdall admitted that it was inevitable that, when questions hitherto debated among scholars and theologians pass into "books for the railway bookstall," they should be discussed in a way which would prove "distasteful to fastidious minds"; and he further indicated a certain number of Mr. Campbell's statements as, in his judgment, erroneous, adding that, even where he agreed with the substance, he often disliked the mode of expression. And Father Tyrrell, a more exact theologian than Dr. Rashdall, expressed the opinion that the new theology was no more successful than the old in providing "a synthesis without antinomies," while, as reckoning with and explaining the deepest and purest Christian experience, in relation to the Person of Christ, it was in his judgment in many ways "distinctly less adequate." Readers of these sermons will, we think, form a similar impression; but the rhetoric here is more in its proper place, and so is less likely to offend the fastidious. And Mr. Campbell has the courage of his convictions in placing in the forefront such topics as the Resurrection, the Presence of Christ, the Atonement, and so forth. The movement in these discourses is so rapid that the hearers presumably did not realise where they were being landed, while the use of a familiar terminology might reassure them that it was all right. Yet a little reflection must make some at least question the cogency of the argument. Thus, with reference to the "empty tomb," the preacher asserts that the first Christians believed in it simply because, unless the tomb were empty, they could not understand how Christ could

* "New Theology Sermons." By the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Williams & Norgate. 6s.

have appeared at all. And promptly this assertion is dealt with as a "somewhat interesting fact." But is it a fact? In the New Testament itself there are various passages in which reference is made to a visible phantom of some person who was not actually present in the flesh; and in the story of Peter's deliverance from prison it is clear that the disciples found it easier to believe in "his angel," a spiritual being just like him, than in the possibility of his having escaped. This kind of facile assurance on the preacher's part, when speaking of incidents about which it is very difficult to form any precise opinion, may in some quarters be impressive, but elsewhere it is likely to be resented.

Mr. Campbell is, however, by no means ineffective in some of his "restatements." Thus, in the new theology, sin is regarded as a nullity; and fears have been expressed as to the weakening of moral fibre that may be anticipated if such an estimate of it becomes generally accepted. Well, here in this volume we have a sermon entitled "The Mistake of Sin," and it is on the new lines. The preacher repeats what he had said before, that "sin is a blundering quest for God." The old teaching, as to the horribleness of sin and the terribleness of the sense of guilt which it involves, is absent. Sin is "a mistake," that is all; and even St. Paul's solemn phrase, "the end of these things is death," is watered down to the "matter of fact" that a man's self-indulgence "does shorten his life." All this must be profoundly unsatisfactory to the traditional church-goer. But Mr. Campbell does not leave off in this airy situation. He proceeds, in language as eloquent as it is impressive, to depict the career of the "helpless derelict," such as is, by way of illustration, "a victim of the drug habit"; and in the closing words he insists on the possibility of restoration, even in the worst conceivable cases:—

"I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen, when I say that there is no evil habit which cannot be broken when the power of Divine love is sincerely invoked. I will acknowledge no exception. I do not care what you may have been, or what you are; the claim of simple faith upon the love of God never goes unhonoured."

Strong, clear language such as this is what the church-goer likes; nor has he any quarrel with the six times repeated personal pronoun. When the Bishop of London prints a sermon, the fount of "I" is quickly exhausted; and it is quite likely that this "somewhat interesting fact" accounts largely for his popularity. Mr. Campbell's volume contains several other sermons that deal with sin; so that, whatever his theory on the subject may be, and however inadequate, he certainly does not ignore it. The title of one of the later sermons, "The Valley of Baca," attracted our attention, because it was to us a new locality; and it was gratifying to learn that "it is impossible to say with absolute certainty what the Valley of Baca really was"; but it proved to be the Psalmist's familiar "vale of misery," which the wise, as they pass through it, "use for a well"; and the exposition of this Hebrew analogue of "Spartanactus es, hanc exorna" is effective, if less original than others of the discourses. That entitled "The Angel of the Soul" is perhaps the most striking. There is in it an element of poetry as well as deep feeling. Mr. Campbell is not likely to lack hearers so long as he can treat the subject of childhood so well.

THE GREAT FRENCH STORY-TELLER.*

THAT well-known historian of literary France, M. Emile Faguet, praises the sixteenth century as being, "above all others, the creative century." The printing-press was firmly established. The discovery of America had not only enlarged the world, it had kindled all men's imaginations. The Reformation was in the air. The Renaissance, which was partly classical and partly modern, was well toward. A new spirit, to be called Humanism, of which Montaigne and Erasmus stand conspicuous and brilliant among its

earliest representatives, was just beginning to flow over Europe. It was a vivid, energetic, and progressive age. As M. Faguet properly insists, it was the most creative.

Writers were active in every field of literature, and we are bidden to note that in the sixteenth century the art of the story-teller "attained to such perfection that it has never been surpassed." One imperial master in this art arose and has remained to us: François Rabelais. Known here but to a relatively small number of disciples (so one may almost call them), he has ranked among their chief literary joys; and all of them, we hope, will thank Mr. Arthur Tilley for this scholarly and sympathetic monograph on the author of "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel."

Friar and monk in turn, physician, man of letters, philosopher, dreamer, lecturer; denounced, libelled, and persecuted by the Sorbonne and all pedants and bigots; lauded to the heavens by the rest, the Rabelais whom we of this day mainly delight in is the romancer, the satirist, the multitudinous and uproarious laughter, the one supreme humorist whom the French nation has produced. Mr. Tilley is at great pains to get at the heart of Rabelais's philosophy (a matter at all times in debate by Rabelaisians), and his chapter on this subject is wise and exceedingly suggestive. But when this is threshed out—will it ever be threshed out?—we shall all once more be fain to declare that it is the great invincible jester whom we chiefly and truly love; the creator of Panurge and Friar John of the Funnels, the best and wittiest rascal and the lustiest and most glorious monk in literature. "The Book," as the devout would style it in Rabelais's own day, has been read by everybody in France. "It puts the last stone on the tomb of the Middle Ages" (once more we cite M. Faguet), "and thus 'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel' are not only a great book, but mark an epoch in the national history."

Exact knowledge of Rabelais, the man himself, and his work, has come to us only within the past half-century. There are gaps in the biography which the minutest investigation will never fill up for us, but upon "The Book" and its history we are at this date pretty well informed. We know now that there was an earlier "Gargantua" than Rabelais's; that he worked upon—edited, revised, or rewrote—an ancient chap-book which embodied the popular legends of the beneficent giant king. Rabelais's version had an immediate and immense success: "Two months later Rabelais could say of it that more copies had been sold than there would be Bibles in nine years." The success of "Gargantua" inspired him with the notion of "Pantagruel" (in reality, of course, the two histories are one); and when the second romance had triumphed as the first had done, Rabelais at once set about to write a new and worthier tale of Gargantua, Pantagruel's father. As the books now stand, therefore, they are both essentially Rabelais's; and though he borrowed as freely as in his day it was the universal custom to do (from the classics as well as from contemporary writers) he has coined, and stamped, and converted all his borrowings into his own.

The Rabelaisian, never quite knows at what point to begin. Twenty or more chapters rise into his mind; and he asks himself whether he prefers Gargantua and the big bells of Paris, to the cake-bakers of Lorné who started the war between Grandgousier and Picrochole, to the poetic dream of the Abbey of Thelema, to the meeting of Panurge and Pantagruel, to Judge Bridlegoose and his theory of the dice, to the bargainings of Panurge and the sheep merchant, to the great storm and Panurge's and Friar John's behaviour in it, to Bishop Homenas and the decretals, to the episode of the husbandman and the junior devil, to the tale of Poor Tom and his hatchet in the prologue to the fourth book.

In his chapter upon Rabelais's art, Mr. Tilley discusses the extraordinary richness, variety, and extent of his vocabulary. In passages of conversation and of animated movement Rabelais is not surpassed by Shakespeare; he coins new words prodigally; he has a complete mastery of the phrase; he can change his style with every shift of his narrative; he is by turns as realistic as his own sheep-dealer; and, in his higher flights, and his imaginative sweep, as near to the heavens as Milton. His philosophy is embarrassing, and will never be quite clear to us; but we really do not care much about that. He distilled from the gods a humour that has sustained and will sustain him.

T.H.

*"François Rabelais." By Arthur Tilley, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. "French Men of Letters," Edited by Alexander Jessup, Litt.D. Lippincott. 6s. net.

A BOOK OF GENIUS.*

"COMING so suddenly out of the sun," asked Socrates of the escaped cave-dweller on his return, "would he not find his eyes blinded with the gloom of that place?" "And if he were forced to enter the lists against those who had always been prisoners, while his sight continued dim and his eyes unsteady, would he not be made a laughing stock?" "And if any one attempted to set the cave-dwellers free and carry them to the light, would they not go so far as to put him to death?" This challenge from the famous vision of human life in the seventh book of the "Republic" might provide the keynote of this extraordinary book. "William Jordan, Junior," is a mixture of fantasy, extravagance, and rollicking humour, which occupies a place apart amongst contemporary fiction. Some of it is weak, some tiresome; but there is genius in it also. The critic could almost go through the volume with a blue pencil scoring the passages where the author has evidently failed. He seems to have no power of self-criticism; and a passage of delicate feeling or jolly, boisterous fun will be followed by an attempt at satire which is merely clumsy and inane. But undoubtedly there is strength here, and observation, and an easy command of material which lifts the book high above the common crowd of fiction and should help the author to go far.

In a little room, alone with his father, who studies continually in the great "Book of the Ages," this frightened, bewildered child, William Jordan, Junior, struggles to adolescence. He is hysterical, timid, half simple; afraid of the street-labyrinths and of the street-bred people; afraid of the school where he is ill-treated; afraid of life itself. His father converses with him in grotesque language. "O beloved one," "O Achilles," "O my father." Before him is the testing time—the drama. "If we listen," says the father one evening, "we can hear it. I hear it now." The boy listened at the shutters of the little room. "There is only the gurgle of water," he said, "and the little voice of the wind." "And," said the man with faint eyes. "And—and—and the mighty roar of the streets of the great city." "That is the drama, beloved one."

The creature who has been blinded by the light is cast forth, stumbling and afraid, to take his part amongst the denizens of the cave. He becomes a "handy youth" at a publisher's, tying up parcels for a wage of ten shillings a week, accepted by all the cave-dwellers as obviously a lunatic. He wanders through it all—twentieth century middle-class London—seeing without comprehending; astonished at the security of these peoples, their composure, their indifference to the things that matter, their delight in themselves and in their world. He attends suburban parties with infinite misery: to meet "Joe Cox who plays for Surrey Second Eleven," and "John Dobbs who plays third fiddle in the orchestra at the Alcazar Theatre," and Chrissie, and Hermione Leigh, the heroine of the new ballet; and other kindred souls. He goes with such cheery spirits to Margate, for a first visit to the sea, where a kind of madness comes upon him, and he smashes the concertina of a mocking companion and sings wild, outlandish songs. He is taken to places of excitement and pleasure; to the Oval on Bank Holiday, where "several thousands of human beings—wedged as tightly together as dried figs in a box—braved the broiling heat of the airless afternoon, craning and tiptoeing to witness a trial of skill of a curiously inconsequent and macabre kind, with whose necessities the vast majority were very imperfectly acquainted." He visits the music hall and sees Hermione dancing, and thinks that he is seeing a vision of Divinity. He comes in despair to realise that these people, and not he, are of the Royal Race; that his dreams and shadows count for nothing in comparison with their courage and security and energy; that the cave and its shadows are real, the rest is illusion.

"The sea, the sky, the birds, the green fields, the wisdom and poetry of past ages, the intercourse with heroes and goddesses could cast spells upon him which not even prayers could appease. Yet what was this exaltation by comparison with that lusty, high-hearted genius which accepted all those incomparable things as neither more nor less than an immemorial right; a native arrogance that could defile the bosom of the sea, mutilate the fairest landscapes, poison the sky with the smoke of cities, wantonly destroy the glorious life that enriched the very air it breathed?"

From this denial of his birthright William Jordan, Junior, is saved by suffering. He steals money in a moment of terror, and is committed to prison. He emerges from it with a new power and inspiration; so that his friend who formerly loved him as a kind of child now regards him with awe and wonder. He leaves the cities and wanders over the world—a wayfarer, begging his bread from door to door. He learns kinship with the earth, his Mother, and sings to her "in a wonderful kind of speech which he knew was pleasant to her ear."

The Poet has found himself at last. He learns that he is "A Prince of the Blood." He has been through the three phases appointed to those of the Royal blood in their terrestrial pilgrimage—bewilderment, terror, pity. He writes it all in the *Epick of Life*, working with frantic haste, desiring its appearance to the world before he dies. It only struggles into print through heavy payment by the poet's friend to the respectable publishers; only on the guarantee that "its tendency is not too Agnostic, that is to say, Agnosticism impinging on Paganism, that is to say, that it contains a definite idea of God," also that "it is not open to the charge of immorality in any shape or form, in other words, as Octavius says, that it is the kind of thing that any young girl may place in the hands of her grandmother." No copies are sold. The critics either neglect it altogether or repeat in chorus, "This will never do." The poet dies in the little room. After his death a wild Scot from Aberdeen appears at the door, kneels with the father beside the dead body, leans across the bed "in an act of further homage to the dead." "Why do you do that?" asks the old man. "'Why do I do this?'" said the other, and his powerful, spreading, northern speech appeared to strike the walls of the tiny chamber. "Why do I do this? I am afraid, sir, it must be left to my great, great grandchildren to answer your question."

With which scene this strange narrative concludes. The poet is of the lineage of the poet in "Candida." Mr. Shaw can show him, in the action of one evening, entering and disturbing and evacuating the respectable Rectory in Bethnal Green. Mr. Snaith has the harder task of narrating his life history. But the real hero of the book is Mr. William Dodson—called, on applying for a post in the publisher's office, Mr. Matthew Arnold Dodson; whose philosophy of life is succinctly summarised in his own genial assertion to the poet, "Luney, my son, there are only two rules to remember for this life, whatever there may be in the next. The first is to know what you want: the second is to see that you get it." With his assurance, his ready wit, his friendliness, and his inimitable worldly wisdom, he dominates the arena; sucking out of life the utmost measure of enjoyment, thoroughly content with the world and with himself. His first vision of William Jordan is unfavourable, "As Pa says," he genially remarks, "you are about as fit to sit on a stool in the counting-house of Crumpey & Hawker as Pontius Pilate was to sit on the Board of Governors of Eternal Bliss." Later he finds an inexplicable affection developing for this "luney." "Pa wanted to report you to Octavius," he declares, "but I stood firm. 'No, father,' I said, 'the youth is off his filbert, but so was Blair Athol when he won the Derby.'" When he finds the poet reading Homer in the original, which he summarises as "a pretty fair imitation of a bad dream," the conversion is complete. He encourages his companion to fresh efforts: "If only you would pull up your socks a bit, you might easily, in your small way, make a bit of a mark."

In grotesque, cheery, fantastic scenes at the end William Dodson is lying magnificently while the poet is dying; informing him of the enormous success of the "*Epick of Life*"; explaining that the British Museum authorities had declared that "this priceless manuscript will be placed amongst those we have of Shakespeare and Milton"; inventing reviews which declare the poem "better than Shakespeare—better than Homer, better than the coves who did the Bible." In the midst of which glowing mendacities the poet dies; and William Dodson, still not understanding—never to understand—reels home to Peckham, crying, "O, Luney, Luney, I wish now I had never known you."

"William Jordan, Junior" is a powerful novel; an original novel; a book which—with all its occasional awkwardness and absurdity—excites and interests and compels.

A LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND

¶ Mr. John Lane begs to inform his patrons that he will open the Publishing Season by starting from the Bodley Head four new Authors, viz. :—

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. A NEW HUMOURIST | F. J. Randall | LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER |
| 2. A NEW CLASSIC | W. Compton Leith | APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS |
| 3. A NEW CRITIC | R. A. Scott-James | MODERNISM AND ROMANCE |
| 4. A NEW POET | Lascelles Abercrombie | INTERLUDES AND POEMS |

Mr. Lane believes that these books will run through the Season. The following are the fixtures:—

JANUARY 15.

APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS. By W. Compton Leith. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE publisher is conscious that it is unusual to hail a new writer as "a classic," but Sir Thomas Browne, Pater, R. L. S., and Kenneth Grahame were once new writers, and he claims for Mr. Compton Leith that he has written a book worthy to be placed along with the writings of such authors. By some APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS may be voted precious—it is certainly intimate—but those who have the delicate perception to appreciate a new style will read and re-read the book. It stands apart from the highway of modern introspective literature; it is too true to be precious, too classical to be treated as ephemeral. By its overwhelming sincerity it will command respect, and not a few will sympathize with a soul battling against the heartlessness of circumstance.

JANUARY 22.

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER. By F. J. Randall. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE robustious essence of Twentieth-Century Humour. The story of how a moribund jester landed a number of very respectable people in topsy-turvydom, and how they were extricated therefrom by a further twist of the deceased man's testament, will appeal to all who possess what has been called the fourth of the great Cardinal Virtues—Humour.

JANUARY 22.

MODERNISM AND ROMANCE. By R. A. Scott-James. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE literature of every period is at one and the same time a mirror and a guide. Mr. Scott-James's study of MODERNISM AND ROMANCE aims at indicating the scope of these functions in the literature of our own day. He takes a few conspicuous tendencies of the age—the scientific spirit, self-consciousness, democracy, realism, pessimism, and the new romantic movement—and shows how almost every new book may be regarded as a symptom of health or disease in the social organism. The book is not a series of essays, but a continuous treatment of the dominant characteristics of contemporary life as revealed in contemporary literature.

JANUARY 29.

INTERLUDES AND POEMS. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

SOME weeks ago the well-known editor of a distinguished weekly declared he had discovered a new poet—a real genius. On his being asked if the poet's name was Abercrombie, his astonished reply was "Yes." "I thought so," was the retort, "I have just accepted a volume from him entitled INTERLUDES AND POEMS, and one of the most distinguished living writers wrote me a spontaneous letter drawing attention to Mr. Abercrombie as 'not only a poet, but a poet of very great and original powers.....I mean, this is really that *rara avis*, a man of genius.'" Poetry, if it is to possess vitality, must deal with vital questions. Consequently the subject matter of the poetry of different generations appears to vary. In reality it is not variation but development, and with development of subject comes development of form. Mr. Abercrombie perhaps has more marked development of form than any of his predecessors since Whitman. It is because he is treating of ideas forced upon him by his generation. But behind the new standpoint, the new teaching, there is recognizable the old music flowing in new channels.

N.B.—The publisher feels impelled to explain, or at least to apologize for the unconventional form in which he announces his four new authors, but in order to display their respective points the typographical substitute for limelight seems the one resource to any one desirous of directing critical attention to his pegasus team. The publisher's modesty is perhaps the result of a recent reading of 'Apologia Diffidentis'; or possibly of an inward conviction that "Good wine needs no bush" has lost its application in Twentieth Century.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

As a story of heroic endurance, intrepidity, and persistence in the face of opposition, "The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins, F.R.G.S.," by Mr. Henry Johnson (Murray, 15s. net), has considerable claims upon our attention. But when we remember how great was the work done by Captain Wiggins in exploration and discovery it is amazing that it has received so little recognition. Perhaps this is due in part to his own modesty, and Mr. Johnson's record of Wiggins' exploits may help to give him the rank he deserves among our great British seamen. The son of a Norwich coach-proprietor, whose trade was ruined by the railways, Wiggins was apprenticed to the sea at the age of fourteen and almost at once became imbued with the desire of exploring the seas to the north of Siberia. Promotion in his profession enabled him to carry out his wish and he formed the theory that it was possible to open a trade route through the Kara Sea by which the mouths of the great Siberian rivers could be reached. For thirteen years, in the face of opposition on all sides, he laboured to prove his theory, and in 1887 he took the *Phoenix* from South Shields through the Kara Sea up the Yenesei as far as Yeneseisk, "having steamed, without any mishap, over more than 2,000 miles of this intricate river, which had never been surveyed, and on which there was not a single buoy, not a single warning indication of shoal, sandbank, or hidden rock." Mr. Johnson's work is thoroughly satisfactory. He has wisely made extensive use of Captain Wiggins' journals and letters, and from them we get the impression of a modest, unaffected, and simple sailor who was yet cast in the heroic mould and not unfit to rank with some of the great seamen whose names are now household words.

* * *

SENSIBILITY, self-consciousness, poetic feeling, a tinge of gentle melancholy, a tinge also of preciosity, and an incomplete avoidance of the commonplace go to the making of "More Pages from the Day-book of Bertha Hardacre," by Ella Fuller-Maitland (Constable, 6s.). The author takes a subject such as the River Thames, the gypsies, a contest of birds, or pageants, and then proceeds very prettily to string together what some of the poets or less familiar prose writers have to say about them. These adventures in literary bye-paths make good reading, the quotations are aptly chosen, while the verses prefixed to each essay—which we presume are by the author of the book—show graceful fancy and sometimes real feeling. The book is of the type which one likes to take up in an idle moment, read a little, and then lay aside to be taken up again later.

* * *

DEVONSHIRE has always been richer than most other counties in men of strongly marked individuality. She has given birth to many of the most famous names in English history, and Mr. Baring-Gould's bulky volume, "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events" (Lane, 21s. net) shows that, apart from those who helped to make our history, she has produced an abundance of "characters" whose adventures and eccentricities are well worth recording. The book is an entertaining medley of personages, who for the most part were delightfully disrespeckable. We have lovers of the open road, such as Bampfylde-Moore Carew, the famous vagabond and "King of the Beggars"; sporting parsons of the type of the Rev. John Froude and "Jack" Russell; pirates like Thomas Benson who was both pirate and member of Parliament; smugglers like Jack Rattenbury, whose very name suggests a Stevensonian romance; impostors such as Joanna Southcott, and the notorious "Caraboo," who caused a sensation in 1817 by pretending to be an Oriental princess knowing no language but her own, who was kidnapped by pirates and brought to England in a brig whence she escaped by swimming ashore; eccentrics such as Andrew Brice, the Exeter printer, who described himself as "Democritus Juvenal, Moral Professor of Ridicule and plaguy-pleasant Fellow of Stingtick College; vulgarly Andrew Brice"; and a host of others. Mr. Baring-Gould has compiled a most interesting volume. Every lover of what is quaint or unconventional will enjoy it.

* * *

MISS IDA WOODWARD's volume, "In and Around the Isle of Purbeck" (Lane, 21s. net), should be popular locally.

She makes Purbeck, which is an island "by courtesy" only, seem a place of considerable importance historically, and the book should thus flatter the pride of place which natives of the district may be credited with possessing. Besides which the information, historical, scenic, geographical, geological, and biographical, is imparted in a style that has not the slightest taint of frivolity. We can therefore cordially recommend this work to Purbeckers who desire to know something about the place they live in; also to the tourist who may have occasion to visit the show places of this delectable country, Lulworth Cove, Studland Bay, St. Aldhelm's Head, and the rest, and experience the need of a reliable guide. On the other hand, speaking for the general reader, the book has the defects of its qualities. The desire to impart information has resulted in the tendency to be dull. There are pages and pages that have to be skipped before one comes to such interesting people as Mr. Benjamin Jesty, who anticipated Jenner's great vaccination discovery, or such interesting things as the clay pits of Purbeck, or the properties of Kimmeridge shale. The first few chapters, again, give one the impression that the author receives valuable assistance from Mr. J. W. G. Bond. His water-colour illustrations are wholly commendable for their synthetic grasp of the nature translated. In freedom of method, combined with a certain sense of style, they remind one a little of Thomas Collier's art, but their joyousness of colour is their own, and, what perhaps is more important, their qualities of light and air have survived reproduction strangely well.

* * *

MUCH of the information contained in Mr. S. C. Musson's book on "The Upper Engadine" (A. & C. Black, price 6s.) will be fresh not merely to those who have never visited that famous resort, but also to many who have been there and think they know all about it. For the average tourist does not go to the Engadine to study its history, its etymology, its botany, its architecture, or its antiquities (as contained within the *Muséum Engadinais* at St. Moritz), or even to bestow much observation and thought upon the scenery. He goes, if he be sound in wind and limb, for the hundred and one attractions in the way of field sports; or, if for his health, to sit in the sunshine leagues above the sea level, to breathe the unparalleled air and talk about his temperature. Mr. Musson, on the contrary, has been there as an inquirer into facts and an observer of nature's phenomena, and a deal of fact and observation is embodied in the volume that has resulted from his visit. A brightly-written sketch of the history of the district—a history which in many respects bears striking analogy to that of the late Boer Republic—introduces us to an account of the Upper Engadine in its many aspects, from Bevers to Maloja and back again to Scafs. Mr. J. Hardwicke Lewis, the illustrator of this book, may be congratulated on having produced drawings which, after passing through the ordeal of the three-colour process, suggest some of the clarity of colour and buoyancy of atmosphere that are characteristic of the neighbourhood. The book is one of the most complete of a pretty and useful series.

* * *

THE folk-tales contained in Mr. J. E. Hanauer's "Legend and Folk-lore of the Holy Land" (Duckworth, 8s. net) form, we are told in the introduction, but a pailful from the sea, as compared with the floating mass of folk-lore which exists in Palestine. Judging from the examples here presented, a further collection would well repay the labour involved; for, with the changes now rapidly taking place in Palestine, the continued existence of folk-lore, depending as it does on oral tradition, is endangered. Mr. Hanauer's interesting stories, all taken down from the lips of Christian, Jewish, or Moslem peasants, are well worth preserving for their wit and humour, as well as for the light they throw upon religious and social customs. The book is divided into three sections, "Concerning the Creation, and Divers Saints and Miracles," "Containing Legends and Anecdotes, possibly founded on Facts," and "Stories and Anecdotes Illustrating Social Ideas, Superstitions, &c." We should like to be able to quote from these stories, some of which, such as Azrael's commission by Allah to be the messenger of Death, strike a note of real pathos, while the sly humour of others is highly amusing.

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The Week in the City.

AFTER the success of the Bank in securing the gold available in the open market on Monday, the downward movement in discounts continued, and as more and more banks in the United States get back to a cash basis, the prospect of easier money steadily improves. The Bank Directors, however, wisely retained the rate at 6 per cent. on Thursday. But unless the unexpected happens, we shall see it at 5 in a week or two. It is to be hoped that the arrest of Mr. Heinze, who was one of the immediate causes of the panic, means that the American laws will now be directed to the essential work of punishing big criminals. Roguery in high places was the main cause of a catastrophe that has occasioned untold losses to the American nation, and unspeakable misery to the multitudes of poor people who have been thrown upon the streets. Unfortunately, the prospects of currency and banking reform in the States are quite dismal. The new Bill for emergency currency is more likely to do harm than good. It will encourage speculative inflation, by providing an easy means of curing the shortage of currency that ensues when the crisis comes and people take the alarm. Mr. Aldrich's Bill fully maintains his reputation as a legislative humbug.

THE TRADE RETURNS.

The Board of Trade returns for the year 1907 seem to have been specially designed by Providence (as the "Westminster Gazette" showed in a brilliant article on Wednesday) to destroy the statistical foundation of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform speeches. Mr. Chamberlain's thesis was that in the thirty years, 1872 to 1902, the population had grown 30 per cent., while British exports had only grown 9 per cent., the explanation, of course, being that 1872 was a year of booming trade and inflated prices, while 1902 was a year of depression, caused by war. Corrected by index numbers the export trade had grown quite satisfactorily in the period. But since 1902 prices have risen and trade has expanded enormously; and when we compare 1907 with 1877—a year of depression—we find a gigantic increase of 217 millions in British exports, which is a rise of no less than 109 per cent. compared with a rise of 30 per cent. in population. As a reply to Mr. Chamberlain, this is horribly crushing; for, as he said at Liverpool on October 27th, 1903: "My case is that the trade of this country, as measured—and I think it ought to be measured—by the exports of this country . . . has during the last twenty or thirty years been practically stationary." What is of more immediate interest about the returns is, however, the showing for the month of December. Here we find distinct proof of the slackening off of the trade boom, and it is quite likely that the year 1908 will show a decline of foreign trade compared with 1907. Indeed, if the cotton dispute in Lancashire is not settled, we shall be faced with a terrible growth of pauperism and unemployment, Lancashire, as so often happens, leading the way. Up to the present, however, British trade has held up far better than German under the same monetary crisis. It should be quite exhilarating for those who delight in the misfortunes of their neighbours to read the commercial reports from Germany showing how badly German trade has been hit by dear money and by the frightful addition which the German tariff has made to the cost of living.

THE GERMAN LOANS.

This brings me to the sudden output of public loans in Germany, which comes at a most unfortunate moment for the banks, which can ill afford to see a further depreciation of public credit. The Prussian 4 per cent. loan, issued at 98½, has caused great uneasiness, especially as the Government has refused to fix the amount. Württemberg is following soon, and then will come an Imperial loan to fill up the huge Imperial deficit. It is safe to predict that financial pressure will do more to pacify Germany than any number of Hague Conferences and humanitarian addresses. In another month or two it should be possible to invest money very advantageously in German public debts, with the certainty that when the inevitable cold fit of economy comes your holdings will appreciate materially. Some people in the City are predicting that before the year is out Russian

bonds will have taken precedence of Japanese; but there are some signs that the military and naval men who have been running and ruining the Government of Japan, are now beginning to meet with formidable opposition among bankers and commercial men. If this be so, the decline of Japanese credit may be arrested; but there has certainly been of late a good deal of well-informed selling of Japanese bonds.

THE COTTON CRISIS.

Much anxiety is felt about the cotton crisis. Evidently the operatives do not understand the influence of dear money. If only they could see that the masters would not be at all disinclined to close their factories for a few weeks, they would hardly have threatened to strike, and demanded better terms of employment just now, when employment and wages are declining (with trade) all over the world. However, the latest news is better and points to a settlement.

THE "TIMES."

In the City, the capture of the "Times" by fanatical Tariff Reformers like Sir Alexander Henderson and Mr. Arthur Pearson is regarded with undisguised dismay. The former is the active, clever, American type of railway magnate, just the kind of man who should not own a sober and conservative newspaper. The latter is the American type of newspaper man, just the type that should have been barred, though I believe he is a good employer, which is more than can be said of one of his rivals. Altogether it is a terrible blow to the prestige of the "Times," which still shone though with diminished radiance so long as it was known to be in the control of the old family. There is something rather absurd in the thought of England, the home and fortress of Free Trade, being represented in so many distant courts and capitals by an organ of the Tariff Reform League.

LUCCELLUM.

"CANADIAN Constitutional Development," by H. E. Egerton and W. L. Grant (Murray, 10s. 6d. net) contains a selection of speeches and despatches, with introductions and explanatory notes, that will be of great use to students of constitutional history. In a brief though excellent preface, Professor Egerton points out that it is difficult to find a hundred years richer in constitutional experience than the hundred years ending in 1865, dealt with in the present volume. Though Canadian history presents no situation so striking and dramatic as the metamorphosis of the general of a hostile Dutch republic into the Prime Minister of a British Colony, endowed with full responsible Government, within the space of five years, still, compared to other historical precedents, the development of Canada has been rapid. Lord Durham's famous Report—the most important of all public papers relating to Canadian history—is not represented in this volume, Professor Egerton being of opinion that it must be studied as a whole. He points out, however, the one flaw in that document—Lord Durham's view that it was necessary to absorb the French national character in a dominant Anglo-Saxon type. The contrary policy has, luckily, been carried out, and with the happiest results. Still, Lord Durham's Report was, as Professor Egerton rightly says, "a work of genius, not a line or word of which should be neglected or ignored by the student of the Canadian Constitution."

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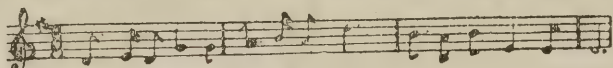
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Social Democrats of Berlin organised an imposing demonstration on Sunday, on behalf of equal voting and the secret ballot in Prussia. Meetings were held in every quarter of the city in the morning, and thereafter crowds, estimated at 50,000 persons, paraded the streets and attempted to force their way to the Palace. The police held the bridges, and there were several sabre charges by mounted men, but the casualties were few, and not more than a hundred arrests were made. Prince Bülow's flat refusal to introduce the Reichstag franchise into the voting for the Prussian Landtag, or even to consider the secret ballot, finds little support in the Press. But the Radical and Liberal papers are as far as possible from making common cause with the masses. The Socialists on their side express a bitter contempt for the Liberals, who profess democracy in principle, but will do nothing to advance it. In the Landtag, where they are quite impotent, they are willing to make speeches. But in the Reichstag, where they hold the balance of power, and could at any moment overthrow Prince Bülow, they prefer to adhere to his Liberal-Conservative coalition. But there are obviously some elements in the Radical Party which view the attitude of its leaders with growing disapproval. The Socialists are now committed to their campaign, and will doubtless continue their demonstrating, though it is doubtful whether anything short of a general strike would make much impression on the ruling classes of Prussia.

NEWS has arrived this week of a *coup d'état*, carried out at Fez during the first three days of the year. The people put pressure on the priests, who promptly deposed the Sultan, and elected the Pretender, Mulai Hafid, in his place. This unexpected movement, which we discuss

elsewhere, has interrupted the negotiations for a loan of £6,000,000 to the Sultan, which were proceeding in Paris, and, indeed, disorganised all M. Clemenceau's plans. The "Temps" does not attempt to disguise the gravity of the position. It is disposed to make General Drude responsible, but it recognises, as even the extremer members of the Colonial party do, that in the present circumstances France can only mark time and await events. The Sultan, who was a week ago the *protégé* and ally of the Republic, has suddenly become an impotent claimant to a throne which is now in other hands, and his partisans make no attempt to disguise the cooling of their friendship.

THE "Times" is already betraying its new associates by declining or abating its historic function of fair and adequate reporting. On Wednesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Minister made speeches of great importance, dealing with foreign affairs and the problem of the Navy, and partly disclosing the programme of the Session. Both were compressed within a single column. On the Navy Sir Edward Grey did not press for fresh expenditure, but declared that if the new foreign programmes were carried out they would render continued reductions impossible, our interest in the maintenance of the fleet being not merely the protection of our commerce but the national life and independence. At present our navy was "perfectly adequate to meet any probable combination that could be brought against us," and there was no reason why we should rush hurriedly into increased expenditure.

MR. ASQUITH, at Lancaster, announced that the new Education Bill would be a short Bill, a simple Bill, and a drastic Bill. It would not be enough to provide pensions for those able to help themselves. But it would not be possible to establish them by the "wave of a magic wand." The system must be built up step by step, and all classes, "including the workmen, must contribute to it." Mr. Asquith's reference to workmen's contributions has excited much controversy. It has been supposed to suggest a partial reliance on the rates, but it is more probable that the Chancellor referred to the sugar tax, and indicated that this would be retained at its present figure (a remission has virtually been promised). The suggestion of a workman's quota in any shape has been resented by one or two Labour members, who, however, approve the general non-contributory basis laid down by Mr. Asquith. But the serious part of the speech is the conclusion which many have drawn from it, that the new demands for the Navy are impinging on the pensions fund.

MANY Liberals will feel a measure of sympathy with two proposed amendments to the Address. The first is a proposal by Sir William Holland to raise the Board of Trade to the rank of a department, headed by a Secretary of State. No modern State can resist such a claim. The Board of Trade is our Ministry of Commerce, and trade is the prime concern of the British Isles and the British Empire, a matter which in the end dictates most forms of public policy. We hope, therefore, that the Government will at once accept the proposal, and turn Mr. Lloyd-George's Department into a Secretaryship of State. The second amendment with which we sympathise is Mr. F. E. Smith's proposal to abolish the right of capture at sea, which we should like to see supported by every unofficial Liberal in the House

of Commons. Such a vote would only reinforce a minority of the Cabinet, which at some not remote day will, we hope, be turned into a majority. It is important to note that the proposal comes from a Conservative representative of one of the greatest of British sea-ports.

* * *

THE Prime Minister has made a cautious but fairly reassuring reply to the Liberal memorialists concerned at the recent proceedings against Dinizulu. He said that the Natal Government had undisclosed information which they held to justify their action, but that Lord Elgin had informed them that the Government could not sanction any policy unaccompanied by enquiry and a redress of grievances, had insisted on a "fair and open inquiry" into Dinizulu's conduct, and had pressed for the earliest possible termination of martial law. But they could not disallow an Indemnity Act after a responsible Colonial Government, like that of Natal, had approved it. Meanwhile, that Government has refused Miss Colenso access to Dinizulu, through an edict of the Minister of Justice. This gentleman, acting against all law, vetoed the magistrate's permit, and has been rebuked by Judge Wilson as exceeding the rights of the Executive.

* * *

THE almost extinguished Free Trade section of the Unionist Party have called Lord Cromer to their help and invited him to a dinner of the Unionist Free Trade Club at Glasgow. At this function Lord Cromer stoutly repudiated the ostracism of Unionist Free Traders and declared that Free Trade was the soundest basis of Imperial policy, for Protection, by stimulating Anglophobia, led directly to an increase in our war-like expenditure. Repudiating Socialism as common to extreme Radicals and to Tariff Reformers, he declared against even the beginnings of a non-contributory scheme of Old Age Pensions, which, in its development, might cripple the national resources. Repudiating in form "a policy of pure negation," Lord Cromer, in effect, proposed a course of "reflection on radical changes." Lord Balfour of Burleigh thought that there might be a germ of compromise in Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that Free Traders, in accepting reunion with the Opposition, would be committing themselves not to Colonial Preferences but only to the summoning of a new Colonial Conference. But he hinted that attempts were being made to take from Free Trade Unionists "by force" what could not be taken by argument.

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MEANWHILE, the development of the propaganda for stamping out Free Trade within the Tory Party proceeds apace. It was set on foot by Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham, especially by his address at a smoking concert, where he spoke of Free Traders coming into line with the rest of the party. On this hint the Tariff Reformers have acted. They have established a "Confederates' Club," with headquarters in London, provided with ample funds. This body is a kind of political Mafia, for the tracking down of Free Trade candidates. It has already intervened in Nottingham. Lord Henry Bentinck has now denied its assertion that he had been compelled to accept a ten per cent. tariff on imported foreign goods, and to promise to abstain from opposing food taxes. But the propaganda continues. The "Morning Post" of Wednesday contained an announcement in large type headed, "Free Trader as Conservative Candidate. Incredible Report," and declaring that the Conservative headquarters had sanctioned the selection of a Free Trader for West Nottingham. This proves to be inaccurate, for Mr. Lygon, the candidate, declares himself a Protectionist. Now the "Post" hints darkly that Mr. Morrison, the Unionist representative for East Nottingham, is the man. He is a "reputed Free Trader." We hope he will be able to clear his character.

WE understand that the Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna will receive, on Thursday next, a deputation of Churchmen on the education question. The deputation, which will include both clergy and laity, favour the system of undenominational religious teaching, and will ask for its inclusion in the Education Bill. It has the support of the Bishops of Hereford and Carlisle, and of several Deans of the Established Church.

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THE statement of M. Schollaert, the new Belgian Premier, on meeting the Chamber, confirms the hopes which his nomination suggested. He undertakes to press forward the scheme for the annexation of the Congo, but recognises frankly that the clauses relative to the Crown Domain have evoked legitimate criticism. The scheme, he hints, may be remodelled, and this will cause a certain delay. Meanwhile the answers are published to certain questions raised by M. Schollaert some time before the death of M. Trooz and his own assumption of office. The surplus revenue of the Domain from rubber and ivory is given as about £250,000 per annum, with large possibilities of increase. We are told that this was spent last year on the King's palace at Laeben, the Town Hall at Brussels, and certain architectural embellishments at Ostend. Even if it were true that the King really spent the money on purposes so relatively impersonal as these, the scandal would be sufficiently gross. It would be much as if we were to impose forced labour in Nigeria, and use the proceeds of monopoly trading to beautify Brighton, build a County Council Hall, and add a new wing to Sandringham. Since the early days of the East India Company, tribute has never been so openly levied on a subject people. The natives of the Congo are being taught the "dignity of labour," in order that Ostend may increase the profits of its Casinos.

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It is announced informally that Canon Barker, the Rector of Marylebone, is to be the new Dean of Carlisle, in place of Dr. Ridgeway, now Bishop of Chichester. Mr. Barker is a preacher of force, if not of striking eloquence, he has for years been a conspicuous advocate of temperance, and he belongs distinctly to the ranks of the Liberal clergy. But he is in his seventieth year, and a real recruitment of progressive views in the Church of England can only come through the elevation to the higher clergy of the younger leaders of the more enlightened school of thought.

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NEWS of a remarkable Congress of the Turkish "Parties of Opposition" has been published in "l'Humanité." It represented the Armenians of the "Dushak" group, and two Young Turkish leagues, led by Prince Sabaeddin, a nephew of the Sultan, and Achmet Riza, the ablest of modern Turkish authors. They agree to set aside their sectional and racial aims, and to work together for the reform of the Empire as a whole. Their manifesto embodies a programme of reforms, which begins with the deposition of Abdul Hamid and the calling of a Parliament, and lays down a joint plan of action. A fusion even among the exiles and "intellectuals" of these two races is a sufficiently striking event. But it only reflects a movement towards unity which for some months has been going on in Asia Minor itself. In all the towns whose names suggest to us only massacre and hatred, Van, Erzeroum, and Bitlis, Turks and Armenians have been acting together in resisting taxes and expelling oppressive officials. In the villages, moreover, a Turkish revolutionary organisation, with ideal reminiscences of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, is said to be gaining many adherents, and industrial strikes have begun at Diarbahir, where also Turkish workmen made common cause with Armenians. All this would seem a fairy tale, had we not the object-lesson of Persia before us.

A FRIGHTFUL case of inhumanity to two children was proved on Saturday against Mrs. Rushworth, wife to the clerk of the York Education Committee, who was himself involved in the charge. Her conduct showed not only gross neglect of the children, who were practically treated as slaves, but a peculiarly morbid and ingenious form of physical cruelty. Thus one of the girls was branded with iron and made to plunge her hands in boiling water. The woman was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment; her husband, who does not appear to have shared the cruelty, but was judged responsible for the neglect, was fined £50. The case illustrates the need for the work of the excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, we are afraid, is an indispensable check on bad parentage. The society rarely prosecutes without success; but behind this punitive work lies a far wider range of preventive effort, which acts by way of warning to callous parents and guardians. Forty thousand such cases occur in a year; a terrible index to the mass of brutality and ignorance with which the home rearing of British children is encumbered.

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THE Abyssinian raid in Italian Somaliland, our Rome correspondent writes, has again opened the question whether the young Kingdom is adapted for colonial enterprise. The general answer seems to be in the negative. There is so much to colonise and civilise at home that no one can imagine why a country having still over 40 per cent. of illiterates and vast regions of uncultivated land should try to settle colonies in distant lands. Both Government and country have demonstrated an entire lack of preparation for colonial organisation. Erythrea and Somaliland are not self-supporting but weigh heavily on the home Budget. No industry has been started there, so that they have remained merely a field for the culture of officials. After the severe lesson of 1896, when the defeat of Adowa opened the eyes even of the blind, the firm resolution was taken to avoid at any cost a new war. To give a tangible proof of this intention, the garrisons of both Colonies were so reduced that if the Abyssinians wished they could easily over-run them, finding little resistance. In one point, however, this policy was in contradiction with its own general and avowed aim, in the occupation of Lugh, the furthest interior place in Somaliland, which the Abyssinians claim as a portion of their territory, while the Italians refuse to take this view. Discussion on this subject has now been going on for over ten years. Menelek did not recede from his claims, and the Italian Government temporised, meanwhile continuing to hold Lugh, an isolated spot, 250 miles from the coast, garrisoned by one single officer with 100 native soldiers. In other words, while the Government was forced by public opinion to abandon any warlike enterprise and attitude, it has kept open this question of Lugh as a source of fresh and serious trouble.

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A CURIOUS action is proceeding between Sir Julius Wernher, of the great firm of Wernher, Beit & Co., and a Frenchman named Lemoine, who claims to have produced genuine diamonds by treatment of various chemicals in an electrical furnace. The artificial production of diamonds is not new; the question is whether it is a commercial enterprise. It appears that M. Lemoine obtained £60,000 from Sir Julius on the strength of his experiments. The "Daily Mail" publishes an earlier form of contract which Lemoine concluded with a Mr. Cohen, in which he claims that his invention was a variety of the "boron" diamonds, which resemble the carbon diamonds in hardness and resistance to fire. M. Lemoine's invention was called ferro-boron.

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WE note that the new Quarterlies discuss with some point the disclosures in the Esher-Benson collection of

the late Queen's letters, of her many attempts to deflect the policy of her Ministers in the direction of her own personal or dynastic leanings. Thus the Master of Peterhouse, writing in "The English Historical Review," admits that the Queen "neither affected an admiration for 'us constitutional countries' nor an inborn reverence for the 'constitutional fiction of responsible Ministers.' " He also notes her inclination, only overcome by pressure, to refuse Lord Derby in 1858 the dissolution advised by him in the case of an adverse majority as a typical instance of her determination to strengthen the influence of the Crown by every means in her power. "The Edinburgh Review," standing fast to its Whig traditions, declares that "these three volumes show that not a little firmness was required on the part of Liberal statesmen to hold the course of the nation straight and steady in support of the rising spirit of European nationality and Liberalism." When the Sovereign, continues the Edinburgh reviewer, on several occasions "said she must 'insist' to Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, each felt it to be his duty to remind her that her Ministers were responsible for the action of the Crown, and that if their advice was disregarded, the Sovereign must seek advice elsewhere." It is just as well to have this old constitutional maxim thoroughly re-stated and re-established.

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LORD AVEBURY hardly deserves the rare title of thinker, but he is a pleasant observer of life, and this faculty came into agreeable play on Thursday, in his Rectorial Address at St. Andrew's University. The vein was optimistic. Nature breathed no sigh of despair; her voice was rather a "song of love and joy." If there were but one spring in a man's lifetime, or only one sunrise in the year, we should still have a right to conclude that she tended to happiness. Sadness came from within, not from without. But delightful as was the exterior world, beyond it lay a silent and shadowy region, full of awe and mystery. The relief to this shadow of the unknown must be found in the cheerfulness and unselfishness of the individual life, which would be found to ensure an ample supply of inward peace.

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THE Third Test Match has been easily won by Australia, in spite of the absence of Cotter, the fast bowler, and the illness of Mr. Trumper and Mr. Hill. The home eleven were partly beaten by better cricketing, partly by heat. The match went in their favour on the two first innings, and up to the fall of the seventh wicket in the second Australian innings. Then Hartigan and Hill, the latter rising from a sick bed, came together, and under a blazing sun, tired out bowlers and fieldsmen, making 276 runs between them. The Australian total was 506 runs, and the English reply almost collapsed. Only 183 runs were made, and the Australians won by 245 runs. They have now secured two victories to our one.

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THE current three-man show at the Leicester Galleries includes an exhibition of landscapes by the late Henry G. Moon. Little was seen of this phase of the artist's output during his life. He was known as an exquisite and minute draughtsman of botanical subjects, especially of the orchid, but of the larger style of painting of which he was capable, only a few personal friends were aware. Consequently the fine quality of these landscapes comes as a revelation. Like Corot, he was a lover of the willow and the poplar, and the entire feeling of these tender, quiet-toned canvases evidences the strong inspiration he derived from the French master. But he was far from being a mere adapter of another's style. An individual sense of poetry gives the work a peculiar fragrance, while behind the broad treatment there is the knowledge of form and structure, that is inalienable from the highest landscape art.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND ARMAMENTS.

"THE common interest of peace," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, writing in the first number of *THE NATION*, "proclaimed for the first time by the community of nations assembled at the Hague, and carried forward since then by successive stages, with a rapidity beyond the dreams of the most sanguine, has been confided to the guardianship of the Admiralties and Foreign Offices of the Powers." Since the Prime Minister spoke, the Hague Conference has been held, his proposal for a common reduction of armaments has failed, and if the action of the German Government is to be followed by that of the British Administration, the "common interest of peace" will again be remitted to the guardianship of the European war services. We understand that large demands for the increase of the Navy Estimates have been made by Lord Tweedmouth, speaking for the same experts who, a few months ago, guaranteed the overwhelming superiority of the British Fleet on the basis of the two-Power standard. Such a superiority could not, indeed, be denied. It rested on the fact that, taking the number of new and powerful battleships, the German Fleet was about one-fourth as strong as our own; that, taking tonnage and fighting power into account, it was less than one-fourth; and that France and Germany, combined in a union which, though politically impossible, is the strongest existing material combination, could not muster much more than one-half of our own effective striking force. Our commanders knew then, as they know now, that one section alone of the existing British fleet—the King Edward VII. class—is so powerful that it could blow the German war fleet out of the water without ever coming within range of its guns. Sir Edward Grey barely describes this superiority by the phrase that our navy is "perfectly adequate to meet any probable combination that could be brought against us." What, then, has caused the change, and excuses the new demand? The answer is simple. The sole existing cause is the new German estimates; it is against Germany alone that, in spite of the affectation of the two-Power standard, we build, and Germany, we know, is an isolated Power.

On this point there is no need for error or misunderstanding. We strongly deprecate the revised German shipbuilding plan. It is of bad omen for the peace of the world. But the main effect of the new start in German fleet-building has long been understood and discounted. The German naval strategists made a series of errors. They built small ships, which were completely dominated by our larger and better armed vessels. But they were not stirred to serious emulation by their incontestable inferiority to our own re-constructed and re-organised Navy. Their anxiety was primarily

due to the fresh departure in the French Navy. That, as Lord Eversley has clearly explained, was provoked by our sudden advance from a type of battleship far more powerful than any existing class in foreign navies, to a kind of fighting machine of unheard-of power, the now famous "Dreadnought" and "Invincible." For the momentous consequences of that new thought in warfare we are responsible. France, our ally, when she knew of it, developed a corresponding policy. Germany, our supposed rival, finding that her fighting line was being out-classed by the Power with whom she has a traditional quarrel, followed suit. France again retaliated, and the key to this struggle is to be found in the remarkable parity of strength between the new French and German navies. Germany's last retorting programme has been enlarged, to the extent of an addition to her fleet, in a sequence of ten years of shipbuilding, of three warships comparable in fighting strength to the "Dreadnought." But we have gained the advantage of our early epoch-making essay in these monster vessels. Before Germany can begin to overtake, not us so much as the French start in "Dreadnoughts," we shall have a fleet of such vessels actually riding the waters of the Channel. Mr. Stead talks of the necessity of building two British "Dreadnoughts" for a single German "Dreadnought." As things will stand even two years hence, the sum will work out at seven to nought. But this is not the full measure of our security. We build faster than any of our rivals—judging by our recent feats in construction, more than twice as fast. Even if the early rate of "Dreadnought" building be not maintained, we can still outbuild Germany, who is invariably late in the execution of her programmes. Our shipbuilding and engineering resources, as Sir William White showed in a series of convincing articles in the "Times," are incomparably greater. This, again, gives us the signal advantage of watching the more slow and toilsome progress of our rivals, and appropriating the full fruits of the latest scientific discoveries in the art of destroying ships or of saving our own ships from being destroyed. In the three unmatched and incomparable fleets which now move in constant watch and ward over the home waters, we have probably gone to the limits of our power of supplying men for the vast mass of material energy that we have accumulated. No such Armadas ever rode the seas or were maintained by the busy people of these islands. As they stand, a third of our ships are manned by recruits who have only been a year at sea, and have not even overcome the landsman's trouble of sea-sickness.

And now the demand is for more. The German programme is still a paper programme. It has not been passed by the Reichstag. Grave financial and political difficulties intervene. No party in the German Parliament is agreed as to the method of meeting the naval Budget, and of extricating the national finances from the embarrassment of a double deficit. Baron von

Stengel's financial statement was, says the correspondent, of the "Daily Telegraph," "a recital of errors, miscalculations, disappointed hopes, increasing expenditure, enormous deficits, burdensome new taxes, and general pecuniary embarrassments." The entire programme again is contingent on large plans for the deepening of the Kiel canal, and of altering the dock accommodation to suit the new type and scale of naval construction. Where, in such a situation, is the ground of fear for us, with our force in being, and our unequalled power of developing it at top speed by the time—say, eight years hence—when this paper German programme may become formidable? Where is the occasion for a new "scare" programme, largely called for by a journalist who never served a cause that he did not injure by his extravagance, and who, having made a kind of "corner" in the peace movement for a sensational propaganda of his own, now proposes to hand it over to its enemies?

It is for this reason that we say that the Liberal Government is under a pledge of loyalty to itself and to the party that brought it into being to disregard the unthinking movement for a fresh start in naval expenditure, itself following on the great "Dreadnought" development. Who will take the responsibility for such a departure? Not, we hope, the Government, fixed to old age pensions, and now asked deliberately to deplete its old age pensions fund. Not a progressive and peaceful administration, pledged to economy to the very hilt. Not a body of conscientious statesmen, called on to advance towards what Captain Mahan calls an "unending programme" of naval expenditure, leading to "unending expense," now incurred at the rate of nearly two millions a battleship. It would be irony indeed if the party of Gladstone were to spread such a lure before the eyes of Europe when it knows well that the incessant call for more speed in our battleships, and ever heavier tonnage, means that with every fresh construction we lock up the revenues of a province within the iron ribs of a single ship of war. Is there to be no mercy on the poorer peoples of the Continent who bear these burdens, and is rich England, secure by the power of nature and by her vast acquired strength, to become their scourge? We appeal in this matter to the Prime Minister. He has an unexampled position. No British statesman ever led such a party as he leads. No such trust as he enjoys was reposed in the most magnetic and most powerful of his predecessors. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be the first to acknowledge that it was not given to squander in armaments, to add, without adequate cause, to the sum of warlike power piled up since the Boer war, the last dangerous period in modern British history. Moral force has been amply forthcoming to sustain the great improvement in our material position. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister have had their share in constructing the network of insurances against risk which binds us to every naval Power of account in the modern world, save Germany alone. For years to come we can take Sir John Fisher's well-timed advice and sleep quiet in our beds: for no assault on

our power is possible. With perfect safety we can go to Europe, to Germany, a year hence, and with a moderate naval programme, call afresh for a stay in armaments, an all-round and proportionate diminution of expenditure. We observe that Sir Edward Grey, speaking at Alnwick, suggests that we do not need to go forward in fresh expenditure until the foreign programmes crystallise in action. The Prime Minister is a man of caution and discrimination; he can rise above the mechanical fears of "experts," and survey broadly a political situation that lies open to the gaze of all intelligent men. If he likes he can bow the knee to a weak sensationalism, as others have bowed before him. But he will be the first to perceive that in such an act he will have lost his moral authority with his party, and quenched a light that he himself set plainly forth in the eyes of the world.

FREE TRADERS AND CONFEDERATES.

THE small band of Unionist Free Traders is apparently approaching the crisis of its fate. Through the week the air has been full of contradictory rumours. The existence of a dark and desperate band of "Confederates," sworn to have the blood of every Unionist Free Trader, has been revealed to a shuddering world. Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, or some masked men acting in their behalf, were displayed holding a dagger to the throat of Lord Henry Bentinck and forcing him to assent to a 10 per cent. tax on imports and withhold opposition to food taxes. A day or two later the "Yorkshire Post" denied the whole story, and Lord Henry "walked erect before his fellow man"—a consistent Free Trader. The "Morning Post" meanwhile sought to slay Free Trade Unionism with a headline, and gave as an "incredible report" the story of the selection of a Free Trade candidate by the Conservatives of West Nottingham. We are to deem it "incredible" in these swiftly moving days that anyone should be chosen as a Conservative candidate who adheres to the creed of Lord Salisbury. Clearly, whatever virtues there may be in Conservatism, no one in future will support it on the ground of its "safe" adherence to tradition; the solid foundation of its principles, its determination to resist change till change is proved overwhelmingly unnecessary. But about Nottingham, too, there seems to be a puzzle. The Conservative candidate for West Nottingham, who was aimed at, wrote to prove that he is as bad an economist as anyone else, and is therefore irreproachable. It must be East Nottingham that is the plague spot. There for the moment the question rests. Possibly before these words are printed, the East Nottingham division will have risen to vindicate itself from the charge of adhering to the fiscal policy of Peel and Northcote, of Salisbury, Churchill, Goschen, Ritchie, and Hicks-Beach.

One thing is certain, that the process of absorbing the Unionist Party in that of Tariff Reform is now advancing rapidly to the destined end. What will be

the fate of individuals is a matter of interesting speculation, but the interest is merely personal. As a group the Unionist Free Traders have done little to avert their fate. Betrayed by Mr. Balfour, who at first had the whole situation in his hands, they were partially paralysed by the unexpected weakness of their natural leader, Lord St. Aldwyn, and were doomed to sterility by the hide-bound negations of their policy. An excellent passivity will not serve in a country where the social problem is acute, and the Labour Party can already boast a million adherents. Excellent as Lord Cromer's speech the other day was in its exhibition of the political value of Free Trade, nothing could be more deadening than the attitude indicated to those social reforms which alone can struggle with Imperial enthusiasm for supremacy in the popular interest. The condition of the permanent maintenance of Free Trade is that Free Trade finance should be made compatible with social progress.

Tariff Reformers believe that there is no such compatibility. They reckon on new sources of income which will solve such questions as the financing of Old Age Pensions, the development of State Education, the feeding of children, and the like, and all without putting on the taxpayer a burden that he will appreciate. They will appeal to two enthusiasms at once, to the Imperial idea, and to social compunction for the poverty in our midst. They will throw in the spice of anti-foreign feeling, and the savoury brew will be complete. Make the German pay for the comfort of our aged poor and the solidity of our Empire—here, it might certainly seem, is the basis for an alluring, if not in all respects an ennobling appeal. It is only when we look a little closer into the facts that the inherent contradictions are revealed. The "preference" which is to consolidate the Empire can only be given by the taxation of food or raw materials or both, and this part of their programme Tariff Reformers are likely to drop, as its unpopularity is clearly no passing feeling, but the result of a perfectly clear apprehension of the facts on the part of the people. The taxation of manufactured imports, though equally unsound in principle, might be made more popular. But, unfortunately for Tariff Reformers, it is easy to show that it cannot produce the revenue that they require to perform their magnificent promises. The great bulk of our enormous imports consists of food, raw materials, and partially manufactured goods, and even of the small percentage which the Board of Trade classify as completely manufactured, a substantial proportion consists of goods required for future use in industry, so that to tax them would be to increase the burden on the manufacturer. The Free Trade principle is secure in England because its logic is illustrated with peculiar clearness by the circumstances of British industry. A great population living on foreign food, engaged in transport, banking, and the highest processes of manufacture, is peculiarly dependent on

importation from abroad. If our manufacturers were less concerned with final processes, if we did no ship-building and made fewer machines, we should have been less susceptible to injury by the taxation of foreign imports. As it is, Tariff Reformers will beat their heads in vain against the hard amalgam of sound theory and solid fact.

Their only hope can be in the failure of Free Trade finance. If Free Traders give way to foolish scares and insist on spending all their surplus revenue on increasing the paper strength of the Navy, if they fail to grapple with the taxation of site values, and the graduation of income tax, that is to say, if they can find no way of turning to social uses a due share of the enormous wealth which the Free Trade system accumulates in private hands, and too few hands, then the time will come when the working classes, tired of the destitution in their midst, will turn from them to those who, however delusively, promise better things. Free Trade is not the last word of Liberal finance, but the first.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

MR. ASQUITH said at Lancaster with some significance that the Education Bill which is to be introduced early next session will be "a short Bill, a simple Bill, and a drastic Bill." Some such announcement was anticipated, and we have no doubt will be received with general satisfaction by the Liberal Party. On the face of it, it describes a measure in salient contrast with the Bill of 1906. Mr. Birrell's scheme was neither "short" nor "simple" nor "drastic." We believe that in its final form Clause Four extended to over three pages of print, and offered to the scrutiny of lawyers and officials an almost interminable series of qualifying propositions. The structure of the measure was complicated, for it set up types of sectarian schools conflicting in various degrees with the national system. But above all, Mr. Birrell's measure was a compromise. It offered two concessions; the first to the Roman Catholics, the second to the Anglican Church. The first was accepted by the Irish Catholics in the Commons, but rejected by the Catholics in the Lords; the second was rejected altogether. In the effort to obtain a concordat, the root ideas of the Bill, for which alone the Government possessed any clear electoral mandate, were seriously overlaid. Only by a stretch of language could it be said that the public had obtained control over the elementary school system, and that public teachers had been freed from religious tests. We are bound, therefore, to assume that Mr. Balfour, the Church of England, and the House of Lords, having among them refused a plan conceived in a spirit of overflowing liberality towards their claims, the offer cannot be renewed. The Government are driven to recur in the main to the principles of educa-

tional reform on which the great mass of their supporters secured their seats. These principles are three. The first is the acceptance of public control in return for public maintenance. The second is the abolition of religious tests for teachers; and the third is the setting up, as a normal rule, a simple and elementary form of religious instruction, such as in the main obtains in our secondary and public schools. Such a solution corresponds roughly with the general religious habit of the people and with the marked tendencies of the type of faith to which they are attached. If we are told that it conflicts with the modern and thoroughly Liberal doctrine that the State, being a secular organisation, should confine itself to secular things, and that the Church, being a religious body, should apply itself to the teaching of religion, we answer that a purely secular system of instruction lies within the scope of our present method of elementary education and cannot be excluded from it in the future. The local authorities have always disposed of this matter, and if they generally decide for what is known as "Cowper-Templeism," it is hardly the business of the State to force their hands.

If, therefore, we interpret Mr. Asquith's speech aright, Mr. McKenna's new Education Bill will provide for only one type of public school, that, namely, which accepts State control in return for State aid. If the Church, blind and deaf to the signs of the times, will not come in to a national system, even though it largely guarantees and establishes the form of faith to which she is nominally attached, she must stand outside. But as we in this country are not accustomed to deal hardly with dissenting minorities, the terms that the Church will be asked to pay for her unwise abstinence are sure to be fair and moderate. Rate aid she can hardly have, for she repudiates its obligations. But we see no reason why the Government should not construct a more liberal system of grants than that which prevails to-day. "Contracting-out" must necessarily have its limits. It could only be extended to urban districts, where public schools are available. It could not be applied to the rural districts where only one school exists, and where, indeed, the only open question is whether the local clergy may not properly receive some facilities for the teaching of Church formularies and for giving special dogmatic instruction. In the main the repudiation of a common form of Christian teaching comes from the High Church party and represents a reversal to Catholic views of doctrine and practice. In other words, it is a sectarian and a limited demand, proceeding from a section of the clergy rather than from the general body of the laity. We need not say that in France the *écoles libres*, or specifically Catholic schools, are only too pleased to convey such instruction at their own expense. In this country the State would always make a very large contribution to the maintenance of such establishments, and only ask in return a very small quota from the religious community. For our part we should be glad to see some specially favourable terms set up for the benefit of the Roman Catholic community, which is very poor and has done much for the maintenance of its special religious ideals among the young. But we think the time has fully come when a Liberal and Progressive Government should feel itself strong enough to

apply to our public schools the national and unsectarian principles which thirty-seven years ago were applied to the great English Universities. Under those principles the Church of England has fully maintained at Oxford and Cambridge the pervasive "atmosphere," half social, half religious, which marks her power over the governing classes, and all the ground that she has lost has been due to the wider intellectual influences of our time and her own inability to represent them.

Here, therefore, are simple and obvious lines of advance. Compromise has been rejected, and compromise cannot be repeated. The Church has no right to look for more than a temperate application of the established principles of Liberalism. One new alternative has, indeed, been set up by a section of the Conservative party, represented by a Northern Bishop and a Liverpool Conservative member, and that is the affirmation of the parent's right to determine for his children the precise form and colour of religious teaching which they are to receive. We rather regret that no trial of such a system is possible, for we are convinced that the mass of English parents incline to the simple form of Christian teaching to which in practice nearly all religious training for children, save in the Roman Catholic Church—and to some extent even in that community—is necessarily reduced. But for good or for evil no such experiment is possible. The Anglican Church will not have it. She fears the future. She thinks that too many schools will slip away from her. The clergy, as a body, have decided to close their doors and stick to their trust-deeds. They accept State maintenance, but they will open their higher schools and training colleges to one class of citizens only. Thus step by step the Church denationalises herself and proclaims her isolation from the main current of the national life. The State, therefore, is all the more bound to act for itself, and on the lines laid down for it with singular clearness two years ago.

THE LAST STAND OF THE MOORS.

THE Moroccan complication has entered upon a fresh phase, but at last it is the Moors who have reacted against European pressure. In the long train of events which have caused the various crises to succeed each other like rolling breakers during the past three years, the Moors had never yet acted deliberately or consciously. The disproportion between their spasmodic and volitionless movements, and the calculated and elaborate dispositions of Europe, has been at once pathetic and ludicrous. The Kaiser's visit to Tangiers, the diplomatic game which so nearly ended in a European war, the conference of all the Powers which sat month after month at Algeciras, all the complicated arrangements of warships and transport and scientific butchery concentrated at Casa Blanca, the occupation of Ujda and even the swift campaign on the Algerian frontier—there is little enough in it all of wisdom or broad statesmanship, but what a complexity of brainwork, of slow purposes and nice adjustments, it all involved! On the Moorish side there has been nothing but a few angry murders by some street crowds, the resistance of local tribes to the French invader, an act of brigandage by Raisuli, and one of usurpation by the Sultan's brother. One thinks of some vivisected animal, deprived of its brain, and moving a claw or a foot, unconscious of a

purpose, amid all the frowning apparatus of the laboratory. But at length an event has happened in which one seems at last to discern a purpose and the stirring of a people's mind. The people of the capital, led by their priests, have deposed their feeble Sultan, and chosen in his stead a Pretender, who seems to have some manhood and some conception of national dignity. Had they delayed, even for a few weeks, the process of absorption would have entered on its final and irremediable phase.

The meeting between the Sultan Abdul Aziz and M. Regnault at Rabat seems to have resulted in some sort of pact between him and the French Government. The Sultan, indeed, looked for armed assistance against his brother, the Pretender, as a reward for his refusal to proclaim a Holy War. So far the French would not go. But their "neutrality" has been highly benevolent. French troops hover near Rabat to protect him. By the good offices of the French Government, French bankers have already lent the Sultan some £80,000 for his immediate needs. A further loan of six millions sterling had almost been concluded, and M. Pichon's visit to Madrid (to be followed, it is said, by a visit from Sir Edward Grey) marked the importance of the occasion. One can well understand that a step so decisive as this required careful diplomatic preparation. For a loan so considerable, to a country without a government and without resources, must have involved a virtual protectorate. The Sultan, as the debtor of France, would have become her *protégé*. To defend a stake so large, she would have been compelled to assure his authority, to vanquish his enemies, to reconquer his country for him, and, if necessary, to govern it for him. The signing of a cheque would have sufficed to reduce Morocco to the position of Egypt or Tunis.

This danger the priests of Fez had the intelligence to realise, and they acted promptly. The Sultan felt himself compelled, from his temporary court in Rabat, to send to Fez to obtain the sanction of the priesthood for this loan. His dependence on their approval is, perhaps, the most interesting aspect of this whole affair, and confirms an opinion which we argued recently in this review—that a Mohammedan monarchy is always in a sense limited, and is a despotism much less absolute than the foreign rule which Europeans put in its place. A Sultan must act within the Sacred Law, which serves in effect as a fixed constitution, and for every important decision must obtain the approval of the Ulema, who are its interpreters. In this instance, the Sultan omitted to pay the customary bribe, or else the Ulema were afraid to accept it. They made themselves, as usually happens, even in corrupt countries in grave crises, the spokesmen of public opinion. They refused to sanction the loan, and they deposed the Sultan himself, choosing his brother, Mulai Hafid, in his place. Since neither prince was within striking distance of Fez, the probability is that this decision was spontaneous. It is indeed the first decision freely taken in cold blood by the more intelligent class among the Moors, since the present crisis began. In nominating Mulai Hafid, they may or may not have made a wise choice. But undoubtedly they have done well from their own standpoint to depose a peculiarly feeble and childish Sultan, who was in the act of selling his country to secure his throne. For the rest, the decisions taken at the same

time by the Ulema show the limitations of their statesmanship. They propose to resist the foreign police, and talk of an alliance with Turkey—doubtless, in this connection, a euphemism for Germany. That is the old hopeless path of intrigue. On the other hand, they declare that no further taxes may be imposed without the assent of a popular assembly—a startling indication that even the reactionary and obscurantist priesthood of Morocco have felt the stirring of the democratic "revolt of Islam," which is making itself felt in Persia, in Egypt, and in Asia Minor.

The immediate consequences of this *coup d'état* at Fez are already apparent. Mulai Hafid, last week a mere usurper with a doubtful hold over a few provincial towns and tribes, has now some claim to be considered the rightful Sultan of Morocco, and he may in time consolidate his rule through the greater part of the interior. Of the loan we are likely, for the present, to hear no more. The speculation would be much too risky. The "Temps" insists, in accents which at last carry conviction, on the neutrality of France in this intestine quarrel. French policy will now hardly look beyond the policing of the coast towns, which are still loyal to Abdul Aziz, and of the regions that border on the Algerian frontier. Even in this restricted mission there are risks, but at least the tremendous adventure of the conquest of the interior has been averted for a season. Had the loan been concluded before Fez revolted, France could hardly have escaped the heavy burden of reducing the whole of Morocco to submission. For her the new turn of events makes a timely escape from a most dangerous entanglement. How long the respite will last is quite another question. If Mulai Hafid, as the nationalist champion, should be betrayed into a reckless anti-foreign policy, the necessity of intervention would reappear in a new form. Or, if the two brothers have vitality enough to bring their claims to the arbitrament of a determined civil war, again it might be difficult for France to stand aloof. In the considerable force which now lies camped at various points between Rabat and Casa Blanca she has a sword which it will be difficult for her to refrain from throwing into the scales. But, for the moment, her plans have met with an unexpected situation, and she may be able to take advantage of it, to return to the moderation and reserve which she certainly has wished to observe during most of the phases of this long and difficult complication. The Moors, in their belated effort to act with consciousness and intelligence, evoke a certain sympathy. But is it hard to feel any hope for their future. Like all the Arab peoples, they know how to die; they have rarely known how to live. To will resistance to Europe is easy; to discern the danger requires but a moderate mental effort. But to face the tremendous work of reconstruction, which alone would enable them to survive as a people, is almost certainly beyond their powers. Consciousness has come too late. A nationality which had not vitality enough to preserve its ancient culture or to realise its own ideals of just government is not likely to save itself at the eleventh hour. In its overthrow it will be impossible to discern the death of anything which was worth preserving. This pathetic rally *in extremis* can only make the agony more difficult and dangerous, and set a problem for France which will mean for Europe many a nervous year.

Life and Letters.

THE CONQUERORS.

THE conquering race, secure, imperturbable, profoundly indifferent of opinion outside; so the astonished foreigner sees the Englishman abroad; so M. Marcel Prevost, in a delightful article in the "Figaro" of last Sunday, beholds the Englishman at Biarritz. "I see them at work," he testifies, "and never perhaps have I better known and understood their Anglo-Saxon energy than here, on the French soil, in a French hotel, kept not by Germans or Swiss, but by the French of the Midi." He applauds even while he criticises: he mingles his irony with admiration. He sees the conquerors, not triumphant over the conquered, not consciously brutal to the conquered, but simply brushing them aside as irrelevant; never, indeed, seeing them at all. He sees, in fact, this English colony contemplating certain cities of France, not as a land with centuries of history beaten into its soil, but as a place where the amenities of climate enable them to transplant into a Southern air a portion of England. Of the French—even in the towns of the stranger, where the French colony is numerous, in London or in Barcelona, for example—they never give the impression of a civic garrison engaged by the Mother Country. Whilst a few hundreds of English people in a French town, "obstinately speaking nothing but English, only inhabiting English lodgings, only dressing in the English fashion, practising their religion, their sports, and their games, with an easy ostentation, end by persuading us," he ironically complains, "that we are the strangers—or at least the conquered nation." It is this sublime mingling of security with indifference that fills him with envy and despair. Of Biarritz, of Pau, of Dinard—he might have said of the whole "côte d'azur" of the Riviera—"the English have conquered us," he declares. "Excellent milieu pour étudier leurs procédés de conquête."

In the attempt to analyse the secret of this supremacy, he fixes attention especially upon three points. First, the English are at home abroad. When we go to foreign lands, says M. Prevost, it is the stranger who interests us, his manners and habits, his peculiarities, the ways in which he differs from us. When the Englishman goes abroad, the customs of the country, the opinion of the people amongst whom he lives, count for nothing. He comes to Biarritz to live his life, the traditional English life made up of bounteous feeding, of violent physical exercise, of clubs, and of bridge. He describes the types which he finds at the Hotel Victoria, all entirely complacent, all self-sufficient, all just blandly tolerant of the occasional presence of the native inhabitant in this frontier post of Empire. "Yes: all those people are entirely at home there. It is I who am the stranger, the profane, since I look upon them with curiosity, since I wish to learn something from them." This accusation is an old one: accepted since the famous definition of the Continent in the verdict of the genial British tourist, as "ruins, inhabited by imbeciles": since the refusal of the English lady to speak French in Paris, because, as she protested, "it only encourages them." Here at least, amid much that has changed, the type is unchangeable. The conquering race cannot understand the conquered. No conquering race ever has understood the conquered. If the English in India, for example, commenced to understand India, the episode of English rule in India would be nearing its close. The second "instrument of invasion," this acute observer finds in a "Discipline of Life, unanimously accepted." Their plan of conquest is traced in advance. They stamp their life upon the life of the invaded cities: demanding, and in consequence readily obtaining, those things which they judge indispensable to the discipline of their life. These include specially "l'installation hygiénique et l'installation sportive." At Biarritz to-day, the villas which are not entirely sanitary do not let. This is a more effective pressure than any byelaw of a local authority. They create—through their demands—hot air and vapour baths, certain conditions of ventilation, electric light, "le seul qui ne

'mange pas d'oxygène' disent-ils." They make also their sports: golf, tennis, polo, hunting, shooting. They even patronise automobilism, whilst declaring, says M. Prevost slyly, "that it is not a true sport; they accuse it of not being an English sport." To this they join their religion, or at least the true outward manifestation of their religion. (One thinks of English "chaplains abroad.") Given also to this an imperious complacency of costume, and all the materials are offered to provide the Anglican colony abroad with the impression of "un corps d'occupation ayant son uniforme, ses titres, ses chefs. Ce sont bien des conquérants."

But beyond all these more superficial truculencies this observer finds a deeper interpretation of the cause of these triumphs. He finds the English, in these new Englands that they have made abroad, less intelligent, less generally cultivated than the French; less cultivated, less scientific, artistic, and laborious than the Germans. Yet it is these "barbarians," not the French or the Germans who have attained, almost without effort, the overlordship of the world. He ascribes this attainment to the fact that to-day the English are the only people who have truly national manners and characteristics. In a different order of things, but in equal measure, they exercise upon the manners of the world the Authority which the French exercised in the eighteenth century; when even those who hated them were compelled to copy them. "Manners and Customs of France," he asks dejectedly, "what is it that can be developed to-day under this title? We have no longer 'Manners and Customs.' But the English retain their manners and customs with a stubborn placidity." "You can love—more or less—certain qualities of this conquering people," he concludes, "but how is it possible not to admire its strong national discipline?" "That is what ought to be learnt from it," he exhorts his fellow-countrymen, "rather than ways of smoking or rules of play."

There is much sound common sense under this quiet irony and badinage. The qualities which have produced an English domination of Biarritz or Cannes are the qualities which have given us an Empire dominant over four millions of variegated peoples. The qualities which have made us unloved at the Continental watering places are the qualities which would cause our subject peoples for the most part to contemplate the abandonment of our rule without regret. Strength, energy, and a certain crudity make up the blend of the Imperial races. It was so with the Romans: a conspicuous efficiency, a rule equally just and indifferent; aloofness with a certain disdain in it; an exercise of power almost startling in the disproportion of end to means. You may see it all before you, stamped in stone, in that gigantic fragment of a vanished world, the Pont du Gard, near Nîmes. Those three vast tiers of arches, raised with incalculable labour, stride across the ravine for the purpose of bringing a tiny rivulet of water to supply the baths of a provincial city. The same effect is created by the still menacing and colossal stone arenas for public pleasure at Rome and Arles and Verona: exhibiting a certain brutality and grossness, and disproportionate estimate of the purpose of human building, as if effected by vehement but clumsy giants. No Conquering Race can possess much power of introspection, of self-examination. "They do not fret and whine about their condition," says Whitman of the animals. He could equally have said it about the English. No Conquering Race can possess patience; else it passes into the acquiescence of the South, whose favourite word is "to-morrow," or the acquiescence of the East, which is content to let the thundering legions pass, and plunge in thought again. No Conquering Race can possess irony: else it will uncomfortably suspect that its conquered peoples are secretly laughing at it, and this suspicion will excite it to resentment and reproach. No Conquering Race can possess humour; for then one day it will find itself laughing at itself; and that day it dies. Those who would help mankind must not expect much from them, is the half sad, half cynical verdict of worldly wisdom. Those who would rule mankind must not expect much from themselves beyond rulership, is the lesson of history upon

all Imperialism. Above all those who would do the work of the world must not trouble themselves very much whether the work itself is worth the doing.

WHEN WE CAN FLY.

LAST Monday may mark something like an epoch in the history of the world. On that day Mr. Henry Farman challenged and successfully accomplished the conditions which were demanded for the award of the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of fifty thousand francs for aerial navigation. For the first time in the history of the human race (for the experiments of the brothers Wright in America are still somewhat of a mystery) a man directing a machine heavier than air swept above the ground at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, circled round a fixed post, and returned to the starting post again: "looking like a great white bird," as the spectators described it, alighting quietly and easily on the ground. The whole flight was less than three-quarters of a mile: it was accomplished in one and a-half minutes. The future may reckon on those one and a-half minutes as more momentous than many similar periods of centuries. The feat was accomplished with an aeroplane, driven by an extraordinarily light fifty horse-power motor; with three wings of the box kite pattern; a propeller and steel frame, covered with canvas, presenting an entire surface of some 52 square metres, the whole weighing about one-third of a ton. This extraordinary apparatus may some day join the "Rocket" as an example of the rude pioneer from which has been evolved even more complicated and efficient machinery. The man who has thus suddenly sprung to international fame is only thirty-three years old, an Englishman, previously distinguished as a reckless rider in the international motor-car races of Europe. His success on the parade-ground at Issy was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, by that kindly Paris people, who acclaim so generously any advance in human achievement. The hero of it all is to be fêted and banqueted and made much of. He intends to come to England, and compete for the various other prizes which have been offered to stimulate invention in flying. In a popular newspaper he has been indulging in rosy forecasts of the future. He recognises the dangers of the work, in the difficulty of balance and steering, the obstacles of buildings, the challenge of great winds. There are dangers also in the machine itself; in propeller blades revolving at 1,400 revolutions a minute. In experimenting previously, one of these aluminium weapons snapped suddenly in a downward direction, and buried itself three feet deep in the ground. If the blade had broken off in an upward direction, "one of my wings would have been smashed to pieces, and I should have come heavily to the ground." "If the blade broke off horizontally instead of vertically, it would travel like a cannon shot for a short distance," and, he adds philosophically, "inevitably kill any living being on its trajectory." Despite these minor imperfections, however, he is confident that his year's work will see flights from Paris to Rouen, and London to Manchester; that within twelve months aeroplanes will be constructed able to fly from fifty to a hundred miles quite easily, and that the time can be foreseen when aeroplane omnibuses will travel from Paris to London in five hours.

Discounting all the generous dreams of a successful inventor, and recognising that we are far indeed from any universal occupation of the air, we yet can realise that its conquest has been drawn appreciably nearer: that the human triumph in this element which has long baffled man's invention, may now be delayed, but cannot be denied. For many years, perhaps, aerial navigation may be the sport and plaything of rich and adventurous spirits, like the first motor cars; creating occasional sensations by circling round St. Paul's Cathedral, or descending unexpectedly in other people's

back gardens. That is the stage when mankind will gently rejoice in the ingenuity of its inventors, heedless of the tremendous changes which such inventors must ultimately force upon the world. Then the airship will find itself utilised for military purposes with startling result. Then for locomotion and the transfer of people and merchandise from place to place above the recognised boundaries of ocean or territory. Finally, it will appear as a normal factor of men's life, as much transfiguring the world as the steamship or the railway; in the service of the poor as well as the rich, in private as well as public control. It must eliminate natural boundaries which have exercised a dominant influence upon human life since human life first was. This "precious stone set in a silver sea" with its moat defensive "against the envy of less happier lands," would find itself suddenly helpless and vulnerable before armies dropping from the skies. War itself would either become impossible or utterly destructive. The fierce fury of the conquered party could always find vent in the mere blind effort of retaliation. No organised military frontier, pushed forward by the invaders over the conquered lands could prevent desperate men eluding this line; invading in vast circuits, in the darkness, the hitherto secure places, dropping terrible explosives on the cities of the victors. Such reprisals would excite more brutal revenges; one sees a vision of two peoples thus engaged like two ants clawing and biting each other into a cosmic annihilation. Protective barriers disappear and the ingenuities of the construction of a scientific tariff melt into thin air. Man, whether he would or no, is drawn inevitably nearer to man. He must federate or perish in homicidal mania and blind impulse of hatred and revenge.

On the other hand, quite apart from the question of national rivalries or the old impelling causes of the madness of war, there is the further consideration of the influence of such accomplishments upon the delicate fabric of the body and soul of mankind. At best, any large accomplishment of flying must mean an increased hustling and speeding up of human life; more hurry, more bustle, more breathlessness, more triumphant supremacy of material things. In all our mechanical ingenuities we have constructed masters for us, rather than servants, being compelled, immediately such ingenuities have found fruit in invention, to adjust our lives to the new conditions which these, and not we, have laid upon us. We are compelled, for example, to avail ourselves of the telegraph and the telephone; we are driven to the express train, the motor omnibus, the various other expedients which are adapted to acceleration rather than to happiness. If we do not adjust our lives to such acceleration, we are swept aside or trodden under by the crowds which press behind; just as those who fail in the daily leap for the Brooklyn cars at New York are swept aside or trodden under almost unheeded. Has all this violence and tumult made life a richer, fairer, more generous experience for the bewildered family of mankind? Or is man losing in the mere blind effort of acceleration some of those great experiences which once transfigured and glorified his little span of days? "Can you really turn a ray of light by magnetism?" shouted Carlyle scornfully. "And if you can what should I care?" Matthew Arnold complained that the modern Englishman "thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilisation when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell and from Camberwell to Islington, and when railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it nothing that the trains only carry him from an illiberal dismal life at Islington to an illiberal dismal life at Camberwell, and the letters only tell him that such is the life there." Airships journeying daily from Paris to Pekin might excite exultation in a humanity which has emulated the exploits of Icarus, without exciting, like Icarus, the wrath of the jealous gods. They may be found merely to transfer to Paris an existence which has become intolerable at Pekin, and to Pekin an existence which has become intolerable at Paris. It is a remarkable fact in the history of European development that all the astonishing

success of scientific and mechanical invention has been accompanied by an ever profounder questioning of the advantage of it all; so that to-day, when we seem on the verge of such discoveries as would have made our ancestors shout for joy in the mere triumph of creative energy, we are questioning, with more bitterness and uncertainty than ever before, whether life itself is not a bankrupt and impossible thing. Mr. H. G. Wells, in the brilliant opening of his new story, "The War in the Air," in this month's "Pall Mall Magazine," has shown the old potato digger, "a greengrocer by trade, a gardener by disposition," confronting with a deepening disgust the restlessness of progress. "Heaven had planned him for a peaceful world. Unfortunately, Heaven had not planned a peaceful world for him. He lived in a world of obstinate and incessant change." In a whimsical frontispiece he is shown in his little garden; gas works and electric power stations rising up to heaven beside him, mono-rails running across his head, flocks of balloons and aeroplanes clouding the horizon; everywhere on earth and sky the impression of a hustling, distorted, dissatisfied energy, writhing into fresh forms of grotesque invention. "This here Progress," is his dull conviction. "It keeps on. You'd hardly think it *could* keep on." It is not only Mr. Tom Smallways who is bothered with such doubts. The vision of all poverty and sweat of labour vanishing by the occasional pressing of a button, while mankind lies at ease on the hillside like the Olympian gods, has joined the vision of all disease abolished by scientific ingenuity. Flying will bring men together, abolish boundaries, multiply the facilities of exchange, increase the wealth of a few. Can it offer humanity the satisfaction of one of the necessities of the soul? There will always be those who find a bracing and tonic in the roar and exultation of riotous life, who find a music in the league of lights and the clashing of the wheels, and the mingling of the machine with the inspiration of the crowd. There will always be others who will seek satisfaction in quietness and common things—the untroubled horizon, the secure possessions of the heart of men.

THE SOUL OF RELIGION.

RELIGION is probably as old and as universal as humanity itself, but it is only in comparatively recent times that men have begun to ask themselves what it fundamentally is. In the sacred literature of the Hebrews we have no explicit, formulated definition of religion; nor is such a definition to be found in the canonical writings of primitive Christianity. In the Old Testament it was generally conceived and spoken of as a covenant between God and man; in the New Testament this conception was deepened by the ideas of sonship and fatherhood, and was symbolically expressed, especially by St. Paul, as a communion of life and love between an eternal father and an earthly son. The old fathers of the Church attempted in a superficial way to arrive at a definition of religion (which to them it must be remembered was exclusively the Christian religion) by means of an etymology of the word. In the writings of men like Luther and Zwingli, religion is defined in mystical terms as a "life in God," or the "possession of God." Most of the old Protestant dogmatic writers intellectualised the conception of religion; and in the eighteenth century this process was developed until it culminated in the definition of religion as a knowledge of God. The emotional, imaginative, mythological, and practical elements in the religious consciousness were almost entirely overlooked by writers in the eighteenth century, whether theologians or laymen. But a new outlook was opened out by Schleiermacher. He pointed out in opposition to both lay and ecclesiastical rationalism that the soul of religion was to be found not in thought but in feeling; that it was primarily an emotional rather than an intellectual quality in the heart of man. It is not correct to say, as is sometimes said, that Schleiermacher reduced religion to mere blind feeling. In his terminology feeling is not undisciplined, wayward emotion. It is an attitude of mind which includes our

highest efforts, moral and intellectual, but transfigures and transcends them both. It is what poetry is to prose.

Matthew Arnold was walking in the steps of the great German theologian when he described religion as morality touched with emotion. But it is more than morality; it is a conception of man's ultimate relations with the universe as well as of his relations with his fellow men. In other words it is a philosophy as well as an ethic; a way of looking at things which does not interpret man by the mechanical processes of nature, but nature by the mind of man. Religion is an interpretation of the deepest meaning of the world and human life. But all attempts at interpreting these obscure and mysterious problems immediately carry us above and beyond the range of science into the domain of Faith. And in this connection it must be remembered that every attempt to interpret the ultimate meaning of the mighty scheme of things or the assertion that such an interpretation is impossible is also an act of faith. Materialism and agnosticism are in this sense faiths quite as much as Mohammedanism or Christianity. Neither the materialistic nor the agnostic outlook upon the world and man is the result of science; it is a result of beliefs about men and things which are incapable of rigid scientific proof. When it attains its highest forms the religious interpretation of the world is to the effect that in spite of troubling shadows and obscurities there is a profound import in the heart of things; a meaning which is identical with all that is best and highest in ourselves. When religious faith becomes religious experience, when men actually trust and follow their highest aspirations they are stimulated and vivified by the practical conviction that their lives are moving forward in harmony with the Supreme Power, the purpose imbedded in the depth of things.

In the letters which have been appearing in this paper on the Decline of the Oxford movement some of our correspondents who probably hate the name of rationalism are yet falling back upon the rationalist conception of religion and define it as "a cast-iron creed." To them religion is not, as most of the great religious thinkers of the nineteenth century believe, an inward disposition of the heart, but a set of intellectual propositions; an affair of knowledge, not an affair of life. It is a theoretical, not a practical matter; it consists in correct thinking rather than in a correct life. They do not seem to be aware that a deeply devout spirit is compatible with very primitive and chaotic conceptions of transcendent and indefinable realities; and, on the other hand, that a mere intellectual assent to a cast-iron creed is often to be found hand-in-hand with an utterly frivolous and contemptible life. Religion regarded as adherence to an intellectual system is an aristocratic conception which would confine its meaning and import to educated and intellectual circles. As a matter of fact the history of religion in all ages and among all peoples teaches us that religion is the reverse of aristocratic; it is one of the most democratic elements in human life. More than anything else it is the soul of the masses; the passionate cry of their spirit; the deepest expression of their distress and aspirations. An intellectual belief a "cast-iron creed" may be a form of faith adapted to a select coterie. But it will always be a hole and corner belief; it will never impress itself on the mind and conscience of the masses of men.

The conception of a cast-iron creed is incompatible with the fact of development; it immediately suffers shipwreck when confronted with the universally accepted results of religious history. Historical enquiry into the religious beliefs of the past arrive in every case at the conclusion that these beliefs are never stationary. They are never in the cast-iron state except as a preliminary to their putrefaction and death. It is true that among barbarous and unprogressive tribes religious beliefs remain in a phase of comparative immobility; in this respect corresponding closely to the immobility of their individual and social life. But among all the progressive races of mankind religious ideas are continually passing through the same process of modification which we find to be at work in every

other department of their existence. In most cases the mass of people ignore the changes which are taking place in their religious conceptions. But the process goes on, whether they are conscious of it or not. It would be easy to produce illustrations of this from a variety of sources; but the most familiar and the easiest of access is to be seen in the evolution of religious ideas among the Hebrew people. This wonderful race first appears upon the stage of history as an Oriental nomadic tribe. When we examine the religion of this nomadic tribe what do we find? We find that it has reached a stage corresponding to the wandering habits of an Eastern Sheik. It is a form of belief adapted to the simple circumstances of his life. In process of time these nomads rise to what is usually considered a stage higher in the scale of civilisation; they cease to be wandering shepherds and settle down as agriculturists upon the soil. In the midst of this new set of external circumstances we find the old nomadic religion developing into a peasant religion; a religion not so much for shepherds as for tillers of the soil. In the teaching of the prophets the Hebrew religion reaches a still higher stage of development. Before them the God of Israel was one among many Gods, mightier, it is true, but not the only God. The aim of the prophets was to impress the conception of an ethical monotheism upon their people; to proclaim the great idea that "Jahwe our God is one God." A further development of Hebrew religion took place after the return from Babylon, in the institution of the Law, and its final culmination was reached in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. In all these things we see no cast-iron creed but a continuous process of development. The development of the religious consciousness has not come to an end. It is just as much in progress to-day as it was in ancient Israel.

THE MOTHER-CONFESSORS

THEY may be beautiful or only plain, judged by the standard of mere feature beauty, but they are seldom pretty, because the broader mouldings of their faces forbid the term; more often they have open homely faces. But the light of an inviting sympathy shines in their eyes, and their mouth is soft, to form low soothing words, with full-lipped curves, which never really straighten to a line, or droop—even in age. For by their sympathy with others' trouble they alleviate their own, and in sharing others' joys they keep always young.

They may be broad-lapped mothers, or childless wives, or single women, spinsters by reason of a philosophic strain; but they all look out on to the world with clear, discerning, kindly eyes, and the rounded contours of their mother-faces suggest an instinctive sympathy which understands, beyond the range of woman's usual wit, the varied workings of man's impulses, and knows by intuition what to say. So that by instinct and a certain shining smile they are revealed to those who need a helpful listening friend, who will not blame or preach; and many seek them to confess a wrong, or gain relief from some unburdened sorrow, or tell of dreamed ambitions, or merely to speak their thoughts, for comfort or advice.

It is not that they agree with all, in placid indifference to right and wrong; for, from the very largeness of their heart, they abhor the petty sins of littleness, and speak out cuttingly against mean things, and mete out to droning grumblers and self-pitying egotists the truth in jest. But theirs is the sympathy which can forgive, and make allowances, and cheer, because they understand; therefore, they are sought out when parents, wives, and friends are shunned or fended off, because of their sternness, jealousy, or wit.

And the limit of their sympathy no man can gauge; and most have tried it, but none who have need of it have found it tired. For as they soothe the sobbed-out utterances of a child's mistake, so they give sympathy with almost a caress to tired men and chafing youths who drop, on impulse, the armour of disguise, drawn by an unreasoning certainty of appreciation.

This strange, intangible, pervading invitation goes with them always, so that they never show surprise when

suddenly the polite smooth tones of their companion change to awkward short unchosen words, and they hear strange stories of the inner lives of men—regrets and fears for love, and hopes of fame, and bitter hints of folly and of sin.

At dances, on stiff wall-seats underneath the light, they seem to watch the sway and shimmer of the waltz; but they hear all the bitterness of a life's mistake, blurted out by reason of the brooding thoughts of years, and turn exactly at the proper time to speak the simple kindly words, so that the man looks up to look his thanks. From easy garden chairs in the shadow of a tree, they smile back encouragement to enthusiastic eyes, and listen with wonderful understanding to the large vague yearnings of ambitious youth. In the safe seclusion of fashionable crowds they kindly look away, or watch the nervous jabbing of the stick, as young men ask their help to meet some inaccessible, desired girl; but they read the full meaning of the seeming careless words, and suggest, as carelessly, an opportunity. Even between the acts of funny plays they press close up against the cushioned arm of a theatre seat to catch the murmured story of a love which will not hope and dare not take its chance, or the enumeration of another woman's charms, or a tale of gambling and loss; and though they laughed before the curtain fell, and settle in their seat to laugh again, as all goes black, their low-voiced sympathy is none the less sincere, and no mere conventional contortion of the face. For more than anything they love to help.

Even so, they seldom ask for what they hear. They are not curious. But even in the chance proximity of the diner's lot they draw out, with kindly question and accompanying smile, the interrupted hint of surcharged feelings, until it becomes the story of a life; and they give as is required—encouragement or delicately-worded sympathy. And for the few lucky ones they will always crush their skirts to make a seat, and will openly invite them to disclose, or will even stay at home on sunny days, in prearranged seclusion, to listen to long tales of work, and difficulties, and plans; if by so doing they can really help.

It is always by their instinctive knowledge that man must needs confide, that they unconsciously reveal themselves to men. So that men find them everywhere about the world: watching the phosphorescent swirl against the side of ocean-going boats; pacing the well-swept strips of moonlight on the paths of the palm gardens of the South; waving aside the importunities of those who sell in the hotel verandahs of the East; in all the crowded places of the earth.

And seldom do they who consult them have causes for regrets; for in their large understanding they are wise with the larger worldly-wisdom that sees beyond, and seeks for more than merely an immediate relief for present need.

Thus they are arbiters of many fates. By hinted pity they break down the stern reserve which shuts out all the world, because of one deception or mistake; and by their answer to the hard-wrung words they point the way to other efforts and new beliefs. They hear, patiently without reproof, the fierce complaints of youth misunderstood, and counsel the necessary patience with quiet reasonings, because they know the sufferings are real. With kindly-wise decisions they make homes which, but for their sensible coercive words, had never been, except in the pictures of the mind's regrets; and by discerning arguments they arrest the threatened pitiful estrangement of too-exacting husbands and self-willed sons. They brighten with brave all-feeling words the long black period of hopeless days, which comes to all who try, when temporary failure seems permanent defeat, and help the crushed senses to a new conceit, so that the broken struggler can begin again, only remembering the past to learn.

For to all their many confidants they give what is required in return—not penal condemnations of the past, nor futile irksome questions about what is, nor platitudes, but the carefully considered wherewithal to save, or help, or soothe. And by such functions they earn their name.

Letters from Abroad.

THE POPULAR STRUGGLE IN PRUSSIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The movement for a democratic franchise in Prussia has at last acquired a more vivid character. The declaration of the Government, read by Prince Bülow on Friday last in the Lantag, was unsatisfactory in almost every respect, but nobody who knows the strength of the forces to be considered could expect a different pronouncement. Of all the parties in the Diet, only a small section of the Freisinnige are true friends of a democratic franchise, *i.e.*, the universal suffrage, with the secret ballot, and their followers in the country are not numerous enough to form a sufficient counterpoise against the open or disguised enemies of a radical reform.

With the latter must be reckoned the Catholic Centre Party. It has repeatedly declared for the democratic franchise, but its tendencies, as engendered by the social doctrine of the Church and the material composition of the party, go in the direction of a modernised representation, according to estates. The party voted for the democratic franchise when it was in Opposition, and abandoned this line when it formed part and parcel of the Governmental majority. Although it may at present vote for it again, it will do little or nothing to support a serious agitation in its favour, or to force the hands of the Government. The National Liberals, on the other hand, would certainly want a redistribution of seats, but are opposed to the equal vote, and are in consequence only a temporising or neutralising influence in the Reform movement.

Hence the mainly negative character of Prince Bülow's declaration. The Government does not propose to introduce in Prussia the franchise, as valid for the Reichstag, nor does it intend to introduce the secret ballot. The only measure it held out was an alteration of the graduation of the voting power, which would mean a plural franchise, instead of the present three class system. From a democratic standpoint this is the antithesis of reform. A plural vote, given to "age, learning, and property"—to use the words of Prince Bülow—can only favour the propertied classes, and disfranchise the great class of the wage-earners.

Under these conditions it is encouraging to see that the latter have begun to take to other forms of demonstration than those hitherto observed in Prussia. Already, on Friday last, the day of Prince Bülow's declarations, the streets surrounding the Prussian Diet were crowded with workers, who by voice and attitude showed that they did not mean to be satisfied with a sham reform. To-day, not alone in Berlin, but in nearly all the towns of the Kingdom, processions of workers, numbering on the whole several hundred thousands, if not considerably over a million, have demonstrated resolutely against the mock reform suggested by Prince Bülow.

These demonstrations must not be underestimated. Although on the whole peaceable enough, they signify something of a revolt. The laws on meetings and associations in Prussia, the emergence of the reaction after 1848, make meetings in the open air dependent upon a permit of the police, and forbid any meetings or processions in the town where the King is staying, and its environs. But readers of *THE NATION* do not need to be told that such precautions are without avail if a people is prepared to fight for its liberty. What can the Government, what can all the police do, against an army of hundreds and hundreds of thousands? They have not prisons enough to put them in, and the workers on their side were to-day sensible enough not to provoke bloodshed, or other serious encounters. Here and there minor conflicts occurred. But in general the demonstrating workers confined themselves to waving red handkerchiefs or pieces of red cloth, letting loose small red balloons with the inscription, "Long live universal

suffrage," and shouting words to the same effect. Their presence in such vast numbers, and their determined and buoyant attitude spoke loudly and distinctly enough. This is the first time since 1848 that the capital town of Prussia and other big towns of the Kingdom have seen demonstrations of this kind. Only to-day they were much larger, and much more consciously determined in aim and endeavour than even in the year of the revolution.

It was, indeed, a very important demonstration. At a blow the Socialist workers have set at nought the regulations which deprived them of the right to manifest their will and opinion in the street.

What will the Government do? As far as the demonstration of Friday last went, the semi-official Press did its best to minimise its effect. But this expedient is futile, in view of the demonstrations of to-day. It is possible that restrictive decrees of some kind will be tried; but they would only confirm the importance of the movement, and on the other hand the workers would find other ways and means of demonstrating in the open air. The ice is broken, and the German worker during the years of the anti-Socialist law, has shown abundant shrewdness in outwitting the police.

A different question is the effect of the demonstrations on the decision of the Government and the dominant parties in regard to the reform of the franchise. On Friday last Prince Bülow declared with proud emphasis that no street demonstration would influence the Government. But this has often been said by Governments who afterwards had to give way. As long as they remain peaceful, the demonstrations will not in themselves force the hands of Prince Bülow and his Royal master, and it is not very probable that we shall have serious fighting in the streets. But in all probability the demonstrations will have an invigorating influence on a great section of the population hitherto neutral, or, so to speak, sterilised by the tactics of the non-Socialistic parties and their leaders. Amongst the adherents of the Friesinnige and of the Catholic Centre Party there are a good many who only very reluctantly follow the present tactics of these parties. The Catholic wage-earners, the wage-earners and salaried employees in the Liberal camp, have surely very little to hope from a plurality franchise. Voices to this effect have already been heard in their ranks, but until now the party tie was too strong to allow them due weight in the decisions of the party leaders. Doctor Theodore Barth, the most courageous and consistent of the Friesinnige, and his friends have, so far, been preachers in the wilderness. And even the fact that they had to a large extent the help of the "*Berliner Tageblatt*," the widely read Liberal paper, did not suffice to create a strong movement in other than Socialist circles for a really democratic reform. It is to be expected that the demonstration of to-day will convince many of the waverers that there is a much more earnest determination in the ranks of the wage-earners than they have thought, and the enthusiasm shown by the latter may by contagion influence the attitude and judgment of many who until now have doubtfully stood aside.

We are on the eve of the election of a new Diet. Of all the announcements of the Prussian Government in the matter one is surely to be welcomed, *viz.*, the decision to leave the reform to the new Diet. The distribution of parties in the present Diet is such that no reform of any value could be obtained. Prince Bülow was silent on the question of the redistribution of seats, because the Liberals want it as much as the Conservatives are against it, and yet it is one of the crucial questions of the home policy of State and Empire. The present distribution gives the agrarians and the clericals excessive advantage over the industrial sections of the nation, and the representatives of the former have the majority in the present Diet. Only a vigorous and deep-rooted popular movement can give the forthcoming General Election something of a revolutionary character, and nothing short of this will end the rule of squire and priest in Prussia.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, January 13th.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

By an odd coincidence, just as everybody is discussing the changes in the management and direction of "The Times," Mr. Murray announces the approaching publication of the life and correspondence of the famous English editor—John Thaddeus Delane. The book has been compiled from Delane's private diaries and correspondence by his nephew, Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, the Assistant Clerk in the House of Commons. Although Delane's early bent was towards medicine, he was in a sense from his early years educated for the editorship of "The Times," as his father held a post in the office of the journal, and the boy's quickness of apprehension and power of assimilating new ideas soon drew the attention of the late Mr. Walter. He became editor in 1841, when only twenty-four, and during the thirty-six years of his editorship "The Times" was the best informed and most authoritative organ of discussion and opinion in Europe. Delane did more than any other editor to establish those traditions of journalistic dignity, power, and breadth of view which form the most valuable of the commercial assets that Mr. Pearson has just acquired.

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ALTHOUGH Delane was a great editor he never was a writer. His great gifts were his skill in choosing his contributors and his insight in suggesting the general lines on which they should treat their subjects. It is a striking testimony to his tact that although he had to deal with practised writers, many of them older than he, rarely did any one of them object to his revisions, alterations, or suppressions. While Delane was editor of "The Times" thirteen British Administrations rose and fell—one under Melbourne, two under Peel, three under Derby, one under Aberdeen, two under Palmerston, two under Disraeli, and one under Gladstone. The period also saw such momentous events as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867, the Fenian Conspiracy, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Franco-Prussian War, and the recrudescence of the Eastern question. As many of the prime movers in these events were among Delane's correspondents, the political interest of the memoir should be little inferior to that of Queen Victoria's recently published Letters. It should also be rich in literary and social interest, as letters by Lord Brougham, Charles Greville, Monckton Milnes, Bernal Osborne, Abraham Hayward, Mrs. Norton, Lady Waldegrave, and many others will be included.

* * *

ANOTHER book announced by Mr. Murray, which promises to be of special interest, is the "Correspondence of George Canning and Some Intimate Friends." It will contain a selection of hitherto unpublished letters, *jeux d'esprit*, &c., by George Canning, Hookham Frere, Charles Bagot, William Wellesley Pole, Lord Lyttelton, George and Charles Ellis, the Rev. J. Sneyd, Lord Binning, Bootle Wilbraham, and others—a shining galaxy indeed. Canning has formed the subject of several biographies, but none of them give a worthy portrait of the gifted Prime Minister and brilliant author of "The Anti-Jacobin."

* * *

THE fifth volume of "The Cambridge Modern History" on "The Age of Louis XIV." is to be issued about the middle of February. Some of the chapters promise to be of great literary interest. M. Brunetière, who was to have written on "French Literature under Louis XIV. and its European Influence," is replaced by M. Faguet, who lays stress upon the French influence as seen in such writers as Addison, Pope, and Waller. Addison, he says, is the pupil of Boileau, more gifted, more refined, and more brilliant than his master, but still never forgetful of his master's teaching. "Taking everything into account, we find Addison so exquisitely French in his methods that we are often tempted to say of him as Valentine of Milan said of Dunois, 'He was stolen from us.'" M. Faguet inclines to believe that Swift owes little to French models. He had too original and too individual a nature to allow of his being cited

as an example of any kind of external influence. Mr. Harold H. Child deals with "The Literature of the English Restoration, including Milton," Professor Gwatkin with "Religious Toleration in England," Mr. Rouse Ball and the late Sir Michael Foster with "European Science in the Seventeenth and Earlier Years of the Eighteenth Century," and the Rev. M. Kaufmann with "Latitudinarianism and Pietism," including such writers as Chillingworth, Hales, Jeremy Taylor, Stillingfleet, and the Cambridge Platonists. Other contributors are Professor A. J. Grant, Mr. Arthur Hassall, Professor Firth, Dr. Hume Brown, and Professor Wolfgang Michaels, of Fribourg.

* * *

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have made arrangements to publish a book called "The Colour of Paris," illustrated by the Japanese artist, Yoshio Markino, whose pictures in "The Colour of London," issued last year, were talked about so much. A novel plan has been adopted for the letterpress. It is by the members of the Goncourt Academy, each of whom contributes a chapter on some special aspect of Paris. J. K. Huysmans was to have written on the churches of Paris, and had, we believe, almost completed the manuscript before his death last May. The members of the Academy are MM. Léon Daudet, Paul and Victor Margueritte, Gustave Geffroy, Octave Mirbeau, J. and H. Rosny, Lucien Descaves, Elémir Bourges, and Jules Renard. The book will be translated into English, but copies with the original French text will also be on sale.

* * *

THE week has brought news of a serious loss to letters. Dr. Robert Atkinson, Professor of Romance Languages and of Sanskrit at Trinity College, Dublin, was one of the most learned scholars produced by Dublin University during the last century. He had an amazing gift of acquiring languages, and was said to have known as many as Cardinal Mezzofanti. He lectured and examined in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and the vernacular languages of India; and he knew besides Russian, Portuguese, Dutch, and Chinese, as well as being an authority of European reputation on Coptic grammar. But his most valuable services to scholarship were in the field of early Irish. He was one of the few who had mastered its intricacies, and though he had many controversies with enthusiasts of the Irish language movement, maintaining that no great literature existed in Irish, he always held that its value to the student of philology was immense. As a teacher Dr. Atkinson was most inspiring. He was far from being a pedant, and though his abrupt manner and vehement expression were often disconcerting, all his students held him in affection. Among his services to scholarship may be mentioned an edition of the medieval "Vie de St. Auban," his criticisms of different editions of South Coptic texts, his Todd lectures on the "Leabhar Breac," and his splendid glossary of the Brehon Laws, a work of enormous research and of extreme value to the Royal Irish Academy Dictionary now in progress.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Wanderings in Arabia." By Charles M. Doughty. (Duckworth. 2 vols. 16s. net.)

"Sixty Years of Protection in Canada." By Edward Porritt. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall; Its History and Associations." By C. E. Pascoe. (Duckworth. 21s. net.)

"Mother Earth." By Montagu Fordham. (Chiswick Press. 5s. net.)

"Ludwig the Second, King of Bavaria." By Clara Schudi. Translated by E. M. Hearn. (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

"The Book of Elizabethan Verse." Chosen and Edited, with Notes, by W. S. Braithwaite. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

"Wild Honey." Poems. By Michael Field. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Christianity and the Social Order." By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

"The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin. 6s.)

"Correspondence et Voyage à l'Etranger." Par Th. Dostoevski. Traduit du Russe par J. W. Bienstock. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 7fr. 50.)

"Etudes de Diplomatie Anglaise de l'avènement d'Edouard Ier. à celui de Henri VII." Par Eugène Déprez. (Paris: Champion. 5fr.)

"Paris sous Napoléon—La Religion." Par L. de Lanza de Laborie. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 5fr.)

The Drama.

TOWARDS A NATIONAL THEATRE.

THE volume which Mr. William Archer and Mr. H. Granville Barker have compiled* is fascinating to read as a romance. Here are no vapourings of unpractical lovers of the theatre who content themselves with the vague statement that England should have a national theatre, but a hundred practical details of its management and elaborate estimates of its cost, from the salary of the director down to the wage of the scene-painter's labourer. Nothing has been forgotten. The seriousness of the authors grips the imagination, and one can almost hear the sharp sound of the bricklayers' trowels at work on a National Theatre, and there seems hardly time enough to settle the repertoire and engage the players before the curtain will be ready to roll up for the first time. The scheme is not half-hearted. There is no advocacy of small beginnings. Our authors estimate that the total sum required to set a National or Central Theatre afoot, with every probability of success, amounts to £330,000. This sum is made up of £75,000 for a site, £105,000 (the authors seem, however, to have made a trifling mistake of £1,000 in their addition) for the building and equipment, and £150,000 for a guarantee fund. "Supposing," it is added with pathetic liberality, "that we are £50,000 out in our reckoning, and that a total of £380,000 proved to be necessary, is that a sum which should have any terrors for the wealth and public spirit of England?" The question is embarrassing. Nothing ought to be easier than to raise £380,000 for a National Theatre, but when even our hospitals have to go begging for necessary funds the prospect of finding even a third of the money Messrs. Archer and Granville Barker demand is sufficiently remote. They do not expect Parliament to grant money; they rely on the last resource of all, the millionaire who has the interests of British drama at heart. He should put down his £104,000 or £105,000 (according to one's power of addition) for the building and equipment, and one hundred and fifty rich gentlemen would follow with £1,000 apiece for the Guarantee Fund. A second millionaire would have to provide the £75,000 for the site, unless the London County Council or the Government made it over for nothing or for a mere song. At first blush this estimate seems excessive, but it must be borne in mind that the authors are calculating the expense of a permanent National Theatre on margins which would allow the experiment to be worked out for all it is worth. The money would not be entirely sunk in the case of the theatre being a failure. When the Guarantee Fund is reduced to £30,000, and there is no possibility of raising more, the theatre would be sold, and it is estimated that each of the donors would receive about fifty per cent. of their donations. An original feature of the scheme is that the profits would be devoted to buying the theatre from the donors, and settling it as a national concern. It is to be hoped that this volume will be perused by several millionaires, who will not be discouraged by the genial and easy manner in which Mr. Archer and Mr. Barker juggle with their thousands.

In the meantime, it may well be asked if so much money is really needed for the foundation of a National Theatre. To begin with, it would surely be possible to obtain a site from the London County Council for considerably less than £75,000, or even £50,000. Nine years ago, when the Council was approached with the view of subsidising an opera-house, the memorial was sympathetically received, and a report stated that the Council recognised that it would do well to co-operate with private individuals to ensure the permanence of such a scheme. Instead of waiting for the shy millionaire, would it not be more practical to have the theatre built by the London County Council on such terms as would be favourable alike to the promoters of a National Theatre and to the interests of the community? According to the estimate of Messrs. Archer and Granville Barker, the outside cost of the building would be £80,000, and the value of the site £75,000—in all £155,000. If this money were advanced on mortgage at the low rate of interest which the public good of a National Theatre would permit,

*"A National Theatre: Scheme and Estimates." By William Archer and H. Granville Barker. Duckworth & Co. 5s.

the undertaking would not be saddled with an excessive expense. At three per cent. it would amount to £4,650 per annum and the Council might quite properly waive all questions of rates and taxes. Indeed, Parliament might be asked to grant a small subsidy which would more than cover this expenditure. The annual total expenses, according to the estimates, would amount to £71,000 odd. The full capacity of the house is estimated as £300. If the average receipts were only £100, there would be a deficit, it is calculated, of £30,000 on the year's work. This includes the formation of a Pension Fund, which might be left over at first. Would it not be sufficient to obtain guarantors for £90,000, which would cover the deficit of three years at the low average receipts of £100 a night? There is still the equipment of the theatre to be paid for, calculated at £20,000, so that some £110,000 would have to be raised. That is a formidable sum, but not quite as impossible as Messrs. Archer and Granville Barker's £330,000. If one rich man, or several rich men, or hundreds of moderately rich men, could be persuaded to subscribe this amount, there is little doubt that the building and site would be provided by Municipal or State authorities on the terms already suggested. The trouble is that no persistent effort has been made to raise this money, and until private individuals have shown that they are willing to give practical support to such a scheme, Municipal or State aid, in however modified a form, cannot be expected. But the most futile form of expectation is that a millionaire will put down his £180,000, and that another £150,000 at least will be subscribed for a Guarantee Fund.

As to the necessity of a National Theatre there is no room for doubt. Year after year the state of the British theatre has become more and more chaotic. The players are marred by the long runs; the plays are marred by the actor-managers. In addition, there is now a most unhealthy state of competition fostered by the methods of American syndicates and those who have to fight them. The long run is absolutely necessary to success in the present state of the theatre, and the long run means that no play, unless it appeals to the mass of theatre-goers, can be mounted at a commercial theatre. That, more than anything else, keeps our best minds from writing for the stage. Even those theatres which aim at something higher than the provision of digestive entertainment are compelled to throw artistic aims aside in order that a big public may be attracted. Above all, the ordinary commercial theatre is compelled to charge prices which make play-going impossible for all but wealthy people, or those who do not object to intolerable discomfort. The scheme put forward by Messrs. Archer and Granville Barker is based on prices which would be within the reach of all. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that a National Theatre would therefore be in competition with the vested interests of the commercial theatre. On the contrary, it would probably act as a stimulus to theatre-going by attracting numbers of people who have lost the habit of witnessing plays. Such a theatre would help in the renaissance of our dramatic literature, and, by its affiliated school of acting, would do much to raise the standard of the actor's art.

Poetry.

UT CARO INFIRMA!

KEEP, O my heart, the lifted road
Unsoiled and silent and remote,
Where, if the mists about me float
They stir with whisperings of God.

Yet tread, my feet, the dusty way,
The common highway filled with men;
Give back, mine eyes, their looks again
And touch, my hands, their hands all day.

Ah God! that cloud on cloud should roll
Down 'twixt the human eyes and me.
That darkness in the day should be,
Dust in the pathways of the soul.

LUCY LYTTTELTON.

Letters to the Editor.

LETTERS BY A WORKING-MAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Though my tool is the pen and not the spade, I hold myself in a very real sense a working-man. As such I have been much interested to find myself and my fellow labourers directly addressed in a series of educational letters by "J. St. L. S." in your contemporary, the "Spectator." In his latest dissertation the writer kindly says that he will put his argument (which is concerned with something that he calls Socialism) in "the simplest form possible, the form which is sometimes patronisingly called suitable for children." I feel duly grateful. I like to get at the A.B.C. of a thing, and it is certainly in the A.B.C. of economics that "J. St. L. S." lives and moves.

Indeed, he is reconstructing the science from the base. His arguments have knocked the bottom out of all those clever young Extension lecturers from Oxford, whom I have sometimes attended, and who seemed to know so much about capital and labour. He exploded the seeming learning of Professor Marshall and all the other economists whom they gave me to read. The books and the lecturers told me that there used to be a theory of the Wages Fund which laid down that wages were paid out of capital and limited by the amount of capital, so that to increase capital was to increase wages. Now they told me that this theory was dead as a door-nail, that it was slain by Thornton thirty or forty years ago, and that Mill went to its funeral and certified the death. They said that there was no one so far behind the times as to revive it. They reckoned without their "J. St. L. S." What does he say? Good man, he wants to "give the working-man a greater share in the profits of industry." So far he merely resembles everyone else who sets out to lecture the working-man on the methods which he is employing to secure such a share. But mark the difference. "In my belief there is only one absolutely certain way of doing this, and that is by increasing the amount of capital in the world." Here is the old wages fund theory again—slain, perhaps, by Thornton, but re-incarnated in a newer and wiser personality. More power to the elbow of Pierpont Morgan and Rockefeller. The more their millions pile up the more pennies they can afford to the working-man. Do you ask proof? Look across the Atlantic at this moment.

I used to think that my employer hired me for wages. But "J. St. L. S." has set that right, too. It is I who hire him, I find, and my bosom swells with pride. It is he who earns wages, I find, and I who pay them. "Capital is always trying to earn wages under the name of interest." . . . "The men who do work of all kinds, mental or mechanical, are in the best position when they can go into the market and hire capital cheap to help them in the work of production." This has made me think a bit, and I am in two minds whether I shan't tell them at the office next Saturday that they must take a reduction or quit. But there is one thing that bothers me. "J. St. L. S." says that the lower the rate of interest on capital the more money is left over for wages. But the political economists always said that it was not interest but profits which wages cut into. They told me that profits and interest were things which no one but a beginner would confuse, and they appealed to my own knowledge to show that the employer who runs the mill is not necessarily the same as the capitalist who advances the money. They said I could not begin the serious study of the subject without distinguishing these things, and yet here is the supreme wisdom coming out of its cave to set me right and lumping them all together. I admire, but I am puzzled. However, I

quite understand one point. I "want to breed capital, just as a farmer wants to breed cows and horses," only I want to breed in my own savings bank, and not, oddly enough, in the pockets of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. I don't want to "destroy" capital; I want to have some of my own.

In the second edition of the A.B.C. "J. St. L. S." tells me that if the workmen are to gain more wealth there must be more wealth in existence. Of course, I agree with "J. St. L. S." that 2 and 2 make 4. But 1 and 3 also make the same sum, and 1 may say to 3, "Divide more equally, and the total product will go round satisfactorily enough." This is a part of the Socialist's position, and, though it may be quite wrong, I think, with submission, that it really wants something less A.B.C.-like than "J. St. L. S.'s" argument to refute it. I have talked with various Socialists in my time, but never with one who would admit that his object was to "confiscate private property and dole out to each individual a subsistence portion." I fancy, too, that most Socialists would maintain that the "compulsion" to work, which they recognise as part of Socialism, is not so very far from the "self-interest" which, according to "J. St. L. S.," is the mainspring of competitive industry, viz., the necessity (which they would apply to all classes alike) for each man to earn his own living, and the desirability of improving his position by honest and useful effort. Perhaps there is some "compulsion" in the existing order. Could anything but necessity lead a woman to work twelve hours a day for ten shillings a week? Are nail and chain workers properly regarded as free to follow where enlightened self-interest leads, or are they shut in to a Hobson's choice between semi-starvation on the one side and the workhouse on the other? I am afraid that unless "J. St. L. S." will advance a little further than the A. B. C. of the subject, he will not satisfy even simple-minded working penmen like myself, to say nothing of silencing those wily fellows who get the ear of the mob. In all humility, then, I would urge him to go a little further. After destroying Jevons and Marshall, and re-writing economics, let him descend upon the prosaic facts of our time, not in that spirit of simple idealism with which we were familiar in the nursery, but in a manner more suited to an age when even working men have become sophisticated. Pending this development of his argument, which no doubt will follow in due season, though prepared to hear and obey, I must confess to some mental reserve.

I do not know how it is, but somehow a good deal in these matters seems to depend on the point of view. "The essential thing," says "J. St. L. S.," "is to leave capital and labour alone"—as they did a hundred years ago. Well, if I could get hold of a little mill and have a few women and children in my employ, I rather think I should agree. If I could keep the mill going all the twenty-four hours with two relays of children of five and six working twelve hours each, with no pay but only their keep, and a whip to keep them awake, I rather think I could make my cent. per cent. as men did in those roaring times. And with each dividend my factory would grow, and more children would be taken on, and of course I could pay larger sums in wages or in keep. Then I should see clear; then I should whole-heartedly agree that when things are left alone "labour will get its just reward in a greatly increased remuneration." Then I should be sure that "most of the things that we do nominally to help labour really injure it by reducing wages." Indeed, I should read a little lecture to the children every Sunday after the brimstone and treacle had been served out. I should prove to them conclusively that, struggle as they might for shorter hours and more pay, they could only injure themselves, while every extra pound that they earned for me was potentially a pound for them. And, my sense of humour being devel-

oped on "Spectatorial" lines, I should expect them to believe. But, Sir, as it is, I am a working-man myself, and I have read a little history. I have also read a book called "Mary Barton," and it has given me a tolerably vivid picture of the "good old days." And so long as I remain a working-man, though I yield not a jot in my admiration and awe, I am afraid I cannot altogether agree about leaving capital and labour alone. But give me a little capital for myself—and you will see.

This last point is my sole justification for the length of this letter. But it is one on which I feel very decidedly.—Yours, &c.,

A MERE PEN-DRIVER.

THE HOUSING QUESTION IN GERMAN TOWNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bernstein, in his interesting letter on "The Land Question in German Towns," says: "Recently I have seen in an English paper much praise of the German system of mapping out whole plans of town enlargement before any permits of building in the respective districts are granted. Systematic laying out of street plans, &c., has surely its advantages. But before imitating the German example, people would do well to get information on all the features and effects of the system. For until now it has been practised in a way that has made it one of the most powerful agencies of raising the price of building lands to quite usurious levels." The last sentence of this passage has probably caused some readers of Mr. Bernstein's letter to feel anxiety for which there is no real foundation. Mr. Bernstein's statement is quite accurate, but a fuller statement respecting the facts to which he refers will show that the harm which has been caused in some German towns by the misuse by very undemocratic municipal authorities of one of the powers conferred on them by town-planning Acts—the power of deciding what shall be the width of each street—could not be caused in our towns, owing to the difference between our housing customs and those of the Germans, and also to the difference between our and the German municipal franchises. A brief examination of the Prussian Street Lines Act of July 2nd, 1875, will give some idea of the powers respecting town-planning given by the municipal authorities in all parts of the German Empire. The Act says that the street-lines and building-lines for the making or alteration of streets and squares in towns and country places are to be decided on, in accordance with the public needs, by the executive part of the municipal government in conjunction with the elected members, subject to the agreement of the local police authority; and that lines can be fixed for single streets and parts of streets, or, to meet the foreseen needs of the near future, can be laid down by means of building-plans for larger areas. Owners of land have to give up the land needed for half the width of the street, provided that the street does not exceed twenty-eight yards in width, and they have to bear the cost of making the land into a street ready for traffic.

The Act has received a very large interpretation. The foreseen needs of the near future are held in most places to be those of the next twenty or thirty years. The power to make plans is held to include that of deciding in what direction each street shall run, whether it shall be straight or curved, of what width it shall be, whether it shall be planted with trees or not, what squares and planted open spaces and playgrounds shall be provided, what sites shall be reserved for public buildings; and the power is also held to include that of reserving different districts for different uses—some for dwellings and others for mills and works—and that of allowing dwellings of different heights, and either in rows or detached or semi-detached, to be erected in the different residential districts—dwellings of five storeys in rows in one district, detached or semi-detached, dwellings of only two storeys in another. All these various powers, with the exception of that of allowing or enforcing the making of wide streets, have been used in the new districts of most large German towns with great advantage to the whole community. The power to allow, or enforce, the making of wide streets

has been by no means wholly mischievous. German towns have gained very great advantages from wide streets in the right places—in places, that is, where there is much traffic. But a great deal of harm has unquestionably been done by having all, or nearly all, streets in residential districts of great width. It is this arrangement which has been the chief cause of the rapid production of blocks of barrack-dwellings, and of the remarkable rise in the price of building land and in rents of houses. How the construction of the wide street involves that of the barrack-dwelling-block and the rise of the price of land and of rents is very fully and lucidly explained by Professor Eberstadt in his "Influence of Speculation on the Construction of the Modern Town,"* and much less fully and less clearly in an article, partly based on Dr. Eberstadt's book, which I have contributed to a recent number of the "Municipal Journal." Here I can only say that the cost of making half the width of a wide modern street, with all the necessary sewers and pipes, is so great that interest on it cannot possibly be included in the rent of a house of only two storeys, and that hence those who build on such streets are compelled to carry their buildings to the greatest height allowed by the by-laws, which in Germany is now five storeys; that the German by-laws enforce the use of thick walls and fire-proof staircases, and that therefore every part of a five-storey building is very costly; that, as very wide streets cannot be placed near each other, cheap plots of land adjoin each street, the whole of which, owing to the excessive use made of all land in German towns, is so dear that it must be covered as fully as possible with buildings, and therefore side and back-blocks of barrack-dwellings are added to the blocks which adjoin the wide streets; that thus each complete block, which holds three or four hundred persons, is so large and expensive that very few persons can afford to build one, with the result that most such blocks are built by the owners of the land on which they are built, now generally speculators who build in order to realise the higher value which building on it gives to their land; that, having built the block, the speculator, as a rule, parts with it to a man who has little capital and who pays perhaps a tenth of the price, perhaps nothing, and gives a mortgage for the unpaid part, and makes a high rate of interest on his little capital if he can maintain or raise rents, and is ruined if rents fall; that half the seats in a German Town Council are reserved for house-owners, many of whom are of the kind just described, and that two-thirds of the members are elected, under the "Three-class system," by the class to which land speculators belong. This compressed description will suffice perhaps to show that, as it is to the interest of all holders of land that the value of their land shall not be lowered by the competition of cheaper land, and to the interest of all owners of barrack-dwelling-blocks that their high rents shall not be reduced by the competition of cheap dwellings, there is a probability that the power to decide what width new streets shall have, given by town-planning Acts, will continue to be so used in many large German towns as to ensure that most new streets shall be very wide and most new buildings shall be of the barrack type, while in this country of two-storey houses and democratic town councils it would be almost impossible that the power should be used as it has been too often in Germany.

Mr. Bernstein mentions that Dr. von Mangoldt believes the first condition of an effective reform in German housing to be the right of compulsory expropriation of land, and a democratic reform of the municipal franchise. I think that Dr. von Mangoldt is right with regard to the need of a reform of the municipal franchise, but I can see no reason to believe that the giving to Town Councils of the power to expropriate land would much lower the price of lands or rents. German towns have the right to buy land in the open market, as our towns also ought to have, and they find the right a most valuable one. But it is evident that the holding by towns of a great deal of land does not suffice to make land cheap, or to lower rents. For many German towns already own much land; Frankfurt-on-the-Main, for instance, owns 58 per cent. of all the land within the town boundaries, without reckoning the area of streets and other roads, or the beds of rivers and pools, Hamburg and

* "Die Spekulation im neuzeitlichen Staedtebau." Von Dr. Rud. Eberstadt. Jena: Gustav Fischer.

Aachen 45 per cent., Munich and Mainz 20 per cent., and even Berlin has a large amount of land; and yet land in and round all these towns is far dearer than in and round our large English towns, which hold very little land. The cause of the difference is that German towns allow a much larger population to be crowded on to their urban land than is found on ours. So long as an excessive use is made of land, it does not matter at how low a price the land is sold; the people who use it are sure to have to pay its full market price. The true cause of the great dearness of Berlin land, and of the high rents of Berlin dwellings, as compared with land-prices, and with rents in our towns, is that the population per acre in Berlin is 160, while that of London is only 62. If the German authorities will use the powers given them by their town-planning Acts to limit the population in new districts all round their towns to the London average, they will lower the price of land and bring down rents without having to expropriate land.

In justice to German municipal authorities I must say in conclusion that, if we judge the German and English systems by their fruit, the condition of their inhabitants, we have to admit that the German system is on the whole the better of the two. All observers who are neither German nor English, and who know the towns in Germany and here, so far as I know, and many English observers believe that the physical and mental condition of the urban Germans is higher than that of the urban English. It is true that the death-rate is higher in German towns than in ours, but one chief cause of this is probably the fact that the greater severity of the German winter makes it necessary to use stoves instead of our open fireplaces. The Japanese seem to have been so much impressed by the good quality of German town-government, that they have gone so far in imitation as to adopt even the German "three class system" for the election of Town Councils!—Yours, &c.,

T. C. HORSFALL.

Swanscoe Park, near Macclesfield.

January 13th, 1908.

THE PREMIER'S PLEDGES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am delighted to see that *THE NATION* still presses the Government to save its own credit by announcing a policy of retrenchment. Its procrastination so far has been entirely disastrous both to the taxpayers and to the Liberal Party; and I venture to express a sincere hope that for the sake of his own good name and future reputation (which should surely count more than the temporary advantage of placating a handful of Liberal Jingoists), Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will now abandon the impossible task of sanctioning, on the one hand, the new, costly, and bellicose schemes of Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Haldane; and on the other of promising new expenditure on social reform, so soon as funds are available. It seems extraordinary that a peace and economy Government should within the last year have (1) sanctioned the most costly reorganisation of the British Army ever proposed, one moreover that is less pleasing to its own party than to the Compulsory Service League; (2) initiated the most wasteful naval harbour and dock scheme ever foisted on the taxpayers; while at the same time (3) committing itself to a universal scheme of old-age pensions. All this is for a year of declining trade and decreasing employment, when a war tax on sugar that robs every working man's family of several pence a week is still required for the ordinary expenses of Government. These sharp inconsistencies become accentuated in the light of your quotations from Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's speeches as leader of the Opposition. If the excuse for procrastination is that the Liberal Imperialist Ministers make economy impossible, the answer is, "Why did they join the Government?" And surely in any case the fulfilment of solemn pledges and of a great national duty should override personal feelings.—Yours, &c.,

RETRENCHMENT.

London,

December 13th, 1907.

MUSIC-HALL WRESTLING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The letter of "A Spectator" on this subject is most admirable. Music-hall wrestling either bores or brutalises. It is absolutely out of place in such surroundings, and is nauseous and irritating. I hope that it will soon disappear entirely from the variety-houses. The most painful part of the business is to see the enthusiasm which it excites in women.—Yours, &c.,

P. BEAUFAY.

The Playgoers' Club,

January 14th, 1908.

BRITISH JOURNALISM AND THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A press cutting agency has sent me an extract published in the "Catholic Times" of the 4th inst., from an article with the above title by a Mr. Richard Davey in the "Catholic Union Gazette," the official organ of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, of which the Duke of Norfolk is president, and Mr. W. S. Lilly secretary. The article contains the following passage:—

"Our Press half a century back was fairly independent; to-day it is controlled, in most cases, by proprietors and even editors who are not of our race, history, or religion. English journalism is now almost exclusively represented on the Continent by men of Oriental origin, generally Agnostics, to whom Christianity, if not absolutely repugnant, is of little or no account, and, therefore, they see no great harm in its annihilation, but quite the contrary."

In plain English, the British Press is in the pay of the Jews, and its foreign correspondents are "almost exclusively" men of Jewish extraction inspired by a bitter hatred of Christianity. One might pass over in silent contempt this manifestation of the anti-Semitic mania, were it not put forth under the auspices of the leading Roman Catholic society in England, of which Mr. Davey is, it would seem, an official. But, since this is the case, perhaps you will allow me to call on Mr. Davey to substantiate his assertions.

We all know who are the principal proprietors of the London daily papers. It is true that Mr. Walter, Lord Glenesk, Mr. Arthur Pearson, Lord Northcliffe, Sir George Newnes, Mr. Cadbury, Sir Alexander Henderson, the Messrs. Lloyd (to take some names at random) are not Roman Catholics; since England is not a Roman Catholic country, it is hardly to be expected that they should be. But we have been accustomed to regard them as fellow-countrymen. It would be interesting to have the evidence which has convinced Mr. Davey that they are not of British "race, history, or religion."

In regard to the foreign correspondents, I can only say that, so far as Paris is concerned—and, from the context of Mr. Davey's article, Paris would seem to be specially indicated—the statement quoted above has no relation to facts.

I call on Mr. Davey to state how many Paris correspondents of English papers are, to his knowledge, of "Oriental origin," and to produce evidence for his assertion that they are "almost exclusively" men who "see no great harm" in the annihilation of Christianity.

What this representative of the Catholic Union really means is that those whom he attacks do not regard it as part of their duty to revile the French Republic, to excite anti-French feeling in England, or to distort facts in the interest of the papacy. And some of them have committed the crime of pointing out that the policy of Pius X. is ruining religion in France; in so doing they are but expressing the private opinion of the intelligent minority of French Catholics—bishops, priests, and laymen.—Yours, &c.,

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, January 11th, 1908.

"THE RECURRENCE OF DISEASE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was glad to see the able letter signed "J. H." commenting on the above article. The direct defence of vivisection is not now so frequent in the Liberal Press, but

it is indirect and persistent. In August, 1906, you were good enough to insert a letter from me protesting against the insidious pro-vivisectionist assertions in a review of Professor Metchnikoff's book, and there have been other instances of it since.

As I said in 1906, the vivisectioners are quietly dropping discredited claims of vivisection proper (cutting up animals alive, &c.), and they have substituted new claims from the new line of inoculations, which in their turn become discredited. As to Professor Metchnikoff ("the great sane optimist" of your article writer), the vista opened up by his serums is indeed wondrous. He predicts serums against old age, "only injecting animals with finely minced atoms of human organs, such as brain, heart, &c., when serums would be drawn off capable of acting on these organs" ("The Nature of Man," p. 246).—Yours, &c.,

D. SCOT SKIRVING,
Lieut.-Col. (Retired).

Wokingham.

January 13th, 1908.

"NEW WORLDS FOR OLD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In THE NATION of January 11th, Mr. Wells' coming book, "New Worlds for Old," is described as a novel. We enclose a description of the book, from which you will see that your announcement is quite incorrect. We should be much obliged if you would contradict this announcement in the next number of your journal.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.

January 14th, 1908.

"THE VIRGIN BIRTH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The gist of your reviewer's reply to my criticism is evidently contained in the words: "Considering that no contradiction is offered by the author to the paternity of Jesus, I thought his weight went with Philip's phrase." I have tried to imagine the introduction of such a contradiction into the narrative. It does not seem possible to conceive of it as other than an incongruity. I suspect, had it appeared, critics would have been found by the score to suggest that it was, obviously, an interpolation of a later date. It still seems to me that your reviewer's assumption is a somewhat slender support on which to rest a statement of such importance to his argument.

My remarks on the use of the word "throughout" raised a point of minor importance. I am sorry your reviewer has not quoted with precision the words to which my criticism referred. They were, "The fact that He is throughout spoken of as 'the seed of David according to the flesh'." The italics are mine. Your reviewer now substitutes "regarded as," for "spoken of as." He will, no doubt, say that, though the use of the one expression is not the precise equivalent of the other, the change is immaterial. In my simplicity, however, I accepted "spoken of as" quite literally, seeing that the scripture words which followed were in inverted commas. Had "regarded as" been used in the first instance, I should certainly not have done so.—Yours, &c.,

WM. WINDSOR.

Lyndhurst, Lancaster Road, Birkdale,
January 13th, 1908.

THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an early Victorian myself, might I add to Lady Rendel's list of children's books the names of some I devoured before the age of nine?

"Anna Ross" was a great favourite. The story was laid in 1815. I must remark that my unregenerate mind preferred the first to the latter half of the book. The "Fairchild Family" consisted in the original edition of three volumes. Now, alas! only volumes one and three have been reprinted. Volume two was much the more interesting, probably because it was the most worldly, mentioning the little misses going to their dancing lessons in "mob caps, laced aprons, and slips of lilac silk with pink

spots." This description was entrancing to one whose family and friends thought hankering after a pink sash a notable step onwards to perdition.

"Laneton Parsonage," three volumes, was absurdly straight-laced. The second best bad girl for acquiescing in a deception in which she had neither act nor part was visited as punishment, I presume, by a severe illness. For a young French governess, whose depravity was such as to drive out with gay friends in the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday, a broken neck was the probable consequence.

"Henry and his Bearer," by Mrs. Sherwood, a goody story, but as children we liked it; also stories on the Church Catechism by Mrs. Sherwood, and as the plot is laid in India, one got interesting details of life in barracks in the early 'eighties. On the heroine's return to England the book becomes stupid.

"Charlie's Discoveries," really a useful little book, not spoilt by Charlie becoming a prig.

"Hunting Mrs. P.," meaning Pride, more amusing than you would think.

The "Fairy Bower," a sequel (to what?), by Miss Moberley, written in the early forties.

My child's library was limited, being but a child, but before I was ten I had read all through Lady M. Wortley Montagu's letters. We were a large family; our reading was encouraged, but "Memoirs," chiefly pious ones, were specially recommended, though not appreciated by our youthful minds.

"Amy Herbert" was not supposed to be "quite sound"; this sent me hunting from cover to cover to find out in what the book failed. I failed signally to discover any unsoundness, unless it were that the heroine was shocked at her cousin not attending the church services on Wednesdays and Fridays.

My experience is that in a usual way very young children do not care for stories of their contemporaries if the latter are made to talk "babyishly." They consider "nursery talk" beneath their dignity, and resent it as "silly." A child of four, especially if he has younger brethren, is not, as he will tell you, a baby. My definition of a "prig" is a young person of either sex whose virtues and knowledge and self-appreciation are what a small relation of mine would call "excelsior." The same young person being a regular Miss Malaprop, insists upon the term train-bearer being synonymous with a trainer.

Many "Early Victorians" must have enjoyed, as I did, having the memory of our childish libraries rubbed up in Lady Rendel's delightful letter to THE NATION. I should add to her list Jacob Abbott's "Famous Stories," which were a ceaseless joy to me. I have a strong impression that the beloved "Camp of Refuge" has been reprinted during recent years. Where our well-worn copy went to I cannot tell. Some horrid person impeached its historical accuracy—as if that mattered when a child's mind has had noble nourishment from it. I remember finding Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake" a very pale affair after "The Camp."

"The Swiss Family Robinson," Miss Porter's stories, "Elizabeth, or the Siberian Exile," "The Prairie Bird" (Sir C. Murray), are not necessarily for children.—Yours, &c.,

January 11th, 1908.

EARLY VICTORIAN.

VILLAGE LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish, through your columns, again to thank the kind friends who have helped me to put right one or two inaccuracies which I undoubtedly committed in my recommendations of children's books. I am also as much interested in your article on "Village Libraries," and I should like to proffer some few remarks upon them. I have had some slight experience in the village life in Wales, as well as in England.

The Welsh are certainly more ready to read, more quick to understand, discriminate, and pass on their acquired knowledge. Are not these frequent Eisteddfods held even in the small towns a proof of this? Prizes are offered for essays on various subjects, and I believe these prizes are allotted with the utmost care and fairness. Till I went to Wales I imagined the Eisteddfod perhaps an

annual institution, achieved through great trouble and effort; now I find that the Eisteddfods are numerous, and also to be described as various. I only mention this as indicative of the Celtic spirit of enterprise, which reveals itself so frequently, so creditably, and so successfully in the individual Welshman. To prove what I have said about the Welshman's greater love of books, let me mention that on two occasions, once in a shepherd's hut away in the hills, I found a shelf of books; the second time in the cottage of a woman who kept the gate of the level crossing still more books, and when I looked through them in each case, the books were of a strongly religious turn, abstruse and theological, and in both cases I borrowed a book which interested me deeply. My friend at the level crossing was still attending the Sunday School class for adults, which your readers will know is the custom in Wales, and this custom was brought most particularly to my notice during a visit we had from the late lamented Tom Ellis, M.P., who, spending a Sunday with us in Surrey, begged to attend the Sunday School class (as it was his habit in London and elsewhere to hold an adult class). I did my best, but the few urchins I could muster (the Sunday School being somewhat of an exceptional character in our village) were hardly worthy of the great man's attention.

About the choice of books for village libraries, I do beg those equally interested with myself in such a matter to start with the easiest and plainest, and not to venture on classics till they are asked for, or the applicants qualified to enjoy them.

Perhaps the exceptions might be Macaulay's Lays, most choice bits of Tennyson and Browning, Montgomery's "Climbing Boy" (chimney-sweep), to read to a juvenile class. For women and girls especially, "A Peep Behind the Scenes," "Only a Girl's Life" (Mercier), "Jill the Flower Girl," "Mrs. Blackett's Story" (C. Elliot), "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," A. M. Alcott's "Little Wives," "The Experience of Life" (Miss Sewell), all Pett Ridge, all Frank Bullen, most of George Macdonald's novels, Ian Maclaren, and very little, only the earliest ones, of Barrie.

Most American stories I find more ready to please than English, such as those by M. E. Wilkins, K. Douglas Wiggins, and Mrs. Coates.

Dickens' "Christmas Chimes," the three stories, "Cricket on the Hearth," I found too difficult for those I was reading to; the other choice bits of Dickens from his varied novels would have done admirably, but what is there more depressing and impossible than reading over the heads of your audience? It is much better to change the book at once than to discourage the listeners.

On one occasion, when a village library in Sussex was being started or furthered by a gift of books, among them were found several volumes of a gentleman's magazine, published in the early 'fifties, or before, and profusely illustrated by coloured sketches of gentlemen in costume, modes, and fashion plates, such as we have now in so many of our fashion magazines for ladies.

We agreed that our library would hardly benefit by accepting these, so they were relegated to the children and their scrap-books, for which these travestied fashion plates were eminently suitable.

If people possessing old or odd numbers of the good old "Chambers' Journal" or "Magazine," would dedicate them to help start a "village library," the readers would find material for amusement and edification, and library shelves would not much miss the folios. The type is small, more's the pity.

I feel that the few books I have mentioned in haste will be considered sadly inadequate by those who are studying the matter; but I shall hope to do better in a little while.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN SOPHIE RENDEL.

January 13th, 1908.

CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondents have been writing lately of children's books. You may be interested to hear an example of children's thoughts, often so obscure to their parents

and teachers. On Christmas morning my small boy of six was taken to church by his sister. He is not usually devout, but on this occasion he buried his face in his hands, and whispered something with much earnestness. "What did you say?" asked his sister. "I said 'A Happy Birthday,'" was his reply.—Yours, &c.,

PARENT.

"PREMATURE BURIAL."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Basil Tozer's letter in *THE NATION* of the 11th inst., if one may judge by the extent of correspondence and comments in the Press, and the numerous inquiries for information, the question of reform in the burial laws, so as to ensure effective verification of death in all cases, appears to have taken a firm hold on the public mind. Every day, and for years past, letters reach the present writer from persons who are anxiously concerned in the movement for the prevention of premature burial. A majority emanate from women, who, according to medical observation and authority, are more liable to conditions of trance, death-like exhaustion, syncope, and other forms of suspended animation, which in some instances appear to be a suspension of life, as none of the ordinary so-called tests for death seem to apply. Not a few correspondents relate cases of narrow escape from living sepulture in their own families, and it is usually through witnessing the liability to such terrible occurrences that the writers have first had their attention called to the subject. Clearly this reform, which has been now for many years demanded in the interests of humanity and for the safety of the public, should be made a matter of urgency by Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, Chedington Road, Upper Edmonton, N.
January 11th, 1908.

THE TACTICS OF WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your criticism, in last week's *NATION*, of Mr. Haldane's speech, draws attention to an attitude now being taken by many Liberals, which is strongly at variance with every Liberal tradition.

The justice of our claim for suffrage is admitted, but we are to be refused the franchise because our tactics displease! Are these the principles of high statesmanship?—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C. WATSON.

Avenue House, Clifton, York.
January 14th, 1908.

MR. STEAD AND THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am asked to draw your special attention to the following resolution, which was passed unanimously at the last meeting of the National Council, on January 10th:—

Resolution.—"The National Council of Peace Societies observes with great regret the statement by Mr. W. T. Stead in the 'Review of Reviews' for December, that 'the peace party' is 'even more anxious to maintain our naval supremacy than the Jingoos.' The Council, which contains representatives of nearly every peace organisation in the United Kingdom, is unaware of any 'peace party' holding the above-quoted opinion."

In view of the latest deliverance of Mr. Stead in the January number of the "Review of Reviews," the above declaration becomes increasingly necessary.—Yours, &c.,

H. S. PERRIS,
Hon. Secretary.

40, Outer Temple, Strand, London, W.C.
January 15th, 1908.

Reviews.

THE EMPRESS PULCHERIA.*

THE writer of this interesting book to some extent disarms criticism by her modest preface. She makes no claim to original research, and has been content to draw chiefly from secondary authorities of repute. It would have been well had she consistently adhered to this resolution. Here and there she refers to the original authorities in translations, and in a way which somewhat disfigures her notes. Notes in such a work should either be altogether omitted, or they should be full and accurate enough to serve as guide posts to students. But such notes as "Socrate's (*sic*) History, Bohn's Translation," or "Gibbon," "Finlay," "Bury," without reference to page, or even chapter, give no assistance or confirmation, and by their seeming carelessness arouse perhaps undeserved suspicion. We are also bound to take severe notice of the negligence with which staring mistakes, especially in the spelling of proper names, have been allowed to pass. Our eyes are offended by such forms as "pagent," "dyptich," "simonaical," "eclectical" for dialectical, "primercerius." But more striking is the guise in which some of the principal characters appear on the stage. The heroine is more than once Plucheria; the wife of Theodosius, Athenias; the Pope, St. Celestius; and these are matched by Placida, Rhadagasius, Honorious, Illyrium, Bythnia (at least three times). These may appear mere trifling slips of attention. But their number and repetition give an impression which, we are glad to say, is in many respects unfair to the authoress. For, accepting her own conception of her task, this book has considerable merit and interest. It is written from the standpoint of a devout Catholic, and its judgments, especially of great Churchmen and heretics, must be checked by those of more impartial writers. The authoress is from temperament and training inclined to glorify the ascetic life, and the characters who stood fast for the creed of Nicæa and loyalty to the seat of Peter. But with all this we do not quarrel much. Asceticism had a great work to do in the society described by John Chrysostom and S. Jerome. And the Roman See, when occupied by a Leo, in the wreck of the Western Empire, may rightly attract the admiration even of students far aloof from the Catholic Church.

Miss Teetgen fully recognises the scantiness of the materials for forming a clear conception of the real character of Pulcheria. Sozomen is a mere eulogist. Socrates almost ignores her. But the authoress is perhaps rather apt definitely to attribute to Pulcheria merits and political services on mere plausible inference or conjecture. As Mr. Bury has pointed out, much of the success of the reign of Theodosius was probably due to statesmen like Anthemius, and to the Byzantine Senate. Theodosius himself was a mixture of weakness and obstinacy, and was very much at the mercy of those who surrounded him. The great merit of Pulcheria was that she saved her brother from the allurements and corruption assailed by John Chrysostom. It was an immense change from the meretricious airs of Eudoxia to the severity of Pulcheria. The vigour of the great Theodosius survived in his granddaughters of the East and West. Left regent at sixteen, Pulcheria took a vow of virginity with her sisters, and headed a beneficent reaction against the tide of frivolous sensuality which had disgraced the court of Arcadius. The palace assumed the grave quietude and austere devotion of those great houses on the Esquiline where Paula, Lea, and Marcella had led a cloistered life, under the direction of S. Jerome, until they retired to the deeper seclusion of the convent at Bethlehem. The sisters of Theodosius gave their time to regulated devotion, sacred reading, and that needlework and gorgeous embroidery which were demanded by the lavish splendour of the Eastern Court. The education of Theodosius was carefully watched by his sister. He was trained in habits of devotion, according to monastic rules. Yet Pulcheria did not exclude the culture in grammar and rhetoric which had still a deep tinge of Paganism. She herself instructed him in the minute arts of kingly bearing, which were specially important at such a court. And the Emperor, in spite of weak health, became

a sportsman and enthusiastic polo player. The splendid shows were maintained as of old; the furious contests of Red and Green still went on in the Hippodrome, and the Emperor, and even his nun-like sister, were compelled by opinion to attend them. In spite of his general weakness, Theodosius once faced the old tiger-like craving for cruelty with the haughty answer: "Blood flows not in my presence." But the monastic training gave the tone to his inner life. Like the brethren of the cloister, he spent long quiet hours in copying and illuminating MSS, in the study of herbs and gems, and in delicate painting on wax. Some of his work is said to have been still extant in the thirteenth century.

The marriage of Theodosius to Athenais, the daughter of a Pagan sophist at Athens, is a startling event in a court with an atmosphere of conventual devotion. The ghosts of old philosophies still haunted the groves of the Ilissus, and Athena had still worshippers on her holy hill. A strange destiny bore the young Pagan Platonist to the circle of Pulcheria. And, stranger still, the Catholic devotee took Athenais to her heart, and made her the bride of Theodosius. The pleasure of seeing her convert's baptism into Holy Church must have been reinforced by a fascination which at once captured the languid passion of the Emperor. The two women were parted in the end by a tragic fate. But for years, the new Empress and the masterful daughter of the great Theodosius seem to have lived in harmony. How far Athenais, or Eudocia, to give her her imperial name, influenced her husband we can hardly tell. But we may, perhaps, surmise that the foundation of the University of Constantinople, which, with the Theodosian Code, is the greatest glory of the reign, may have been inspired by the daughter of Leontius. The wavering policy of Theodosius in the Nestorian controversy may also have been due to dim influences of the Platonic schools.

It is curious to observe that the Eastern Empire, which at the beginning of the fifth century, might seem honey-combed with corruption, and doomed to a speedy fall, passed safely through the great crisis of Gothic and Hun invasions, and emerged in the middle of the century under a line of strong and reforming rulers. In the reign of Theodosius II., the Persian war and the invasion of the Huns were the only striking external troubles. The feuds of Churchmen and the ferocity of Councils, aroused by metaphysical subtleties as to the Person of Christ, occupy a far larger space in the annals. Miss Teetgen, in some good chapters, reminds us that it was far different in the West. In the childhood of Pulcheria, Sueves and Vandals had swept from the Rhine to the Pillars of Hercules; Rome had been thrice besieged by Alaric, and the magic of that great name was vanishing. In the year in which Pulcheria assumed the regency, the Visigoths, under Ataulph, were occupying Southern Gaul, and the Burgundians were spreading along the Rhone and the Upper Rhine. In the years when the fierce factions of Cyril and Nestorius were swarming in the streets of Ephesus, and convulsing Asia with savage conflicts over a barren dogma, Aetius, the last great general of Rome, was harrying the Visigoth in Narbonne, and holding back the Frank chivalry on the rivers of the North, while the Vandals were sweeping across Roman Africa, and stamping out Roman civilisation and the Catholic faith. Pulcheria, in the calm of the opening reign of her husband Marcian, heard from afar the tales of Attila's terrible march across Germany to the conquest of the West, and the defeat of his hosts on the Catalaunian Field by Theodoric and his Visigoths, fighting under the standards of Rome.

Pulcheria had to endure much before the peaceful and honoured close of her career. In the fierce theological conflicts of the time, even her spotless character did not escape the foulest aspersions. She was a steadfast, perhaps bitter opponent of the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies. Her sympathies were all with the Western Church. The baneful eunuch rule, which had re-appeared in Chrysaphius, struck at her power, and for a time led to her retirement from the Court. She had to bear the estrangement of Eudocia, and to witness the imperial household darkened by the scandal of Paulinus and the exile of the Empress to Jerusalem, where the daughter of the Pagan sophist, after her strange and brilliant career, was weaned from

* "The Empress Pulcheria, A.D. 399-432." By Ada Teetgen. Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.

her heresies by the counsels of a lonely anchoret, and was laid to rest beneath the shadow of Olivet. Pulcheria died as she lived, wielding substantial, though often secret power over the secular and religious questions of the time. She regained all her old influence over Theodosius before his death, and formed a Platonic union for State purposes with the worthy Macan, his designated successor. The energy of her grandfather, flashed out in an order for the instant execution of Chrysaphius, the eunuch favourite who had darkened the court by his baneful ascendancy. Her last years were gladdened by the triumph of orthodoxy at Chalcedon, and the ebb of the Hunnish invasion of the West. The woman who apparently should have succeeded Paula as Superioress of the Convent at Bethlehem wielded for forty years immense power in the Councils of the Empire. She was probably a hard and narrow, but an energetic and ambitious character, one, perhaps, by nature more interested in the minutiae of dogma than in the fate of peoples. Yet, after all, she belonged to the elect order who, in an age of coarse luxury and cruel self-assertion, clung to the ideal of charity, and ministered to the poor and the diseased. She, probably, if we knew all her services to Church and State, deserves better of posterity than if she had buried herself in the impotent seclusion of an Eastern convent.

THE EVERSLEY TENNYSON.*

It is unnecessary to describe the format of the well-known volumes which belong to the Eversley series. Sufficient to say that Messrs. Macmillan are well advised in issuing their new edition of Tennyson in this form. The strong, simply-bound volumes are small enough to be held with ease, and substantial enough to take their place in a library; and along with those of Lamb, Matthew Arnold, Kingsley, &c., they are in suitable company. At present we have only the first volume of the new edition, containing all the authorised poems written not later than 1835, though some of them were first published long after.

The editor is Hallam, Lord Tennyson, son of the poet, whose object seems to be to present a reader's edition wherein there may be as little irritation as possible from editorial matter, and where the poet may be left to explain himself. There is no preface or introduction. The notes are reduced to small compass, and are put at the end. The editor mentions the date of publication of each poem, occasionally gives brief comparisons with other passages, or a few sentences from Fitz-Gerald, Arthur Hallam, and others, explaining the circumstances under which various poems were written. The majority of the notes are those of Tennyson himself.

The pieces are arranged, as in previous editions, chronologically; but this rule, hitherto pedantically observed, has here been departed from in one or two cases. For instance, "Mariana in the South," usually placed after "The Lady of Shalott," is carried back to its natural place after "Mariana." "The idea of this came into my head between Narbonne and Perpignan," is Tennyson's own comment on the later poem, and we have the words written by Arthur Hallam to Donne:—

"It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of 'Mariana,' the idea of both being the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second, that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the South of France, we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness . . . and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful."

Many of these early pieces were afterwards touched up or considerably altered, and that is one reason why there is so little that is really crude among them. Tennyson told us of one alteration which George Eliot did not think an improvement. As it stands now we read—

"Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot."

* "The Works of Tennyson." Annotated by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Poems. Vol. I. Macmillan. 4s. net.

George Eliot preferred the third line as it was originally:—

"Till her smooth face sharpen'd slowly."

There can be little doubt that, though the emended line is more regular and rhythmic, George Eliot is right; the earlier verse is infinitely more subtle and suggestive. Tennyson was always more sensitive to perfect musical expression than to the exact expression of an idea. He seems to feel real annoyance when Coleridge complains of his double words. "Coleridge thought because of these hyphenated words that I could not scan. He said that I ought to write in a regular metre in order that I might learn what metre was—not knowing that in earliest youth I had written hundreds of lines in the regular Popian measure." Had Coleridge lived to read the whole of his poetry surely this would have been the last criticism he would have made. Tennyson stands by the side of Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge himself as one of the few imaginative poets of this country who have achieved something little short of perfection of form.

And it is this which makes us certain that the fame of Tennyson will survive the attacks made upon him by the fashionable critics of to-day. In the poems which he wrote in the thirties he anticipated Victorian sentiment; he probably did much to create that sentiment; and there can be no doubt that he was adorned with the laurel and held his place in the hearts of his countrymen during the second and third quarters of the century because he so thoroughly expressed the ideas and feelings which were prevalent then. Now we live in the time of reaction against those thoughts and feelings. We are apt to be as scornful of Tennyson as we are devoted to—Mr. Kipling. We are apt to regard "New Year's Eve" as typical of his poetry; and it is true that the sentimentalism which is exaggerated in that poem does occur even in some of the best of his work, giving triteness to a thought which otherwise would have passed muster.

And yet there is that obvious fact which none of the hostile modern critics can deny. He had a perfect mastery of his tools, a faculty of putting magic into musical language such as no poet subsequent to him has had, with the single exception of Mr. Swinburne. And though there are passages of lyrical intensity in the latter which Tennyson could never have equalled, Tennyson on his part preserved a fidelity to his art and his ideals which enabled him to go on year after year, decade after decade, not only producing more poetry, but poetry which became more perfect as his own character became more mature. Mere quantity in poetry, if it is poetry at all, must always count. Though Tennyson never wrote anything of surpassing imagination like "Christabel" or "The Ancient Mariner," he was so completely endowed with the poetic nature that he went on ceaselessly writing beautiful poems without exhausting his powers. Nor was it by any means that he was facile. His art took toll of his energies, as he has told us; yet he died with the swan-song on his lips.

It is surprising how much that is still accounted great is to be found in this the first volume of the series. "The Lady of Shalott," "The Two Voices," "Oenone," "A Dream of Fair Women," and "Morte D'Arthur" are only some of the notable poems included. We are told that he himself considered the "Ode to Memory" as one of the best of his early nature-poems. This looking back to the "dewy dawn of memory," we can well understand, attracted Tennyson himself as it attracts most people advanced in life; but perhaps it specially pleased him because he loved to dwell lingeringly upon the habit of reflection and the philosophic attitude, not realising that here he was weakest; that (we must except "In Memoriam") his greatest strength lay in his supreme lyrical expression of simple moods and simple external things. Here, then, in these earliest of his published works Tennyson struck the note which speedily made him a popular poet, a poet who rejoiced in the ordinary things, thoughts, and sentiments of life, but who had the power of seeing them constantly idealised and made beautiful in the light of his own fine instincts. In his outlook he remains the same always. There is development in his technique and in his knowledge; but not much development in his philosophy or mental atmosphere. He goes on through half a century singing the same sweet songs, uttering the same child-like faith, seldom perhaps coming closely

into touch with the harder sides of life. But his works remain, not a mass of half-digested words from among which we may cull a few masterpieces, but a consistent body of achievement, of literature finished and perfect of its kind.

We may end by quoting the second of two sonnets entitled "Love," which have not been included in other editions:—

"To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
Is but to know thee; dimly we behold thee
Athwart the veils of evil which enfold thee.
We beat upon our aching hearts with rage;
We cry for thee; we deem the world thy tomb.
As dwellers in lone planets look upon
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
Hollow'd in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,
Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee.
Come, thou of many crowns, white-robed Love,
O rend the veil in twain! all men adore thee;
Heaven crieth after thee; earth waileth for thee;
Breathe on thy winged throne, and it shall move
In music and in light o'er land and sea."

THE LAST OF MEDIEVAL ART.*

It is but little that is known of the Van Eycks, but that little no one is better fitted to expound in its minutest details than Mr. Weale, who for years has subjected the lives and the work of the two painters, together with their surroundings and the circumstances in which they lived, to a fond and microscopic scrutiny. It is the results of this prolonged scrutiny which are gathered into the present ample and beautifully illustrated volume. We are presented, to begin with, with an exhaustive list of contemporary documents in chronological order bearing on the subject. This is followed by a similarly complete bibliography divided in three sections; the first comprising manuscripts and early printed books; the second dealing with the biography and art of the two brothers; and the third referring to their discoveries and technique. Next comes a brief chapter of five and twenty pages into which is packed, in the form of a slight biographical sketch, all the knowledge of importance which it has been possible to amass, and which, indeed, must seem but a few and scanty gold grains to result from such elaborate and extensive washings. Finally, we have a concluding and much longer section describing and analysing in detail all the recorded works of the two painters, a task which is rendered the more acceptable and interesting to the reader by the careful and admirable reproductions of the paintings which accompany the text.

Such briefly is the book before us. It contains probably all that ever will be known of the life history of the artists. To the select and studious band whose vision is concentrated on this particular niche in the history of art, a work like this is a necessary luxury, nor will such a trifle as five guineas be allowed to stand in the way of its acquisition. Outside this chosen few, however, its appeal cannot hope to reach. It is a book for the specialist and it is so because the art it deals with is itself an art of the specialist. For that, after all, is the truth about the art of the Van Eycks. However much we may bring ourselves to admire, and the more we examine the more we must needs admire, this art—the most delicate and perfect in technique that has existed and, moreover, so singularly fascinating in its combination of child-like naïveté with profound sincerity—we never can look upon it as really our own, or think of its methods and processes as instruments in the rendering of modern life. Faith, sincerity, simplicity, candour, humility, these are the lovely moral quantities that seem embodied in the conceptions of the Van Eycks and Memlings. But in the quality destined to be the governing factor in the modern world they are deficient. They do not possess intellect. We cannot imagine the art of the Van Eycks used to express the cultured broad-minded life of an intellectually developed age.

It is here we touch the difference between early Flemish and early Florentine art. In spite of all its loveliness, the early Flemish is a finite and finished thing. Purely medieval in its attitude of mind and moral qualities, it is medieval also in its intellectual poverty. There is in it no flexibility, no vitality, no promise. It marks the end, not the beginning of an epoch, and for future ages it will

be rather a record of a state of things for ever passed away, than a still living and still active influence. But Giotto? . . . The mere mention of the name strikes a chord that still vibrates. It was the happy fortune of Florentine art to develop and grow in conjunction with a development and growth of the mind and intellect. The mind of Italy, when Giotto worked, had already produced Dante. Nothing of a like quality of mental depth and richness ever issued from medievalism, and this conjunction of Giotto with Dante should be sufficient of itself to convince us of the intellectual fecundity of the soil the Italian Renaissance was rooted in. In this the promise of greatness in Italian art lay. From the first moment of its awakening, its strength keeping pace with the strengthening of all the faculties of the mind, Florentine painting is on its way to the attainment of a foreseen ideal; and that ideal is to render itself the fit and flexible instrument for the expression of a life of all-round mental culture and intellectual development. In Giotto already that purpose is declared, and declared as with a trumpet note. It is Giotto, and this is his eternal glory, who first faced the problem how to make of painting a vehicle for the exposition of that wider life upon which Italy was then entering. It is for this reason that he is modern, that he lives, not with the interest of a record of the past, but with the force of an influence still vital, and moreover, is recognised as so living, not by those only who appreciate art, but by thousands who realise in a dim sort of way that his point of view, full-facing reality, was in the main our point of view, that it was, in a word, the intellectual, as opposed to the medieval point of view.

It is by realising all that early Florentine art gains by its intellectual appeal that we best understand all that early Flemish art loses for the want of it. Not until, in a later age, Flemish art has assimilated the vital Florentine teaching, will it become a living function. In the hands of the Van Eycks, painting, however beautiful in various ways, is a dead language; something which may interest and fascinate but which does not intimately concern and affect us. We may go to it, but it cannot come to us. And as there are few who can thus detach themselves from their own age and cast themselves back into another, the appreciators of these last exquisite utterances of medievalism must needs be few. Mr. Weale has probably gauged the situation rightly in the preparation of the present work. Little is known of the Van Eycks, but let what little there is be collected with an infinite care and research; let it be enriched with all documents touching, however remotely, the fringe of the subject, and, having been carefully bound and beautifully and profusely illustrated, let it be presented to the small band of the devout at the rate of five guineas a copy.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CHURCHMANSHIP.*

MANY persons would be inclined to doubt if this were worth the doing; the special study, at this time of the day, of Mr. Gladstone as a "Leader of the Church." Mr. John Morley and Mr. George Russell might seem, between them, to have fairly covered the ground. Most readers will be convinced, however, before they have closed this volume, that Mr. Lathbury has fairly justified its production. It is not a study of Mr. Gladstone as a man inspired by ardent religious convictions; who, behind all the show and pomp of worldly success, preserved that heart of fire whose full interpretation is not yet revealed. There is little here of the revelation, even as given in the "Diaries" of Mr. Morley's biography, of that "inner life" whose history, he himself declared at the end, "has been with me extraordinarily dubious, vacillating, and, above all, complex." Mr. Lathbury examines the outward energies of a statesman and writer, as these energies became woven into the record of the organised religious life of England. He describes an interest in Church affairs which never flagged or decayed, an absorption in the controversies of the day as well as of the centuries, a mind ever watchful, ever splendidly courageous, defiant even in defeat, as it brooded over the interests of a Church which commanded its utter devotion.

* "Hubert and John Van Eyck: Their Life and Work." By W. H. James Weale. John Lane. £5 5s.

* "Mr. Gladstone." By D. C. Lathbury. Leaders of the Church Series. Mowbray. 3s. 6d.

It is written—in a sense—to a definite position: in part to vindicate Mr. Gladstone's consistency in all those apparent changes of policy which led so many to brand him as dishonest and time-serving; in part to vindicate the old "High Church" position which was so repugnant to the minds of such large masses of English citizens. Mr. Lathbury has great pleasure in exhibiting this "Leader of the Church" as giving the lead along lines which he himself has advocated so strongly—in preference (for example) of secular education to "undenominational" education; in refusal to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the civil court in ecclesiastical cases; in an acceptance rather of Disestablishment than of any modified State-broadened Church of England. Mr. Lathbury is astounded, upon examination, as every biographer is astounded, at the almost superhuman toil of the man. In that "spacious and unwearied mind" there was found room for the energies of many ordinary inspirations.

"Many stories used to be told in illustration of his marvellous faculty of turning his whole attention to some question of theology in the very middle of a political crisis. Thus, in the autumn of 1856, when his reconciliation with Lord Derby and the Conservative party was believed by many to be imminent, and certainly held a large place in his own thoughts, Lord Aberdeen describes him as writing 'volumes upon volumes' about the trial of Archdeacon Denison, and complaining that it did not suffer him to sleep. In fact, no ecclesiastical issue escaped his eye, or was too small to claim his attention. He has an unquestionable right to be called the most eminent lay Churchman of his own, perhaps of any generation."

This critic admirably distinguishes the two bedrock beliefs whose clashings and combinations formed the key to all the variations of sixty years. The one was devotion to the Church, as a definite reality; a tangible and not a phantom instrument for the redemption of the world. With all its subtlety and often tortuous self-examination—the qualities which made Disraeli call him "The Jesuit of the Closet"—Mr. Gladstone's mind remained firmly objective. It was no subjective and mystic entity, but the Church as an external agency, operating in the lives of men, that claimed his allegiance. His apprehension of it arose quite suddenly in a vision in St. Peter's at Rome, where he declares he first understood the meaning of this cosmic organisation as a living teacher and guide. Afterwards the second principle crept into his soul and came steadily to effect more influence there as the years went by—the principle which, as he complains, Oxford had never taught him, of the absolute value of individual human Liberty, not as a means towards an end, but as an end in itself. That saved him from the narrower clericalism which so many of his own religious belief have to-day adopted—the notion that freedom of thought is too dangerous to be widely encouraged, especially amongst the lower classes; the notion that compulsory religion is distinguishable from no religion at all. Men who had been taught to believe that Gladstone (in the last phase) was "half a Romanist," were astonished at the fury with which he assailed the "Vatican Decrees" and held this to be merely an elaborate piece of duplicity. But the fury was easily explicable in the recognition that here he thought he saw the best thing in the world being converted into the worst. And so the decent Church squires and clergymen of the early eighties were equally convinced that he was acting a part when they heard the appeal in what was, perhaps, the greatest speech of Mr. Gladstone's life, by the greatest Christian in Europe, for the free admission of uncompromising Atheism into the House of Commons. "In myself," said Gladstone afterwards, "I think I can truly put up all the change that has come with my politics into a sentence. I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty. I learnt to believe in it."

The progress from "The State in its Relations with the Church" to the Affirmation Bill is a long and adventurous journey, fully set forth in these pages. "The Protestant faith," he said at Newark in 1835, "is good enough for us, and what is good enough for us is also good for the population of Ireland." The argument appeared unanswerable until that strong solvent, belief in liberty, fretted and wore it away. Mr. Lathbury reveals, and endeavours with some success to interpret, the great moments of crisis in Mr. Gladstone's political life—almost all of them concerned with religious questions: the resignation on the Maynooth grant, the Gorham judgment, with the "going over" of Hope and Manning, the fierce, unaided fight against the Divorce Act

which, in the minds of many competent observers, seemed to have made him for ever impossible as a practical politician. He expounded here unpalatable doctrines "to a House of Commons by turns indifferent, amazed, and indignant." An unfriendly chronicler, whom Mr. Morley quotes, describing a ten-hours' sitting on a single clause, states that "including questions, explanations, and interlocutory suggestions, Mr. Gladstone made nine-and-twenty speeches, some of them of considerable length." As to the Irish Disestablishment, his critics, says Mr. Lathbury, "did not read far enough, or think deeply enough, to realise that it was not Mr. Gladstone who had abandoned his theory, but his theory which had abandoned Mr. Gladstone."

Towards the end, the definite ecclesiastical interests become subordinate to the one dominating question of Ireland, which this man came more and more to believe, with the faith of a "practical mystic," he was called upon to settle by the direct calling of God. He fought through it, struggling in heroic combat against cowardice, compromise, and the accumulated evils of six centuries. These broke him in the end. The great adventure failed. The Irish Question remains still unsettled. Then, when all had been done that man could do, and all done in vain, he turned to the ultimate question of all. "I wish that every young man could have seen him," wrote the Bishop of St. Andrews, at the last, "as he weighed his life, not in the balance of earth, but of heaven, as he reviewed the past and anticipated the future." "He anticipated what everyone will one day learn when the books are open and the record of life is revealed."

THE NEAR EAST.*

IN "Europe and the Turks" Mr. Noel Buxton has written not merely the best and most useful handbook to the Eastern Question; he has made it at the same time a model of what such a piece of pleading should be. Not a phrase is overstrained, not a charge exaggerated, and the argument develops with a cogent logic which reinforces the evident sincerity and the depth of feeling which animate every page. Mr. Buxton inherits a great name and a proud tradition. He has led the movement for the emancipation of Macedonia with an ardour and a wisdom worthy of his ancestor who fought shoulder to shoulder with Wilberforce in the cause of the slaves. In this little book, which is brief without being slight, he shows an intimate knowledge of his intricate subject and a grasp of its history which ought to carry conviction even to the coldest critic.

There is perhaps little that is new in the chapters which describe the actual condition of Macedonia. On few questions of foreign policy is there such a mass of literature in existence, and there are few questions on which the authorities are so nearly unanimous. But Mr. Buxton has succeeded in retelling the story with vigour and skill, and his very conciseness is in itself original. His main argument starts from the Treaty of San Stefano, shows by what a wanton intervention English diplomacy robbed the Macedonians of the liberties which the Russian armies had won for them, and draws with irresistible force the moral of our historical responsibilities. The present chaos is our work, and on us more than upon any other Great Power falls the duty of leadership in the task of disentanglement. As to ways and means, Mr. Buxton is opportunist. Any solution which will rid the country of the direct rule of the Turks is for him a good solution, and he would welcome equally autonomy or European control or partition among the neighbouring Balkan States. The last solution is impossible without war; the first would be bitterly resented by Servians and Greeks. In some form of international European control lies no doubt the key to the future. But the great merit of Mr. Buxton's book is not merely that it states the facts clearly and well, debates the solutions with a catholic mind, and discusses the diplomatic difficulties with candour and a sense of responsibility. It makes an appeal to simple humanity and national honour with a direct eloquence and a forcible simplicity as precious as they are rare in the literature of modern politics.

* "Europe and the Turks." By Noel Buxton. John Murray. 2s. 6d.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

It is a pity that so many of our novelists should to-day sit down to write without first mastering the contents of Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" For although Tolstoy, in his campaign against "upper-class art," wrongly contends that "good art acts on people independently of their state of development and education," his complaint that a great deal of modern art is a counterfeit, an imitation of art, is only too well founded. According to Tolstoy, the essential quality of art—feeling experienced by the artist—is often entirely absent from novels and stories which otherwise may be well written and are often moreover filled with well-observed and carefully noted details.

After reading a hundred and forty pages of "The Explorer" without being affected by any emotion, we asked ourselves whether the novel does not fall within Tolstoy's category of "counterfeits." Many things are recounted in Mr. Maugham's pages. Lucy Allerton, the heroine, for ten years watches the ruin of the Allerton fortunes, and discovers that her brilliant father, "who had seemed such a paragon of chivalry, is weak, unreliable, and shifty." The old country house, "Hamlyn's Purlieu," is sold, and the family is broken up, and then Mr. Allerton, when an undischarged bankrupt, swindles a Mrs. Saberton out of eight thousand pounds, and is sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Further, the career of the hero, the masterful African explorer, Alec Mackenzie, is traced for us, and we are told how he and Lucy Allerton fall in love, and how Lucy confides her brother George to the explorer to make "a good and strong man of him":—

"On a sudden, a thought flashed through her. She gave a little cry of amazement, for here was the solution of her greatest difficulty.

"Yes, you can do something for me. Will you take George with you?"

"George?"

"He remained silent for a moment, considering the proposition.

"I can trust him to your hands. You will make a good and strong man of him. Oh, won't you give him the chance of washing out the stain that is on our name?"

"Do you know that he will have to undergo hunger, thirst, and every kind of hardship? It's not a picnic that I'm going on."

"I'm willing that he should undergo everything. The cause is splendid. His self-respect is wavering in the balance. If he gets to noble work he will feel himself a man."

"There will be a good deal of fighting. It has seemed foolish to dwell on the dangers that await me, but I do realise that they are greater than I have ever faced before. This time it is win or die."

"The dangers can be no greater than those his ancestors have taken cheerfully."

"He may be wounded or killed."

"Lady Lucy hesitated for an instant. The words she uttered came from unmoving lips."

"If he dies a brave man's death I can ask nothing more."

"Alec smiled at her infinite courage. He was immensely proud of her."

Now this passage, which is neither better nor worse than ninety per cent. of Mr. Maugham's pages, does not convey anything of the subtle character of life; the conversation is leaden, regular, mechanical, falling from the lips of carefully adjusted automatons. There is no artistic feeling in it, and whether the author spun it out of his brain, or whether he felt anything when he wrote it, is a mystery to us. On the stage such a conversation might pass muster, because the actors by their personal touch would mask the lifelessness and abstract character of these unnatural phrases. Consider, for example, carefully: "Oh, won't you give him this chance of washing out the stain that is on our name?" "The danger can be no greater than those his ancestors have taken cheerfully." We might feel a wave of contagious feeling passing through an audience if this last sentiment were "carried off" by the personal force of a Duse, but in fiction the author has to supply by his art the slight, subtle touches in which the personal secrets of character lie. And without these his art is a dead thing. Those who have visited Rodin's studio may have noticed certain statues in marble, replicas of the great sculptor's work, executed by his apprentices, scored with tiny pencil marks which indicate where the subtleties of the contours have been missed. The ordinary eye will not notice the difference so long as the general effect is approximately true, so it is not surprising that at the other end of

the scale the secret of the huge popularity of many of the most mediocre artists should lie in some crude and "striking" generalisation (say of Miss Marie Corelli) being carried out by details all of them false and all exaggerated. Mr. Maugham, however, is not a competitor with Mr. Hall Caine, and we ask ourselves how comes it that ninety per cent. of "The Explorer's" pages are artistically as dull as the passage above quoted? It is not as though he had no good work to his credit. "Liza of Lambeth" showed originality and feeling, though the notebook was too much in evidence. "The Making of a Saint" was highly imaginative, in the best sense; but in "Mrs. Craddock" and "The Merry Go Round" the author took to painting elaborate pictures of the dissatisfied, bored, or vapid life of men and women in society, and however correct was the information dispensed, the artistic feeling was almost negligible. The effect, indeed, of Mr. Maugham's later novels is as though they were written on a scientific formula, and the author had lost the power of feeling the life that intellectually he is comprehending. The point is of some interest critically, as in so many English novels we find a gallon of "information" to a ha'porth of artistic power. Thus in "The Explorer" the presentation of Mackenzie's career both in Africa and England is too flat and measured, and is in keeping with the tone of an essay in biography or a magazine article. Only twice in the novel are sensations of pleasure communicated to us, first in the scene where George Allerton defies Mackenzie and plays the blackguard—a scene that is probably inspired by the Stanley Relief Expedition—and secondly where Dick Lomas is proposed to by Mrs. Crowley. In the face of this amusing passage, remembering how Mr. Maugham has failed to arouse more than our sceptical indifference by his pictures of family disaster and dishonour, colliery accidents, tortured lovers, and the like, we suggest that the author should eschew sentiment and essay social comedy. His Mrs. Julia Crowley, the American woman, amuses us, and we wish to know her. In short, she makes us feel, and is not that, as Tolstoy says, the first test of a work of art?

In "Mr. Strudge," Mr. Percy White has written a clever piece of satire, which would be far more telling if it had not taken the autobiographical form. Maximilian Hereward Strudge, the son of a greengrocer, is adopted and educated by "The Pretorians," a philanthropic society, which is a composite photograph, so to say, of the dilettante ideas of middle-class Socialists of the 'eighties. It is the aim of the Pretorians to imbue the rising democracy with the altruistic ideals of "the service of man," and in the founders, Algernon Vyse and Mrs. Hessel, the author has "taken off" the spiritual lineaments of the schools of thought led by Edward Carpenter. Young Strudge by nature a cunning, greedy, and adroit rascal, assimilates easily everything in the "service of man" ideal which he can turn to his advantage, and after becoming the organising secretary of the "Pretorians," entraps Petronia Hessel, the daughter of his patroness, into a clandestine marriage. The least pleasing feature of the book is that its effect on the unsophisticated public is to tar Socialists, Radicals, and reformers generally, with the brush of humbug, the brush that has been used so freely of late in certain organs of the London Press. Mr. Percy White is not particularly convincing in his fabricated picture of "Pretorian" circles, but we confess that we find Strudge amusing when, after refusing to help them materially, he preaches the "higher altruism" to his father, mother, and brother, who indignantly protest that he is "a Socialist on the make." The ironic method is justified when Mr. Strudge is brought to book by the indignant young women of his own class, to whom he makes love surreptitiously, but it is a failure when Mr. Strudge is trying to blacken the social aims of a large body of disinterested people with whom the author is not in sympathy. Mr. Percy White has also fallen into the mistake of making his hero highly conscious of his own rascality, and he would have done better to have studied the restrained method used by Thackeray in "Barry Lyndon," where the illusion is sustained from the first page to the last. There is in effect no illusion in "Mr. Strudge," who has been obviously created as a purely satiric instrument, and the central vice of its construction thus impairs the human interest of what is otherwise a clever piece of work.

* "The Explorer." By W. S. Maugham. Heinemann. 6s.

"Mr. Strudge." By Percy White. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

IN the preface to the "Life and Works of Vittore Carpaccio," which Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust has rendered into English (Murray, £2 12s. 6d. net), Signor Pompeo Molmenti pays a generous tribute to the late Gustav Ludwig, his collaborator in the compilation of the work. Herr Ludwig, however, died before Chapter VII. was completed, and the remaining four chapters, together with the appendices, are therefore the production of Signor Molmenti alone, whilst the preparation of the whole for the press must also be accounted his. The book is precisely what one would expect from the learned author of the "History of Venice," at any rate in regard to the extraordinarily thorough detail it provides; and, inspired as it is by a sincere admiration for this most truly Venetian of Venetian artists, it clears up many a debatable point with respect to his origin and the paintings connected with his name. The writing is somewhat diffuse, and we are not sure that a clearer picture of Carpaccio would not have resulted had the authors spared us some of the intricate description of the places decorated with his work, the literary reconstruction of *scuola* and church long since destroyed, the people with whom he consorted, and the historic or legendary sources of his subjects. Be this as it may, their digressions from the main path, prompted by the desire to sift everything to its root, are at least concerned with interesting facts of the life of renaissance Venice, and are so ordered that they constitute a vivid setting for the painter's career. The main facts of Carpaccio's life are that he was a native of Venice (not of Capodistria, as some authorities have erroneously supposed), that he was born about 1455, and after a distinguished career died between 1525-6. In his art Venice and her people were his abiding models, and the authors compare him to Pinturicchio in the literalistic fidelity with which he reproduced the buildings and characteristic figures of his native place. To only one source besides the nature around him did he permit himself to go for inspiration. This was to the German painter Reuvich, whose drawings of the Orient are clearly imitated in several of Carpaccio's religious compositions, notably in the "Departure of the Betrothed Pair," from the "St. Ursula" cycle, the "Visitation," from the series originally possessed by the Albanian *scuola*, and the "Preaching to the People" from the "St. Stephen" cycle. Carpaccio's popularity waned when the free style of painting adopted by Giorgione and Titian took Venice by storm. Unlike Giovanni Bellini, he could not adapt himself to the new fashion which he despised as wanting the restraint that characterised his own work. The pupil of Lazzaro Bastiani (not the master of that painter, as the majority of art historians have stated), he embodied the spirit of quattrocentist art, and it was as a quattrocentist that he died. This volume is luxuriously illustrated not only with reproductions of Carpaccio's works, but with those of several contemporaries who may profitably be compared with him, and with plans and views of buildings, existing or ingeniously reconstructed, heraldic and other inscriptions, and so forth.

* * *

WITH the single exception of Mr. Nevinson, no other writer about Russian affairs has shown so wide a humanity, so nice a literary touch, and so real a sympathy for the characteristics of the Russian temperament as Mr. Maurice Baring in "A Year in Russia" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). As politics and history it is curiously slight and incomplete. Mr. Baring, like Mr. Nevinson, was in Moscow during the bloody days of the December rising. Mr. Baring has contrived to be nearly dull; Mr. Nevinson has written about it one of the finest pages of modern English historical literature. Mr. Baring, however, makes his effects in his own way, and that way depends upon his knowledge of the language and his sympathy with simple life. On every situation he gives us the comments of his cabman, and most wise and amusing they often are. He interviews peasant deputies, and discovers among them self-taught sages who deserve a European reputation. The Russian peasant who has begun to read appears to have an amazing taste for the greater things in European literature, and his criticisms are often as profound as they are original. One is startled to read, for example, that "Paradise Lost," in a Russian prose

translation, is sold by the thousand as a chap-book at Russian fairs. It is for these side-lights rather than for its desultory history and its somewhat immature if decidedly Liberal politics that this book deserves to live. In many ways, however, it certainly suggests a novel train of thought. Mr. Baring often recurs to a paradox which deserves a careful handling. Why is it that, despite the rigidity of its political system, Russia enjoys so large a liberty in matters of private morality and conduct? The rigid conventions, the fixed social codes, the confident habits of judgment and condemnation which exist among us, are nowhere to be found in Russia. Individuality is tolerated in everything but politics, and freedom of thought allowed to everyone but the agitator. Mr. Baring asks himself in a charmingly written dialogue whether this tolerance in the larger questions of life and morals is really natural to tyrannies, this worship of convention peculiar to democracy. Athens, after all, as Renan reminds us, had in plain terms an inquisition. But the chances are that the explanation is historical rather than political. This respect for individuality, this freedom from the trammels of authority and convention is, after all, a comparatively modern phase in Russian life. It dates, we imagine, from the Nihilist movement, which was not, as Englishmen are apt to suppose, an outbreak of political anarchism, but simply a passionate epidemic of individualism and rationalism in thought, morals, and conduct—a wider and more uncompromising Protestantism. It was the courage and the extravagance of the Bazaroffs which won for the modern "intellectuals" of Russia the freedom they now enjoy.

* * *

COLERIDGE'S metaphysics, said Lamb, were only "his fun," and Mr. Shawcross laments in the preface to his edition of the "Biographia Literaria" (Clarendon Press, two vols., 8s. net) that Coleridge's philosophy of art has never received in England the consideration which it deserves. There are several reasons for this neglect. Coleridge's aesthetic criticism is but a fragment of his general philosophy, his presentation of it is amazing in its lack of sequence and order, and his style far from attractive. But in spite of its faults of arrangement the "Biographia Literaria" cannot be neglected by any student of literature. It contains those six magnificent chapters on Wordsworth and the theory of poetic expression, which, together with the "Lectures on Shakespeare," are among the masterpieces of English literary criticism. Mr. Shawcross is to be congratulated on the production of this sound and workman-like edition. It contains everything that is necessary to a profitable study of the text. The notes are brief and to the point, and the value of the book as a manual of Coleridge's literary criticism is enhanced by the addition of the essays "On the Principles of Genial Criticisms," the essay "On Poesy or Art," and the fragments "On Taste" and "On Beauty." There is also a good introduction, in which the development of Coleridge's theory of the imagination and his relations to German thought are discussed.

* * *

THE latest addition to Mr. Lane's "Living Masters of Music" series is an excellent appreciation of "Ignaz Jan Paderewski" (2s. 6d. net), by Mr. E. A. Baughan. It gives a sufficient amount of information concerning Paderewski's training at the Warsaw Conservatoire, and later at Vienna under Lescheititzky, who gave him the brilliancy of execution and technique which is one of his great characteristics. Indeed, Mr. Baughan believes that the fault of Lescheititzky's "school" is a desire to be brilliant and startling at all costs. Of Paderewski's execution Mr. Baughan writes with enthusiasm, holding that "he has the power of moving an audience as no pianist since Rubinstein has been able to move it," and he also believes that "there is every probability that he will yet make a name for himself as a composer." The book, written as it is by one of the most competent of musical critics, and illustrated by a number of photographs, will be useful to those who wish to have an adequate criticism of Paderewski's art as far as it has hitherto developed.

* * *

RATHER more than half of Mr. William Toynbee's "Vignettes of the Regency" (the Ambrose Company, 6s. net),

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* * *

"HOW TO COLLECT CONTINENTAL CHINA," by C. H. Wylde (Bell, 6s. net), is a manual which will be of great use to lovers of beautiful china. It contains a brief history of the chief Continental factories, illustrations of their typical work, and reproductions of the marks by which pieces may be identified. Mr. Wylde advises collectors not to trust to these marks as a proof of authenticity. The mark, he says, is the easiest thing of all for the forger to reproduce, and the clumsiest forger can copy a mark quite as accurately as is necessary to deceive the best expert who ever lived. Indeed, the mark is not infrequently useful evidence that the piece bearing it is not genuine, and Mr. Wylde instances the specimens of Sèvres porcelain decorated with enamels, and painted with a miniature portrait of Madame du Barry, the back bearing a date letter for a year between 1760 and 1765. The fact is that Madame du Barry retired into obscurity after Louis XV.'s death in 1774, while the enamelled decorations were only introduced by Cotteau about 1782. So that pieces combining Madame du Barry's portrait with the jewelled decoration and a date mark of 1765 are certainly forgeries.

* * *

BEGUN as a contribution to family history "Colonel Nathaniel Whetham, A Forgotten Soldier of the Civil Wars," by C. D. Whetham and W. C. D. Whetham (Longmans, 8s. 6d. net), has been published in the belief that the general public "might feel an interest in a career which, to some extent, was typical of those of the less prominent soldiers of the Commonwealth." Belonging to the younger branch of an old Dorsetshire family, Nathaniel Whetham was apprenticed at the age of sixteen to one Edward Tirrell, the baker to the Inner Temple. Some dozen years later he married his master's widow and took over the business, which prospered under his management. He was representative for the Fifeshire borough in Cromwell's Parliament, but on the outbreak of the war he joined the Parliamentary army and served with distinction at Northampton and the first siege of Banbury. He was rewarded for his services by the thanks of Parliament, the command of a regiment, and a grant of lands worth two hundred pounds a year. He bought the manor of the borough of Chard in 1647 from the Commissioners for the sale of Bishops' Lands, and retired there in 1647. He was dispossessed after the Restoration and left the Chard manor-house to spend his last years in a smaller house in the neighbourhood. Though Whetham's life differs little from that of many others of the period family piety seems to have preserved an unusual number of memorials of his career and these have formed a basis for the interesting narrative which has been written by his descendants.

* * *

MR. DANIEL O'CONNOR, who initiated Messrs. Dent's "Les Classiques Français" series, is now editing for Messrs. Bell another French series, "Les Classiques Français Illustrés" (5s. net), of which the first volume "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," by George Sand, has appeared. The book is beautifully illustrated by Miss M. V. Whitehouse, and there is a preface by M. Emile Faguet. M. Faguet lays stress on

George Sand's feeling for nature. No French writer, he says, except La Fontaine and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, has so intimate a knowledge of nature as George Sand. But George Sand's femininity gives a peculiar quality to her feeling. La Fontaine is the friend of Nature, Rousseau is her worshipper, but George Sand is her lover. Like most other critics M. Faguet is most attracted by George Sand's tales of rural life. They are, he declares, masterpieces of French imagination and of French style.

* * *

THE happy valley of Major T. R. Swinburne's "A Holiday in the Happy Valley" (Smith, Elder, 16s.), is the famous vale of Kashmir, and the book describes Major Swinburne's experiences during a holiday there. So many writers have described Indian travel to us that another book upon the subject is hardly necessary. Still Major Swinburne knows how to use his eyes and ears, he has so keen an appreciation of beautiful landscape, his accounts of hunting adventures are so well told, and, above all, he is so dauntless an optimist—he can even be humorous on the subject of mosquitoes—that we have read this book with considerable enjoyment. The water-colours by the author with which the book is illustrated are well done, though several of them seem to have lost considerably in the process used in reproduction.

* * *

UNDER the general title of "The Art of Landscape Gardening" (Constable, 12s. 6d.), Mr. John Nolen, an American landscape architect of distinction, issues "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening" and "The Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening," the two best works of Humphrey Repton, the famous landscape gardener of the eighteenth century. Repton lived at the period when, under the influence of the early romantic movement, and also in part through the teaching of Addison and Pope, the formal style of gardening was giving place to the attractions of a natural rural landscape. He quickly made a great reputation and was engaged in the creation or improvement of more than two hundred important places. He was not a rash innovator, but could see the beauties of the formal style even at a moment when it was decried on all sides. His books have the advantage of being free from technical terms and trivial details. They form probably the best general introduction to the study of landscape gardening in the English language, and Mr. Nolen has done good service by issuing them in this beautiful edition.

* * *

THE opening number of "The Sociological Review" (Sherratt & Hughes, 2s. 6d. net) is a great success, and the publication is likely to become indispensable to all students of Sociology, using the word in its widest meaning. Professor L. T. Hobhouse contributes an editorial article defining the scope of the journal, and discussing in a most interesting manner the nature and province of the inquiries proper to the science of Sociology. Professor Westermarck's article on "Suicide" is an interesting contribution to the data of the youthful science of Comparative Ethics. He shows among other things that suicide is not, as is sometimes supposed, in any way peculiar to civilised peoples, though he maintains in opposition to Professor Durkheim that the more lenient view taken of suicide among ourselves is likely to continue. Dr. Douglas Morrison writes a well-instructed article on the criminal problem, which he justly concludes to be "more a social problem than a penal problem." Crime, in the opinion of that high authority, is to be cured not by "more elaborate methods of punishment" but by an improvement of social conditions. The tenour of the argument is a good illustration of the value of treating a specialistic problem in the light of general sociology. Mr. R. R. Marrett has a vigorously written article on Comparative Religion; and Mr. H. L. Fisher has an article full of suggestions on "The Sociological View of History," which is the more interesting as hitherto Sociologists and Historians have not understood one another particularly well. Contemporary problems are represented in the Review by Professor Geddes on "The Survey of Cities," and Mr. W. H. Beveridge on "The Unemployed Workmen Act in 1906-7."

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LAST YEAR'S HOME FIRES.

THERE has been no startling event in 1907 to disturb the equanimity of the fire insurance underwriter. It was well that it should be so, and that the quasi-principle of fat years succeeding lean ones should remain as a governing idea until the science of averages can supply more reliable data. Our home fires have, however, been numerous and costly, but they have been distributed about the country with fair impartiality as to class and district. The year just numbered amongst the past has had no "conflagration" to give painful distinction to its existence, or to mark it amongst its fellows as having laid a too heavy hand upon the reserves of the fire offices—in fact, no individual fire has involved a loss running into six figures. So many causes unite in bringing about fires that, like the poor, they must be ever with us. Indeed, it may truly be said that fires, if fairly spread, and controlled by judicious underwriting, prove the worth and necessity of insurance offices. Since the days of Charles II., to whom is accredited the original scheme of fire insurance, and in whose reign the appalling object lesson of the Great Fire of London in 1666 occurred, the fire offices have pursued their beneficent work. With the numberless small fires which 1907 has embraced and which furnish an almost incredible aggregate, we cannot, of course, here deal. Those which have individually reached the sum of £10,000 may be mentioned as affording interesting evidences that what we have stated is fully justified.

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One satisfactory feature noticeable in the foregoing list, is the comparatively small proportion of country mansions which have gone under. For several years past country mansions have proved most unremunerative risks and very costly waste. The mortality has naturally been mostly with ancient buildings, where oil lamps and defective hearths are in vogue, where timber beams in chimney

flues have been traced as original offenders, and where miles have to be compassed before expert brigade assistance can be secured. In course of time—it is to be hoped fast approaching—the timber beam in chimneys must disappear, for the heavy experience in this class of risk must have wiped out most of them, and proved to the builder the danger of such an arrangement. It will come none too soon, for the patience of the fire offices was well nigh exhausted and drastic remedies were in contemplation. Stack fires—another burning instance of weary waiting and watching—have been less frequent, and it may be presumed that the notoriously wet weather which has prevailed throughout the most part of the year accounts for this in a great measure. In wet weather a stack is not so ideal a shelter for a tired tramp to sleep against with a live pipe in his mouth, or for him to hide against the wind when a light is required. So often does a half-spent match hastily thrown aside develop into a light which is *not* required. There is a sinful amount of waste from this cause alone, quite apart from the acts of the silly incendiary who imagines this to be a ready and speedy way of avenging his grievances with his employer.

In this connection reference may very fairly be made to the Railway Fires Act of 1905, which comes into operation this month. Its provisions and operations are distinctly limited. It only protects the farmer from loss to his crops through the sparks of the railway engine when such loss does not exceed the sum of £100. Why such a limit, or any limit, was fixed it is difficult to conceive unless it were intended to serve as a deterrent to the farmer against placing his stacks too near to the line of railway. Farmers are, we know, more apt to study their own convenience rather than give an ear to any outside possibilities. They cannot, however, be expected to keep uncultivated that portion of their land which is immediately adjacent to the railway, and if so it is quite conceivable that a fire so occurring to the growing crops in a dry season could well exceed the statutable limit. Workers in wood are old offenders and will probably remain so for all time. But as they are recognised as such from ordinary causes alone, they are charged commensurate rates and can, therefore, only be regarded by insurance men as fulfilling their unfortunate destiny.

FIRES IN THE FOREIGN FIELD.

Here there would have been no exceptional comment to make against 1907 had it not been for the mighty troubles which have been brought about by further occurrences of earthquake with fire combined. Before the year had hardly set in came the news that the business portion of Kingston, Jamaica, had been practically wiped out of existence making this the third catastrophe of the sort within a period of nine months. The fire companies have not regarded earthquakes or fires consequent thereon as properly coming within their category of liability, and they have given expression to this in a clause to this effect amongst the conditions of the cover granted by their policies. Where, however, the catastrophes are of so gigantic a character as at San Francisco, Jamaica, and Valparaiso, there is no disinterested public to appeal to for a jury, for all are sufferers alike and their sympathies are firmly secured before ever they get to the jury box. Hence it is that the claimants have had no hesitation in appearing in the law courts. At Mandeville, the first case was heard before a jury mostly composed of coloured men, and despite the fact that the summing-up of the Judge was all in the favour of the fire companies, the jury promptly pronounced for the claimants. Again, at Montego Bay, in the second case, like proceedings were invoked, and with like result and with the backing the Mandeville case supplied. The British offices have, of course, taken these cases to the superior court where it is confidently anticipated local jury bias will be absent. In the litigation with respect to like claims in Valparaiso, the verdicts of the courts have proved up to the hilt that the position taken up by the fire companies was in every way justifiable.

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The Week in the City.

THE continued improvement in the monetary position is due to the stoppage of the will or power of the United States to take gold, and it is believed in the City that gold is already filtering away from New York to Buenos Ayres. There has been quite a general reduction of bank rates in Europe. That of the Reichs bank came as a surprise, and is attributed to political nervousness of the Government in view of the motion of Count Kanitz reciting the sufferings of German trade and agriculture through dear money. Others say that it was intended to make things easy for the Prussian loan. The Prussian Government wanted thirty millions, and got only nine. A sorry fiasco, but hardly surprising in view of the fact that the German imperial loan was to follow. On the whole, it would be foolish to prophesy smooth things. We have yet to see how banks and highly financed houses in America and Germany will get out of their embarrassments; and then it must not be forgotten that in many trades materials and manufactured articles have fallen so rapidly that a number of failures among speculative holders are bound to come. One might mention such notoriously weak spots as the wool trade, the building trade, and the motor trade. On the Stock Exchange this week there have been ups and downs, the appearance of new issues and the promise of more counterbalancing the welcome reduction of our bank rate to five per cent. It is likely to remain there for some time, unless the best judges are mistaken.

A PROBLEM FOR INVESTORS.

The great problem now for investors is whether the recovery of American securities from the lowest points touched a few weeks ago is likely to be permanent, or whether (as some wit has suggested) the ring of bank-supported financiers in New York has only manipulated prices up on to a landing in order to fling them down on to the basement. It may be worth while to recount what are, in the opinion of a New York expert, the favourable and the unfavourable features of the situation.

The chief milestones already passed on the road to normal monetary conditions have been, we are told, first, a reduction in the Bank of England's discount rate from 7 to 6 and now to 5 per cent.; second, the cessation of New York bidding for new gold; third, the elimination of the cramping premium on currency; fourth, the disappearance of 20 and 25 per cent. call money charges and the partial resumption of lending on time; fifth, the movement of gold from the interior toward the East; and sixth, rising bank reserves. Stringency should finally pass before the end of this month, although there may not accrue that redundancy which is frequently predicted—at all events, not a redundancy of money for investment either in the many new securities to be offered or in the stocks of corporations whose earnings are dwindling to a point suggestive of lean dividends.

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This question of railroad earnings is a most serious one for those who wish to put their savings into American lines. It is obvious, as a competent writer in the "New York Journal of Commerce" points out, to everyone who has closely studied railroad and industrial returns that drastic economies must be effected if net profits are not to be gravely impaired. Almost every large railroad reports that during November its traffic fell off, but that expenses were materially higher. Tonnage is bound to decrease in the universal reaction from the intoxicating prosperity of the last two years, yet fixed charges were never so high as they are to-day. What must be done? Here and there freight rates may be increased and even passenger rates may be raised, despite public opinion on this point. But

it is from retrenchments of expenditure rather than from income that American railways may hope for salvation. Necessity is a stern taskmaster, and the amount of money that can be saved when there is none to spend may surprise both the management and stockholders. In thousands of ways little charges can be eliminated. Says the New York writer:—

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The process will be painful. Yet in the end it will prove of inestimable value to the roads and their stockholders, for efficiency stands to be improved rather than impaired by the exercise of rigorous supervision, while the sum total of the amount saved ought to go far toward counteracting lower receipts. With the exception of those companies that are irrevocably committed to enormous expenditures of a more or less unproductive nature, the railroads, it is believed, will be able to adjust themselves to changed conditions. "In the meantime dividends will have to suffer, and whether or not the effect of this upon stocks will more than offset the decline in money rates is an open question."

THE UNEMPLOYED UNDER PROTECTION.

Tariff Reformers tell the English working man that when his food and clothing cost him more he will have better wages and employment, and up till a few weeks or months ago they used to point their speeches with fairy tales about America and Germany as the workmen's Paradise. The "Daily Telegraph" now tells us that in spite of the fact that food and clothing are far higher in Berlin than in London, there are now 25,000 unemployed workmen in the Prussian capital. Every mail from the United States tells us of thousands more workmen being "laid off." The last paper I have read (of January 6th) states that steel works are only at 20 to 25 per cent. of their capacity. The majority of the copper mines are closed. Thousands upon thousands of textile operatives are out of employment. Why do not the Tariff Reformers send out a part of Protectionist workmen to report on New York and Berlin?

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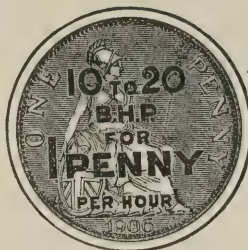
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The Nation

VOL. II., No. 17.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1908.

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Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister has returned to England greatly and, we believe, permanently, benefited by his rest at Biarritz. Those who have seen him describe him as stronger than before the attack which brought about his holiday, and well able to bear the fatigues of Cabinet and executive work, combined with a reasonable share of Parliamentary duties. The rumours as to his retirement from the headship of the Government, or from his place in the House of Commons, may at once be dismissed.

* * *

WE have reason to believe that there will be no large additions to the Naval Estimates this year, in the shape of a new start in construction. But the automatic increases, due to such factors as the increase in the cost of coal, may be heavy. The magnitude of the *matériel* of the Navy is responsible for these and other increments. We can but hope that the friends of economy and peace will make a firm stand in the House, and call for a clear declaration of policy from the Government. They could not have better material than is furnished them by the moderate and authoritative article we publish elsewhere from the pen of Lord Eversley.

* * *

PROTECTION won its first success at the Mid Devon bye-election, where Captain Morrison Bell has defeated Mr. Buxton, a specially able and acceptable candidate, by 559 votes. The Liberal majority at the General Election was 1,283, and the Liberal poll has fallen off by 447 votes, while the Tory vote has grown by 1,385. The constituency has been Liberal since its creation. No Government exists for two years without losing support, and few lose so little as the present administration. But the defeat will stimulate the Protectionist Opposition, and set going a reverse movement of the electoral pendulum. The causes are probably mixed. Great stores of wealth and activity have been placed at the disposal of the Tariff Reformers. Captain Bell besieged the constituency

and held two hundred meetings. The rise in the price of bread and coal was put down to the Government, and the moral of the big and little loaf rather unscrupulously reversed. The county families worked hard to recover their influence, the brewery and publican interest to destroy the Licensing Bill, the Tariff Reformers, disposing of half-a-dozen new organisations, to force Protection on the Tory leaders.

* * *

THE Labour Conference, sitting in Hull during the week, has reaffirmed, by a large majority, its former decision in favour of the full adult vote in place of a limited measure of woman suffrage. On Socialism, however, it has taken new ground. On Tuesday it refused, with the assent of some Socialists, a motion, put forward on behalf of the Paper Stainers' Union, to amend the constitution of the party by declaring that its "ultimate object shall be the obtaining for the workers the full results of their labour by the overthrow of the present system of capitalism and the institution of a system of public ownership and control of all the means of life." This formula of State Socialism was rejected by ten to one on the ground that it broke the party's alliance with non-Socialist members and trade unions, and enforced a Socialist test. On Wednesday, however, these tactical grounds were abandoned, or qualified, and another Socialist formula was moved by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and carried by a majority of 45,000 votes. The new phrasing, which declared for the "socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," is not, however, to be a form of exclusion for non-Socialists. The voting is not of great value, for it does not represent the decision of societies, but only the views of delegates. Mr. Shackleton, perhaps the most typical and representative Labour member in Parliament, vehemently denounced it, said that the constitution and objects of the party could not be separated, and that its success in the country had been imperilled.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR has spoken twice during the week, once on Friday week at Glasgow, where he described with something like enthusiasm the policy into which he has been propelled almost by physical force, and on Thursday in the City of London, after the first victory of Tariff Reform at Mid Devon. Thus "blooded" by his "kill," Mr. Balfour followed up the scent with some animation. His language was that of a Scottish landlord, and was purely reactionary. He insisted that the mere production of the Scottish Bill providing for the separate assessment of site values had "shattered credit," in land investment, and robbed the widow and orphan. It was an approach to the Socialists, who had just run up their red flag, and meant to fight under the "piratical colours of general spoliation." The new development of Socialism in the Labour Party would revolutionise the party system. There would now be little room for the old-fashioned Liberal. The new confrontation would be between Unionism and militant Socialism, *i.e.*, between reaction and revolution. Mr. Balfour did not add that Unionism now implied Protection, and that the workmen would no longer have the safeguard of cheap food and a certain security from trusts. He declared nominally against *laissez-faire*, but insisted that the vital object of a statesman was to keep his gaze fixed on the "production of wealth;" its distribution might more or less take care of itself. This strikes us as a menacing proposition for the workmen.

MR. CHURCHILL has returned from his African tour, and made a series of brilliant speeches at the National Liberal Club and at Manchester. At the Club he contributed a glowing picture of the fertility and beauty of the East African Protectorates, and the success of the experiment of building up a peaceful and prosperous negro State, with a sprinkling of white directors, in Uganda. On the British Indian question in Natal he sided on the whole with the Transvaal Government, but supported a suggestion of Sir Charles Dilke's that room might be found for the Indian traders on the high and healthy plains of Equatorial Africa. At Manchester Mr. Churchill attended a powerful and important rally of Free Trade opinion, at which he spoke on the same platform with Mr. Arthur Elliot, and many leading Manchester Conservatives, including Mr. Garnett and Mr. Tootal-Broadhurst. Mr. Elliot declared stoutly for reprisals on the "Confederacy" Club, and said that if Mr. Balfour had gone for Protection at Birmingham he had ruined his party. Mr. Churchill argued the whole Free Trade case, showing the enormous growth of the cotton industry, and the much faster progress of our export trade during the last three years—the period of the Tariff Reform movement—than that of Protectionist countries. The increase works out in tabular fashion thus:—

Increase in British Export Trade (1904-1907),	13.9	per cent.
" United States "	10.7	"
" German "	6.9	"
" French "	3.5	"
* * *		

ON Wednesday Mr. Churchill rallied his party supporters and powerfully criticised the proposal to set up the right of the parent to determine the religious education of his child. This right of the parent, as interpreted by the Bishop of Manchester, was to prevail against the rights of the State, against the interests of education and school management, and against the will of the House of Commons, but not against one of six thousand "ancient and mouldering" trust deeds which bound the schools to a single denomination. He declared Liberalism to be a middle party between re-action and revolution, and that its task was to "build up a minimum standard of life." But he denounced revolutionary Socialism as reversing the idea of the first Christian Socialism. The early Christian Communists said, "All mine is yours," but now extreme Socialism preached "All yours is mine," and its spirit was essentially selfish and fierce.—Sir Henry Fowler, speaking at Wolverhampton on Monday, quoted Mr. Gladstone, who was strongly anti-Socialist, as saying "in his quiet and stern way" of the nationalisation of the land, "Do you mean to pay for it, or do you not? If you mean to pay for it, it is folly; if you do not mean to pay for it, it is robbery."

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LORD CURZON still stands at the door of the House of Lords, uncertain whether it will be opened to him. He has obtained a majority of votes as an Irish representative peer, but his position is announced by the Crown and Hanaper office in terms which show that his election is doubtful. The office states that he has obtained a majority of votes, but that Lord Ashtown has secured the next highest number. The matter is referred to the House of Lords itself, who will, we imagine, be largely guided by the Lord Chancellor. We have every desire to see Lord Curzon speaking in the House of Lords or most other assemblies, but it is a bad precedent for Unionists themselves to falsify the basis of Unionist representation in the British Parliament in order to serve a personal or a party need.

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THE slight street disturbances which marked the Berlin franchise demonstration of Sunday week have been followed by conflicts in Berlin and Hanover between the unemployed and the police. The Berlin police used their sabres against a body of three hundred unemployed in the

neighbourhood of the Reichstag building with considerable vigour and heartiness, and, according to the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," without provocation. The Prussian authorities would seem to be seriously disturbed by the prospect of an agitation carried on in the street. The Kaiser has personally thanked the Berlin police for their "energetic conduct" on "Red Sunday," and Prince Bülow in the Reichstag threatened the Socialists that their new path led downward and to danger. His history and his political psychology, however, were distinctly at fault when he protested that street politics were not in accordance with German feeling and practice, and that no demonstrations could extort anything from a Government "mindful of its duty." Whatever political liberties Germany, and in particular Prussia, enjoys were won in the streets and even by armed rising. The Prussian Socialists are really in very much the same condition as the middle-class revolutionists of 1848, for the franchise system prevents them electing a single representative to the Diet.

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THE resort to street demonstrations does look like a change in the tactics of the German Social democracy. The German Socialists have lost considerably in prestige of late. The tame submission to the jerry-mandering of the franchise in the Hanse towns has contrasted very unfavourably with the vigorous action of Socialists in Austria and Hungary, and something like a reaction is in progress against excessive docility. During Wednesday's debate in the Reichstag the Centre supported the claim for universal and secret suffrage. The National Liberals, true to their record, backed the police and Prince Bülow. The Radicals evidently find it very difficult to make up their minds to enforce their theoretical approval of universal suffrage by throwing over the *bloc*. A few individual members and a fair number of associations are anxious to break with Prince Bülow, but the majority want before everything else to get the Bills they are interested in—a Bourse Bill and an Associations Bill—passed. The moral consequences which such good Radicals as Dr. Barth predicted from an alliance with high Tories have not been slow in coming.

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THE Attorney-General, Sir J. Lawson Walton, died on Saturday in London, from a sudden attack of double pneumonia, following on a long enfeeblement of health. He was only in his 56th year, and his death, the penalty of the swift and crowded career of a successful lawyer, may be called premature. He had many qualities that interest and charm, for without being either a great lawyer or a great statesman, he stood in the first rank of lawyers and politicians, and deserved his eminence. He had tact, an excellent head, a remarkable clearness and fineness of style and expression, a sincere amiability, and singular patience of temper and bearing. He was asked to defend the wrong method of solving the problem of the Trades Disputes Bill, and did so with great skill, though with unfortunate effect. He belonged to the Imperialist group of Liberals, but not prominently. At the bar his advocacy, less powerful than that of Russell, was astute, pointed, and prudent. His successor as Attorney-General will be Sir William Robson, and the Solicitor-General's place should go of Parliamentary right to Mr. S. T. Evans, with Mr. Rufus Isaacs as a brilliant *proxime accessit*, having his chance to come.

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THE Japanese Budget for 1908-9 is not cheerful reading. The estimated revenue and expenditure are made to balance at £61,600,000, a very heavy demand upon a poor Asiatic people, still only partially developed industrially. The additional revenue required is to be raised by means of new taxes upon the necessities of life, instead of, as at first intended, by a heavier income tax, and by means of a loan of £4,000,000; further,

according to the "Japan Herald," though the official *communiqué* omits to mention it, £10,000,000 of Treasury Bonds are not to be redeemed. It looks, therefore, as though there was a deficit of £14,000,000, and this deficit will be increased by the promised supplementary budget on railway expenditure. The delay in settling the railway budget is due to differences of opinion, which have already caused a Ministerial crisis. The Japanese Government takes credit for increasing the contribution to the debt account by £1,000,000, and for opening out new permanent sources of revenue; but the debt is growing, and the proportion of irregular to permanent revenue sources is apparently still greater than it was two years ago. The only really satisfactory feature of the Budget is the resolution to knock off £12,000,000 authorised to be spent on armaments and communications during the next six years; the economy this year is chiefly at the expense of the army, not of the navy; but it is welcome not only to the Japanese people, but to Western peoples, who are being sacrificed in the race for the largest armaments budget.

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Mr. LEMIEUX's mission to Tokio has resulted in a formal undertaking by the Japanese Government voluntarily to regulate emigration to Canada and to govern its policy by a careful consideration of the local conditions prevailing in the Dominion. Mr. Lemieux in the Canadian House of Commons gave definiteness to this promise by stating that Japanese immigration from the Hawaiian islands, from which quarter most of the emigrants have hitherto come, will be stopped, and that contract labourers even direct from Japan will be excluded unless the Canadian Government desires them. Students, merchants, and tourists are to retain full freedom of entry, and apparently, though this point is not quite clear, the emigration companies, upon which the blame for the great influx of recent years has been placed, are to be suppressed. The negotiations between Japan and the United States have not yet been concluded, but Count Hayashi's statement to an interviewer points to an agreement along the same lines as that with Canada.

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THE Russian Foreign Office announces that the object of the negotiations now proceeding is the conclusion of special declarations by Russia and Germany, Sweden's neighbours, for the maintenance of the territorial *status quo* in the Baltic and the securing of Sweden in the new situation which has been created by the lapse of the Anglo-French guarantee treaty of 1855 owing to the separation of Norway. The proposed agreement, like the Mediterranean agreement of last May, and unlike the Norway guarantee treaty of last November, is to be confined to those Powers directly interested, though France and England have been kept informed of the negotiations. Denmark, though one of the Baltic Powers, has not yet taken part in the exchange of views, which suggests that a general Baltic guarantee is improbable. Certainly an agreement embracing Holland and Belgium, the countries on the outside of the Baltic gate, in the same way as the Mediterranean agreement covers "that part of the Atlantic Ocean which washes the shores of Europe and Africa," appears not to be contemplated. A larger arrangement would be more welcome, but even a limited guarantee makes for peace. There is, of course, no notion of converting the Baltic into a *mare clausum*.

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THE deputation of Churchmen, clerical and lay, who waited on the Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna on Thursday, to support the teaching in schools of "the elements of the Christian faith," proved to be powerful and representative. Dr. Morrison, who introduced it, said that it included or was supported by three Anglican bishops, five deans, five canons, and five professors in the Universities, and the response to the invitations sent out was said to be "overwhelming." Its dele-

gates certainly exhibited a high standard of scholarship and attainment. The Bishop of Hereford claimed that it also represented the "common sense of the great mass of English Churchmen, and of Englishmen, whether Churchmen or no," and that the opposition to "simple Bible teaching" was hardly sincere, for the High Churchmen had allowed thousands on thousands of children to attend the Board Schools. The Prime Minister, agreeing fully with the deputation, and declaring that it "held up the Government's hands," protested that it "went to one's heart" to hear the teaching of the Bible in schools described, as Lord Hugh Cecil had described it, as "corrosive" and "poisonous." Mr. McKenna added that he "rested his anchor on the Bible" and that Bible teaching was accepted throughout the land, east, west, north, and south. It was the sole alternative to secular instruction, for neither denominationalism nor the intervention of the individual parent was practicable. Both he and the Prime Minister insisted that if secular instruction was forced on, the responsibility would lie with the High Church denominationalists.

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THE verdict of £1,000 damages awarded to Mr. A. Q. Tucker against the "Lancet" newspaper raises the interesting question—what is a quack? The tendency of men in all professions is to fix that epithet on all who attempt to practise without having gone through the orthodox training and received the orthodox certificates. In the "Lancet" case the plaintiff proved to the satisfaction of the jury that his remedies had done good to a number of persons suffering from asthma—a disease difficult to cure or even to relieve. Mr. Justice Ridley in his charge observed that the plaintiff's principle of "no cure, no pay" was more than one could get out of most doctors. While it is of importance that the public should be protected from unscrupulous or ignorant salesmen of useless or dangerous drugs, doctors, like other people, must submit to be judged by results.

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THE Rugby International played at Bristol on Saturday last resulted in a win for Wales by 5 goals (1 dropped and 1 penalty) and 2 tries to 3 goals and 1 try scored by England. The heavy scoring was in some degree due to a thick fog, which made it quite impossible to see across the field of play, and, towards the end of the game, frequently obscured both the teams from the view of the spectators. As far as could be judged from football played under such conditions, Wales deserved to win. The Welsh forwards were quicker in getting possession of the ball in the scrummages, and provided their backs with plenty of chances. On the other hand, the English forwards showed to advantage in the open, and some of their dribbling rushes were excellent. Of the backs, Bush, the Cardiff half, played a brilliant game. He is a quick, resourceful player, and he gave his three-quarters scope for the passing game for which Welsh players are justly famous. The English team showed pluck and endurance. They managed to cross the Welsh line four times—a feat that has not been accomplished during the past ten years. English Rugby footballers may congratulate themselves on the fact that the game is undoubtedly reaching a higher standard in this country.

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AT the Doré Galleries are nine of the religious pictures by the late Sir Noel Paton. The artist, who might rightly have been described as the pre-Raphaelite member for Scotland, was one of the most conscientious workers of his kind, and in this series of canvases, which extends over nearly forty years, one is principally impressed by the consistency of his technique. There is practically no difference in execution between the "Pursuit of Pleasure" of 1855 and the "De Profundis" of 1892. The emotional qualities and the symbolism of these pictures do not strike us as being more profound than those in most respectable religious works of the Victorian age.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SOCIALISM OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

THE Conference of the Labour Party at Hull has puzzled most of its critics, friendly and unfriendly, by its sudden change of front on the subject of Socialism. On Tuesday the delegates, whose votes count in proportion to the membership of the societies they represent, rejected by 951,000 votes to 91,000 a resolution moved by one trade society that the Labour Party should declare as its "ultimate object" the "overthrow of the present system of capitalism." On the following day it carried, by 514,000 votes to 469,000, a motion, presented by another and more powerful society, in favour of the "socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." Much the same massive, polysyllabic formula has been presented to millions of enthusiasts on thousands of platforms all over the Western world since the genius of a German Jew gave it currency. In the case of the Hull Conference it is, indeed, stripped of its practical force by the insistence even of its friends that it represents not a test of membership but a pious opinion. Non-Socialists are still to be eligible for election to a party which draws the bulk of its funds from non-Socialist sources. The trade union element is to remain undisturbed. In fact, the attitude of the Socialist wing at the Conference is a confession that its resolution goes ahead of the general labour constituency. We suspect that Mr. Shackleton, the ablest Parliamentarian in the Labour Party, is right when he declares that Wednesday's vote will check the movement of unity which is gradually transferring the central force of organised labour from trade unionism to labour representation. The miners, the greatest force of all, may now draw back; the Lancashire workers, Free Traders but largely infused with conservative notions about the State, may also be repelled. Indeed, the chief result of the academic motion of Wednesday may be the use to which it is being put in every Conservative newspaper which we have read, namely, the frightening away of the middle classes, not merely from labour politics, but from social reform and the Liberal Party. To the average manipulator of the Protectionist Party, the Red Flag is no more a serious emblem than is the "Jolly Roger" in "Peter Pan." It is a mere asset in the business of discrediting Free Trade.

It is here that the Labour Party is in danger of making its great miscalculation. It may think that it can replace the Liberal Party by disillusioning the mass of its working-class supporters about it. To an extent it may succeed. The serious workers may be increasingly attracted by a propaganda with a religious appeal, the outcome of volunteer enthusiasm, coming from their own class, enunciated in their own language, and breathing the hope of social regeneration. These influences may well tend to draw workmen from the more artificial Liberal organisations, with their machinery of paid workers and their mixed middle-class and working-class origin. Socialism is the gospel of the street corner, where most gospels begin. Ministers are beginning to preach it; a great mass of serious, intelligent thinking is steadily turned on it; it is especially welcome to the young and ardent; nearly all the interesting democratic movements in other lands are conducted by it. But these

advantages do not create a party fitted for government, and for immediate purposes the workmen have to choose between a body of politicians who will guarantee them cheap food and keep social reform to the front, and a party pledged to tax their food and held in being by rich men for rich men's purposes. Already Mr. Balfour is prepared to take cynical advantage of the situation, and to menace the workers with a high Protectionist Party, in which care will be concentrated on the "production of wealth," and its distribution, *i.e.*, the share of the workers in its fruits, is to be left to look after itself.

We need not, however, exaggerate the import of Wednesday's formal incursion into Socialist doctrine. We may read into the Labour Party's declaration of a Socialist basis as much and as little as our knowledge of the character of our workmen and of the general tendencies of our politics suggests. A society which for nineteen hundred years has professed the Christian ideal without moving with undue haste to its realisation need not concern itself overmuch with crude attempts to rebuild the modern State more or less in harmony with that ideal. Men will go on for generations making laws in the Socialist fashion, and breaking or despising them after the anarchist model, without abolishing law or capitalism or destroying private enterprise. Socialist workmen will protest, to the shedding of innocent blood, against the usurpations of bureaucracy, as their fellows are protesting in the streets and Parliament of Berlin to-day; and ardent individualists will call aloud for State aid against vivisectionists or child-torturers. The human struggle for liberty and against injustice will go on amid these apparent contradictions, only now and then conscious of its victories, and always looking forward to a perfection that only a thoroughly cleansed and exalted humanity will realise. And politicians, whose business it is to deal with immediate difficulties, will be unwise to grudge to workmen the elements of hope and imagination that Socialism supplies, often as their main intellectual and moral resource in a brief and obscure pilgrimage. At least, Socialism does not spoil the lives of workmen; like religion, it raises and softens them, and is a substitute for their grosser temptations. And we must remember, too, that it gives them a rather larger outlook than pure trade unionism affords. It forces them to regard the complications of society from another point of view than that of the manual labourers only. The workmen have as yet hardly begun to think of the intricate problems of foreign politics, diplomatic relations, colonial administration, constitutional Government. So long as everything is regarded purely from a wage-earner's point of view, the larger conceptions cannot enter into working-class policy. A pure workman's party, for example, will measure the question of armaments by the employment or dismissal of workmen at Woolwich, and Chatham, and Portsmouth; a Socialist Party, with its wider outlook, comes more closely into touch with enlightened middle-class opinion on the general problem of military and naval expenditure. What we hope to see the advanced labour leaders realise is first that they do not command the whole field of working-class interests, and that a sudden wave of depression and unemployment might sweep great masses of wage-earners into the Protectionist camp; and secondly, that when a serious movement is afoot, like that for social reform, they must seize and make the most of it before the reaction comes. The triumph of the "new Unionism" in the late 'eighties was followed by the long reign of Imperialism, during which neither the political nor the economic opinions of the workmen had any appreciable weight in the councils of the State. If Imperialism returns to-morrow it brings Protection with it, and only a weakened Liberal and Labour Party to confront that double menace.

THE MORAL OF MID DEVON.

THE Mid Devon election marks a new phase in politics because it has at last proved it possible for a seat to be won on Tariff Reform. Hitherto the record of the Tariff Reformers had been an unbroken series of disasters. They had successively lost all doubtful and many "safe" seats. They had gained none except through personal causes or "split" votes. In Mid Devon no such secondary causes were at work. The Liberal candidate was all that could be desired, and let us say in passing that none who know Mr. Buxton doubt that in spite of this rebuff he has an assured Parliamentary career before him. The victory in Mid Devon was political, and the political principles involved were those of Free Trade *versus* Tariff Reform. Tariff Reform can win an English agricultural constituency. That is the "new fact" proclaimed on Saturday at Newton Abbot.

It is true that if we look closely into the matter the circumstances of the victory are seen to be not altogether such as to encourage the modern variety of Protectionism. From the varied causes assigned for the Liberal defeat one emerges as agreed on by all sides. The rise in the price of bread and other articles of food is admitted to have been a prominent feature in the campaign. Now, there is something a little paradoxical in the spectacle of a Tariff Reformer who proposes to tax food winning on the ground that food has already become dearer. If the full meaning of the victory be considered, it will be seen that it does not augur well for the permanent acquiescence of the people in any form of taxation which would increase the cost of the necessities of life. Yet it is easy to see in the vote the kind of confused logic which expresses the movements of the mass-mind. There lies behind it the expectation, fostered perhaps by incautious speeches at the General Election, that it is the business of Liberal Governments to see that food is cheap; that this Government failed in its duty; that Free Trade had not prevented the price of the loaf from rising; and that in the general disgust at the course of things it might be as well to try the remedies of Tariff Reform. It may be said that against logic of this kind the gods themselves fight in vain. But there is another side to the question. How was it, we might ask, that this election came to be fought on the fiscal controversy at all? The Liberal Government has been in office two years with a great majority at its back armed with powers to devise and carry out the real remedies for those evils for which Tariff Reform offers quack medicines. How is it that those real remedies are not filling the public mind and occupying the arena of controversy at contested elections? The answer is, in part, that these remedies are still to seek. The Government stand on the negative issue of the Tariff question, because they have no sufficient record of a positive social policy to show. For Scotland, indeed, they have a Radical land policy which, by all accounts, is raising the democracy in the constituencies to a vivid and even impassioned interest in politics. In England the fate of their land policy still hangs in the balance, and may be decided not by them but, failing a powerful intervention from the centre, by favour of the County Councils. Apart from the Land Act there is still little to attract and hold popular support. Old Age Pensions, indeed, are in the air. But they are sometimes talked of by Liberal speakers and newspapers in such a way as only to chill the feeling for them. What might be the most popular measure ever brought

forward by a Government is ushered in by speeches which treat it as a concession made grudgingly and of necessity, to be minimised to the utmost degree, to be apologised for on the ground that it will do little and not cost much. The question of the unemployed, growing now month by month in urgency, for which Tariff Reform offers a spurious but plausible solution, is left to the brusque negations of Mr. Burns. Education has been so handled as to excite the animosity of the Church while leaving the Nonconformists cold and doubtful whether anything can be done by a Government which declines the combat with the Upper House. There is no sufficient ground of appeal to the masses, and much talk to alarm the vested interests.

Let us look at the Parliamentary situation with a little candour. More and more, we think, it will be seen, as time goes on, that the root of the difficulty lies in the neglect of the Government to deal with the House of Lords last year. They failed to use the full tide of Liberal enthusiasm to carry them over the obstacle with a rush, and now they may have to deal with it on the ebb. What is the immediate prospect? Two measures of real social importance, but beset with political dangers, are promised. There is to be a Licensing Bill, the fear of which has already brought the full force of the publicans into the field. Will the Lords pass it, or will they, adroitly advised by Mr. Balfour, leave it to fill up the cup, not of their unpopularity but of ours? There is to be an Education Bill which, just though it may be, may enrage the Church and alienate the Catholics. All the interests opposed to it will thank God that we have a House of Lords. It will, we are sure, be backed by the Nonconformists. But at the same time there is to be an Irish University Bill, and the Nonconformists will secretly rejoice if the House of Lords throws it out. The danger is that at the end of the year there may be an assortment of Liberal measures hanging suspended between the two Houses. Each of them will exasperate a section of the electorate. Few of them will entirely satisfy any portion of the electorate.

We are not suggesting that any of these measures should be dropped. But we see that their fate has been prejudiced by the mistake of dropping the Constitutional issue. The remedy, we believe, is to be found in setting in front of our activities measures of legislation and administration which shall prove that Liberalism and Free Trade can afford a basis for a constructive policy of Social Reform. The principal efforts of this policy must lie in dealing with the problems of poverty, of unemployment, and of the land. Let our Old Age Pension scheme be not a half measure, which will alarm the middle class without succouring the poor, but a generous plan that will form the basis of a new and more humane system of dealing with poverty. Let it be recommended, not with bated breath and whispering humbleness, but with a confident appeal to the awakened social consciousness. Let us cease to treat the unemployed as though the chief thing to do was to let them die out, and let us proceed with the Valuation Bills, which are the necessary preliminary of land and housing reform. Let us frankly understand that if our appeal is to the democracy we must place before it the things that the democracy cares about, and that we shall not win it to the great effort necessary for a constitutional struggle by only setting before it issues which distract

and divide, and proposing measures which at best it reluctantly accepts as an unpleasant duty. The Mid-Devon election will not be without its uses if it teaches that the stream of Free Trade will not flow on of itself with a force sufficient to bear down all obstacles, but that it is on their own efforts that Free Traders must rely to prove that theirs is the true line of social progress. Instead of ignoring the evils with which the Tariff Reformer proposes to deal, they must counter his delusive promises with genuine reforms, based on a fearless application of democratic principles of finance.

WHAT THE HOUSING BILLS SHOULD DO.

Nor the least important of the measures of the Session will be the amalgamated Bills on Housing and Town Planning, which are due from the President of the Local Government Board. Both schemes were promised and drafted last year, and when they were postponed, their early revival was inevitable. The occasion will be interesting, for it will witness Mr. Burns's first essay in the path of large and serious legislation. The country will be able to judge what powers this virile personality possesses of handling a subject of great complexity and of vital importance to the physical and moral strength of our people. He must look for keen and thoroughly informed critics. In replying to the deputation of housing reformers which interviewed him in 1906, Mr. Burns naturally praised the work of his own Department. But the Local Government Board is far from being one of our more progressive centres of administration. Few public offices have illustrated more strongly the conservatism of the official mind, or its tendency to develop as a repressive, rather than a stimulating, force. The great municipalities might have given a far better account of their stewardship had a more generous and imaginative spirit presided over the authority whose frequent narrowness and weakness have set their stamp on our housing legislation. If it be true, as the reformers contend, that the evil of bad housing extends in mass, if not in acuteness, and that bad houses were never more prevalent, the blame must be divided between the central and the local authorities. Some kind of progress there has been, but when we remember that there are still districts in London with a death rate of fifty per thousand, that Scotland can only show an average of three rooms to each family she rears, with a huge mass of one-room dwellings, and that the whole process of town extension threatens a perpetuation, even an aggravation, of slum life, we find little ground for self-congratulation. A Bill which deals adequately with such evils can be no mere ingenious re-coiling of old threads of red tape. It must be large and bold, planned with full cognisance of the fact that bad housing is still slaying and crippling our town and country population, just as surely as drink, the attendant devil of the slums, is slaying and crippling it.

The evils of our housing system are in the main three. First, the want of houses, which amounts in parts almost to a famine; secondly, the existence in other districts of bad and insanitary houses; thirdly, the absence of plan and system in the organisation of working-class and small middle-class housing, and of provision for a share of human pleasures and amenities. Here and there

a great employer, like Mr. Cadbury or Mr. Lever, has attacked all these evils and abolished them, for their own employees and for selected groups of workers, at a stroke. Here and there a great foreign municipality, like that of Boston or Frankfort, makes large and serious efforts to destroy them. But for the most part our own public administration has been almost a nullity, so far as the creation of well-housed communities is concerned. To a large extent, this deficiency is due to the absence of fitting machinery. The central power has been feeble, obscure, and often reactionary; the local powers are unable to act in concert and over wide areas, nor have we witnessed anything like the same growth and organisation of benevolent private opinion such as exists in France and Belgium in the shape of the *Comités de Patronage*. The result is that we can provide neither for the growth nor the movement of our working people. Villages dwindle, the land cries out for labour, and yet of those who linger on the country side, perhaps half dwell in ill-ventilated hovels, which should be pulled down to-morrow. Our town suburb straggles out in mean streets of little houses devoid of all plan, of all unity of life, of all provision for the pleasant and healthy nurture of its child population.

Nor do the development and the opening up of great tram-lines solve the problem, as Mr. Burns seems to think that they do. Tram extension does not go far enough. It is able to shoot down masses of people at the termini, but through the absence of connection between municipal and private systems of carriage, it leaves them far too near the centre of the city's life, and the new demand for houses is met so slowly that overcrowding recurs. Certain difficulties are undoubtedly associated with the German system of town extension. But no one can doubt the conclusion of experts like Mr. Horsfall and Mr. Cadbury that in the main the German, and also the American, systems of arranging model suburbs on large and harmonious plans, which take account of the necessities and also of some of the charms of a rational human life, are essentially superior to our own method or want of method. Happily, our recent legislation is pregnant with examples of what a strong and resolute Government can do when it has thoroughly made up its mind to come to terms with great social and economic evils. Large and powerful central machinery has been set up in the last few years for the acquiring of land and cottages for the Irish people and for the provision of small holdings for English peasants. It is not unreasonable to ask the Government to declare that what is good enough for Ireland is good enough for England, and what is good enough for land-holding is good enough for housing. Under the Small Holdings Act, the Central Commissioners can explore and disclose the extent of the demand for land and can step in with authority when the local body is recalcitrant. They or others can lend money to local bodies, can extend their loans up to eighty years, and can arrange cheap terms of repayment. In other words, the Government have formed a new department for the development of the use of land by the mass of the people. Why should not the same supervising and energising force be applied to the provision of housing?

It is clear then that two great processes need to be set in operation together. By degrees we have to get rid of a great mass of houses which, to use a phrase em-

bedded in our present housing laws, are not "reasonably fit" for human habitation, and therefore we have to condemn and demolish. But in the act we have to remember that we are aggravating one phase of the existing difficulty, namely, the shortage of accommodation, with its dire consequences of over-crowding and excessive renting. It is useless to dis-house, to insist on raising the standard of living and on forcing the hovel out of existence, if we do not at the same time provide for re-housing, and avoid a further depression, the creating of new clots of congested and over-rented districts. The first necessity is that of local and intimate knowledge, the intervention of a small knot of public-spirited people. Eyes must be found for the public authority—an Intelligence Department, to find out where the enemy lies and what are his forces. Science has acquainted us with the close connection between bad housing and disease. Many of the worst physical plagues of mankind are directly stimulated by over-crowded and insanitary homes. We ought to have ample means of ascertaining the precise death-dealing properties of the individual slum dwelling—where consumption is bred, or enteric, or diphtheria. Thus the conscience of the community can be stimulated, and its knowledge greatly enhanced, so that the local authority, with its register of houses at hand—containing the name of the owner of site and buildings and the kind of accommodation he provides—can act with force and precision. The demolition of bad dwellings and the clearance of slum areas should be vigorously set in hand, and here at least compensation may be closely restricted.

The destructive provisions of a thorough Housing Act can be readily compassed, and we have no doubt that Mr. Burns will ensure them. What of re-housing? It is in this direction that we hope much from the combined action of the Housing and Town Planning Bills. The business of a strong central authority will be not only to enforce compliance with the Public Health Acts, but to set a term to the anarchy of town extension, and to map out areas suitable for large, combined treatment. Then the local authorities can come in. Clearly they should have powers of acting together. The isolation of the London County Council from the surrounding bodies has gone far to create the congestion of London main roads, the huddled streets of suburban slums, the high rentals that accompany housing schemes on the near fringe of the great London estate, or at its heart. Powers of compulsory land purchase on a considerable scale, and by combined county authorities, are essential. Under those conditions alone can adequate schemes of "town planning" be achieved, enclosing wide areas secured for garden cities. These in turn should be provided with open spaces, recreation grounds, tree-planted roads, and means of quick and cheap transit to the working centre. To avoid the error of German municipal schemes, a strict limit should be fixed to the population settled on each acre of land. For a work of regeneration so large it is useless to look merely to private enterprise. The energies of the great corporations must be enlisted. They alone can fitly exercise the powers of land purchase and taxation which must accompany an adequate attempt to restore to the people of our cities the elements of associated life, not divorced from the animating and health-giving forces of nature. But we quite agree that the State might act, as it acts to-day, by way of loans on easy terms to genuine building societies or even to private owners,

and that the work of construction should in the main be left in private hands. The essential point is to discover a means of generating local energy, to give that energy its fullest possible extension, to combine public and private effort in an endeavour to cut out the two cancers of slum life from the English town and of hovel life from the English village.

THE RISE OF MOHAMEDAN DEMOCRACY.

A LETTER in the "Times," over the now familiar pseudonym of "Galata," makes an able and convincing apology for the vague tendency known as "Pan-Islamism." It would, indeed, be difficult to produce a competent student of Eastern affairs who would now endorse the alarmist view of this movement, which was at one time current in many English and French newspapers. Experts, whose whole lives have been devoted to the cause of the oppressed Christian races of Turkey, Mr. Edwin Pears for example, have come forward to second the plea for toleration put forward by writers like Professor Browne and Mr. Blunt, whose sympathies are more definitely with Islam. What remains of prejudice and panic is now manifestly due either to ignorance or to local political interests.

Pan-Islamism might easily have become, like the Pan-Slavism of the 'seventies, a definitely reactionary tendency. Pan-Slavism owed its special colour to a little group of romantic thinkers who captured the Russian court and Russian society. Pan-Islamism, in its turn, threatened to be for a time an intrigue directed from Yildiz Palace. The two movements were indeed closely akin, though one based itself primarily on race and the other on religion. Both involved a reverence for a personal head, the orthodox Tsar and the Caliph Sultan; both implied a hostility towards the "godless" or "infidel" West and its innovating civilisation; both tended to the persecution of intelligent alien minorities, notably the Armenians; both borrowed from the West its worst and most reactionary invention, a centralised bureaucracy. But, as an international link, this official and Hamidian form of Pan-Islamism has found little favour among the awakening Mohamedan masses. Persia lay outside its scope, for Persia is heretical and Shiah. Morocco, reactionary to the verge of insanity, was isolated, since its Sultan does not acknowledge Abdul Hamid's claim to be Caliph. The Arabs also contest that claim, and hope to restore the headship of Islam to the Holy Cities. The really aggressive and fanatical element in Islam, the primitive races of the Soudan and the Sahara, are more disposed to look for a Messiah-Mahdi, who will overthrow the existing order of the world, than to range themselves under a Conservative Caliph, who incarnates the idea of things as they are. Only among the Sunni Mohamedans of India and the Straits did this propaganda from Constantinople meet with a partial success—enough, at least, to make them restive when the European concert coerces the Sultan. But even this success was balanced by the local politics of India. The Mohamedans of India cannot become anti-European, because of their jealousy of the Hindu majority. Abdul Hamid, in short, has nothing to show as the fruit of the policy of a reign, save the corpses of the

Armenians, a few resolutions from India, a letter from the Ameer, and a courtly embassy to China.

The events of recent years, however, have shown that the essential idea of Pan-Islamism is capable of a very different reading. That Islam is in danger of succumbing to the political and economic superiority of Europe is common ground to Liberals and reactionaries alike. But where reaction seeks a remedy in the cultivation of a fanatical resistance to the West and all its works, the Liberals look nearer home for the causes of the decline of Mohamedan peoples. Sunnis and Shiahhs, Arabs and Tartars and Persians, are now reaching a diagnosis which is remarkably unanimous. They all declare against the despotic tradition as something quite alien from Islam, and even contrary to it. In Russia, for example, the Mohamedans are all ranged with the "Cadets," or in a few cases with the Socialists. In Persia they have made, in Egypt they demand, a Parliament. They are looking for new interpretations of the Koran, which will allow them to take their place as competitors with the West in the economic struggle. Thus the doctors of Cairo have declared that joint-stock companies do not come within the prohibited forms of usury. They are everywhere breaking down the prejudice against Western education, and seeking inspiration in the scientific successes of the Saracens. Their chief method of propaganda is the daily or weekly Press. In Persia they are turning from the old theocratic tradition to the idea of a secular and civil law. There, too, the Left Wing has come near already to securing the admission of non-Mohamedans to political equality. In this connection perhaps the most significant event of all has been the decision of the two "Young Turkish" leagues to join their forces to those of the Armenians in a revolutionary movement against the whole Hamidian system. These popular parties do not find the differences between the orthodox and the heretics an obstacle to unity and sympathy. The "Young Turks" in Paris exchange public greetings with the heretical Persian Parliament, and the Egyptians are equally broad-minded. The Pan-Islamic Congress, which Ismail Bey Gasprinsky, a distinguished Russian author, has summoned to meet in Cairo next autumn, will include Persian Shiahhs, as well as Russian and Turkish Sunnis. The mere fact that it could not meet in Constantinople is proof enough that the real movement towards Mohamedan unity is essentially Liberal, and as far as possible from acknowledging the leadership of Abdul Hamid, or obeying the wire-pullers of Yildiz Palace. Exactly the same thing has happened to Pan-Slavism. The Russian Court recently attempted to organise a Pan-Slavist Congress on Russian soil, only to meet with a rebuff from the Liberal Slavs of Austria.

In extending a welcome to what is essentially a movement of progress, we encounter two obstacles. In the first place it is still a tradition with the humaner parties of Europe to support the Christians of Turkey against the Mohamedans. Pan-Slavists and Gladstonians alike assumed that Turkey was incapable of reform from within, that Islam was a religion of intolerance and persecution, and that the Eastern question could be solved only by the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. So far as these charges of persecution and this diagnosis of despair were directed against the official classes, they are as true to-day as they were in the 'seventies. Vigorous intervention on the lines contemplated by Russian Pan-Slavists and English Liberals would have settled the Turkish question, in Europe at least, a generation ago. But, in point of fact, the intervention has been slow and ineffectual. The Turks, seeing in the Christians only the *protégés* of a hostile Europe, have attacked them as the vanguard of a foreign foe. The Christians, hoping for salvation on nationalist lines, have omitted to do what the oppressed Jews have done in Russia—to permeate and lead the general movement

of reform. The result has been the perpetuation of racial feuds, and the weakening of every progressive force by mutual friction and foreign intrigue. At length, with the news of the federation of the Armenian and Young Turkish leagues, a brighter future is within sight. A Turkish renaissance is at length possible, and the reform of the whole Empire may prove to be the solution of all its local and racial problems. The Constitutionalists will doubtless fail to depose Abdul Hamid, but they may be strong enough to influence the choice and dictate the policy of his successor. Our part is to consider how far we can adapt our traditional policy to these new conditions, and work rather for the strengthening and liberalising of a reformed Turkey than for its partition.

The second obstacle is created by the unhappy relations which Lord Cromer established between the occupation and the Egyptian Nationalists. The "Times," always the friend of liberal movements in past centuries and other Empires, naïvely distinguishes between this Egyptian revival and kindred Mohamedan awakenings. It patronises the Persian Parliament. It is stirred to fury when Egyptians demand a Parliament on the Nile. It sees in the Egyptian demand for self-government only a proof of "fanaticism," and professes to trace in all the doings of its leaders the hand of Abdul Hamid and the inspiration of Yildiz Palace. Now, it is true that in their intense hostility to the later developments of Lord Cromer's policy, the Nationalists did welcome the Tabah complication as a convenient means of displaying their dislike of their conquerors; they may even have hoped to see us seriously embarrassed. There they behaved exactly as the Irish have behaved during all our recent wars, when they applauded the Mahdi, and idealised Mr. Kruger. But they no more desire to submit to the direct rule of Turkey than the Irish desired to be governed by the Boers. It was a symptom of acute discontent, which we are entitled to resent, if we please, but not to misconstrue. The Egyptians ask for self-government and not for Turkish rule. For the rest the whole series of their demands proves how essentially their movement is one of enlightenment and Liberalism. More education, the recognition of the Arabic language, a secular University, a municipality for Cairo, a Parliament for Egypt—these are their chief demands. Is it conceivable that such a programme as this could have been sketched in Yildiz Palace? The French, who watch this gratuitous quarrel objectively, are amazed at our blindness, and the "Temps" has even gone so far as to congratulate itself that the newspaper of Mustapha Kamel Pasha, the most intractable of the Egyptian leaders, circulates among the Mohamedans of Morocco. The "Temps" has seen what the "Times" cannot see, that this national awakening, however distasteful it may be to official Englishmen, is making for tolerance and enlightenment. A wise Imperialism would remember that the native influences concentrated in Cairo radiate all over the Mohamedan world. Arabic is the Latin of Islam, and even its ephemeral literature goes to India and Russia, to Persia and Morocco. After the influence of Arabic journalism comes that of the great theological University of El Azhar. It sends its doctors and teachers west to Nigeria, south to Uganda, north to Bokhara. Do we realise that, while our feud with Egyptian nationalism lasts, these men will carry away from their student days in Cairo an intense impression of hostility and distrust towards the British official classes? Lord Cromer has been telling us that the Empire is built on Free Trade. There is a commerce in ideas which no tariffs can exclude. It would be a misfortune if the idea were to go forth from Egypt to-day all over Islam, that no Mohamedan people can hope to develop its nationality, or to attain self-government under the protection of British Imperialism.

Life and Letters.

THE SEX WAR.

"WHEN forty years ago," said an elderly Radical in our hearing, "some of us greeted with enthusiasm the ideal of cultured womanhood in Tennyson's 'Princess,' we did not think that the higher education of women would end in street fights with the police, and brawlings at public meetings." Certainly these sensational events are the fruits of female education. The franchise agitation on its pacific side has found almost all its keenest and most energetic workers among women of intellectual culture, and the physical force of propagandism is itself the extreme expression of the "logic" of the situation. "As outlaws, we must behave as outlaws and suffer as outlaws, winning by force and suffering the gains which history shows have always demanded this price." When the Southern planters in the United States forbade by rigorous penalties the teaching of reading and writing among the negro slaves, they were prompted by a true self-regarding instinct. "Invent printing and you invent democracy," said Carlyle. Put the Bible into the hands of Zulus, or the Declaration of Independence into the hands of Filipinos, Macaulay's "History" and Mill's "Liberty" into the hands of Hindoos, and they become revolutionary documents, inciting to illegal violence precisely those minds that are most susceptible to the reality of ideas. We may go further back, and find the true origin of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in the slow admission of the view that women have souls. Indeed, the Mussulman is the only logical anti-suffragist, for the rational transition from souls to votes is irresistible. But that the impregnable reasonableness of the demand will stamp itself upon the Statute-Book either now or within our present range of vision is by no means certain. For though logic and the desire to achieve intellectual harmony in political arrangements are sometimes unduly disparaged by students of history, sound dialectics can seldom carry the day against the primitive motives. Now the problem which is being disclosed by the clash of this new dramatic movement is far subtler and deeper-rooted than appears upon the surface.

It belongs to what is sometimes called "the war of the sexes," a fact which is as real as the harmony essential to the maintenance of the species. But this antagonism is not the simple one which would be presented by the free play of men's and women's lives springing from the physical differences of sex function. In a civilised society thus springing up one would expect a chasm between the æsthetics and the morals of the two sexes, which, if they were brought together on the plane of politics, would war with one another. And this in essence is a struggle of the future. But it is both vitiated and exasperated by what may provisionally be termed the "artificial" interference of men with the evolution of woman. By this we mean not merely the arrogation to himself by man, in all save a few instances of savage societies, of the sole determination of the larger outer events in the history of the family, the tribe, the nation, but the moulding of the character and conduct of woman. Man has not merely formed for himself his conceptions of what women ought to be and to do, but he has brought about a conventional and emotional acceptance of these conceptions by woman herself. Now this we take to be the most real grievance of woman, and the claim for political rights we regard as one of the modes of protest and of remedy against the ancient claim of man to mould the destiny and character of woman to suit his needs and his notions of what woman and the family should be. Take, for example, the common use of such terms as "virtue" and "honour," in their relation to the sexes. No one can question that the wide divergence in their use for the two sexes, and their special application to women, are essentially masculine inventions, and embody masculine ideals. There may be, nay must be, wide divergences between

the ideals of male and female goodness and propriety, which would spring up among men and women. But assuredly they would not be identical with those divergences which are distinctly man-made.

The actual physical and economic domination exercised by man has made woman after his own image, and by imposing his ideal has thwarted hers. The very shock which the Suffragette methods has caused among emotional men (and imitative women) is due in no small measure to the fact that man has bred and trained a sort of woman apt to seek and gain her ends by subtlety and sexual cajolery, rather than by plain demands of right, sustained by that physical force which man recognises as serviceable in the assertion of his rights. The distorted and exasperated sex antagonism thus exhibited by the Woman's Franchise Movement is not confined to the physical force propaganda, or even to the opponents of the demand for the franchise. The most striking illustration of its character is seen among male Radicals, many of them out and out democrats, and sufficiently intelligent to admit the clear logic of democracy in its bearing on the issue. "I agree that representative government involves the direct and equal representation in Parliament of the needs, desires, and experience of all the people, and that this involves Woman's Suffrage. As a rational man, accepting this clear implication of democracy, I should vote for Woman's Suffrage. But I don't like it, and I feel a secret sympathy with any action, not my own, which retards its consummation."

This candid avowal implies two facts. First, that the long tradition of woman as an ornament, a comforter, has left, as it inevitably must, even upon enlightened men, some survival of its impress; in Meredithian language, that they have not yet rounded "Cape Turk." Secondly, there is the instinctive defence of the "old man," against the anticipated encroachments of the "new woman." What the ordinary man condenses into the fear lest woman voters might close the public house, the notion that life generally may be over-feminised, plays a very important part in the opposition not only to woman's franchise but to woman's entrance upon any of the industrial and professional fields which man has held as male preserves. It is not wholly the greed of the monopolist, but a fear, well grounded or not, of feminism.

This feeling and, above all, the knowledge held by many Liberal politicians that it is shared by most of their fellow-Liberals has, of course, found expression in the disingenuous policy of procrastination and prevarication which Suffragists naturally denounce. It has there united with other easily intelligible motives of short-range party opportunism, the fear of the Church, of the country house, and of "forty years in the wilderness." But Suffragists, inflamed with indignation at the contradiction between Liberal theory and Liberal practice, may do well to reflect that though the opportunism of Conservative Party managers may appear encouraging to their cause, the deeper sex-antagonism we dwell upon will be even stronger among the rank and file of the Conservative Party.

The problem as we see it finds its closest analogy in those race-issues which come to the front in all mixed communities where democracy is seeking to assert itself. Where one race has long held another in slavery or in subjection, the character and will both of master and of subject-race are so injured by the experience that the growth of a new relationship on a basis of equality is a very slow process. It may take many generations more to breed out of the Southern States the love of masterhood which mocks their pretensions to "democracy," while the physical repulsion which, in spite of the illicit intermixture, remains a genuine barrier, may always be a weakness in their political and social system. Though the same obstacles to harmony do not exist in the sex struggle, it is right for thoughtful people to try and recognise that this Suffrage movement is not merely for a vote—a thing bought and sold for half-a-crown among some grades of male citizens—but that it belongs to one of the great tidal movements of civilisation, the assertion of the right and duty of women to form womanly

standards of judgment and conduct for themselves instead of receiving them from men, as the necessary condition of a more enlightened society in which these standards will find equal expression with those of men in the life of the family, the city, and the State.

DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

If we look back upon the intellectual life of Germany during the last century we shall find that it has been dominated by two great fundamental beliefs. In the first half of the century the German people were sustained and inspired by a belief in the power of ideas, and the great figure of Goethe stands out like an Olympian god as the visible representative of this attitude of mind. Disillusion followed the failure of the political movements which arose in wild enthusiasm and feebly flickered out in the middle of the century. The men of ideas had been unable to accomplish anything tangible in the world of action. They were hopelessly beaten by agencies which they intellectually despised. The reaction produced by the spectacle of failure took shape in a revolt from all forms of idealism and the steady but irresistible growth of a belief in the efficacy of force. The rugged, massive, imperious personality of Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, is the typical expression and embodiment of German ideas in the second half of the nineteenth century. A belief in ideas was succeeded and supplanted by a belief in force.

One of the most remarkable figures in the idealist movement was David Friedrich Strauss, who was born in the little town of Ludwigsburg in Wuerttemberg on the twenty-seventh of this month just a hundred years ago. Rather delicate in his earlier years, he became more robust as he approached manhood, and at this period one of his school friends said of him that it was difficult to recognise in the thin, erect, and resolute figure of the young man with the dark grey eyes and the beautiful old German hair the timid and bashful boy of a few years before. At the age of seventeen he went to study theology at Tuebingen, and at this time the mystic spirit of his race and of the age in which he lived manifested themselves within him. Schelling and Jakob Boehme became his favourite authors, and of Boehme he said in later years that he went deeper into the mystery of things and was a more immediate revelation of the Divine than the Bible itself. In his student days he nourished himself on romantic poetry and mystic philosophy, combined with a keen interest in classical antiquity. Baur was one of his teachers, and called his attention to Schleiermacher, then in the height of his fame. But Strauss was not satisfied with the conception that the expressions of the religious feeling are the ultimate foundations of faith, and, like most of the youth of his day, he finally cast anchor in the philosophy of Hegel. In fact, Hegel's ideas exercised such an influence over him that in 1831 he threw up all his appointments in order to go and sit at the feet of that philosopher. But a serious disappointment awaited him, for, soon after his arrival in Berlin Hegel died, and Schleiermacher was the first to apprise him of the fact. "It was for his sake that I came here," said Strauss, and, during his stay in the Prussian capital, he sought companionship and refreshment in the circle of Hegel's disciples.

It was in Berlin that the idea of writing the book of his life, a critical "Life of Jesus," first began to assume a definite shape in his thoughts. The first volume appeared in 1835, and was rapidly succeeded by the second in 1836. The book immediately produced an immense sensation and called forth a whole library of replies. It made the name of Strauss famous throughout the religious and intellectual world. When we look at its wealth of learning; its brilliant speculative grasp; the ease with which the author moves through the most difficult and entangling problems, it is a marvel to think that all this luxuriance of thought and knowledge proceeded from a young man of twenty-eight. Looking

back upon this great, and, as the Germans would say, "epoch-making" book, in the light of later historical research into the literary origins of Christianity, we can now see that it is not so much a "Life of Jesus" as a piece of applied Hegelian philosophy. It starts with the Hegelian presupposition that the fulness of the idea cannot be individualised; it is to be found in the race, and not in any of its members; it is humanity which is the incarnate God. Humanity is the child of the earthly mother and the invisible father, of the spirit and of nature. Humanity is the wonder worker which manifests itself in its miraculous dominion over nature. It is the sinless one, for sin attaches to the individual but not the race: it dies, rises, and ascends to heaven by the crucifixion of the natural and the exaltation of the spiritual life. In these speculations there was no room left for the orthodox dogma respecting the personality of Christ. Strauss realised this, and the "Leben Jesu" is devoted to a critical examination of the historical documents on which the orthodox dogma is based. In this department of enquiry the ground was already prepared for him. As he tells us in his latest book, he had only to take up the materials already available and piece them together into an articulated whole. Many years before the appearance of Strauss's work a prolonged battle had been raging over the character of the earliest Christian documents. On the one hand, it was held that these documents were absolutely historical, and must be accepted as such; on the other, that they were largely forgeries and had little positive value as records of fact. A seemingly endless controversy raged round the dilemma as to whether the Gospels were the work of true and faithful historians or the imaginary productions of conscious forgers.

Strauss's acquaintance with the new historical methods of Niebuhr and his school led him to see that the student of Christian origins was not shut in between the two alternatives of history or forgery. There was a third possibility, the mythical explanation. According to Niebuhr, the early history of Rome was not history at all. The wonderful tales about Romulus and Remus were myths and legends, creations of the popular imagination. They were not conscious inventions but unconscious products of the national mind and character, and they grew up as they passed from mouth to mouth or were handed down from generation to generation. Strauss applied this principle to the interpretation of the Gospels. These primitive narratives, he said, were neither histories nor forgeries; they were the pious products of the Christian imagination. He did not deny the historical character of Christ, but he said that the miraculous elements which had gathered round His Person were the creations of the primitive Christian mind; the embodiment in a historical form of primitive Christian ideas; the creations of faith and not of history. In the Gospels it is the faith of the Christian community which we have before us and not an actual account of the historical life of its Founder.

At the time when Strauss's book appeared, Baur said of it that it had been written without proper investigation of the primitive documents. A more minute and searching examination of the Gospels has established the accuracy of Baur's contention. The historical element in them is far greater and more pervasive than Strauss supposed. Even the most advanced critics admit this. On the other hand, conservative critics who are also scholars, men like Richard Weiss, for instance, now admit that the Gospels do contain a non-historical colouring. But it is a mistake to assume, as Strauss assumed, that this invalidates their value as sources of religious inspiration. God can reveal himself in poetry as well as prose, in the mythological as well as the historical. We do not esteem the parables the less because they are imaginative and not historical, nor the book of Job the less because it is a profound religious poem and not a narrative of actual events. If we look back upon the past, we shall find that the spiritual education of the human race has been conducted much more through the agency of the imagination than through the discipline of historical facts. We

must rid our minds of the belief that there is no Divine purpose in the mythical and the legendary: in certain stages of civilisation it is in these forms, and in them alone, that mankind is able to apprehend spiritual truth. It was the failure of Strauss to separate the form from the substance of religious truth which made all his critical work so extremely negative. We have a final instance of this in his last book, "The Old and the New Faith." Here he identifies the substance of Christianity with the form of it set forth in the Apostles' Creed. He concludes that the Christian faith must be abandoned because the propositions of this creed have been battered by the concentrated fire of his critical artillery. All attempts at expressing the contents of Christianity must of necessity be set forth in the intellectual framework of the age. But the framework is not the picture, and the picture has not lost its value because the framework is moth-eaten.

Outwardly Strauss's life cannot be described as a happy one. The extreme radicalism of his theological opinions lost him his public appointments, and the attempt to install him in a professorship at Zurich ended in failure. A deep bond of sympathy existed between him and his mother, but his relations with his father, a German pietist of the old school, were not intimate and affectionate. His marriage with the celebrated singer, Agnes Schebest, begun under the happiest auspices, ended miserably, after a few years, in a separation. Henceforth he had no settled home, and for the remainder of his life he moved about in the principal towns of Germany, finally returning to die in the little town where he was born. Strauss was not merely a brilliant theological critic; he was a man of remarkable gifts all round. Many of his purely literary productions are masterpieces in the art of expression, and it is safe to say that he and Lessing are the two greatest critics which German literature has so far produced.

A CITY OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

It was a bleak January morning when we drove out westward from Arles through a land now little but grey earth and stones. Provence, green with the young corn in April or rich in the purple vine under an unclouded August sky, offers sharp contrast to the vision of to-day, with the mistral blowing over the forlorn, naked fields. Yet most, perhaps, in this wild winter weather does the very bareness of the empty earth and scattered stones proclaim the evidence of long historic memory. So that here a crumbling wall, and there a broken rampart, and again some huge boulder derelict in the empty ways, all testify to the part they once played in the fashioning of man's habitation: and the very dust which is flung defiantly into our faces is the dust of the lives of men. We passed Montmajour, with its huge cliffs of stone standing high on its rock; watching the great plain as it has watched there for six hundred years. As the miles fell behind us we traversed Provençal hamlets, with their little whitewashed houses and big barns, scenes of happiness and feasting in the good days of summer, now all silent and desolate under the great wind. The hills on the left drew nearer: we turned sharp into them, the road leaping into a great cleft, which appeared as if slashed out of them by some giant sword. High above, grey on grey limestone rocks under a grey sky, with the work of man and nature almost indistinguishable, huddled boulders, ruins, and stones. It was the city of our search. We toiled up that ravine, on a narrow road down which the wind swept fiercely, resentful of our intrusion: so that the patient beast which brought us was often brought to a standstill, and sometimes it seemed inevitable that we should be swept over the edge into the abyss. At length, after long labour, we were able to dismount near the summit, to creep up a narrow path between high rocky walls; under a crumbling medieval gateway which might have served as the entrance to Astolat or Caerleon; and found ourselves—not without emotion—inside the once puissant city of Les Baux. A tiny inn offers the generous welcome of the South and

—with the ingenuity of the South—prepares a liberal meal out of scanty resources. A few forlorn children, one or two women, the living inhabitants of a score of tiny cottages imbedded amongst the ruins, gaze impassively on the strangers who have dared their fastnesses in the heart of the winter storm. They live—it appears—on the alms of the more reasonable tourist, and upon digging in the ruins for relics and coins and rings. The whole area of this once famous city scarcely comprises more than a few hundred yards. It was an impregnable eyrie, set high in the hills, watching the great plain below it, with one far-off glimpse of sea. Beaten into its very soil, as the generations and the centuries passed, was the ardour and the passion of men: a quick, crowded, violent life, full of love and full of death. So that all the sons of its famous house were renowned for reckless courage and all the daughters for their beauty. They grew up as children in the crowded streets of this little mountain city, looking far over the level lanes which were to draw them with the fascination of great adventure. One day they rode forth down the pass into the plain below; into the pages of history; to appear in Palestine in the Crusades, to attack the Saracen corsairs at Majorca, to fight against Manfred in Italy, or to perish in battle against the King of Aragon. Their princes became lords of Cephalonia and Neopantis, and Archaia, Emperors of Constantinople; their princesses, Stephanette, Douce, Marguerite, Beatrix, and the rest, wives of the Kings of France and Spain and England. They lived in the confidence of the protection of their star, the star of sixteen rays, which testified their descent from Balthasar, King of the East, who worshipped Christ at Bethlehem. The last of their race was a woman—Alix. When she died—it is affirmed—the star descended to her chamber and vanished with her death. The Epick was complete.

What remains to-day, to testify, here at the heart of it, to all this once rich and vehement life? Grey stones, piles of rubbish and ruins, set on the short scanty grasses and the rock which defies the fretting of time. A narrow lane winds round the hill side, bordered by the piteous remnants of human habitations. Little but the skeletons of houses remain: blackened chimneys yawn upwards, cellars stretch beneath, half choked with dust and ashes. In places there abide the still traceable outline of streets, the crowded streets of the medieval city, once gay with colour and pennons and high overhanging eaves, now in the very crumbling outcry of greyness and desolation. In others, time and change have effaced even these evidences of human handiwork; and over open and empty spaces are scattered, now tiny dishevelled piles of boulder, now a solitary stone.

The chateau is piled high above the city on the projecting summit, which gazes out over all the world: part cut out of the solid rock, part heaved above it; now proclaiming the very heart of encompassing decay, the triumph of dead forces over the work of men. Its walls end in jagged projections, staircases are suddenly broken, and wind upward into nothingness, huge windows gape eyeless into vacancy. The wind blares and bangs through vast deserted chambers, and tears the walls and ceilings into dust. We essayed the little path that winds upward on the bare rock, on hands and knees creeping cautiously forward; but the tempest beat us back, flinging down small stones over the precipice into the depths below. From this castle, now so grey and bleak and desolate, that it seems impossible to imagine that it was ever once alive, was taken, at the end, vast stores of the rich things of the Middle Age. Here was accumulated the spoil of the conqueror; candlesticks of silver, tapestry, fine Eastern rugs, oaken chests full of silk and velvet, and cloth of gold; books of prayer bound in cloth of gold and pearls, rich ecclesiastical garments, and plate in the chapel. Down below, in the vault of the little church of the city, there was found quite lately the body of a girl, with long golden hair still perfect, and the dead hands still clasped over a "Book of the Hours"; which also fell into dust when thus rudely challenged by the light and air. The hair to-day, still tied with blue ribbon, lies in the Museum of Arles; once the

adornment of one of those fair women who came to be the brides of these fierce lovers, or perhaps of one of those children who here prepared themselves, all wondering and eager, for life's unequal days.

The place has been termed a "medieval Pompeii." But there is little resemblance except for the fact that both are charged with the memories of a vanished age. In Pompeii the prevailing impression is of the immortality of man's handiwork. Under the serener Italian sky there abides to-day, in a kind of quietness, defiant of the conquered ages, all the life of two thousand years ago. Here, frankly exposed to the gaze of the present, is the daily existence of the past; fruit and corn as if still unwithered, the banquet of yesterday; baths, shops, places of pleasure and debauchery, the intimate life of an age. But at Les Baux the prevailing impression is of the mortality of man's handiwork; the passing, so quickly, of all his energies and arduours before the hurrying beat of time. Life and the evidence of it has been torn and ravaged from these once populous streets and dwellings, till nothing is left but the blackened hearthstone and the way which winds deserted over the hillside. There are many ruins of great cities which kindly Nature has come to conceal and to adorn; surrounding them with the nettle and the ivy, flinging yellow lichens on the walls, planting seeds in the clefts of the chambers. But here she has despised such generosity. Perhaps she knew that these dead warriors would never have asked it of her; who never asked mercy of fate or fortune, content always to accept without complaining the sunshine and the storm. So that to-day these black, gaunt piles of broken stones, all grey and shapeless, and tortured by strong winds under a grey, windy sky, seemed somehow no unfitting tomb for all the hopes and memories of a strong race of men; a forecast of the day when all men's hopes and memories shall become but as a few handfuls of dry dust. "A wind passeth over it and it is gone; the place thereof shall know it no more."

With such recollections of vanishing days we wandered on this grey winter day through the ruin of this astonishing city. We discovered caves on the hillside which had been cunningly fashioned for human bodies. We saw evidence of survival even into the turbulent days of Catholic and Huguenot; with a tiny oratory upon which is carved the motto of the Revolution—"Post tenebras Lux." Here a wrought *picta* above a door, there a sundial; here the three Marias in their boat as they came to Provence, as seen in so many Provençal carvings. We entered the little church, more than ever wondering at that splendid audacity of mankind, who in the heart of every visible evidence of the triumph of time over man's endeavours can yet declare—sometimes in passionate conviction, sometimes with a desperate hope—that at the last man will be triumphant. We left Les Baux under a darkening sky; alone, strong, defiant, with its inaccessible memories, torn by the restless wind. The wind is the impression which most abides; as if charged with a mission, and tormented by anguish till that mission be fulfilled, not to leave one stone upon another in the place where man once thought himself secure. "Princesses of Les Baux," cries Mistrel in one of the most famous of his poems, "Huguette, Sibylla, Blanche fleur, Bausette, who reigned high on your rocks of gold, you were lovely to look upon, sweet in loving, generous in joy. . . . The wind cries still fierce and tumultuous, between your ruined doors and through your tottering towers. The wind of the Rhone riots down your corridors."

THE ROAR.

From morn to morn it grows and swells and sinks; but never does it wholly pass away.

For, just as the last vibrations seem to die with the jingling clatter of belated cabs, and the growing silence of the city's night settles down upon the streets, a murmur of its rumble begins again, as the market carts come lumbering into town. And gradually the murmur grows and grows, swelled by the separate noises

of the morning hours which break out intermittently at first, and become more frequent, as the city wakes; until all merge into a continuity of sound which spreads and swells into the full volume of a sullen thunderous roar—the throbbing diapason of the city's life. And then again at night, with one last rush of traffic going home, it slowly sinks, only to rise again before it dies. So the echoes and the opening murmurs meet.

And through the waking working hours of day, and through the first part of the city's sleep it rolls on full-volumed without a lull in all the gradations of sound and tone.

It drones across the spaces of the parks, like the souging of the swaying tops of firs, and grows into the louder deeper boom of monsoon breakers on an Eastern shore; then, almost suddenly, as you approach, the fierce unmuffled turmoil of the street breaks out, so that you shut your eyes, or bend your head, or frown, as if against the impact of a shock. It surges up, in varying cadences borne on the wind, to the top-most windows of towering flats, like the sullen murmurs of an angry mob, and penetrates the restfulness of homes, as the opening of a window lets it in. And ever in the quiet streets and squares it hums an incessant accompaniment to minor sounds, to meet you with a sudden gust of noise as you leave the shelter of their welcome calm.

But in the confines of the busy streets the sullen roar breaks up into innumerable conflicting shocks of sound, which continually rush past, and still come crowding up to meet you and still bear down upon you from behind, in a deafening frenzied pandemonium of shattering, metallic, detonating din which leaves the senses bruised. And only now and then, in short strange lulls, is heard the surrounding accompaniment of roar; for the blundering rushing crash of traffic, the swish and whirr of motor cars, the grind of wheels, and the countless floppings of innumerable hoofs drown with their separate discordances the deeper note.

And through each modulation of its tone—the din, the roar, the rumble, and the hum—vibrates the spirit of the city's fierce unrest.

For the traffic rushes on from end to end in locked, interminable competing streams, which pack in a moment as the cross streams pass, and then surge on swollen by the stop. And all that makes a city's life goes by. Hereditary indolence and ease, and luxury a generation old, and painted pleasure, and sleek rascality flash past in carriages and motor cars—with only a bodily, assumed repose. Business and busy-ness, and hired love, and luggage-cumbered travel, and disease go by, because they must or will, in cabs. And, varied as the commerce on the vans, is the herded humanity in omnibus and tram, which waits about or scrambles for a seat, because it cannot spare the time to walk, or grudges the energy, or is too tired. The agony of their infinite restlessness goes up in sound.

Besides the fever of unrest on wheels sounds the relentless tramp of hurried feet. The marching crowds move on and on, and come and come from whence the others came, and just as many come from where they go—all hurrying intently from place to place in jostling, dodging, unchanging multitudes, which wind along the contours of the kerb, and rush in frightened droves across the road, forever and forever moving on. The tramp and shuffle of their feet increase the roar.

And, mingling with the tramp of feet, swelling the rush and thunder of the road, throb the pulsations of human lives. Each one hears something of the refrain—brave martial music, angry menaces, or the million repetitions of a sob; and what has once been heard is always there.

The men who seek to rule big destinies, or guide the crowd, or grasp the whip of power, hear both the hoots and plaudits of the mob; and both invigorate them equally. And they who stand a little way aside, big-minded seers of the things that are, and have been, and should be, who strive, and spend their lives to show the way, hear the involuntary cries for help, the sneers

of those who do not want to know, and the angry grunts of sleepy blind content. And they who sell the babies of their brain for meagre fees eked out with hopes of fame, hear a strange stirring music in the roar, which drives them, unconsciously, to bigger things, and helps them to fashion, perfect, and create; except in habitual intervals of fear, when they hear the wail of those who tried and failed. The money-men who scheme with busy brain, hear, in between the periods of toil, the voices of millions asking to be fed, or clothed, or carried, or cheated, or amused; and to the rhythm of the note they listen to they work out sums. Thus do they hear who scheme or strive or do.

But they who work to order or by rote hear other sounds. The earners of a weekly meagre wage, who work with their hands, or stand about, or drive, or pull a lever, or sell what others make, hear, when they listen, the impatient cries of those who wait hungrily to fill their place. The clerks who tick or write the hours away, in checking figures or in copying words, hear the same cries intensified by the voices of the children growing up, able and willing to do their work for less. And the women workers who must work to live—solitary women entering the youth of age—hear, in the loneliness of one ill-furnished room, and even while they hurry to their work, the happy shouts of other women's children, and the murmured talk of lovers in the street. Only the little servants of the State who spend short days in filling up and filing printed forms hear, in the faint-heard echoes of the roar, a lullaby. And up from the human welter of the slums drift smothered growls, and blasphemies, which the wealthy sometimes listen to, and quake.

But through the low thunder of the deeper notes float snatches of a lighter, bright refrain—the gay mad melody that pleasure-seekers hear.

And even trouble adds its note of mirth. Besides the careless merriment of those who look upon the city as a fair, and rush from show to show, in idle busyness, to coax a laugh, rises the revelry of reckless men who drink, and love, and gamble, and die. Besides the joyous merriment of youth sounds the fierce hired laugh of painted faces, which does not hide the groan. And with the sober merriment of those who play to gain fresh energy for work, mingles the fevered gaiety of those who fear: the stunted merriment of burdened men, the drunken laughs of those who drug their fear, and the noise of all who nightly pay to laugh, or look, or lust, so that they can obliterate what is or buy oblivion to what they know will be. For, while they listen to the gayer tune, they cease or forget to recollect the other note.

So, as the noise of strife and struggle swells, the sounds of merriment peal out anew; and with discordances of gaiety and stress vibrates the City of The Great Unrest.

With all its voiced ironies of human lives—the laughs, the tears, the menaces and moans—they who have learned to listen crave to hear; so that the quiet of the country hurts with a silent drumming vacuum of sound; and when the hour of returning comes a certain glad impatience of the ear consoles them, and they lean expectantly to hear the first short outbursts from the streets below rise up to greet them as they arrive. And, on arrival, when they feel again the mighty surging uproar of the streets, it stirs their mind, because of and in spite of all it means. For they who love the city love the roar.

Present-Day Problems.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN WAR OF ARMAMENTS.

IN the August number of the "Nineteenth Century Review" of last year, I made a careful examination of the relative strength of the Navies of England, Germany, and France as regards their really powerful vessels. I took

as a standard the recent statement of Lord Tweedmouth in the House of Lords, in which he divided the battleships into two classes—"first class" and "obsolescent"—and I added the aggregate and average tonnage, with the following result:—

Battleships:

First Class.	Number.	Tonnage.	Av. Tonnage.
England	39	567,000	14,800
Germany	11	134,000	12,200
France	11	137,000	12,400
Obsolescent.			
England	17	223,000	13,000
Germany	9	94,900	10,500
France	8	75,600	9,400

Armoured Cruisers:

England	32	375,000	11,700
Germany	6	55,700	9,100
France	13	128,000	9,200

I drew the conclusion from these figures that when the quality and strength of battleships and armoured cruisers of the first class, as well as their numbers, was taken into account, the British Navy was more than double that of France and Germany combined, and more than four times that of Germany alone. Sir John Fisher, in a conversation I had with him at the Admiralty, admitted this conclusion, and told me that he had reason to know that Admiral Tirpitz, at the head of the German Navy, in a confidential report to the Emperor, had asserted that the margin of strength of the British Navy above that of Germany was four times greater than that of the latter. Lord Brassey also, writing in the "Naval Annual" of 1907, arrived at much the same conclusion. He said that the naval force of England was 100 per cent. greater than that of Germany and France combined. As there is practically no other navy in Europe at the present time of which account need be taken, it follows that the two-power standard has been enormously exceeded and has become a four-power standard. It may confidently be asserted that never at any time in the past has the British Navy been so superior to any combination of other European Powers which could be brought about. As against Germany, the position is even stronger, for the agreements we have arrived at with France and Japan have enabled the concentration of all our powerful vessels in the home seas—with the exception of those in the Mediterranean, which have been reduced by more than one-half.

It was doubtless in view of this, among other things, and also in view of the increased programme of France a few months ago, which had again proposed to place the future condition of its Navy thirteen years hence on a position of equality with that of Germany, that the German Government determined in November last to make a further great increase of its programme of construction for the next thirteen years.

Its naval authorities must have recognised that their much vaunted naval programme of 1900 had proved to be an entire mistake. Their battleships, limited in size by the depth and width of the Kiel Canal, compared with those of England, and also with the later vessels of the French Navy, were of insufficient size, and were armed with guns of too small calibre. It was absolutely necessary from their point of view to make a new departure, and to treat as obsolete and as fit only for the scrap-heap the greater number of their battleships. They determined to rush to the other extreme and in future to build nothing but the largest vessels. While retaining the normal number of battleships at thirty-eight, they shortened the lives of the existing vessels, and provided for their replacement by the end of 1920, a course necessitating the construction of twenty battleships of the largest type by that year; they also provided that by the same time there should be twelve armoured cruisers of the largest type, 18,000 tons—nearly 2½ big ships in each of the thirteen years up to that date. This constructive programme is to be concentrated largely in the first five years, during which four big ships are to be laid down in each year, while

in the later years only two big ships are to be yearly commenced. The result of this will be that by the end of 1914 there will be completed fourteen German battleships and four armoured cruisers of the largest type.

England starts in this new race of "Dreadnoughts" with great advantage, for it has the "Dreadnought" already at sea and the three "Invincibles" of 17,300 tons nearly complete. Three other "Dreadnoughts" will be completed before the end of 1909. By that time we shall have seven of these big vessels completed and not a single German vessel of the largest type will be at sea. The question arises what further provision England should make in view of this greater activity of the Germans. Are we to be content with the construction of three big ships in each year, or are we to rush into further competition with Germany, building two for every one which she prepares? If we are to consider that the "Dreadnoughts" will relegate all other existing battleships and armed cruisers into the list of obsolete and useless vessels, it will undoubtedly be necessary to embark on a new great programme of construction. But it seems to me that we are not justified in consigning whole classes of existing battleships, such as the ten "Lord Nelsons" and "King Edwards," and the seventeen "Formidables" and "Majestics" to the scrap-heap. I know that many naval officers of high authority consider the "Lord Nelsons" as little, if at all, inferior to the "Dreadnoughts," and as quite fit to take their position in line of battle with these vessels, and that the "Formidables" and "Majestics" would be most powerful and valuable additions to squadrons. In the same way the armoured cruisers of the "Minotaur" and "Warrior" classes, only now completing, are not to be discarded as obsolete by the construction of vessels of the "Invincible" class.

On this assumption, let us consider how the three navies will stand at the end of 1914 on the basis of the present programme of Germany and France if England continues to lay down three big battleships or improved "Dreadnoughts" in each year.

The position will then be as follows:—

ENGLAND.		GERMANY.		FRANCE.	
Tons.		BATTLESHIPS.			
18,000	19	14		6	
16,300	10	—		—	
15,000	17	—		6	
14,000	13	—		—	
13,000	6	10		1	
11 to 12,000	3	5		7	
11,000	—	5		—	
10,000	2	4		—	
—	Tons.	—	Tons.	—	Tons.
70.	1,074,000	38.	534,000	20.	316,000
Tons.		ARMoured CRUISERS.			
18,000	3	4		—	
14,600	7	1		—	
13 to 14,000	12	—		5	
12 to 13,000	—	—		4	
11 to 12,000	—	2		—	
10 to 11,000	6	1		1	
9 to 10,000	10	2		7	
7 to 9,000	—	3		4	
—	Tons.	—	Tons.	—	Tons.
38.	467,000	13.	156,000	21.	229,000
		Totals.			
108.	1,590,000	51.	690,000	41.	545,000
92. 1,235,000					

In the list of British ships I have included the eight vessels of the "Royal Sovereign" type, which in 1914 will be twenty-two years old. I cannot think they will then be obsolete as compared with some of the younger but less powerful vessels of Germany and France. On the above statement I think that no reasonable man will come to any other conclusion than that the British Navy, in 1914, in respect of battleships and armed cruisers will largely exceed the navies of Germany and France combined, and that it will be more

than double the strength of that of Germany alone. On the other hand, it will be seen how largely the German Navy in respect of battleships will exceed that of France. It raises the question whether a further addition to the French programme would be to the detriment of England or the reverse. This question may be discussed when the French propose to add to their programme.

I have already shown that the efforts of Germany will be mainly concentrated in the next five years. After that their efforts will be relaxed and only two big ships in each year are to be laid down. The result in 1920, on the assumption that England continues to lay down three battleships in each year, will be as follows:—

BY THE YEAR 1920.					
ENGLAND.		GERMANY.		FRANCE.	
Tons.		BATTLESHIPS.			
18,000	37	20		15	
16,300	10	—		—	
15,000	17	—		6	
14,000	5	—		1	
12 to 13,000	6	10		9	
11 to 12,000	3	5		—	
11,000	—	3		—	
—	Tons.	—	Tons.	—	Tons.
78.	1,315,000	38.	580,000	31.	468,000
Tons.		ARMoured CRUISERS.			
18,000	3	12		0	
14,600	7	1		—	
13 to 14,000	12	—		10	
12 to 13,000	—	—		4	
10 to 12,000	—	2		—	
10 to 11,000	6	1		1	
9 to 10,000	10	2		7	
2 to 9,000	—	2		—	
—	Tons.	—	Tons.	—	Tons.
38.	467,000	20.	292,000	22.	299,000
		Totals.			
116.	1,782,000	58.	872,000	53.	767,000

The figures show, I think, that the strength of the British Navy in 1920 will be largely greater than that of Germany and France combined.

If, however, there should be those who think that the position will not be safe, the wise course will be not at present to make any further addition to our programme, but to wait three or four years till the Germans are thoroughly committed to their present programme, and then build vessels somewhat larger and more powerful. We are not to assume that Germany will submit to the financial troubles which their present programme involves—one-half the cost of the new battleships and armed cruisers is to be paid for out of borrowed money. This system cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and the time seems to be approaching when Germany will have to draw in its horns.

In this unfortunate competition, for which we are largely responsible by embarking on the construction of "Dreadnoughts" so largely in excess of the existing battleships of other countries, those who build last build best. Time also is largely on our side, for it is obvious that Germany will not be able to make full use of its new "Dreadnoughts" until the Kiel Canal is reconstructed, a work which will take ten years to effect and will cost £10,000,000.

Meanwhile, can nothing be done to restrain this mad rivalry? France is falling out of it. The competition is being restricted to England and Germany. The position is not dissimilar to that which existed half-a-century ago between England and France. It is worth while to recall Mr. Cobden's advice on the subject in 1861. "Neither country," he wrote, "adds to its relative strength by this waste of national wealth. . . . A remedy for the evil can only be found in a more frank understanding between the two Governments. . . . They may be enabled by the timely exchange of explanations and assurances to prevent what ought to be restricted to mere experimental trials from growing into formidable preparations for war!"

Eversley.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

WE understand that an elaborate history of "The Times" newspaper may be expected during the present publishing season. It traces the history of the journal and its influence upon public affairs from 1788, when the first definite issue of "The Times" appeared, down to recent years. Like Mr. Dasent's "Life of Delane" announced last week, it will contain a large mass of hitherto unpublished correspondence, so that between the two books most of the inner history of Printing House Square will be made public.

NOTWITHSTANDING its many serious omissions, its errors, and its partial views, there is probably no book dealing with art which has ever enjoyed the same popularity as Vasari's "Lives of the most excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects." It first appeared in 1550, and since then it has been translated into every European language, while the number of different editions issued has been almost endless. It is satisfactory to learn that Messrs. Dent have made arrangements to publish the work in a form which will be the *édition définitive* for this country at least. Mr. Thomas Okey is to make a fresh translation from the original Italian, and most of the great pictures mentioned by Vasari will be reproduced as illustrations. There are to be eight volumes under the general editorship of Sir Charles Holroyd, the curator of the National Gallery.

THE next forty volumes of "Everyman's Library," to be issued about the middle of February, will include several books of special interest. In fiction we are to have Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," with an introduction by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, and five volumes of Dickens, with introductions by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; in biography Lewes's "Life of Goethe," with an introduction by Mr. Havelock Ellis, and a fresh translation by Miss Todhunter of Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII.," for which Mr. John Burns has written an introduction. Theology will be represented by Seeley's "Ecce Homo," with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, and travel by the third and fourth volumes of Hakluyt's "Voyages" and Marco Polo's "Travels," edited by Mr. John Masefield. But the most interesting of the new announcements is Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," for which Mr. Thomas Seecombe is responsible. It is odd that Parkman is so little known in this country. His fresh and vivid style and his masterly handling of narrative place him among the great historians, while his conception of the splendid drama of two rival civilisations striving for the mastery of the New World makes the reader feel that he is himself a spectator of the events described.

Two books by Canon Hensley Henson are announced as in active preparation. Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press "Christ and the Nation," a volume of sermons emphasising the larger and unifying aspects of the Christian religion, and pointing out the evils of too great an insistence on "denominational" issues and interests. Among the subjects of the sermons are "The Mission of the National Church," "The Religious Reunion of the Nation," "The Christian in Public Life," "The Claims of Cæsar and of God," "Didactic Reserve," and "Revelation and Development." There is an introduction, in which Canon Henson discusses the conditions of modern preaching. The other book is called "The National Church: Essays on its History and Constitution, and Criticisms of its Present Administration." It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has written an introduction for the new edition of Dr. J. H. Bridges' translation of Comte's "General View of Positivism," which is to be published by Messrs. Routledge. The translation was produced under pathetic circumstances. In 1860 Dr. Bridges had just settled as a physician in Melbourne when his wife died from fever. He determined to bring her body home to Suffolk to be buried, and as the sailing vessels of the

time took three months to make the voyage, Dr. Bridges found refuge from thought by translating Comte's work, which he finished before reaching England. The translation itself, says Mr. Harrison, is a literary masterpiece. "It renders an extremely abstract and complex French type of philosophical dogmatism into easy, simple English, whilst at the same time preserving and even elucidating the somewhat cryptic allusions and *nuances* of the original." The new issue will contain a marginal analysis, and the additional notes printed in the French edition of 1907 will also be added.

AMONG Messrs. Constable's announcements for the early spring is "The Latter Years of Catherine de Medici," by Miss Edith Sichel, whose able account of "Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation" appeared a couple of years ago. The new study takes up the story of Catherine's life in 1562, and therefore deals with several of the most crucial events with which she was associated—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the warfare between the Ligue and the King which culminated in the barricading of Paris, and brought about the death of Henri, Duc de Guise. The dramatic contest between Catherine and Coligny, the vacillating policy of Charles IX., the misgovernment of Henri III., the last of the Valois, and the decline of Catherine's power, are also described, and the book ends with the murder of the King in 1589.

MR. FIFIELD has, by arrangement with the literary executor of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," undertaken the publication of a uniform edition of all Butler's works, both literary and scientific. Although there is exaggeration in Mr. Bernard Shaw's estimate of Butler as "in his own department the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century," Butler had a great gift of humour and irony, which has not even yet been sufficiently recognised.

THE literary lecture has within the last few years lost much of its popularity in this country. It enjoyed great favour towards the end of the last century, and such men as Carlyle, Froude, Pater, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Dr. Stopford Brooke always attracted large audiences. In France and America it still fills an important place in literary activity. The biographical note to the volume of selections by the late William Clarke tells with what eagerness Americans listened to lectures on Carlyle, Ruskin, William Morris, and other literary topics. M. Jules Lemaitre, whose course on Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the great literary event in Paris last year, has just announced that he will lecture on Racine, and so great has been the rush for tickets that he has had to promise to give each lecture twice. M. Lemaitre's impressionist treatment of such a classic as Racine can hardly fail to be piquant.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Procedure of the House of Commons: A Study of its History and Present Form." By Josef Redlich. With an Introduction and a Supplementary Chapter, by Sir Courtenay Ilbert. (Constable. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Rambling Recollections." By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne." Vol. III. 1820-1830. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

"The Inward Light." By H. Fielding Hall. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"A Princess of Intrigue—Madame de Longueville and Her Times." By H. Noel Williams. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"A Family Chronicle, Derived from Notes and Letters selected by Barbarina, Lady Grey." Edited by Gertrude Lyster. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"My Alpine Jubilee." By Frederic Harrison. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The History of Aythan Waring." By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"La Chute de la République de Venise." Par André Bonnefons. (Paris: Perrin, 5fr.)

"Bismarck et Son Temps." Tome III. Triomphe, Splendeur et Déclin (1870-1893). (Paris: Alcan, 10fr.)

"Les Impérialismes et la Morale des Peuples." Par Paul Adam. (Paris: Boivin, 3fr. 50.)

"Mon Amour." Roman. Par René Boylesve. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3fr. 50.)

"Kants Kritischer Idealismus als Grundlage von Erkenntnistheorie und Ethik." Von O. Ewald. (Berlin: Hofmann, M.12.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE DEFEAT IN MID DEVON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Electoral psychology is a puzzle at the best, but the morrow of a crushing defeat is not the time to find the unsuccessful candidate in his most lucid frame of mind. A request from *THE NATION*, however, cannot be refused, and I hasten to single out, among the many causes which contributed to the result, those which appear to me to be the most important. I cannot, of course, deal with the personal equation either as regards myself or my opponent; I can touch only on causes of a general or public nature.

I take first those which were purely local, or which are not likely to recur in future. The Unionist candidate had been two years in the field, and had worked the Division well, particularly by means of smoking concerts and similar social functions, while the Liberals, whom previous elections had tempted into over-confidence, did little or nothing to counteract these influences. My opponent had lived in the Division for two years, while I myself at the beginning of the contest was a stranger.

The fear of Mr. Asquith's Temperance Bill roused the Liquor trade to more than their usual energy. They went to great expense in circulating leaflets and posters, and their methods may be best understood by recalling those employed by them in the campaign against the Local Veto Bill in 1895.

The most important temporary factor was, however, in my opinion, the increased price of bread, coal, and one or two other necessities. This was an electioneering opportunity which the Unionist Party was quick to seize. Great numbers of electors were undoubtedly persuaded that the rise was directly caused by the Liberal Government. While a few leaders repudiated in their speeches this childish suggestion, it was driven home by every conceivable means, and in particular by the notorious poster headed "Radicalism means Dearer Living," which adorned every hoarding. Coupled with the statement that the Liberals had promised to cheapen bread, and thrown into glaring contrast with the rosy hues of the Protectionist paradise, it was undoubtedly effective.

These causes of defeat may be removed. What is serious for the future of Liberalism is that a great part of the turnover is undoubtedly to be attributed to the attractiveness of Tariff Reform—Tariff Reform, be it noted, of the extremest and crudest type. It has now been found by experience that those arguments for Tariff Reform which can be advanced in a serious discussion—those subtleties which enable Mr. Balfour to profess adherence to the Tariff Reform creed—are totally useless on the platform. There was scarcely any appeal here to the Imperial sentiment on the question of Preference; no talk about freer trade; no reasoning about the steadiness of the home market. A vigorous appeal was made to the dormant hatred of the foreigner, and the belief was instilled that by excluding foreign goods the sum-total of employment and of wages in this country can be proportionately increased.

Compared to the causes mentioned, the efforts of the Women's Social and Political Union, and the abstention of a few Socialists, were, I believe, wholly insignificant. Some voters were probably turned against the Liberal Party by the deplorable rowdyism of the last few days, because, although similar rowdyism exists in other places in the Division on the Unionist side, all attention was concentrated upon that which took place in Newton Abbot, where the newspaper correspondents collected.

Apart from Tariff Reform, the moral of this contest is that Liberalism has now to meet, at the hands of wealth and privilege, a stronger, better organised, and more desperate attack than it has ever faced before. The staggering defeat experienced in Mid Devon will not be thrown away if it brings home to Liberals throughout England what new forces are at work against them; what special efforts are being directed towards bringing to the poll that great mass of electors who have hitherto never voted at all; what an immense obstacle to progress exists in the plural voters, who were alone sufficient to account for the majority in the late contest; and how a hundred new channels are being discovered by which the influence of the large employer, of the rich customer, and of the great landowner, may be brought to bear on all the less wealthy classes of electors. The General Election of 1906, and the beginnings of democratic progress achieved by the present Government, gave the note of warning which has brought these forces of Toryism into play. I venture to express the hope that the Mid Devon election may, in its turn, sound a note of warning to the friends of democracy, rousing them from the comfortable belief that the ground won in 1906 cannot be easily lost again, and spurring them to greater vigilance and more continuous and combined effort, than they are using to-day.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is, of course, notorious that bye-elections are very generally decided on side issues, but there is undoubtedly one question that affects the minds of serious thinkers of all classes in the villages, and prevents their active influence being thrown on the Liberal side.

The decay of country life has profoundly impressed itself on the country people of England, and particularly so upon the thinkers amongst the poor. Moreover, the break-up of all permanent home life, owing to the cottage difficulty, with its concurrent decay of character, and the impossibility of obtaining land even without cottages attached, has become a perpetual burning sore. The Conservatives in Protection suggest a remedy; it is not a very inviting one, but it is something, and all of us know that unregulated competition is harmful and will probably be fatal to most small holders. The Liberals have given a Small Holdings and Allotments Act, a law so complicated in form and dilatory in its procedure that most of us turn from it in disgust. People freely say that it points either to the mental decadence or to the want of honesty of purpose of the party leaders; they wait to see whether the housing question will be dealt with in the same spirit.

Now if the Liberals wish to retain the country vote they must make a far more serious effort to understand and deal with both the land question and the whole matter of the revival of country life.

The people themselves are determined to find a remedy, but official Liberals and other party politicians seem completely detached from the real life and thought of the people, and are consequently quite unable to deal with our country questions in a broad and understanding spirit.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE FORDHAM, M.A., Cantab.

Paine's Hill, Limpsfield.

January 20th, 1908.

[Our correspondent writes with authority, but we cannot endorse his judgment of the framework of the Small Holdings Act.—ED., *THE NATION*.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The above election simply accentuates the feelings of the Radical and Labour Parties in relation to the Government in regard to the proposed ruinous wastefulness of expenditure on the Army and Navy, along with their dilatoriness in starting the old age pension scheme. Your teaching in regard to these points is worthy of all acceptance, and I

think it is generally accepted by Radicals and Labourists worthy of their names.

What the Government should do if they would deserve and keep the votes of the working-classes is to inaugurate at once such an adequate old age pension scheme as shall make it a financial impossibility to fling away so much of the national treasure on the dubious pretence of business of preparing machinery for the slaughter of foreign working-men. Strange as it may seem to some official and other Whigs, the working-man thinks that the business of saving the lives of old working-men at home is a hundred times more important than the duty of getting ready to slay the younger working-men of foreign nationalities.—Yours, &c.,
D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

WHAT THE TARIFF REFORMERS ARE DOING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in having the following particulars as to a county constituency—the Reigate division of Surrey—which was won by the Liberals at the General Election by a narrow majority of 219 votes. They will serve to indicate the tremendous activity and the enormous expenditure of the Tariff Reformers, especially when it is remembered that to whatever organisation the speakers are nominally attached, and whatever the advertised object of the meeting, the burden of the discourse is Tariff Reform, with a few points thrown in as to dearer bread and dearer coal caused by the Liberal Government, Woolwich Arsenal discharges, horseshoes, and Socialism.

Following on a summer campaign, during which the great landlords and ladies in nearly every district have given garden parties, with refreshments free or at a nominal charge to thousands of poor people, a series of political smoking concerts, nearly always patronised by the leading gentry, have been held in the public-houses, clubs, and market halls, where drinks and smokes, not always paid for by the recipients, have been the order of the day, accompanied by the usual speeches on yellow press lines.

With the ground properly prepared in this way, a series of political meetings have been held during the last twelve weeks, and two or three definite subsidiary campaigns have also been carried out, mainly by the help of half-a-dozen so-called working-men, who are employed by the Tariff Reform League, the Rural Labourers' League, the National Union of Conservative Associations, and kindred bodies. A list of some of the meetings may be interesting to Free Trade Conservatives, who think they can safely attack the custodians of Free Trade, in the shape of the Liberal Government, for dealing with social reform.

In October meetings were held as follows:—

Date.	Place.	Speaker.	Organization.
Oct. 3 ...	Limpsfield ...	Ben Dent	T.R.L.*
„ 12 ...	Capel ...	A. L. Edwards	N.U.†
„ 14 ...	Godstone ...	Mr. Vaughan Gower	
„ 17 ...	—	—	—
„ 23 ...	Burstow ...	R. Dunwoody	T.R.L. and North of Ireland.
„ 24 ...	Meadvale ...	H. H. Cannell	N.U.
„ 25 ...	Tandridge ...	R. Dunwoody	T.R.L.
„ 28 ...	—	F. Bindon	N.U.

In November meetings were held at—

Date.	Place.	Speaker.	Organization.
Nov. 4	Godstone Station	W. Hatcher	T.R.L.
„ 6	{ South Park, Reigate ...	H. Cannell	N.U.
„ 7	Horne ...	Alfred Austin	
„ 11	Redhill ...	Captain Rawson	
„ 15	Dorking ...	George Cave, M.P.	
„ 18	Redhill ...	F. Bindon	N.U.
„ 19	Nutfield ...	Clovel Salter, M.P.	
„ 20	Reigate ...	Captain Rawson	
„ 21	Brockham ...	Councillor Hatson	T.R.L.
„ 21	Tandridge ...	W. J. Allen	T.R.L.
„ 26	Godstone ...	R. Dunwoody	T.R.L.
„ 26	Blindley Heath	H. Broughton	
„ 28	Oxted		
„ 29	Leigh ...	Jas. Hewson	N.U.

In December meetings were held at—

Date.	Place.	Speaker.	Organization.
Dec. 9 ...	Holwood		
„ 12 ...	Limpsfield ...	R. E. Noble	N.U.
„ 17 ...	Redhill ...	P. O. Brien	N.U.
„ 17 ...	Dorking		

* T.R.L.—Tariff Reform League. † N.U.—National Union.

Date.	Place.	Speaker.	Organization.
Dec. 18 ...	Tatsfield ...	T. L. Armitage	T.R.L.
„ 18 ...	Horley ...	H. Gould	T.R.L.
„ 19 ...	Outwood		
„ 20 ...	Westcott ...	Geo. Borwick	
„ 28 ...	Chipstead ...	Rev. W. G. Southey	T.R.L. (Vicar of Hollingbourne.)

In January meetings have already been held at—

Jan. 7.	Bell Hotel, Godstone.
„ 8.	Prince of Wales, Lingfield.
„ 9.	Hoskins Arms, Oxted.
„ 13.	Bull Hotel, Limpsfield.
„ 15.	Primrose League Meeting.
„ 16.	Smoking Concert, Lingfield Racecourse.

to be followed by another ten meetings during the month, in addition to a special campaign—beginning January 23rd—by the Rural Labourers' League, which appears at all bye-elections as a kind of handmaid to Tariff Reform, and which is run on the same lines, in the interests of the Tory Party. In addition to the foregoing regular meetings, thirteen meetings were held as part of an anti-Socialist campaign, conducted by Mr. A. L. Edwards and Mr. Langley, described as “working-men from London,” with other speakers named Avers, Brown, and Hemsall.

There were also eighteen meetings to hear a speaker described as ex-Inspector White, of the Metropolitan Police, give an address, with one hundred lantern slides, on “Poverty and Unemployment,” an ingenious title calculated to draw those who might decline to go and hear the usual quackery of Tariff Reform under its own name.

The Navy, the British Empire, anti-Socialism, unemployment, and other deceptive aliases have been used to describe the objects of many other meetings, and neither work nor money has been spared to make them as successful as possible.

To back up the assertions of the speakers, which are mainly repetitions of the *canards* of the yellow press, a local newspaper of about twenty pages is published monthly with the “Conservative Gazette,” dishing up the same paragraphs without mention of the exposures of their inaccuracy which have frequently followed the first publication.

The Liberals know all the facts as to the active and unscrupulous campaign of their opponents; but how can their scanty resources cope adequately with the lavish expenditure and concentrated social pressure of their opponents, disclosed in the facts related above?—Yours, &c.,

FREE TRADER.

A WOMAN'S CHARTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the repeated conflicts in which the outposts of militant suffragettes have been engaged with law and order, in court-house and political meeting, testify to the courage and sincerity of the appellants, they testify also to the mode in which we may expect future political campaigns to be conducted. The demand for Parliamentary seats will be even more hotly fought than the present demand for the Parliamentary vote.

As one of those women who believe in the high calling of women, and the importance of their mission in political and social life, I deeply deplore what seems to me a waste of energy and the setting back of woman's influence for generations. When the Chartists marched upon London to the discomfiture of peaceable citizens, they brought with them a charter of their liberties and demands, a considered programme of political reforms. Of the points of the charter, some have already been won; some are still on the Liberal programme; others are relegated to the background of logical reforms which can wait.

What high hopes accompanied the struggle which won for us the ballot; when men could vote without fear, how they would rush to the polls!—and yet we have lived to see the apathetic indifference of the average voter, who has to be carried to the voting booth in a motor and galvanised into casting his vote. It is amazing that women should not estimate this mechanical fetish at its due worth.

May we not appeal to the militant ladies who desire the vote, and seem to expect to get it by unconstitutional

means, to formulate a charter of their rights and demands. We are told of "abominable" man-made laws; will they tell us what laws they mean and how they wish them amended? What are woman's grievances and disabilities? Is it entirely a question of the vote? What are the wrongs from which she suffers? There are wrongs grievous and many in woman's industrial life, but can votes or Bills in Parliament right them? Woman, as the weaker, sometimes suffers from the brute force of the stronger. Will the vote protect her? If a man can ill-treat the mother of his children, will his brutality be checked by the thought that the poor soul has a vote? Man, too, sometimes suffers from a cruel and worthless wife, but no political machinery can avail him. Votes, unhappily, are not like pennies in the slot; the results do not come promptly to hand in neatly folded paper packets. In this materialistic age we do well to remind ourselves that for moral evils we need moral remedies.

We live perforce in a man-made world. Our laws, our systems of religion, our political constitutions, all come to us through the agency of men, from the Decalogue downwards, with its gift from the East of a day of rest. We cannot quarrel with the Ages, and may be thankful that someone was found to take the trouble to give us these things. The Portias of the world seem to have been few. It is time surely that we were serious in this matter. Let us have a woman's "Charter" accredited by the leaders of the Suffrage societies—that all may understand and consider—and meantime perhaps both sides may ponder that admirable saying of the late Mr. Spurgeon: "That they climbed up so high, they fell down on the other side."—Yours, &c.,

E. B. HARRISON.

"VILLAGE LIBRARIES."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the letters that have hitherto appeared on this subject no mention has been made of any books dealing with social or political subjects. Are these beyond the range of those for whom such libraries are meant, or is it not possible to get suitable books on such topics?

As I am now engaged in founding small libraries of books in several villages, I should be very grateful for any information or suggestion as to such books. The few that I have been able to obtain have been read with much interest.—Yours, &c.,

O. M.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your interesting article on the above subject you enumerate as one of the conditions of an "eirenicon" "a simple and elementary form of religious instruction such as in the main obtains in our secondary and public schools." The allusion to the latter schools was encouraging, because I understand that in later days more "liberty of prophesying" has been allowed in those schools than in the public elementary schools. But farther on you say that if the local authorities "generally decide for what is known as 'Cowper-Templeism,' it is hardly the business of the State to force their hands." Now what is "known as 'Cowper-Templeism'?" It is the literal acceptance of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and the historicity of Joshua and Judges with their divinely ordered or sanctioned massacres and murders. It is the theological though unprinted and unformulated dogma of a "plan of salvation," beginning with the fall of man, and ending with the incarnation by virgin birth, resurrection, and ascension.

I should be disposed to agree with what appears to be your view that this matters comparatively little to the children. It goes like water over a duck's back and does not penetrate. On the other hand, I hold that it seriously impedes moral training, which ought to be the business of the State, not of the local authorities, as indeed is recognised by recent Education Codes. But what of the teachers? In these days of "the New Theology," with its millions of adherents and widely circulated newspapers, do you seri-

ously believe that fifty per cent. of public elementary teachers agree in the historicity of the Pentateuch, or the divine sanction for Joshua's massacres, or the virgin birth, or the physical resurrection of Jesus? That the large majority of elementary teachers continue to be Christians in a liberal sense I am quite aware. But I *know* that large numbers of them do not believe in what is known as "Cowper-Templeism." They read the works of Biblical critics. They have access, at least through public libraries, to the "Encyclopædia Biblica," and, rightly or wrongly, they have come to hold very different opinions on these subjects from those of their predecessors.

Please note that the question is not which opinions are right and which are wrong. "Cowper-Templeism" may possibly be infallible truth. But what does that matter if any considerable proportion of teachers do not believe it? If a man or woman is compelled to teach to a class of children as fact what he or she believes to be falsehood, is it not painfully like endeavouring to teach truth "with a lie in the right hand"? Knowing what I do from thirty-seven years' experience of elementary school work, I regard as utter cant the cry of "no tests for teachers." The local authorities in which you have such confidence take good care that it shall be a form of words and nothing more. No teacher has a chance of being engaged unless there is a moral—or immoral—certainty that the interpretation of "Cowper-Templeism" held by the majority of the local authority will be adopted in "simple Bible teaching." There are only two possible modes of escape from this *impasse*. The one is a frank permission to every teacher to tell the children what he thinks in his own conscience, while informing them at the same time that others think differently. The other way is to leave the teaching of the Bible for the present to the Churches. If Mr. M'Kenna renews the lease of the "Cowper-Temple clause" his Bill is already doomed—if not in the House, at any rate, after a year or two's trial.—Yours, &c.,

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

Caerlyr, Penmaenmawr, R.S.O.

January 20th, 1908.

"THE HOUSING QUESTION IN GERMAN TOWNS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A rather serious error occurs in the 27th line of the second column, on p. 569, of my letter. The word "cheap" before "plots of land" should be "very deep."

Some readers of *THE NATION* may be glad to know what are the views respecting town-building plans of those German Liberals who have given most attention to the subject of housing reform. They will find an expression of them in "Neue Aufgaben in der Bauordnungs- und Ansiedlungsfrage, Eine Eingabe des Deutschen Vereins fuer Wohnungsreform," published in 1906 by Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Goettingen, which costs one mark.—Yours, &c.,

T. C. HORSFALL.

Swanscoe Park, near Macclesfield.

January 20th, 1908.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The instructive correspondence in *THE NATION* on this important subject will, I have no doubt, help forward the movement which has now been carried on for twelve years to promote burial reform in England. The evidence produced by Mr. Basil Tozer, in his able article in the "Nineteenth Century" for October, showing that a not inconsiderable number of people are annually buried before life is extinct, is overwhelming. This horrible fact, which to sensitive persons occasions an agony of apprehension, is partly due to the apathy and unwillingness of the public to deal with a gruesome and unpalatable question. Still, in the interest of humanity and civilisation it must be faced. There is also a widespread belief that anyone can prevent the danger of live-sepulture in his own case by making testamentary provisions for post-mortem surgical operations.

The answer to this is that the majority of people do not make wills, having little or nothing to leave, and when wills are made they are seldom opened until after the funeral of the testator. A peculiarity of this movement, which differentiates it from all other reforms, is that the evil which it is desired to remove has no defenders. The search for truth by means of torture to human beings and for knowledge by means of torture to animals, the existence of slavery and aggressive war, have at all times been justified by zealous advocates, but the fact that premature burial has no defenders ought to make the task of its suppression comparatively easy. It is an anomalous and scandalous state of things that while there are about 120 Acts of Parliament relating to burials, cemeteries, the superintendence of monuments, the establishment of mortuaries and consecrated grounds, &c., there are no provisions for ascertaining beyond all doubt that the bodies interred are really dead—as though this were a matter of trivial importance. The late Col. Edward Parry Vullum, M.D., the chief Medical Inspector of Hospitals, U.S. Army, who himself had a narrow escape from live-sepulture, having been laid out for dead, took a deep interest in the question, and just before his death declared: "The core and essence of a protective law should consist in the reasonable and systematic registration of a certificate of verified death, rendered by a qualified physician after his personal examination of the body, before the issue of a permit for burial or other disposal of the body."

A Bill has been prepared by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, revised by an experienced Parliamentary draughtsman, to give effect to these indispensable provisions and for the establishment of properly equipped waiting mortuaries where the bodies can remain surrounded by a profusion of flowers until signs of incipient putrefactive decomposition—the only unequivocal sign of death—are exhibited. The utility of mortuaries is shown by Lenormand of ten recoveries in Berlin in two and a-half years; M. Gaubert, a high authority on this subject, reports that "he has collected fourteen cases of apparent death followed by return to life in mortuaries in spite of all that has been done in Germany to prevent such occurrences." In Munich there are eleven mortuaries, the earliest dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century; the new ones are of handsome architectural elevation and palatial proportions.

As successive Home Secretaries have reported that there are annually 10,000 death certificates in England and Wales in which the cause of death is not verified, the danger of premature burial is practically admitted. There ought to be no hesitation, therefore, on the part of the Government in introducing the Association's or some other Bill as a Government measure. The Lord Chancellor in March last admitted that the matter of death-certification was very unsatisfactory, and promised to give it his most serious consideration. When will this be done is surely a pressing question.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM TEBB.

Ride Hall, Burston, Surrey.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE REAL IRISH QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The paradoxical nature of the Irish question as stated by "E. D." is well illustrated by the fact that both his and Mr. Lynd's letters, while setting forth clearly certain sectional views, are wholly misleading and inadequate as general statements of the case.

"E. D.'s" vision is confused by too close contact with the warring, divergent opinions of the various Irish parties, while Mr. Lynd apparently ignores the fact that a large body of the Irish people, both Catholic and Protestant, and representing most of the wealth and intellect of the country, regards the interests and future of Ireland as indissolubly bound up with those of England.

What is wanted in Ireland to-day is a reconstructive policy, based on a greatest common measure of the many policies before our people, in which Nationalist, Sinn Féiner, and Unionist could work together.

This policy must chiefly be concerned with the industrial and economic sides of the question. Its advocates must seek to make the most of the country's resources under present conditions of government, while vigorously advocating, in England and Ireland, the ideal scheme which will complete Ireland's reconstruction.

The tide of emigration must be arrested, and here one is confronted with a difficult aspect of the question. While the emigration of the poorer classes has been widely deplored, it has almost escaped the attention of statisticians that most well-educated young men of the middle classes almost invariably seek positions in England, or abroad; thus the country is being almost as much depleted at one end of its most efficient intellect, as at the other end of its most physically fit.

Now, in any reconstructive policy one of the first steps must be towards a better educational system, yet the utility of such reform will be wholly nullified for Ireland, unless by the stimulation of industrial effort and drastic economic changes we make it worth the Irishman's while to stay in his country. The steady growth of England's prosperity, the equally steady decline of Ireland's, has made it impossible that both countries should flourish under the same fiscal system. As well expect a delicate plant to thrive in conditions which try the most robust. And here I must compromise with principle, and say, though a staunch Free Trader, that some measure of Protection will eventually have to be given to Ireland.

If space permitted it would be delightful to dwell on this side of the question, and on the great possibilities there are in Ireland's resources and in the commercial and administrative abilities of her people! Let me urge, however, the desperate nature of the case. The vast majority of the Irish people seldom go abroad, and are consequently partially unaware of how rapidly the country is decaying, just as the watchers about a sick man's bed often fail to perceive the rapidly advancing ravages of disease, which are apparent to the casual visitor. I have returned to Ireland after ten years' absence, and find the condition of the country has altered in almost every way for the worse. True, things are quieter; there is less active political unrest. But as the country has not bettered, this is disquieting. Agitation, after all, in such a country as Ireland, is a healthy sign. It is, as it were, the effort of sound tissue to combat the inroads of disease. And that sound tissue has, I think, grown less. There is little interest in life in Ireland. The arts and sciences interest but very few, and the stirrings of European thought reverberate here feebly, if at all. And yet the Irishman in the street has as keen an intellect as his compeer in England, and perhaps a keener vision. He would use his hands if he could to rebuild his country's fortunes. But they are tied by a wretched Government, and a vampire-like fiscal burthen. Will England free them?—Yours, &c.,

E. R. W.

The United Arts Club, Dublin.
January 13th, 1908.

Poetry.

BABY LOVE.

(From the Greek of Meleager.)

LET him be sold, I say! Let him be sold,
Even while he slumbers at his mother's breast.
Why should I tend a thing so bad and bold,
A snub-nosed imp, a little scratching pest!
I find him always laughing through his tears:
He treats his mother badly; won't be tamed;
Has baby wings behind him; pries and peers;
Behaves unruly, chatters unashamed,—
A shocking monster! Sailor men, this way!
Who wants a boy to carry off to sea?
O dear, he's crying! Come, I'll let you stay,
And live on here with my Zenophile.

JAMES FLECKER.

Reviews.

THE SCOT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

SINCE the time of Buckle a great change has come over the study of Scottish history. Buckle did much to revive in his day a view which long prevailed that Scotland, under the domination of the clergy, suffered from a despotism as galling as that of Spain under the priests. In support of his view, Buckle presented to his readers an appalling mass of evidence which to those ignorant of Scottish ecclesiastical history seemed absolutely conclusive. One bright spot only Buckle detected in the long reign of ecclesiasticism: the clergy were the leaders in the battle for political liberty. Not that they were enamoured of political liberty in the abstract, but because in the particular battle in which they were engaged, liberty was indispensable. Buckle's chapters on Scotland never imposed upon any intelligent Scot. Ecclesiastical despotism existed, but for this the people more than the clergy were to blame. In this matter the clergy were merely the representatives of the people, who were ready indeed to take them to task when they failed adequately to discharge their functions, not merely of preaching, but of superintending in their minutest details Sabbath observance, and the moral and the social habits of the community.

How completely at sea was Buckle in his estimate of the Scottish character is vividly shown in the book before us. The book, indeed, is a notable contribution to the literature of the subject. From out-of-the-way sources Dr. Watson has culled information which throws light upon the religion and social status of the people. From his pages we learn much that modifies the harsh judgment passed upon the Scottish clergy. Severely blamed they were for their inquisitorial methods—methods, however, which followed naturally from the fact that the Reformed Church took its policy from the Old Testament. What Knox wanted to establish in Scotland was a theocracy in which the people were to be a holy people; if not by persuasion then by compulsion. A specimen of what that meant may be taken from Dr. Watson's book: "It was the duty of the elders to go round a village at ten p.m. and see that the people were in their homes, from which has risen the phrase 'elders' hours.' And upon them lay the task—difficult in every age—of supervising the public-house, for although drinking was one of the characteristic customs of the eighteenth century, drunkenness was looked on as one of the sins of the flesh. The elders also patrolled markets and fairs to see that nothing was done amiss; they were indeed under the direction of the ministry, the moral police of the parish, and if they had no direct civil authority they could always appeal for the help of the magistrates, and in some cases it was arranged that a magistrate should sit in the Session in order to take civil action when the limit of ecclesiastical authority had been reached."

In the days when Buckle wrote, when the liberty of the subject was the one fundamental item in the creed of advanced thinkers, such methods were deemed the height of fanaticism, and in contrast to this was the popularity of the free and easy methods which Burns, in his fight against ecclesiastical despotism, popularised in Scotland. We have lived to see a marked cooling in the enthusiasm over liberty. We now see the State under the influence of advanced thinkers, and in the name of progress taking over the ideas of the Scottish Church, and by methods which Buckle would have called inquisitorial, renewing "elders' hours" in the form of "ten o'clock closing," superintending the education of the young, and generally interfering with the domestic and social liberty of the people. The only difference is that the theocratic idea implied in State interference is now taken out of the hands of the Church and linked to the democratic idea. What is our compulsory legislation in all directions of public life but an indirect admission that the Church in basing its policy on the Calvinistic doctrine of the depravity of human nature was nearer the nature of things than appeared to thinkers of the type of Buckle with

their fanatical belief in liberty? It is open for others, however, to say that the democracy of to-day is simply repeating the error of the Scottish theocracy in placing altogether an exaggerated estimate on the value of a coercive policy. In any case, students of social history are not so apt as they once were to fling the charge of fanaticism at the heads of the Scottish clergy.

When Buckle reached the eighteenth century his admiration knew no bounds. He rejoices in the succession of the great thinkers, who, breaking away from the tradition of the clergy, revived the glories of Humanism which, during the long ecclesiastical struggles from the Reformation to the Union, had been practically extinguished in Scotland. Dr. Watson, as behoved a man of letters, was quite alive to the intellectual revival of the eighteenth century as represented by Hume, Adam Smith, and the band of thinkers who made Scotland illustrious, but he was also alive to the important fact that the Union itself in the form which it took was rendered possible by the heroic struggles of the Church on behalf of individual, spiritual, and political liberty, against Romanism on the one hand, and Episcopacy on the other. It is a very suggestive fact that before Locke, the Scottish Covenanters had a firm grasp of the principles of liberty which found expression in the Revolution of 1688, and it was in defence of these principles that Renwick, the Covenanter, was executed in Edinburgh a few short months before the final banishment of the Stuarts from the throne of England. In a word, the abused and despised Covenanters went to the scaffold on behalf of the principles which made the Union possible, and guaranteed Scotland the necessary peace for the cultivation of letters and philosophy. The blood of the martyrs was not only the seed of religion but also of Humanism. The Scottish clergy, on behalf of liberty, scorned delights and lived laborious days, and the men of letters of the eighteenth century reaped an abundant harvest of peace and cultured leisure.

Among the tragic elements in the life of Scotland, perhaps the one which in the intellectual sphere has proved the greatest hindrance to progress was the long antagonism between the religious leaders and the men of intellect, an antagonism which began in the Church itself, and was represented by the Evangelicals on one side, and the Moderates on the other. The antagonism in a sense was unavoidable, the two parties representing as they did two types of mind which never yet have existed harmoniously side by side. Scottish religion drew its main inspiration from the Old Testament; its spirit was Hebraistic. That is to say, it concentrated its attention upon the relation between God and man, and occupied itself with the great problem of fleeing from the City of Destruction. What is life but a pilgrimage journey? and the wise pilgrim is he who refuses to be allured by the things of the flesh. The watchword of the Evangelicals, who were the descendants of the Reformers, was Salvation. Naturally they looked askance at the secular idea of life. Great learning was valued solely in so far as it contributed to theology. To this we trace the fiery energy, the monotonous piety, the contempt for culture, the indifference to purely secular interests, which characterised the Evangelical party in Scotland. The Moderates, on the other hand, represented the Hellenic idea; their watchword was Culture. Without making an absolute break with the creed of the Church, the Moderates under the influence of Francis Hutcheson endeavoured to separate religion and ethics from the Calvinistic theology.

Moderatism did not take deep root in Scotland. The French Revolution brought the gospel of Reason and Culture into discredit. In presence of the outbreak of diabolism in France, the deism of the Moderates, with its optimistic theory of human nature, was helpless. As a theory of things, Calvinism, with its gloomy view of humanity, seemed more in touch with reality than the superficial philosophising of the men of sweetness and light. The Evangelicals gained the ascendancy, which showed itself in the dramatic episode known as the Disruption. Beneficial as the Disruption was in many ways, it certainly, by reviving in all their old intensity the theological controversies of the past, cast a blight upon the intellectualism of Scotland. Once again was revived the old antagonism between Evangelicals and Moderates. Scotsmen of to-day are learning to do

* "The Scot in the Eighteenth Century." By the late Dr. John Watson. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

justice to both parties, as this book of Dr. Watson's shows. We honour the Evangelicals for their sturdy defence of sincerity and liberty, and we honour the Moderates for their insistence upon culture. No longer enemies, both parties are now working harmoniously in Scotland in the cause of an enlightened progress.

THE OLD WILD WEST.*

THESE are stirring memories; brave reading they make for a week of winter nights. The many-coloured West has changed indeed since Robert Williams, younger son of an English clergyman, first sought fortune there in the early 'fifties. He himself is now dead, and it is out of a past of old forgotten things that he seems to speak to us; for, albeit the remotest of these scenes are little more than a bare half-century behind us, oblivion has looked on nearly all of them. Here are drum-taps of the long and frantic Civil War, that freed the slave. Here are fights with the cruel Comanché Indian (not delicately treated by the whites, to be sure), who liked to do his victim very slowly to death by fire and knife and spear-point. Here are the gamblers of Bret Harte's pages. Here are the strange old camp meetings, with perfervid preaching and gulps of prayer, and whiskey in barrels for the wicked on the dusky outskirts of the throng. Here is shooting at sight, "frequent and free," if you were bold enough to speak with your enemy in the gate. Here, during the War, are lynchings in cold blood by the Vigilance Committees that equal some fiendish passages of the French Revolution. Here is the hand ever on the six-shooter and the shot-gun slung at the saddle-bow. But here also are the romance and reality of ranching and all forms of trading in the supremely Wild West and South of the 'fifties; setting up store, driving big bunches of cattle, camping o' nights, lassoing mustangs, avoiding the buffalo in his multitudinous charge from one ground to another, and cooking a bit of him for breakfast or supper on the prairie. It is a life by turns primitive and pastoral in its simplicity, strenuous in its toil, either for wealth or a living, adventurous on lines almost Homeric, chivalrous and mean, perilous at all times, and about as unconventional as the records of humanity have to show. It is the life of a world that has well-nigh vanished, the roaring America of the 'fifties and the 'sixties. It will be seen of men no more. Happily, therefore, we have something like a panorama of it in these intense but curiously modest chapters. The grittiest of parson's sons is not the least of a braggart; he is as clean as he is keen and well-contained; and there could be no simpler narrative of a career so varied, picturesque, and exciting.

No Britisher, of course, was called upon to bear arms in the struggle between North and South, but young Williams went as whole-heartedly as hot-headedly into it on the side of the slave-owners. At the outset, indeed, there were not many who knew or could have said clearly what it was all about; and at this date candour compels the admission that among neither of the two parties did the slave count for very much. Not until the fight was well toward did he and his claims begin to loom large. Thousands of Southerners believed that they were fighting merely or mainly to save themselves from being swamped by the Yankees. Says Williams, writing, after some preliminaries, of the 1860 days:—

"I do not propose to dilate further upon the cause of the dreadful Civil War, now on the point of breaking out, which have been argued out so fully on both sides; nor to attempt to apportion the blame for the internecine strife which slew so many hecatombs of men, and devastated some of the fairest regions of the earth. All I will say is that we of the South believed in our very souls that our cause was a just one. We made a brave fight, as I think all the world allows, for what we thought our rights, and, losing, paid the penalty for our mistake, if mistake it were, to the uttermost farthing."

In his first chapter, "looking back through all these years, whilst I sit by my quiet, happy English fireside," he confesses, in the candid way that was habitual with him, that he was mistaken in his cause.

"But, though I make this admission, I think it is only

right to put it on record that, as far as my own personal observation went, the cruelties of slavery have been overdrawn."

We may take this from the honest rover and say no word in his dispraise; but the world's verdict on the institution of slavery, given a generation ago, is the true one. It was never justified, it grew out of no real necessities, it was one of the most monstrous mistakes in our own history, and from first to last we got out of it not good, but evil.

But we will not end on a note of deprecation a brief review of a book as interesting, original, and wholesome as this. A better story of the life of hazard and adventure, entered on with no sordid motive, and pursued to no sordid end, we have not often read. Mr. Williams returned to England for good at the early age of thirty-seven, and the frontispiece shows him a hale and handsome J.P. of this country, "at 70." His book is posthumous. Was he regaling his friends at home for more than a generation with the delightful yarns that fill it? We should have liked a night with him.

THE DIARY OF A TORY.*

MR. JEFFERY explains that he has only published in these two volumes a selection from General Dyott's diary, and that the diary in its original form runs to 500,000 words. He also tells us that Freeford Hall, the home of the Dyott family, possesses several manuscripts of considerable historical value, and he hints that we may expect further contributions from this source in the next few years. Those further publications will be awaited with interest, but the first instalment, if the truth must be told, cannot be regarded as a document of any considerable historical significance. Dyott lived to a great age; he travelled a great deal; he saw some service, and he was on terms of friendship at different times with persons of importance. But he has no secrets to reveal; he gives us scarcely any intimate touches; and he writes of high politics like a man who is of that world but not in it. His travels do not suggest any very interesting observations, and in his comments on persons he may be said to suffer from the want of that uncharitableness, which in a diarist covers a multitude of sins. The reader who turns to these pages to find anything very piquant or stimulating will accordingly be disappointed; he will find instead the good-natured, rather commonplace remarks of a typical English country squire of his times.

Dyott's life falls naturally into two parts; his career in the army, and his life as a country gentleman. He rose to some distinction in the army, was made an Aide-de-Camp to George the Third, and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Alexandria, and in the Walcheren Expedition. But there is singularly little professional enthusiasm in his pages, and though his life began in the exciting days of the American War, and lasted through the greater excitements of the French War, the description of his military career is chiefly occupied with trifles. The most interesting passages are those in which he describes the shameful treatment the army received from the incompetent Dundas, and the misery in which the soldiers paid for the Government's neglect. There is one chapter on which he writes with unrestrained satisfaction. When he was twenty-six he was stationed with his regiment at Halifax, and Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., arrived there with the fleet from Quebec. The Prince and Dyott struck up a warm friendship, and Dyott describes the developing of that friendship with an innocent delight. "He did me the honour to talk a great deal to me before supper, during the dance. We went to supper about twelve, a most elegant thing, near sixty people sat down. We had scarce begun supper when he called out 'Dyott, fill your glass' (before he had asked any person in the room to drink). When I told his Royal Highness my glass was full, he said, 'Dyott, your good health and your family.' Not half-an-hour after he called out, 'Dyott, fill a bumper,' then 'Dyott, here's a bumper toast.' After supper he gave five or six bumper toasts, and always called me to see these filled at

*"With the Border Ruffians: Memories of the Far West, 1852-1868." By R. H. Williams. Edited by E. W. Williams. With Portraits. John Murray. 12s. net.

* "Dyott's Diary." A selection from the Journal of William Dyott, sometime General in the British Army, and Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty King George the Third. Edited by Reginald W. Jeffery. In two volumes. Constable. 31s. 6d. net.

my table." . . . "I always made a point of attending him to his barge." . . . "The Governor, Commissioner, and all the great people attended him to his barge. Just as he pushed off he called out, 'Dyott, I shall send the cutter here on Friday at three.' I cannot avoid mentioning these little circumstances; it is so very flattering to be taken such particular notice of by so great a person." . . . "He did me the honour to say it was very seldom he took so much notice of a subaltern." After three months of dissipation and escapades, Dyott took a tearful leave of his friend, and he remarks with his engaging simplicity, "to be sure the company of a Prince added not a little to the joyous hours." Many years later, when William IV. ascended the throne, Dyott took a severer view of his former friend: "Having in younger days seen much of King William the Fourth, partaken of several weeks' familiar intercourse, as far as Prince and subject was allowable, I have little hesitation in auguring that William's will not be a reign to which any great benefits are likely to accrue to the nation from kingly exertion."

Dyott's diary suffers perhaps in more than one respect from his virtues. He was a devoted father, and his natural affection for his children was probably intensified by his domestic affliction. His wife, who had no reason to complain of neglect on his side, ran away from him and was eventually divorced. But the result of his engrossing interest in his children is that they occupy quite a disproportionate share of his diary. He makes interminable visits to London to try to get Dick promoted or moved into another regiment. Dick's wrongs pursue us almost to the end of the volumes. Bill, his second son, went to Cambridge, and pained his tender father very much by refusing for some months to write to him, the explanation apparently being that Bill's life at Cambridge did not lend itself to very edifying narrative. He afterwards took orders, and became a great favourite with the sporting parsons. His father worked incessantly to obtain livings for him, and his satisfaction was complete when Bill was made domestic chaplain to a peer. It is not many people who can make their solicitude for their children's advancement of vivid interest to outsiders; Lady Sarah Lennox could, but was there anything she could not make interesting? Dyott had neither Lady Sarah's gifts nor her children. One result of his immersion in family affairs is that he passes over some of the most important events of his time with strangely little notice; Trafalgar is not mentioned, and Waterloo only comes into these pages by accident some time after the event. Not that Dyott was without political interests. He had very strong political opinions. His hatred of reform made him use very bitter language about his old friend William IV., to whom he attributed more enlightened opinions than he possessed, and it enabled him to regard the burning of the Houses of Parliament as a warning from Heaven. For all the last part of his life he was an active magistrate and Tory squire, and he looked on with dismay at every encroachment on the power of his class. He spoke strongly to Sir Robert Peel (with whom he was on terms of friendship) against giving leases to farmers as a practice which put the landlord in a false position, by giving the tenant a dangerous degree of independence. He disliked "the modern rage for education," and repeatedly expressed the opinion that "the lower orders" were the worse for it. His general views of the relations of society to some of the main problems of the day were based on his opinion that "nothing but the terror of human suffering can avail to prevent crime," and he pressed for the legalisation of spring guns. In the same spirit he argued that flogging in the army was essential, and he was very severe on his old friend Lord Anglesey for his conciliatory temper towards Ireland. There is nothing surprising or novel in his opinions, which were those of the ordinary country squire. Perhaps the most interesting feature of his diary is the complete ignorance which it displays of the great causes and forces that were creating the great social discontents, some of the results of which the writer found so alarming. Dyott was a kindly, benevolent nature, but he never gave a thought to the tremendous miseries which the England he wanted to keep down by spring guns and fierce repression was enduring. He lived to a great age in complacent unconsciousness of their existence. If he dismisses the scare about cholera with the

reassuring reflection that it only attacks the lowest orders, it is not because he has no feeling but because he has little imagination. He finds it very difficult to enter into any other world than his own. This is the plight of most people of his prejudices and position. To those who read his diary to-day knowing something of the wretched lot and the wretched horizons of the down-trodden men and women for whom Place and Cobbett and Owen struggled, it seems amazing that the realities of those times should have escaped anyone so completely as they escaped poor old Dyott. Yet if diaries are kept in country-houses to-day, will not the future historian read many of them with just the same astonishment?

IN THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS.*

THE name of Sforza, with its militant clang, calls up the age of the Condottieri, but the line of Sforza, or, more properly speaking, of Attendolo, produced types more complex than that of the rough-hewn fighter who first won the significant nick-name. Miss Ady has told the story of the house with clearness and sympathy, and with considerable mastery of the complicated political conditions which surrounded it. Historically considered, this study of Milan is very satisfactory: a record of facts faithfully set forth. From a literary standpoint it cannot claim quite so full a commendation, and that not merely on account of its occasional grammatical carelessness. The even narrative is curiously lacking in vividness of colour, in dramatic light and shade; it tells of dominant or of subtle characters, but it does not make them live.

Yet how full of contrast, of brilliant achievement and tragic vicissitude, is the history of that typical race of Italian fighters and despots, from the hour when—if we accept picturesque tradition—Muzio Attendolo flung his axe into a tree and deserted the humble work of a wood-cutter for the career of a soldier. The life of that founder of his family has some chivalric touches not to be matched among his greater descendants, and it closed very fittingly in an attempt to rescue a favourite page from the swollen waters of the river Pescara. The soldier of fortune—like most of the famous condottieri, he was but a hireling, at the service of the highest bidder—laid the foundations of power on which his son, Francesco, was to rear so proud an edifice. It was through marriage with Bianca, daughter of Filippo Maria Visconti, that Francesco Sforza laid claim to Milan; but before he could come from the March of Ancona, where he had fought, ruled, and, ultimately, failed, to hold sway in the Lombard city, Milan had its brief, futile attempt at a renewal of popular government. Miss Ady tells at some length of the establishment and fall of the Ambrosian Republic; an idealistic and pathetic effort to return to the days of the Lombard League, when Milan had upheld her civic independence in the face of the mighty Hohenstaufen Emperors.

The author is far more at home in dealing with the statescraft than with the martial exploits of the time. Her accounts of battles and campaigns are extremely perfunctory, but she follows with interest the political intrigues and civic developments of Milan under the Sforza rule. The Dukes of the Lombard town had a difficult game to play, assailed as they were by the rivalry of Venice and the ambition of France, which never abandoned its claims to Milan, founded on the marriage of Valentina Visconti with the Duke of Orleans. The ever-shifting alliances and antagonisms of the time are admirably treated in this narrative, especial care being shown in the treatment of the relations between Milan and the Swiss Cantons and their decisive influence on the career of Massimiliano Sforza. The historic background is, in fact, excellent: the conflicts of France and the Empire, the hostility of Venice and the friendship of Florence towards Milan, the rivalries of the smaller towns, are all well considered and explained. It is in the central figures of the drama that a lack is felt. Miss Ady is conscientiously anxious to set forth the good and evil of her characters, but she fails to make convincing human beings of them.

* "Milan Under the Sforza." By Cecilia M. Ady. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

THERE are a few novels which satisfy one by the originality of their creative outlook, and a great many which please one by the piquancy of certain traits and tones personal to the writer. Mrs. Ritchie's novel belongs to the latter class. "Man and the Cassock" is not remarkable in its artistic conception or execution; it is written in a hesitating style, with an air of conscientious mental application rather than of underlying force; but the finish shown on every page lifts it out of the ruck of fiction, and sharpens the feminine malice of much of the character drawing.

Emily Neufmarché, a beautiful and conceited young woman, is exceedingly bored with her unattractive and uninteresting husband Geoffrey, a quiet Berkshire squire, with "a fringe of sandy hair and a small chin," a man more than double her age, whom she had married at seventeen. Emily believes in the doctrine of "self-realisation" and of seeing "life," and when her husband objects to her passing so much of her time in town with her smart friends whose "private lives had become public property," Emily assures him that she has interests above the nursery, and that as long as she lives she intends to have a good time and know the sort of people she likes. To give Geoffrey time to repent his "harshness" and come to her terms, the brilliant Emily sets off on a visit to her brother Theodore, who has dedicated his life and his fortune to the glory of God and the restoration of the old brotherhood of St. Michael's Priory at Dunnbury.

The society at Dunnbury is typical of many English circles to-day, in which a variety of educated people meet who have not much in common. There is the simple-minded rector, who is a croquet enthusiast, and has a hatred of intellectual responsibility; Colebeck, the athletic curate, who has a passion for the Anglican ritual; Colonel Travers, a retired Anglo-Indian, a genial and kind little man who is always at everybody's service; Frank Topham, a younger son, whose mother, Lady Topham, maintains that "his eccentric behaviour had nothing to do with intemperance, but came from overwork at books," &c. But none of these people are worthy of Emily's bow and spear, and she soon discovers that her ascetic brother Theodore and his friend on a visit, Dr. Connington, a famous specialist whose ugliness is "arresting and significant," are both under the spell of the rector's daughter, Marion Smith, who has run the parish since she was seventeen. Emily, on first meeting Marion, does not believe that this quiet-looking and insignificant little person has this strange power of "ruling men without their knowing it," and conscious of her own superiority in every way in beauty, intellect, and manner, she patronises her; but her failure to draw Dr. Connington from Marion's side piques her vanity, and she determines to conquer and teach the men a lesson. The strength of the novel lies in the clever analysis of Emily's feminine arts and jealousy in contrast with the charm of Marion's simple goodness. In some respects "Man and the Cassock" might be styled a direct satire on the feminine sex if the author had succeeded in establishing that there is a higher good for woman than love. She aims apparently at finding some philosophy of life which can bring spiritual peace to the disillusioned worldly mind, but the Church is shown to be a cold and austere mother in comparison with Marion's simple lovingness. We cannot, indeed, help sympathising with Emily's desire for love, even though she is shown us as being too frivolous and selfish to deserve it. How skilfully Mrs. Ritchie can catch and satirise the chameleon hues of feminine dissimulation may be seen from two little passages, the first after Connington has evaded her, the second where she has at last brought him to bay:—

"What were they doing, he and Marion, all this time? Where were they? She gazed round her, almost dazed. The world had reversed its order. Anywhere but here she would have been conspicuously attended by the man in whom she felt a momentary interest, and other women would have been waiting, other women watchful, and she would have noticed it all with complacency, magnanimous, broad-minded toleration for feminine small-mindedness, feminine meanness. She had always felt a contempt for women. Women could never be trusted. Probably Marion had an understanding about this morning's hunt with Connington, when they were alone in the vestry

together last evening. It was just the sort of thing a pious person would do, and not know what humbug it was. How the rush and scamper and noise of the hunt was intolerably foolish. How absurd the little Colonel looked excited about nothing. What ridiculous people all these Tophams and Parachutes and Whatnots were, so easily amused, so stupid."

* * * * *

"All I say is," she went on, "that you put me down at once as shallow, without giving me a chance of showing you my real self."

"Connington turned towards her again."

"Your real self," he repeated."

"Yes," said Emily, "the self that is behind all this kind of shallowness that society makes one put on—makes one put on—when all the time one hates it and longs for sincerity and truth and all that sort of thing that one can't get. Don't you think that it's rather hard lines when one feels the misery of life, and tries to hide what one feels and appear to be cheerful, that a man who professes to know everything should take it for shallowness and frivolity, not see behind it or give one any credit for depth of character, or for suffering patiently, just because one isn't making a long face?"

Connington is, of course, deeply in love with the sweet unworldly Marion, but he has resolved to put aside "the clamour of his own egotism," and not disturb "the sacred friendship" between her and his friend, Theodore Moulton, who is a weak and lonely man and far more dependent on Marion's spiritual leading than he guesses. In his anger Connington resolves to punish Emily and show her what a hopeless little fool she is, and he suddenly simulates an absorbing personal interest in her to lead her on. We do not, as a matter of fact, quite believe that Connington's deliberate change of front is possible to a man who is suffering keenly, but if we credit him with a Jesuitical tinge, we can follow his thought, and, at any rate, we accept it for the interest of what follows. Emily is transformed by her apparent conquest. In a sense she is justified by this result of her feminine wiles, for reality has, it seems, come to her, the great reality of love of which she has long been confusedly in search.

"Until a few days ago she had played contentedly with toys; she now craved to play with fire. She was playing with it; the heat and light of it confused her senses. There was no danger; the only danger possible was that it might suddenly go out, through her want of skill, and leave her back in the darkness, the cold that she had so foolishly called 'life.'"

"Never mind what I seemed before; do I offend you now?" The movement of his hand towards her, from where he stood against the open doorway, was of the slightest, and yet to Emily it was one of the most profound significance. It was painful, but with the pain came the joy of contact with a strong inexhaustible life, filling all the shadows of her nature. It was a revelation almost too great to be endured."

Of course, Emily's fool's paradise is soon shattered. She learns that there is no reality between Connington and herself except his contempt. In a striking little scene she stands before him "significant only for what she was morally worth," and he tells her that he has deliberately drawn her on, in his anger, to show the absurdity of her pretensions, and to punish her. There is considerable psychological skill shown in the brief analysis of the woman's frozen feelings when she finds herself back "in the darkness and cold." "The whole world had grown cold. She seemed shrivelled up in some dry, frosty, sexless atom. She knew that before her stretched an interminable future that contained nothing but the confused past of existence, existence without significance. Her womanhood had gone."

While Emily's emotional tragedy is near its end, a real tragedy is at hand. Her brother Theodore is dying. Marion has been warned by Connington, before the latter's departure, that Theodore must be carefully nursed, and kept free from all strain, but the unexpected happens, and Theodore breaks a blood vessel a few hours after the warning. The author rises to her highest artistic level in the last five chapters in which the ascetic Theodore realises, with the shadow of death upon him, that he can never hope to marry Marion, and that there is an awful austerity in the doctrine which bids men renounce all earthly joy. The mingled feeling of tragedy and banality is rendered with a powerful touch in the scene after the ball at Colonel Travers' house. The hurried and broken character of life is admirably conveyed here, and the author shows that she can paint with a sombre brush, as well as touch off the comedy of things with a feminine malice.

* "Man and the Cassock." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. Methuen. 6s.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE delightful collection of photographs which illustrate Mr. David Fraser's "Marches of Hindustan" (Blackwood, 21s. net) is in itself enough to ensure for his book a welcome. He has shown taste and skill in the choice of his subjects, and these 129 illustrations alone succeed in giving the reader a vivid impression of the wild and beautiful countries through which he passed. Peaks and precipices, mountain castles, dizzy rope bridges, strange types of unfamiliar peoples, laughing children and old women whose wrinkles suggest a comic masque, mosques with the magic name of Nashapur, and Persian pots that seem to talk in quatrains—it is a wonderful travel album. Mr. Fraser's journey took him through Tibet, Trans-Himalayan India, Chinese and Russian Turkestan, and Persia. The envious reader admires his courage and enterprise, but as one nears the end of the book the feeling grows that Mr. Fraser has not quite known how to use his good fortune. A hurried ride through strange peoples, with no knowledge of their languages and without a background of interest in folk lore or custom or religion, has resulted in a somewhat breathless and superficial book. Literary skill and charm in narrative would have saved it, but these are not often conspicuous. Some chapters on Persia amid the throes of the reform movement seem elaborately to miss the real interest of the theme. But they do leave one clear impression enforced with an accumulation of facts and opinions—that the poverty of Persia is not the temporary and accidental result of misgovernment and inertia, but an irremediable fact of nature, we might almost say of geology. The land is slowly drying up, as Central Asia has dried up, and its future is sinking beyond recall in the sandy soil under a cruel sun. That roads or railways or irrigation (on any large scale) could ever pay in such a soil Mr. Fraser more than doubts. The lesson is one which the Imperialists of Russia and Great Britain will do well to learn betimes. There is no Nile in these deserts, and without a Nile the temptation to occupy may perhaps be resisted.

* * *

A LITTLE book, "Keys to the Drood Mystery," by Edwin Charles (Collier & Co., 1s. net), is an ingenious and clearly thought out attempt, provoked of course by the play at His Majesty's Theatre, to discover what Dickens meant the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" to be. Three earlier solutions of that mystery have in turn been attempted—first, that Dickens meant Drood to escape murder at his uncle's hands and to re-appear in the story disguised as Datchery, a solution favoured by Mr. Proctor and Mr. Andrew Lang; secondly, that Drood was killed and Jasper's crime was discovered by Helena Landless disguised as Datchery; thirdly, Mr. Comyns Carr's solution, which leaves Datchery out of account altogether, and suggests that Drood was saved by seeing Jasper in the act of enacting the contemplated murder in an opium trance. Mr. Carr's reading, however, can hardly stand, for the omission of Datchery seems fatal. On the whole, the writer of this book, Mr. Edwin Charles, takes the line of most probability. He assumes that Dickens intended Drood to be strangled by Jasper and buried under quicklime in the Sapsea vault. Two powerful lines of evidence exist in favour of this solution. The first is Forster's description of Dickens's account to him of the idea of the story. This was the murder of a nephew by an uncle. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, and the discovery of the murder would be through a gold ring which had resisted the action of the lime. The second witness is Sir Luke Fildes, to whom Dickens personally explained that he meant Jasper to strangle Drood with the black scarf, and who was asked to make for him a sketch of the condemned cell at Maidstone Jail, where the execution for a crime committed at Rochester (Cloisterham) would naturally take place. Mr. Charles presents this study with much care and plausibility. Datchery he identifies with Mr. Grewgious's clerk, Bazzard, whose character, judging by some touches in the fragment, Dickens was prepared to work out with some care. Mr. Charles writes well, if rather too sentimentally, and he has read Dickens's brilliant fragment with very intelligent eyes.

THE second edition of Vernon Lee's "Studies in the Eighteenth Century in Italy" (Unwin, 21s. net) differs from the book as issued twenty-six years ago by the addition of a "retrospective chapter" by way of preface, and the inclusion of a number of illustrations selected by Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Laurentian Library, Florence. In the new preface—an excellent example of discerning self-criticism—the author admits that the Italian eighteenth century was "taken all round a deal less interesting" than her book makes out. Coming between a period when there still existed a remnant of Renaissance genius and splendour and the earlier nineteenth century made illustrious by Garibaldi and Mazzini, the Italy of the eighteenth century was comparatively drab and colourless. But Vernon Lee, writing as she confesses with a scant knowledge of the period, managed to give an interest to this prosaic age, and she did well to republish this fruit of her youthful enthusiasm without any revision. An apologetic preface is oftener to be found in a good book than in a worthless one, and "Studies in the Eighteenth Century in Italy" is no exception to the rule. The subjects include the Arcadian Academy, once so famous but now forgotten, the Italian musicians, with a charming account of Dr. Burney's foreign tour in 1770, Metastasio and the Opera, the Comedy of Masks, Goldoni and the Realistic Comedy, and Carlo Gozzi and the Venetian Fairy Comedy. The book is a good example of Vernon Lee's personal type of criticism, and of her power of re-creating the atmosphere of a past age. A word of praise is due to the publisher for the excellent way in which the volume has been produced.

* * *

MR BUMPUS begins by warning the traveller visiting Italy for the first time not to be "too much carried away by the reaction against former prejudice." Certainly "The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy" (Werner, Laurie, 16s. net) does not suggest that its author has fallen into any such mistake, if mistake it be—a matter that is open to doubt. Mr. Bumpus, who has studied and written much on English Gothic, is severely critical of Italian Gothic Cathedrals and everything that pertains to them. Now, criticism, as a well-known dramatic critic once remarked, is merely the expression of an opinion, and on the subject of Italian church architecture, Mr. Bumpus is entitled to express his opinion as much as anybody else. We cannot, therefore, grumble if he reserves his enthusiasm for a few world-famous buildings, such as St. Mark's at Venice, speaks patronisingly of others, and vigorously denounces many more. We might suggest that his purist sympathies in architecture, which are evidently very strong indeed, have blinded him to the real character of the Italian genius, which is not the genius for any one style, but for the fusion of many; but though his attitude on this point may not please, it is at least legitimate. But there is a limit to the expression of opinions, and Mr. Bumpus seems to overstep it in his comments upon the modern Italian people and their way of conducting religious services. The book is extremely discursive and the discursions are often irritatingly pompous. "The meal concluded, I sought the Duomo for High Mass," is Mr. Bumpus's way of saying that he went to church after breakfast. He seems indeed to have tried to combine a serious architectural treatise with a chatty sort of guide-book, and as he has not the literary touch of Stevenson, or Mr. Belloc, or Mr. Lewis Hind, or any others who have made similar combinations interesting, the result is elephantine in its clumsiness. This is a great pity, since he appears to have toured Northern Italy conscientiously, and his book contains plenty of solid fact. He writes interestingly of the polychromatic churches in Verona, and of those in Ravenna, though we notice that in reference to the sculptural ornamentation of the latter he misses the point that the naturalistic Acanthus-leaf capital can be traced directly to the art of imperial Rome. The eighty-one illustrations in colour and monotone are serviceable adjuncts to a volume which, unlike its predecessors on English and German cathedrals, hardly satisfies and certainly does not inspire.

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"MARSHAL TURENNE," by the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," with an Introduction by Brigadier-General Francis Lloyd (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net), is of more value as a study of Turenne's modest and generous personality than as a contribution to military history. Still, the author has made a careful study of Turenne's strategy and tactics, and as he makes frequent use of Napoleon's criticisms this side of his subject is as trustworthy as can be expected from one who does not write as an expert. Turenne's career was a succession of triumphs. At twenty-four he had reached the rank of major-general, and a few years later he had established his reputation as one of the greatest of French soldiers. His death at the battle of Sasbach in 1675 threw the whole country into consternation. We see in Madame de Sévigné's letters how deep was the general sense of loss, and Louis XIV. was but the interpreter of public opinion in insisting that Turenne's body should be laid in the Abbey of Saint Denis beside the Kings of France. Of Turenne's character the cynical St. Evremont observed that he had two singularities, "a too great disinterestedness in an age when a spirit of self-interest was universal, and a too pure probity at a period of universal corruption." Sir Francis Lloyd contributes an introduction, in which he hints at the possibility of startling changes taking place in the principles of warfare in the near future. Aerial navigation, for instance, would alter the whole theory of war.

IN spite of Southey's admiration and Byron's praise it is doubtful whether there are many people to-day who read Kirke White's poetry. The charm of his character and the pathetic circumstances of his early death kept his work popular for some forty years after he died. However, it has little power or originality, and it seems to have been neglected during the past half century. For those who care to make acquaintance with this poet an excellent opportunity is provided by the issue of the "Poems, Letters, and Prose Fragments of Kirke White," edited by Mr. John Drinkwater, in Messrs. Routledge's series, "The Muses' Library" (1s. net). Like the rest of the series, the volume is edited with care and scholarship, and neatly produced. The same publishers issue a welcome reprint of "Poems" by Sir Alfred C. Lyall (1s. net).

IN "Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A." (Otto, Ltd., 5s. net), Mr. J. T. Herbert Baily has given us an "Extra Number" of the "Connoisseur," which can hardly fail to achieve success. A more popular subject could not have been found. Bartolozzi, though his fame suffered a temporary eclipse after his death, has steadily gained adherents throughout the last few decades. Only last year, the record price for any one of his prints was paid for a colour-print after Lawrence's "Miss Farren, Countess of Derby." The sum realised was over £600. Perhaps this is partly responsible for the "little thrill of emotion," without which, says Mr. Baily, the name of the engraver can hardly be mentioned by the connoisseur and the collector; but there are other reasons as well. Bartolozzi, whatever his faults and his later unscrupulousness in regard to putting his name to prints that were not his own, was undoubtedly a master of his craft, and was responsible for introducing into English engraving an element of grace and lightness of which, at the time, it stood in need. He was not, it is true, the inventor of the stipple technique, with which he is principally associated, but—as Mr. Baily observes—this technique was the perfect means of expressing his ideals of beauty, and his use of it demonstrated its hitherto unsuspected possibilities. With reference to his chief reproach, that he emulated his early master, Wagner, in founding what was virtually a print manufactory, it must be remembered that he also founded a school of engravers that included J. R. Smith, Charles Knight, and many another famous name. In the biographical sketch Mr. Baily makes good use of the somewhat scanty materials available. Since stipple was Bartolozzi's popular technique, and the space for the narrative is very limited, he is wise to content himself with a bare reference to the engraver's work with the burin or etching needle. Among the pictures, moreover, are reproductions from the Guercino etchings and other specimens calculated to give a good idea of Bartolozzi's variety in method. The bibliography contributed by Professor Hans Singer is fairly useful, though we are at a loss to understand his difficulty in find-

ing the second edition of Mr. Tuer's work. Five hundred copies were printed, and the book is at the British Museum and the London Library.

No student of educational theory and practice should miss "Selected Writings of Thomas Godolphin Rooper," edited with a memoir by Mr. R. G. Tatton (Blackie, 7s. 6d. net). Always an enthusiast for educational reform, Rooper was appointed an inspector of schools in 1877, and his influence, though unobtrusive, was far-reaching and beneficial. He was a strong advocate of manual training, particularly in rural schools, and his essays on the subject in this volume are most valuable. His experience as an inspector brought him into close touch with the actual working of the schools, and his knowledge kept him free from faddism, that weakness of so many would-be reformers of educational methods. The essays collected by Mr. Tatton, while of special interest to teachers, will also be read with pleasure by the larger public who recognise the importance of setting a high standard for our elementary schools. We would call particular attention to those called "The Pot of Green Feathers" and "Gaiety in Education: A Study of Augustine and Calvin."

THE first edition of Mr. W. V. Vernon's "Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante" appeared in 1889, a second and much amplified edition was published nine years later, and now we have from Messrs. Methuen a third edition (two vols. 15s. net.) which, the author tells us, has been revised, "and many small improvements have been introduced." Further consideration has led Mr. Vernon to change his views as to the identity of "Matilda" who appears to Dante in Canto XXVIII. The majority of modern critics agree with the unanimous view of the old commentators that she was Matilda of Canossa, the daughter of Duke Boniface VIII., but, as Dr. Moore declares, the subject is one of the thorniest problems in the "Divina Commedia." Mr. Vernon's book in its new shape will be welcomed by all Dante students. It is indispensable to a serious study of the Purgatorio.

As a collection of readable essays about various phases of child life Mr. Maynard Smith's "Playmates" (Masters, 2s. 6d. net) may be commended to those who enjoy such reading. Mr. Maynard Smith is not entirely free from the "vanity of dogmatising" on the proper way to bring up children—he admits that he is a bachelor—a tendency from which those who have had experience of the matter are usually free. We must protest against his advocacy of the practice of whipping children. It is absurd to beat a child for a sudden outburst of rudeness or such an offence as running about in slippers on a damp lawn, as Mr. Smith recommends.

THE current quarterlies are particularly strong in articles on literary subjects. Professor Churton Collins contributes an excellent appreciation of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" to the "Quarterly Review." While admitting that Johnson never distinguished between rhetoric and poetry, that he exalted art and talent above Nature and enthusiasm, and that he placed at the head of our poets those who belonged essentially to the second rank, Professor Collins holds that, within certain limits, Johnson's judgments are not merely sound, but almost infallible. Mr. Sturge Moore writes on "William Blake, Poet and Painter"; Mr. Warwick Bond on "Ariosto"; and an anonymous writer deals faithfully with "The Poetry of Mr. Alfred Austin." "The Edinburgh Review" has a fine piece of delicate and sympathetic criticism called "Heinrich Heine; Emotion and Irony"; an article on "Religion in Literature," discussing the great Greek dramatists, Shakspeare, Goethe, and some later writers, including Tolstoy; and a biographical article on "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." "The Library" gives the first instalment of an essay by Mr. Arthur Tilley, on "A Paris Bookseller of the Sixteenth Century—Galliot Du Pré," and a criticism of "The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes," by Mr. James Ormerod. Lastly, in the current issue of "The International," we have a discussion of "The Democratic Spirit in German Literature," as seen in such writers as Arno Holz, Max Kretzer, Hauptmann, Henckell, Clara Viebig, and Felix Holländer, by Lily Braun.

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The Week in the City.

ON Thursday, greatly to the satisfaction and advantage of the business and manufactures of Great Britain, the Directors of the Bank of England felt themselves in a position to reduce the bank rate from five to four per cent., so that money may now be said to be easier than at this time last year, when the rate was five. The step seems a trifle rash and precipitous when one remembers the number of banking and commercial failures that have lately occurred or are impending in the United States. However, the Directors ought to know, and the return is certainly strong enough to justify them. The conduct of the bank during the last year is much admired, and quite deserves the eulogy passed upon it on Thursday by the City Editor of the "Times." Talking of the "Times" reminds me that the control has not yet passed to Mr. Pearson, of "Pearson's Weekly" and "Daily Express" fame. The matter, I believe, is to be discussed before a judge in Chancery at the end of this month.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

Cheap money has not caused much of a boom in the stock markets. The Americans seem to be exhausted, and even the most sanguine speculators are hardly inclined to attempt to forestall the large investment demand which would be necessary to lift prices substantially. But the combination of cheaper money with large sinking fund purchases has put life into Consols, and a welcome rise has taken place. The only question is whether the Government's old age pension policy and the embarrassments of Irish land purchase may not tempt Mr. Asquith to tamper seriously with the sinking fund. It is to be hoped not, for the improvement of the public credit is greatly to be desired.

OPPORTUNITIES IN CHILI.

I have been hearing from a British resident in Chili, who has returned for a short time on business, a very interesting account of the country. Chili has borne a high reputation among European investors as the only South American Government which has never defaulted. For many years it had a remarkably able and honest administration; but my informant says that there has been a serious deterioration of late. The President is good in intention but rather incompetent, and the country has suffered from want of stable administration. One Government has succeeded another with bewildering rapidity, and foolish measures, particularly in regard to the paper currency, have been adopted. The earthquake was a serious disaster, and the financial strain (which followed) put an end to the speculative boom and the fictitious prosperity that accompanied it. My informant thinks that the well-to-do classes have been severely hit. They have had to curtail their expenses—a very unpleasant task. But the half-caste peasants are quite happy and prosperous; for beans (their staple food) are remarkably cheap this year. The crops have been abundant, and I see that there is expected to be a surplus of 20,000 tons of wheat for export. But nitrate is of course the staple export of Chili. The deposits are vast and practically inexhaustible. Probably the present period of depression, which will only pass away slowly, offers a good opportunity for investors, for most of the securities have been unduly depreciated. But one cannot help feeling a little nervous about a country whose currency, measured in gold, has depreciated about eighty per cent. in a couple of years. There will probably be another Government loan issued in a short time by Messrs. Rothschild.

A JAPANESE BUDGET.

England has invested so enormously in Japanese debt that we are justified in watching very narrowly for a return to normal conditions. Since the war the clever financial department at Tokio has been hard put to it by the dominance of the military and naval faction. All the European shifts have been resorted to—among others the nominal maintenance of a large sinking fund by means of much larger borrowings. This year for the first time a drastic remedy (the only real remedy) is being applied. Severe retrenchment has been ordered, and no less than twelve millions sterling have been knocked off the *postbellum* programme of extra-

ordinary expenditure on army and navy. Another large reduction has been effected in the projected railway expenditure, with the result that the Budget has almost been made to balance. I should have said that the naval and military reductions involve a saving of four millions sterling for the current year. Nevertheless the military and naval men have not given way sufficiently, and in order to balance the Budget it has been necessary to increase the already high level of taxation by taxes on consumption which are to yield about a million sterling. This has produced an unfavourable impression in the city of London which is anxious to have the credit of Japan rehabilitated and does not see how that can be effected unless our allies can see their way to reducing their expenditure to such an extent that real surpluses can be applied to the extinction of debt. But a good deal has been done, and moreover the emigration difficulties with the United States and Canada seem to have been happily solved.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

Though there has been a heavy crop of commercial failures in Budapest, Austria itself is still very prosperous. Thanks to the fact that the trade boom did not breed speculation in Vienna, and thanks also to the fact that Austria has kept down her expenditure on armaments, she has hardly felt so far the sudden depression in Germany. Indeed, expenditure has been kept within such limits that it has been possible to give considerable relief to the lower classes by a reduction of the sugar duties, though this has probably not made up for the rise in bread and meat prices. However, a Vienna correspondent who is connected with several great manufacturing and commercial concerns, assures me that trade is still very good, and people, he says, are confident that the sufferings of Berlin will not be reproduced in the older capital. In Berlin things seem to be going from bad to worse, and the authorities now estimate the unemployed skilled workmen alone at 40,000. Food prices are higher, I suppose, than ever since the German Empire was founded.

HERR BALLIN AND THE KAISER.

Steamship circles have been occupied with some curious mail reports to the effect that Herr Ballin, the managing director of the Hamburg line, has fallen out of favour with the Kaiser. Hence, it is said, two well known naval officers have resigned lucrative positions under the Managing Director of the Hamburg line. One story runs that in spite of the immense services rendered by Herr Ballin to the company, "his autocratic management and the heavy sumptuary expenses incurred by him simply in order to flatter the Kaiser have provoked much dissatisfaction and severe criticism on the board of administration. The special fittings of the steamer 'Hamburg,' rented by the Kaiser whilst the 'Hohenzollern' was undergoing repairs, were the subject of observations and of the Imperial displeasure, and his Majesty was also not overpleased by the careless condemnation passed on a new sort of screw invented by the Duke of Oldenburg, and the recent incident which led to Captain von Grumme's resignation is stated to have been the last straw."

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

PARLIAMENT was opened in State by the King and Queen on Wednesday. The lengthy King's Speech contained only one announcement of much novelty, that of a coming conference in London to set up a code of maritime law necessary for the guidance of the new International Prize Court. The first place is given to the Licensing Bill, which will be produced after the conclusion of the debate on the Address. The following measures of importance are the new Education Bill, based on an almost universal system of schools devoted to "simple Bible teaching"; Mr. Birrell's two Irish Bills, that setting up compulsory purchase for the grazing lands of the West, which the landlords withhold, and that establishing a new plan of University education, which Trinity College accepts; and Mr. Burns's schemes of Housing and Town Planning, which will be combined in a single measure. No specific reference is made to the House of Lords, but a direct challenge is thrown down by the re-introduction, without change, of the Scottish Land Bill and the Scottish Valuation Bill. The programme is of the first importance and makes an Autumn Session indispensable, while its full execution may probably be deferred to 1909. It will be generally superintended by the Prime Minister, who was kept from attending the House on the opening day by a domestic sorrow. But its active executant must be Mr. Asquith, who has arrived at the opportunity of his career.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR's and Lord Lansdowne's opening criticisms had only one point of seriousness, the promise namely of a formal impeachment of Mr. Birrell's adminis-

tration and of his and the Government's refusal to revert to coercion. Mr. Balfour's picture of the state of the West was much over-painted, and probably not one member of the Ministerial Party will be deflected from the policy of government by the ordinary law. Ireland will be the subject of the single amendment coming from the Front Opposition Bench, but Mr. Balfour attacked Mr. McKenna's educational administration as "cynically partisan." Here, again, the Opposition meets a united party. All Liberals accept the policy, as stated by Mr. Asquith, of requiring training colleges to accept State conditions as to the free admission of its citizens if they desire maintenance by the State's money. On foreign policy the Opposition leaders professed the principle of continuity, but qualified it largely in the case of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, which is to be criticised on the ground of its inadequate provision for British trade in Persia and British interests on the Persian Gulf. Mr. Asquith's reply was singularly cogent, and more than adequate to the attack. Meanwhile, the Home Rule question is to be raised by a reasoned Irish motion, in favour of an Irish Assembly and a responsible Executive, which we have no doubt the Government will accept. The Nationalists appeared at Westminster as a formally united party, and both Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy attended its opening meeting.

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MUCH more interesting was Thursday's debate on unemployment, opened by an amendment, moved by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the secretary of the Labour Party, censuring the Government for failing to legislate. It ended in a narrow division, yielding a bare Ministerial majority of 49—195 to 146. The result was due to a combination of Radicals, Labour men, and Irish members, and to a large body of Liberal abstentions. Unemployment is undoubtedly widespread, for a return of six per cent. among the organised workers is unusually large, and it is clear that wages have had an unduly small share of the boom in trade. The Government was ably defended by Mr. Burns and Dr. Macnamara. Mr. Burns and the Socialists are really agreed on the main point, that the remedies for unemployment must be general and indirect, rather than specific and direct, but the tone of the President of the Local Government Board was far too negative. The Government has not fulfilled its pledge of a revised Unemployed Act, it has done almost nothing in the way of afforestation, and it has not even touched the problem of vagrancy, which is free for treatment, and is not covered by the report of the Poor Law Commission. Mr. Burns has exposed some indefensible features of the labour colonies, but he has also discouraged experimental work. He rightly opposed national workshops, and indiscriminate State industries, and thought that relief would come through the Government's land and labour Bills, which would open land and reduce overtime, and through old-age pensions, which would relieve wages. He agreed to mark out some necessitous districts for special relief. Mr. Masterman, in a brilliant speech, said that the Government which shelved unemployment would be shelved by it, and thought that migration from specially congested spots offered the surest remedy.

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THE party of economy has been badly beaten in the Cabinet, and the Naval Estimates will probably show a considerable increase this year, as a preparation for a

much larger extension in 1909. This humiliating result probably accounts for the omission in the King's Speech of the familiar formula that the Estimates have been framed with due regard to economy. The prospect in Germany is thoroughly discouraging. The second reading of the revised Navy Estimates and the Naval Bill has been carried in the Reichstag, only the Socialists opposing, the Radicals effacing themselves, and the National Liberals urging a strengthening of the programme of shipbuilding during its later period, from 1912 to 1917. Herr Bebel truly said that the programme had caused a second anti-German reaction in England, to which our own Government has obviously yielded. Admiral von Tirpitz, on the other hand, denied that England was uneasy, and quoted British journals to prove that false proposition. But he strongly disclaimed building against this country or disputing with us the supremacy of the seas.

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THE elections for the new Legislative Council in Cape Colony, to be followed next month by the choice of the Legislative Assembly, promises the long-expected downfall of Dr. Jameson's Ministry and the return to power of the South African Party, formed, like the Orangia Unie and Het Volk, of a combination of Dutch and English elements. The South African Party will probably have a majority of eight in the new Council, the towns being specially unfavourable to Progressive candidates. The choice of the party for Prime Minister has long been informally fixed on Mr. Merriman, perhaps the most brilliant and attractive personality in South African politics, with Mr. Sauer as his chief lieutenant, and there are new and powerful recruits in the persons of Mr. Graaff and Mr. Malan, the editor of "Ons Land." Mr. Malan was largely responsible with Mr. Hofmeyr for the re-constitution of the Bond on lines consonant with the after-war settlement. Dutch South Africa will now be the predominant force all over the sub-continent save Natal. It will consult the country interest and will quite probably be protective. But it will be moderate and thoroughly steadfast to the Imperial connection, though most of the statesmen we have mentioned suffered personal indignities at Lord Milner's hands during the war. A slight diversion has been caused by the re-appearance of Mr. Schreiner, who is a kind of South African Hamlet, but it has not affected the grouping of parties.

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THE Blue Book on the action of the Natal Government towards Dinizulu shows them in full opposition not only to the home Ministry, but to the Governor, Sir M. Nathan, who records his disapproval in strong, though temperate, language. Sir M. Nathan appears to have assented with reluctance to the expedition against Dinizulu; but when it had accomplished its nominal object, he intervened to propose the cessation of martial law, the release of most of the prisoners taken in the "rebellion" of 1906, and a general amnesty. All these schemes of pacification were rejected, Sir Duncan McKenzie, in particular, pressing for a continuance of martial law and the raiding of Zulu territories. Lord Elgin also protested against the maintenance of martial law in the absence of armed resistance to the Crown. The Governor is to visit Zululand, a journey from which, considering his temper and policy, the happiest results may be anticipated. Meanwhile, the publication of the Report of the Native Affairs Commission is an unqualified censure on Natalian policy; while Miss Colenso telegraphs to the "Manchester Guardian" a statement of the "Times of Natal," that 700 natives had "their backs torn to ribbons" during the administration of martial law in 1906, that 4,500 were sentenced to more or less severe floggings, and that during the present expedition many Zulus were flogged by Colonel McKenzie's orders. The nation will want to know whether these

are the crimes that the Act of Indemnity has covered. The Natal Premier has been obliged to promise a fair trial for Dinizulu; but, after the revelations of the Blue Book, small reliance can be placed on its good faith.

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THE long-expected debate on Morocco occupied the French Chamber from Friday to Tuesday. M. Jaurès tried to extract a precise declaration of policy from the Government. He pointed out that France had been step by step extending her operations; she was already fifty miles from the coast and she would be led on to Fez, and drift into a war against Morocco which, though successful in the end, would be chequered by defeat and involve for many years a garrison of 100,000 men, a serious weakening of French power. The right course was honest neutrality. France should assist neither claimant to the throne, whether with men or money or sympathy, and she should put an end to the military occupation and return to the original policy of patient, slow, pacific penetration. M. Ribot and M. Deschanel, who represent the Conservative Republicans, and are not a little alarmed by the present situation, also urged neutrality. M. Delcassé intervened with a defence of the policy which had culminated in his own downfall. He had resisted Germany's suggestion of a conference, because, unlike his colleagues, he did not believe in the imminence of a war. Germany saw in the network of alliances and friendships he had built up the passing of her hegemony, and the conference was intended to destroy that network. It had failed to do so. His own aims had been peaceful, though he had sought to liberate France from German tutelage and to reconstitute the international equilibrium in Europe.

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M. PICHON, the Foreign Minister, did not feel called upon to make many pledges after M. Dubief on behalf of the largest section of the Government's supporters, though giving expression to a vague feeling of embarrassment, had refrained from making definite demands. The troops would go neither to Fez nor to Marrakesh, though M. Clemenceau later refused to treat this as a pledge, and the generals would have a pretty free hand. For the present there was to be no Moroccan loan, but no assurance for the future would be given. France would be neutral, but the Sultan she recognised at present was Abdul Aziz, though she might in case of need deal with his successor. In the end the Chamber approved the Government's declaration by the overwhelming majority of 436 to 51. Every section, except the Socialists, voted for it, even the Conservatives, and the Cabinet is free to plunge deeper into the Morocco morass.

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THE Labour Party in Parliament has elected Mr. Arthur Henderson as its Parliamentary Chairman in place of Mr. Keir Hardie, and has chosen Mr. Barnes as Vice-Chairman and Mr. Macdonald as Secretary. Mr. Shackleton, the most powerful and most persuasive member of the new party, was withdrawn from the contest by his work in Lancashire, and after him Mr. Henderson is perhaps its most energetic and representative figure. He is a non-Socialist, but he represents the Left rather than the Right wing of Labour politics, while his two colleagues, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Macdonald, are both declared, though not *doctrinaire*, collectivists. Meanwhile, the vote adhering to Socialist doctrine at Hull has been weakened by the declarations, published by the "Morning Leader," from secretaries of societies whose delegates voted with the majority without instructions on the Socialist question. It is clear, indeed, that the resolution, which is not new, and was passed at the Trade Union Congress at Norwich, will be inoperative.

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MR. ASQUITH announced on Wednesday that the Government hoped to announce a general agreement

between the Transvaal Government and the leaders of the British Indian community on the question of the treatment and status of those subjects of the King. This hope has been fulfilled, and Thursday's papers announced a kind of concordat. The registration offices are to be opened for a resumption of purely voluntary registration, which the Asiatics will now accept, the finger-print method is to be dispensed with in the case of educated Asiatics, and penalties are to be remitted in the case of those who accepted the voluntary system. These concessions leave the main question where it was; both white peoples have agreed to stop all fresh Asiatic immigration. But some regard is to be had to racial pride and religious feeling. The Blue Book exhibits the efforts made by Mr. Morley and, less conspicuously, by Lord Elgin and Sir Edward Grey, to mitigate the severities and indignities of the two anti-Asiatic laws. They were not notably successful. The Transvaal Government promised to try and discover a less degrading form of identification than by finger-prints, if the Immigration Act were allowed to pass. The Act was allowed, but the Ministry were unable to mitigate the plan of identification. But it was promised that ruling Indian chiefs and cultivated Asiatics in general were not to be subject to it.

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THE Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister's annual statement, coming in the midst of the Morocco debate, attracted little attention. Baron von Aehrenthal welcomed the multiplicity of international agreements as lessening friction, and in particular the signs of better relations between England and Germany. The Dual Empire was on good terms with Italy, and he appealed to the Press to assist in maintaining them—a timely demand, coming, as it does, on the top of the recent exchange of broadsides between the bellicose Italian and German journals. But it might profitably have been directed also to the Austro-Hungarian Naval Minister, who has been putting his demand for a bigger navy in none too discreet a form. With regard to Macedonia, Baron von Aehrenthal confessed that the war of extermination between the Christians continues unabated, though Turkish violence has been nearly eliminated. He admitted that Article 3 of the Müritzsteg programme had contributed to the adoption by the Balkan States of the policy of massacre, and gave no credence to the protestations of their Governments. But there was no suggestion that something of the undiplomatic pressure which is so readily applied to Turkey should be extended to the Balkan Governments, though it is obvious that, until this is done, the hands will persist in their devastations.

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THAT barbarous measure, the Polish Expropriation Bill, was sharply criticised on Thursday in the Upper Chamber of the Prussian Diet. Cardinal Kopp, the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, and a personal friend of the Kaiser, denounced it strongly, saying that it furnished a classical example for Socialist expropriation, and that to plead reasons of State for such a Bill was to "affront the conscience of humanity." Prince Bülow answered with cynical coolness. The sole question was whether Eastern Marches were to be German or Polish. Germany could not afford to lose two provinces—one, Posen, only ninety miles from Berlin. The Bill received a good deal of damaging criticism from representatives of the landowning classes, who dislike the compulsory principle, but it will probably pass.

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THE Duma has reassembled, but found little work ready for handling. A religious toleration Bill to carry out one of the promises of the October manifesto has been withdrawn after the Holy Synod had suggested amendments framed in the true spirit of Pobiedonostseff. Probably M. Stolypin feared a conflict with the fanatical Right. The Bill for the reconstruction of the fleet will,

it is understood, demand something like £200,000,000 to be spent within the next twelve years. The Government's scheme is opposed by many naval experts as mere wastefulness and by such a reactionary as M. Purishkevitch on the ground that the officials cannot be trusted with the money. The Octobrists, too, have no love for it, but M. Stolypin will push it through and the threat of dissolution will get him his way. The Siberian railway line is also to be doubled, so that a huge loan is certain at no distant date. Meanwhile, nothing has yet come of M. Stolypin's reform programme.

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THE Turks have taken advantage of the internal trouble in Persia to drive Prince Firman Firma out of Suj-Bulak, and to occupy that place. The boundary between Persia and Turkey has never been settled precisely. The map drafted by a Commission in 1865 left a border strip of 20 to 40 miles wide, within which the boundary was to be fixed by agreement, and since then nothing more definite has been done, despite another Commission. Suj-Bulak apparently is Persian in any case, but in pushing their boundaries at the moment a new Commission is at work the Turks are acting according to precedent. The British and Russian Governments have protested, and the Russians are strengthening their frontier force, so that doubtless the Turks will be compelled to retire. The political situation in Persia is still very unsettled. There is something like civil war in Tabriz, and the Parliament is very nervous. The text of the Shah's eirenicon of last December leaves little doubt that the Constitutional differences between him and his Parliament are still open.

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THE "suffragettes" paid a series of rather intrusive morning calls on the private houses of Ministers on Thursday. They sought interviews with Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Harcourt, and Sir Edward Grey, but after a prolonged skirmishing with their footmen, were generally foiled by those trained diplomats. Several were arrested and appeared at the police courts on charges of obstruction or annoyance. They were mostly fined, and, refusing to pay, were taken to prison. The Home Secretary, asked to make them first-class misdemeanants, replied that this was a matter for the magistrates to decide. If he has powers of relief, we hope he will use them, for the proceedings of the suffragettes are merely a political game, and have no intent that can be called criminal. Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith, addressing a deputation of women suffragists, has declined to add women suffrage to the Government's programme, on the ground that it had no sort of electoral mandate behind it.

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"OUIDA," whose name was Mademoiselle Louise de la Ramée, died on Saturday at Viareggio. She had quite lost the brilliant vogue of her middle years, and the authoress of "Moths" and "Two Little Wooden Shoes" was little known to this generation. Nevertheless, she was an artist, a title which neither of her two chief successors in the writing of popular fiction deserves. She had sincerity, a real, if rather violent, sense of colour, and could suggest, not without power, what she defined as the common or corrupting sides of luxurious life. Her "Lady Dolly" in "Moths" is a much more powerful satirical portrait than Miss Corelli could ever draw. She was peculiarly sympathetic to children, to Italian peasant life, and to the lot of animals, her fondness for which touched eccentricity. She was excellent as an essayist, dropping many of the exaggerations of her style and writing with insight and knowledge. One of the best examples of her critical work is a singularly compact and sharply drawn portrait of Mr. Chamberlain. Her over-colouring and inaccuracies of detail were brilliantly caricatured by the late Editor of "Punch," in his burlesque novel, "Strapmore."

Politics and Affairs.

THE FUTURE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It is good for parties, as for individuals, to get to their work, for then they measure difficulties instead of foreboding or dreaming about them. The Ministerial party has reached its critical Session, has before it an ample programme, devoted almost entirely to social reform, has suffered no serious defeat or discredit, and preserves the superficial, and, to a large extent, the essential unity of its overwhelming material force. Even the reverse at Mid Devon produces a counter-acting effect, for, by the paradox of our Parliamentary constitution under democracy, passing defeats at the polls tend, for a period, to prolong the life of Ministries rather than to shorten it. And the check itself has its compensations. No astute Conservative manager can see with pleasure the now certain conversion of Toryism into a purely Protectionist party. Mr. Balfour has doubtless striven, after his fashion, to avert or to minimise that disaster. He has now accepted it, and even bases his leadership on it. In the act, we believe, he dooms himself and his party to exclusion from all but brief and fitful spells of power. Protection does not work out as an economic practice for the people of these islands, and if it will not work it will come to grief even as party tactics. We approve of the intention to restore the machinery of Free Trade agitation to full strength, and we are quite sure that Free Trade will win its second campaign, even though the victory be less brilliant than that of 1906.

The main asset of Liberalism, therefore, remains, but we may need to assure ourselves that the moral strength and the practical energies of the party will be sustained during the coming Session. We have said that the Ministerialists remain united. But there are obviously two strains of thought and temperament in the Parliamentary following. One—the smaller—section has never regarded the result of the General Election as yielding a mandate for a constructive policy of social reform, but rather as an essentially conservative revolt against Protection and an essentially English objection to Mr. Balfour's over-subtle and indecisive temper and his inferior capacity for modern statesmanship. The other and greater section has accepted the verdict of 1906, emphasised by the dramatic appearance of a powerful Labour Party with a semi-Socialistic programme, as a call to action. Our sympathy is with the latter section, for, looking at the state of European politics and the general conditions of party life which the growth and education of the democracy have brought about, we believe that the only chance for Liberalism consists in a vigorous alternative to Imperialism and Protection. There at once duty and interest lie—duty, for the inequalities of life in the modern State are serious, and their physical and moral consequences are written for us in plain letters by our doctors, scientists, school-masters, and social observers; interest, because the people, easily diverted to light-minded courses, needs powerful and sympathetic leadership and readily responds to it.

But a course of democratic reform is not easily initiated or sustained in this country. The social conscience is hard to awaken and soon goes to sleep again.

The timidity of wealth is extreme, and the upper classes in Great Britain have lost the habit of considering, as Mr. Chamberlain once brusquely invited them to consider, that they must make concessions—that in a modern State, based on the popular vote, they must pay "ransom" for great possessions, enjoyed in peace and security. We doubt whether the practice of private munificence in Great Britain is anything like as extensive as it was in Imperial Rome. We are certain that the conceptions of social duty, and of the right of the State to devote a reasonable proportion of acquired wealth to raising the general standard of living, are still more feebly developed. We are glad to see, therefore, that Mr. Churchill has begun to argue these questions out with his middle-class and working-class constituents. They must be discussed, for we cannot ask the middle-classes to go blindly forward even to old-age pensions without convincing them of the propriety of the step. To such an end it is necessary to enlist both moral and intellectual forces, to convince the nation that the extreme degradation of a portion of our people, especially of the unskilled and unorganised workers, is both wrong and impolitic. If we do not, and try to force reforms down the nation's throat, we either embark on the "class war," or we tend to fall back on Mr. Balfour's negative and inhuman formula that the business of a statesman is to look after the production of wealth, and to care little, or not at all, about its distribution.

On one point, we are afraid that the Government, with a certain thoughtlessness that now and then marks it, has placed impediments in its own course. Mr. Asquith is said to have accumulated or provided money enough to supply an old-age pension fund amounting to eight millions at the start. This would be a handsome beginning, and no reasonable workman could quarrel with so large an initial measure of relief of the immense drag on wages, especially the wages of women workers, which the sustenance of the aged poor involves. But how is this fund to be sustained in the future? The Cabinet, we are afraid, have entirely failed to secure a reduction of the Army and Navy estimates. The latter are to be increased, the former will not be sensibly reduced. We deplore this result, because, as we have said, it menaces the stability of an old-age pension fund, gradually increasing as the finances of the country are restored, while it impairs its value and attractiveness to the workmen, who may be called on to pay for their pensions by new taxes on sugar, tea, and bread.

But there is a second reason for regretting the Government's decision to maintain and increase the Navy estimates, a decision whose fruit will assuredly be seen next year in a heavy advance. It brings us perceptibly nearer a conflict with Germany. It is not enough to suggest, as the King's Speech suggests, that the political relationship of the two countries is much improved. That is true, but the fact remains that when the late Government entered on a course of "Dreadnought" building, it opened the race of armaments afresh. The German revised ship-building programme was an answer to that re-opening, and to the French imitation of it. It grew out of the senseless policy of building a fleet so large and powerful that it almost dominated the world. But for that prepossession, we might have paused when we had a fleet so strong that the German Admirals would not have ventured to put to sea against

it. But we were not satisfied with that superiority. We must needs go on from strength to strength. Now the failure of the Hague Conference—for failure it is—and our insistence on the right of capturing commercial ships in time of war, further accentuate the veiled and polite but real rivalry of the two nations, and will almost certainly involve a prolonged contest in the building of marine monsters even more powerful than the "Dreadnought." Germany must bear her full share of responsibility for this serious confrontation, and we entirely repudiate Admiral von Tirpitz's suggestion, during the debate on the naval estimates in the Reichstag, that any English journal approves her new naval programme. He may say, as we say, that it represents a work of defence, not of defiance. All statesmen use this language about their national armaments. But it is the acts, not the words, of diplomatists that count, and here are these two countries committed to a long strain on their finances, for ends which are mutually provocative, and yet lack a single ground of policy or interest to excuse resort to them. It will be a grave reflection on the moral strength of a Liberal Government if it suffers final defeat on this question of armaments, and, while our naval security is as absolute as Sir John Fisher declared it to be a few months ago, allows its experts to master it, without any resort to diplomatic methods. The contest in shipbuilding might go on without peril of war if one could be sure that peaceful and sensible statesmen would always be at the head of affairs in England and Germany. But we have no such guarantee; and Herr Bebel was well-advised to warn Germany and Europe that it might suffer a sudden and bloody interruption.

SOUND PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION.

THERE can be little doubt that the reputation of the Government, and its fate at the next General Election, will be determined more by the financial policy it discloses this Session than by any other factor. In placing it in power, the electorate was well aware that many, if not most, of its serious legislative efforts must be thwarted or enfeebled by the hostile action of the House of Lords. But financial reforms are subject to no such ban, and three urgent reforms of our system of national taxation have been imposed upon the Government by as clear a mandate of the people as our electoral method is able to reveal. Whatever may have been the precise pledges which individual members of the Liberal Party may have given to their constituents, none of them would deny the general popular demand for a reduction of expenditure on armaments towards the peace level of 1899, the removal of the war taxes on food and the achievement of the "free breakfast table," and, finally, a revision of our method of taxes upon incomes and property, directed at once to relieve the burden on the poorer classes, and to furnish an advancing public income for the work of social reform. For reasons into which we need not enter here, the Government has felt able to do comparatively little towards fulfilling these expectations in the first two Sessions. This fact serves to give unusual distinction to the approaching Budget. If the Government were prepared to resist the combined pressure of alarmists, contractors, and the services, and to effect a really large reduction of expenditure on the

army and the navy, this saving might properly be utilised to secure the second of the financial objects we named, the free breakfast table. The conviction, only too well founded we fear, that the Government is prepared for no such reductions in the services, must give greater urgency to the provision of so large an increase of revenue from the Income-tax or from other new sources as shall enable it make a satisfactory advance in the direction of the other two demands. Though sums not inconsiderable in amount might be obtained by a tax upon site values (accompanied by reduction of the grants in aid), by a reform and an increase of license duties, and by a tax on motor cars, it would be wiser to concentrate upon a further and a bolder graduation of the Income-tax as the largest, safest, and most satisfactory source of an advancing public revenue. We hope that the fears which have impelled Lord St. Aldwyn and his friends to form their Income-Tax Reduction League may be well founded, and that it is the intention of Mr. Asquith to essay the new project of imposing a surtax upon the incomes of the rich.

The necessity for furnishing a new large reliable revenue for education, old age pensions, and other tasks of constructive reform has recently been emphasised by the declared tactics of the vigorous leaders of Tariff Reform. Socialistic theory quite apart, every modern Government is called upon to spend more money in establishing new public services, or in the more efficient performance of old ones. A strong section of the Protectionists, with Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Milner among them, is labouring to commit the Unionist Party to expensive schemes of social reform, to be financed by a system of protective "duties" upon food and manufactures. "The Liberal Government," they urge, "professes its inability to find the money to do these things: we will find the money by making the foreigners pay." It is idle for Liberals to denounce this false form of constructive finance, unless they provide a true one. This true Liberal finance consists in what to the alarmed imaginations of Lord St. Aldwyn and his friends appears a predatory attack upon property. In reality, it is based upon a thoroughly sound distinction between two sorts of income and of property, that which is earned by the output of useful personal energy, skill, and foresight, and that which is not. Earned income, in the shape of wages, salaries, minimum interest or profit, is the only sort of property which is really "sacred," and its sanctity is vouched for by the fact that any attempt to appropriate it by taxation, or otherwise, impairs the incentive of its owner to apply his ability, his labour power, or his savings to the effective processes of production. This is why taxes upon tea and sugar are so injurious. They constitute an attack upon the standard of living of the workers through the purchasing power of the money-wage, and *pro tanto* diminish the efficiency of labour and production of national wealth. Herein consists the folly of those who urge that every worker should be made to bear some tax, in order that he may contribute his share to the upkeep of Government. Any tax whose incidence is upon a "living wage," or a living rate of profit, or upon any other income commercially necessary to evoke the best use of the skill, labour, or capital its recipient owns, is a truly injurious attack on property, and is, *ipso facto*, a bad tax.

Conversely, the only sound and safe tax is one which

lies on incomes or property which are "unearned," in the sense that they evoke no useful productive energy. It may not be easy to distinguish unearned from earned elements of income, or to ear-mark them for special imposts. But it is safe to assume that all incomes above a certain "reasonable" level contain elements which can be taken in taxation without disturbing any industrial motive or productive operation. Indeed, such an assumption is necessary to any financial statesman who desires to obtain a growing public revenue by honest methods. We regret to perceive in certain Liberal quarters a tendency to disparage the proposal to extend the graduation of the Income-tax by means of a surtax as barren and provocative of evasion. We are hardly surprised that Lord St. Aldwyn, who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, saw no harm in selling to himself in his public capacity an estate which he owned in his private capacity, should dwell without reprobation upon the probability that gentlemen of England whose incomes may be subjected to higher taxation will practise evasion to so large an extent as to damage the yield of such taxes. But when we find a powerful Liberal organ like the "Westminster Gazette" roundly asserting that a supertax on incomes over £5,000 "would in practice produce friction out of all proportion to its yield," we cannot refrain from wondering by what financial methods reformers so timid would propose to achieve those social changes to which the Liberal Party is committed, and which the most powerful wing of our opponents is prepared to finance by a protective tariff. We do not accept the view that a surtax upon large incomes would be made unproductive by evasion or other friction. It would, of course, involve an extension to the higher incomes of the obligation to make a declaration of income from all sources, which last year's Budget imposed upon the owners of incomes below £2,000, who claimed taxation on the lower level. But this obligation, accompanied by such reasonable checks as are required to defeat the conduct that Lord St. Aldwyn cheerfully anticipates, must be recognised as essential to the constructive finance of the future.

As for the doctrine that the Income-tax is essentially a war-tax, and that it should be lowered in peace in order to be raised in war, there is nothing to support it save what may be termed an historic accident. It is true that we have been driven from unsound indirect methods of taxation on to sound, direct, and more productive methods, largely by the special financial exigencies of war. But is that a reason for reverting to unsound methods, when the unsoundness has once been demonstrated? For ourselves, we are not wedded to the single proposal of a fixed surtax upon incomes above £5,000. We would prefer to see a graded surtax, beginning at £3,000, which would preserve a better continuity in the process of graduation which Mr. Asquith extended last year, and might give a higher yield than a fixed surtax, beginning at so high a figure as £5,000. That considerable difficulties attend this or any other attempt to secure for our public revenue a share adequate to the advancing requirements of sound public expenditure we readily admit. But in our judgment the present Government has been put in office for the purpose of meeting and overcoming such difficulties. The only method of attaining success consists in adopting the cardinal principle that taxes should be shifted from the wages of the workers and the incomes of the struggling members of the middle-class, to those elements of rent, surplus profits and interest, and other "unearned" payments which will bear them without interference with the industrial life of the nation.

THE EPISODE OF DELCASSÉ.

THE world is sentimental over the reappearances of the fallen great. We think almost wistfully of the "might have been," dally with the destiny which we ourselves rejected, and see only the romance of an interrupted career, where formerly we saw its dangers. We are curious, moreover, to scrutinise our leaders out of uniform, and to penetrate to the essential man who once impressed us by his office. The sudden emergence of M. Delcassé from retirement last week moved us all, as the occasional reappearances of Bismarck used to move us. The French Chamber listened to him and applauded, much as the Prussian soldiers obeyed the Captain of Koepenick. Three days later it had realised that he holds no commission, and his words passed over it, like an echo from the past. The secret of the authority of this virile and confident little man was not in any personal magnetism or power of persuasion. The speech which stirred the Chamber so strangely seems thin and unimpressive in cold print. It has none of the mingled wit and passion and largeness of thought of M. Jaurès oration. It lacks the somewhat commonplace wisdom of M. Ribot. Even its appeals to the idea of a great France do not glow with the poetry which a Coppée or a Déroulède would have breathed into them. Its power lay solely in the fact that the man who spoke it had played with Kings like chessmen, gambled with the fate of nations, and faced the risks of war.

M. Jaurès, in the course of his speech, described his adversary as "a man of genius." He deserves the title, for he achieved greatness in the most deadening of all careers, the life of a bureaucrat. Physically insignificant, without magic of speech or personality, his ascendancy, held so firmly for so many years, is by no means easy to explain. He had neither wealth nor family nor achievements behind him when he succeeded M. Hanotaux. He was not like his predecessor, a notable man of letters, and still less was he a formidable parliamentarian. His career had been simply that of a skilful and ambitious journalist, who had won for himself a reputation for thoroughness and good sense. Yet he became at once the indispensable man, and held his office in Cabinet after Cabinet, unshaken by the Dreyfus case or the Church controversy. France allowed him long years to mature his vast projects abroad, while her domestic chiefs came and went in a bewildering procession. Nor can it have been that the country at large realised the importance and the interconnection of the complicated plans which he was furthering. No Minister, in France at least, was ever more secret. He kept his own counsels, and when at the end he found that M. Rouvier had a habit of consulting the leaders of all the Republican groups, from M. Jaurès on the Left to M. Méline on the Right, he withheld the more risky details of his schemes from M. Rouvier, and even, it is said, from M. Loubet himself.

A phrase or two in his own speech gave the measure which he himself applied to his own projects, and it is a just standard of comparison. Bismarck, with all the prestige of three triumphant wars behind him, succeeded in creating the Triple Alliance, and fastened on Europe that Prussian hegemony, which still boasts that nothing shall happen the world over without

the consent of Berlin. It was M. Delcassé's pride to have made for France a position no less enviable, without the aid of a Moltke. Fortune to some extent favoured him, when it brought King Edward to the throne, and removed Lord Salisbury from the Foreign Office. To a certain extent he was able to profit by the natural reaction throughout Europe against the ascendancy which Prussia had so long exercised. But even with these admissions, the feat which he accomplished was a work of supreme diplomatic skill. Two years after Mr. Chamberlain had talked of a Pan-Teutonic alliance and bade France to "mend her manners," he had laid the foundations of the *entente cordiale*. He overcame the secular jealousy between Great Britain and Russia. For the Treaty which Sir Edward Grey was to sign long after his fall, was really the fruit of his influence on Lord Lansdowne. He "debauched" Italy from the Triple Alliance, despite the memories of Papal intrigue and an economic war. He overcame the sensitive pride of Spain, fearful though she was of a risky adventure, and distrustful of her powerful neighbour. Even in Norway and Austria his influence was felt. Convention, of course, still requires him to say that in all these *ententes* and *rapprochements* there was no "point" directed against Germany. In a sense that is true. Had Germany been content to see the world's affairs arranged without her consent, she would have been left undisturbed. The coalition menaced none of her acquired rights; it only challenged her hegemony. The "pen" into which she was hemmed was a safe place to lie quiet in; it confined only her movements. There came a moment when Germany realised her isolation and determined to break the circle. We do not know as yet the whole story of those anxious closing months of 1905. We only know that Germany demanded an international conference to settle the affairs of Morocco, and that M. Delcassé refused. We only know that the inspired German Press demanded the dismissal of M. Delcassé, and that when he fell, Herr von Bülow was made a Prince of the Empire. The people of the Rhine valley tell tales of mobilisation orders and preparations on the railways. Rumour speaks of an ultimatum, and we ourselves are left conjecturing what part our own fleet so nearly played in the catastrophe which M. Rouvier's good sense averted. M. Delcassé fell, but his work has been solid and durable. The Moroccan complication, indeed, is far from a settlement, but the grouping of the European Powers which he conceived still subsists, and Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon have only pursued the course marked out for them by Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé.

As an achievement in the technique of diplomacy, this performance of M. Delcassé was doubtless a masterpiece. The technical critic can only say of him, that in the end he was intoxicated by his own success. If he really believed that Germany would not have dared to declare war, he misread the national character. If he thought that such a war could have ended happily for France, he forgot, as the "Temps" puts it, to create the army which his diplomacy required. But in the judgment of history, the brilliancy of the craftsmanship will not excuse the egoism of the aim. It was a great conception to unite the two Liberal democracies in a close and lasting friendship. It was unlucky workmanship which based this friendship on the repudiation of our pledges about Egypt, and balanced this repudiation by sanctioning the Moroccan ambitions of the French Colonial group. A Liberal alliance is ill founded which rests on the subjection of two immature peoples. In form, moreover, this compact vitiated the principle of the Concert of Europe. There is no security for the world's peace save in the development of a conception of international solidarity, which makes all bargains in territorial and national rights dependent on the sanction of all the civilised Powers. The manners and motives of German diplomacy were ill adapted to win sympathy.

The Kaiser's pandering to the Mohamedan reaction, the intrigue for the possession of Casa Blanca, the brutality of the official Press, the manifest desire to humiliate France, the refusal to accept her concessions with grace—all this detracted from the foundation of reason which there was in the German case. But in so far as she said that two Powers ought not, by an act of barter between themselves, to dispose of the fate of a country over which they possess no exclusive rights, Germany had a sound basis for her protests. M. Delcassé had not behaved as "a good European," and his procedure involved a reactionary conception of international right.

There may come a time when it will be possible to organise a Liberal "bloc" in Europe, and to group the progressive peoples against a reactionary Power, as parties are grouped in Parliament. But the mechanism of such a coalition will not be that which M. Delcassé used. He had a certain moral sanction behind him. He took advantage of the alarm and jealousy which every democracy feels at the spectacle of a great military Power planted in the centre of Europe, poisoning its politics with the Bismarckian virus, setting the pace in the race of armaments, and encouraging the reaction abroad, as she lives by repression at home. But the means which he chose have in practice contributed more powerfully to the perpetuation of this reaction than any other diplomatic adventure of our generation. The first effects of his policy of "isolation" were felt in Germany itself. Throughout the years 1905-6 there seemed to be a powerful stirring against the Prussian domination in Germany itself—against "personal rule," the agrarian clique, and the excesses of Protection and Imperialism. Prince Bülow chose his moment, appealed to the country to reply to isolation by internal unity, and succeeded in the General Election in crushing the Socialists, and enlisting the Radicals in his "bloc." The reactionary Powers of Europe have become more reactionary, the Liberal Powers less Liberal, and the world has watched the hope of disarmament vanish amid the general distrust. M. Delcassé's fall was a fortunate event for the world's peace; his rehabilitation would be an international disaster. His fall, unhappily, could not repair the mischief he had wrought.

A TIME LIMIT AND INVESTORS.

As the intention of the Government to make the enactment of a time limit the central provision of their Licensing Bill becomes evident, it also becomes apparent that the chief danger to their policy is the possibility of a panic among investors. For it is one of the difficulties which the development of modern company finance has added to the complexities of the licensing problem that so large an amount of the capital invested in the liquor trade belongs to thousands of persons whose knowledge of the real conditions of that trade, its social consequences, and the evils which are inseparable from it, is of the slightest. They hold Debentures or Preference Shares in Brewery Companies, or they are interested in Investment or Insurance Companies which hold such Debentures or Shares. They are, many of them, men and women of sensitiveness and refinement, ignorant of the extent or the nature of the evils, their vast and almost incalculable range, which their property creates, but easily reached by the persuasively worded pamphlets of the National Trade Defence Association, or by such productions as the letter in last Monday's "Times" from Lord Burton, Mr. Whitbread, and the Chairman of the Brewers' Society, predicting "grievous injury" to investors and "widespread ruin" to the trade if a time limit is put to licences. Under these circumstances, Sir Thomas Whittaker's powerful and closely reasoned exposition, in the same newspaper, of the true financial effect of a time limit, is as opportune as it is useful.

What is the proposal which has called forth these characteristically energetic and skilful efforts on the part of the trade to shake the nerves of the investor? It is that the State shall be free, at the end of, perhaps, fourteen or fifteen years, to regulate the retail sale of liquor without regard to any other considerations than that of the welfare of its subjects. What stands in the way of that freedom at present is the existence of a monopoly in the hands of private individuals. That monopoly is the creation of the State. It could be extinguished next month without a line of legislation, by the grant, at Brewster Sessions, of licences to all applicants, or by the resumption of the policy which was actually carried out for a few years with regard to beer, under the Act of 1830. Or it could be extinguished by the immediate repeal of the compensation clauses of the Act of 1904, followed by the refusal of the Local Authorities to grant any licences except as new licences, subject to the monopoly value clauses of that Act. No one, of course, would suggest the adoption of the former alternative, though it would be strictly legal to do so, and the legal possibility of such a course is not without its bearing on the controversy. The latter alternative would be welcomed by thousands of well-meaning enthusiasts, but no responsible Government would propose it, and no House of Commons would sanction it. It would be neither statesmanlike nor just; it would create universal confusion and widespread distress among innocent persons. Dismissing these impracticable methods of realising what is desired, the problem remaining is how to attain it by means which will create the minimum of financial disturbance and individual hardship. It can be attained either by a system of State purchase, or by granting to the interests affected a lease of life long enough to enable them to create, out of annual profits, a sinking fund sufficient to provide for their ultimate extinction. The Government, for obvious reasons, have chosen the latter method. What are the interests to be extinguished? They are not the wholesale businesses of brewers and wine and spirit merchants, which will continue after the time limit has expired; they are simply the difference between the value of public-houses with, and their value without, licences. In looking at the arguments of both parties to the controversy, one is struck with the very slight difference between their estimates of the amount of this monopoly value. Sir Thomas Whittaker says that he estimated the value of all the on-licences in England and Wales in 1904 at £125,000,000, and that his estimate has not been challenged by any serious authority. He adds that it must now be reduced in consequence of the subsequent falling-off in the sale of liquor, and the general depreciation of the capital values of securities. Mr. E. N. Buxton estimates the on and off licences as worth £150,000,000. Lord Burton and his colleagues adopt the same figure. It seems, therefore, within the mark to say that when the operation of the reduction clauses of the Act of 1904, amended by the Government Bill, has gone on for another fourteen or fifteen years, the value of the on-licences remaining will not exceed £100,000,000. That sum could be wiped out in fourteen years by the setting aside of an annual sum of £5,467,000, or in fifteen years by a similar annual sum of £4,994,000 invested at 4 per cent.—the average rate of interest paid on Brewery Debentures. This is not a heavy charge to impose on a trade whose total annual turnover is nearly £150,000,000, probably £100,000,000 of which is taken in on-licensed premises. It only means saving a sum equal to 5 per cent. per annum on gross sales, either by better management and cutting down expenses, or by getting it out of the customer through slightly increasing the price or lowering the alcoholic strength of the liquor supplied. Considerable savings in administrative expenses will certainly be obtained by greater concentration and diminished cost of upkeep, as the process of reducing licences goes on. And it is significant that

by the testimony of the trade the very considerable additions to its taxation made in recent years have been got back out of the consumer. When Mr. E. N. Buxton was asked before the Royal Commission how taxation was got out of the pockets of the public when the price of liquor was not raised, his answer was: "The pump, or, possibly, lower priced materials."

The "Times" writes of the "permanent value" of a licence as if it were practically a freehold. It falls far short of that, even now, when a statutory right to compensation on its extinction exists under Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904. That measure expressly provided that the compensation should be the difference between the value of the premises licensed and unlicensed "calculated as if the licence were subject to the same conditions of renewal as were applicable immediately before the passing of this Act." These words are often overlooked by Quarter Sessions, but they are none the less of great importance, as showing that even a reactionary legislature recognised that one of the factors to be taken into consideration in determining the value of a licence in the case of a public-house, or a post 1869 beer-house, was the risk it had up to then run of being refused as unnecessary by the licensing authority. We write without information as to the exact number of years which the Government have decided on for their time limit, but on the assumption, which we believe to be a safe one, that it will not be less than fourteen years, there is nothing in it that need alarm any investor in a well-managed and not over-capitalised brewery or wine and spirit business. As to those who have invested in over-capitalised concerns, or in companies which have recklessly bought houses at prices beyond their real value, they cannot expect that the policy of the State shall be deflected from sound lines in order to protect them against the results of their own imprudence.

Lord Burton and his co-signatories argue that the annual charge necessary to create a sinking-fund must be equivalent to such an additional tax as will make it impossible for strictly supervised and controlled houses to compete with clubs, which have no licence duties to pay and have a free hand to make their premises comfortable and attractive. But if clubs are going to do the trade which is now being done in public-houses, it is not the brewers who will suffer. The way to prevent such a result is one which will be received without any enthusiasm by those who sell liquor to clubs, whatever they may say at licensed victuallers' dinners. It is to impose some form of taxation on clubs and to prevent their illegitimate increase by making the existence of, at any rate, new institutions, dependent on the consent of the licensing authority. And this protection against the undermining of their legislative policy the Government will, we imagine, have foresight enough to include in their Bill.

No serious student of the licensing question will deny that the task of legislating upon it is one of much complexity, or that it is attended by grave difficulties. But neither the inherent difficulties of the subject, nor the outcry which is being raised by those who think that their pecuniary interests are threatened, afford sufficient grounds for declining the task. "A gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation." These are not the words of a fanatical teetotaler; they are those of the timid and cautious Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing, signed by every trade member of the Commission. A Ministry which was deterred by the cries of alarmed vested interests from any attempt to deal with an evil thus characterised by the representatives of those very interests themselves, would stand condemned of even greater weakness than the most hostile critics of the present Administration impute to it. It would show itself more regardful of the claims and the fears of money than of the welfare and the character of men.

Life and Letters.

A CITY OF GOD.

BENARES, New Year's Day.

I HAD escaped to the Ganges, as myriads of transitory pilgrims have escaped before. From the distractions of politics and the dust of practical reforms I had come to the quiet river, sliding under immemorial walls. The water was still white and dove-coloured with morning, but already along the thin crescent of the shore, white-robed men and women were coming down the steps with naked feet, and silently approaching the edge. They threw long strings of marigolds into the stream. Stooping down, they scooped up the water in brazen pots, and set a marigold upon the mouth of each. Hung with flowers, and bearing on their foreheads the triple mark of the god, men settled cross-legged upon slabs of stone or wooden platforms, and plunged at once into prayer, or, opening long and narrow books, began to recite aloud the words of inspired ancestors. Men and women alike, still draped in white, walked step by step down into the water, till it passed over their heads, and then came back step by step, and stood dripping in prayer. They raised water in their hands, splashed it three times on their mouths and foreheads, and with arms lifted to the risen sun, poured what was left back into the river. Covering her face with her hands, one girl knelt upon the bare stone so long in adoration, that the sun dried her one white length of sari, and it hung loose around her again.

The common life of the holy city began, and the calling of the milkmen, the cake-sellers, the fruiterers, and drivers of bullock-carts mingled with the temple bells. They brought the dead down to the river, hung with marigolds, and wrapped in cotton cloths as when they lived. Pushing them feet forwards a little way out from shore, they let them soak in the holy water until wooden pyres should be ready to consume their deserted forms, happy in a double purification. Washerwomen brought down their bundles of linen, and swung each piece over their heads again and again upon flat stones in the water, until it was cleansed, with the added advantage of sanctity. Ascetics in brick-dust robes passed up and down among the crowd, bearing long staves in memory of their vow to constrain their thoughts, their speech, and their desires. Other ascetics, dressed only in a transparent coating of ashes, sat in perpetual contemplation, forgetful of the body and the world. One man I saw in faded yellow robe, worn by sun and rain, passing quietly in and out of the worshipping throng, as he followed the little footpath by the water's brink. He was of those who all the year long tread the bank of the Ganges, from her source in the mountains to her mouth among the forest swamps, and back again to her source in the mountains. On that day's walk he happened to be passing again through her most sacred city, but that seemed hardly to interrupt his contemplation of her holiness.

"Yours is the Order I should belong to by nature," I said, giving him a halfpenny, for which he had not asked.

"For you it would be easy and difficult," he answered, in good English, and led me up many steps and along galleries overhanging a cliff of ruinous masonry to a cool courtyard, where Brahmans are daily fed on boiled rice and salt, laid out upon a plate of stretched banana leaves.

"Obviously it would be easy," he went on as we climbed up, after his meal, to the top of the flat roof where a little shelter had been erected for shade and worship; "but for you it would be difficult, because you hang upon the world, and your soul is entangled in illusions and desires. Like all your people, you call the unreal things realities, and for reality you have no name."

Having devoted himself for a while to prayer, he continued: "You see this low parapet? Many years ago a boy was seated upon it reading a Sanscrit book of wisdom, when, it is thought, a monkey, inspired by the god, pushed him, and he fell. Look over and you will see the projecting slab half way down which he broke as he fell. They gathered up his shattered body, and laid it, almost alive, in the Ganges. I cannot doubt that he attained at once to salvation, his soul returning to the universal consciousness, as the space inside a pot returns to universal space when the pot is broken. And in his salvation I may claim a share, for I was his father."

It was noon, and the sun blazed upon the roof. Green parrots flew screaming among the trees of a garden far below us. The hum of the city arose, pierced with loud cries, and over the far-off iron bridge across the Ganges a train was slowly passing with prolonged and shrieking whistle. But still the crowding pilgrims moved down the steps to the water's edge, and bathed and offered flowers, and stretched up their hands in silent adoration, or recited ancient and sacred words aloud.

"It is possible for you," I said, after a long time, "to desire escape from the danger of rebirth, and to speak of being merged in the universal consciousness as salvation. But how about these people who come in millions to the river? All their lives they struggle only to live. From day to day their thought is only to keep alight their little glimmer of life, and hand it on to others that are their children. How is it to be supposed that they come to the river so wearied of existence as to pray only to be saved from being born again? I myself, who am one of them, would walk in the opposite direction if I thought the river was going to extinguish my life, and for choice I should rather be born a mouse than nothing."

"You remind me," he answered, "of those Vishnuites, who pray in great humility, 'Let me be born a cat or dog, if only I may love thee, O God.' It is a great prayer, and you may join in it, for, being a wanderer through the world, you can always hope to become a religious man, avoiding the many-sided degradation of which people tell me who have visited the West. I, too, was once engaged in common business, managing great estates in this very city, and I know the rich men in the streets, though they cannot now tell who passes them so close. But each day I gave much time to contemplation, and I took the vow of kindness to every living thing, just as you see those Jain monks there who are feeding ants with sugar, and would not wittingly kill a cholera germ. By such means, even in your present body, you may begin to penetrate the illusions of existence, and at rare moments may even perceive some gleam from what one of your poets has called the white radiance of eternity."

"As for these pilgrims," he went on, "they are like a woman who lights her cow-dung fire at evening, not considering as she cooks that the flame is composed of ten divisions, each symbolic of a faculty of the soul. Or they are like a man who walks by the light of sun and moon, not considering that sun and moon are nothing but symbols of creative power, as are men and women, fire and water, heat and cold. Or they are like the nautch girls who have a separate song for every hour of the day and night, but do not know that their songs are only the pulses of eternity. In cooking, in the light, and in song, each finds an ignorant joy, and in the same way these pilgrims have a dim sense of righteousness and purification in the outward symbols of truths that they will never learn in their present life. By such means, for a few hours together, they may free themselves from the illusions of existence, and in some cases even reach the state of those highly religious men who devour putrid cats, to prove that in their estimation all material things are alike, all being equally unimportant."

"But for people like you," he continued with pity, "what can one say? You are still ensnared by political anxieties, artistic interests, and by the desires of personality. You have far to go before, by contemplation and hard discipline, you perceive how like harp-iness

is to its opposite—how accurately the joy of existence may be compared to a fire-fly wandering in an unlimited vault of darkness, or to the inch of cool shadow thrown by a snake's head upon a burning desert. Till you can reach that supreme state when birth, and life, and death have no separate meaning, you have far to go. But there is always hope for one who will begin by overcoming earthly desire. For, as you may have heard, there has been one being and one alone who in this flesh attained to salvation without death, and he was Ranaka, the father of Sita, Rama's wife. He sat still, you remember, with one hand in a blazing fire and the other upon a woman's breast, showing that to him the one was the same as the other, and both indifferent."

We descended, and I went away in the rapid twilight, sorrowful because I was not in the least like Ranaka. But as I went, I came to the courtyard of a temple to Shiva, the dissolver of existence, and there in the darkness I found a lonely woman walking round and round a sacred tree, driven by the blind desire to bear a child. So untameable among the unlearned is the passion for life.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE.

THE future, we are sometimes told, is wrapped up in the present: the play of contemporary forces provides everything that will create the coming changes; prophecy is, as a matter of sober fact, insight. A few enthusiasts for knowledge are warmed into eagerness by this present: by the mere desire to apprehend, here and now, what is the condition of the world. But to the vast majority of mankind this disinterested desire for pure truth is altogether subordinate to the thirst for the truth which will enable them to anticipate or to modify the business of life. We demand that we may know, in order that we may act. We are concerned with the changes which may come to ourselves, to our children, even to the remoter generations of mankind. "That he values knowledge only as means to social action," Mr. John Morley once boldly declared, "is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have." We ask for knowledge, to-day in a situation more than usually complex and baffling, concerning the actual condition of the people of England: that people which, in Mr. Chesterton's poem, have never found articulate voice, and have always been ruled by the alien, and will finally vanish from history, still silent and uncomplaining and unknown.

Here at least are the people of England to-day, in outward circumstance, as condensed in summary and symbolised in tables of figures in an enormous Government Blue Book issued this week: bearing the forbidding title, "Cost of Living of the Working-Classes." It shows them, gathered into various astonishing cities, labouring for variable wage. It reveals the dwellings in which, for a season, they abide. It follows their wages from production to distribution, in the cost of their daily economy, the manner in which they divide up their exiguous incomes, the amounts they think it worth while to allot to shelter, to food, and to pleasures. It analyses over a thousand "family budgets," each giving details of how much is spent weekly on butter, tapioca, or treacle. It shows the rate of birth and the rate of death: varying from city to city, both materially changing. It gives, in fact—in outline only—that stamped image of a huge and laborious population, whose complete apprehension would furnish the key to most of the pressing problems of to-day.

Here are the homes in which for a season they abide: in part the product of their own volition; more, the creation of external changes which they can but little control. Carlyle was accustomed to picture these forms of habitation as clothes, the garments which cover the life of a people. Swept into aggregations by the demand of the newest industries, the clay and stone has been hastily fashioned into place for human shelter. And

now these stand to-day, made by and yet making the temper and characteristic of the people. Here the normal standard is a four-roomed cottage: there "back to back" houses injure the health of their inhabitants; here again huge cliffs of tenements encompass the bewildered inhabitants in a kind of human ant-heap; here the ancient dwellings of wealthy or comfortable classes have been "swarmed out" by the busy people. Carlyle pictured mankind flowing, as it were, through the visionary arena of material things. A wave of humanity beats through these solid constructions; vanishes, another succeeds. "Orpheus built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre. Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo, summoning out all the sandstone rocks to dance and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets?" And all cities are built to music. What discordant melody to-day is responsible for the creation of Jarrow or Salford, or Canning Town?

This book reveals three Englands sharply separated; Rural England, Urban England, and London; and the laws and conditions of each are altogether divergent. Everywhere, indeed, this million-peopled, exaggerated London sets at defiance the generalizations drawn from the normal town areas. House rent is immensely higher; the mean weekly price for two rooms in London is six shillings, in the provinces a little more than half; for four rooms the variation is between 9s. in the one, 5s. in the other. Part of this surplus is the booty of more highly paid labour: the greater part, the increased value of the land, heaped up by the mere fact of aggregation, and flowing away into the pockets of many affluent and fortunate persons. Many speculators have ascribed various reasons for the Tory reaction of the later Nineteenth Century: fear of Home Rule, desire for Imperialism, weariness of change. The answer is hidden in these strings and congestions of little comfortable two-storied red and grey cottages, which multiplied with such amazing rapidity in the preceding generation: pushing their tentacles from factory or industrial centre out over the neighbouring fields, and proclaiming with their cleanliness and tiny gardens and modest air of comfort, a working population prosperous and content. "One type of dwelling," says the investigation, "is found to be more or less prevalent throughout the country; that is the small four or five-roomed cottage, containing on the ground floor a front parlour, a kitchen, and a scullery built as an addition to the main part of the house; and on the upper floor the bedrooms, the third bedroom in the five-roomed house being built over the scullery." Here, if anywhere, is concealed the secret of the future of the people of England. Retail prices vary less than rent, and, where variations occur, the causes are obscure. The most remarkable fact of these statistics is the differences in the price of bread, from city to city, and this despite the foreign importation of corn and flour. "The predominant price of the 4 lb. loaf ranged (at a certain date) from 4d. in one town to 6d. in a number of others. The most usual price was 5d., this being returned as the predominant price in twenty-one towns; in ten towns it was 4½d., in two from 4½d. to 5½d., in seven it was 5½d., and in eight it was 6d." These variations, converted into the price of quarters of corn, would signify gigantic divergencies, amounting to more than a quarter of the total. It would seem that some kind of explanation was necessary for this remarkable eccentricity of price in the first necessity of life. The Budgets of the family incomes are extraordinarily suggestive of the struggle which takes place in the submerged regions of the city. Classified according to amount of net receipts, they reveal an ever-growing proportion devoted to the bare necessities of bodily nutriment: until, at the bottom, where the income appears permanently below the "living wage," there is practically no margin left when the food demand is satisfied. "For the incomes below 30s., two-thirds of the total income is spent on food, while in the case of the incomes of 40s. and above, about 57 per cent. is spent.

on food." Amongst the poorest, actually one-fifth of the total food expenditure is spent on bread and flour: a conclusive statistic condemning those who lightly justify a tax on imported corn on the ground that much stale bread is committed to the pig-stye. Tea, in these lowest incomes, demands 9½d. a week, and sugar 8d. It is expenditure on the margin, counted in farthings, a life exceedingly difficult to realise amongst those to whom a few coppers more or less means no appreciable difference.

That most difficult of all economic problems—local variations in wages—though assisted in its ultimate consideration by this collection of raw material, finds no solution in these pages. The common assumption that difference in wages is roughly averaged by difference in prices and rent finds no manner of support when the facts are examined. "The table," so runs this summary, "does not indicate the existence of any close connection between the local variations in the level of rent and prices combined, and the level of the standard rates of wages in the selected groups of occupations, while the relative levels of wages in the different trades of each district show considerable differences." But immediately such accurate facts are collected as this volume assembles, it is questions rather than answers which are excited by them. Nothing is more evidence of the fact that we have hardly commenced in this country to produce anything like an accurate sociology. Why (for example) should Middlesbrough have the highest birth-rate of England? Why, indeed, the cynical might ask, should any children be born in Middlesbrough at all, considering the more than dismal picture which the investigation draws of existence in that feverish industrial centre? There is, again, the evidence of enormous wastage of life force in these appalling aggregations of infant mortality, especially in the factory centres—soiled, wasted child lives, whose existence stands for no intelligible or rational significance in any rational scheme of human affairs. There is the statistic of mortality which shows so many years knocked off human life in the transition from the life of the field to the life of the factory. And there is the evidence here of perhaps the most remarkable and significant change which is operating to-day in modern England: in the tumbling down of the birth-rate with ominous rapidity, until nothing but a similar reduction of the death-rate, with the increase of sanitation and the limitation of disease, seems to stand between the two meeting in a henceforth stationary population. Is the vitality of the race being burnt up in mine and furnace, in the huddled mazes of the city? And is the future of a colonising race to be jeopardised, not by difficulties of over-lordship at the extremities of its dominion, but by obscure changes in the opinion, the religion, and the energies at the heart of the race? These and other subjects confront even a superficial examination of the material condition of England. Karl Marx was wrong in his defiant assertion that economic causes were the sole factors in the transformations of history. He would have been right had he asserted that many startling overturnings of opinion, in political and social, and even ultimate religious change, can ultimately be traced back to the economic condition of obscure masses of the common people.

DECADENCE.

PERHAPS the best feature in Mr. Balfour's Cambridge address on "Decadence" was the tentative spirit in which his suggestions were put forward. In truth nothing is more characteristic of the immature state of general sociology at the present day than the tendency to discuss questions for which the evidence, if available at all, has not by any means been put into shape. We are accustomed to hear people asking whether the world at large grows happier or better; whether there is material progress; whether there are signs of racial deterioration, long before they have even made up their minds what progress is, or in what deterioration would

consist. Mr. Balfour himself does not seem to have thrown much light upon this preliminary question, but he takes it for granted that just as societies grow and expand, and come to full maturity, so in course of time they decay, and finally meet with destruction, either from within or from without. Both processes he is inclined to regard as quite normal.

By way of explanation he made somewhat ingenious application of an idea which Weissmann has applied in biology. Weissmann suggested that the death of the organism is of positive advantage to the growth and development of the germinal tissue which does not die, and applying this idea, which even in biology is perhaps little more than a fancy, Mr. Balfour suggests that the death of nations may similarly be of advantage to the advance of general civilisation. We have no more warrant for the suggestion in this form, in sociology, than for the Weissmann theory as a serious account of the origin of death; but if Mr. Balfour means that only one nation as it decays hands on the torch to another, that one civilisation begins where another left off, or at any rate starts in the race with the advantage of the ground which its predecessor has already won, we may agree with him. This, however, is by no means to say that there is any advantage in decay as such. There seems no reason for going beyond the common-sense truth, and decay is only useful when a structure has become so wooden and solidified as neither to grow itself nor make room for the growth of anything else.

Mr. Balfour is also, we agree, on the right track, when he declines to explain decadence by particular historical events. Great catastrophes seldom or never were responsible for the fate of nations. The Western Empire would have survived the mistake which admitted the Gothic army within its boundaries, if the Roman Empire had retained a fourth part of its pristine vigour. The French monarchy did not fall through any one of the mistakes of Louis XVI., or even, roughly speaking, through all of them combined. It would be far truer to say that the mistakes were made because the monarchy was already falling. But to say so much is by no means to admit that there is any necessary law of decay in the very essence of national life; still less that that law rests upon any biological analogy, or that it rests upon some failure in physiological vigour which exhausts the recuperative power of races. Generally speaking, to explain the deterioration of a people as resulting from the exhaustion of their vital forces is merely to re-state the facts in some obscurer language. All that we can say apparently is that there is a complexity of forces which holds society together, which leads men to co-operate with greater or less energy and more or less mutual understanding to common ends, and that there are also multitudinous forces which make for disruption and decay, which distract social energies, and disturb that harmony of civic life. Of course, too, external enemies would take advantage of domestic weakness. The life of any State is so far similar to that of a physical organisation that it represents a kind of balance between these forces in which the scale is ever swinging to one side or other of the equilibrium points, and if it dips too far may never recover itself.

If we take the classical case of decadence, that which has been most studied by historians, and never with perfectly satisfactory results, the case of Imperial Rome, we can at least see some of these forces at work. We can see, to begin with, how the expansion of the Roman people from a free City-State to a great world power, carries within itself potentiality of disaster. We can see that in this great amalgamation of peoples united under a rule that stretched from the Clyde to the Persian Gulf, and from the Rhine to the African desert, there was not that feeling of community, that singleness of purpose, which in a smaller and more compact race holds it, and leads it on the path of progress. The threat of disruption is palpably present from the earliest days of the Empire, and is excited rather by the powerful mechanism of the bureaucratic machine than by the living will of the peoples themselves. Roman protection assimilated peoples whom it only imperfectly repaid by

extending them peace, and a certain measure of civilisation. We cannot see, again, how within the shelter of the Roman peace, a new force grew up, a new religion, which however valuable for the future of the world, drew minds and energies of the best men away from mundane affairs—some to the loneliness of the desert, others to the less profitable controversies of theology. The later union of Christianity with the Empire did indeed do much towards preserving civilisation, and maintaining for the world much of what was best in the traditions of antiquity; but it did not contribute to maintaining the political fabric of Rome. What happened rather was that the one movement which was really vital, the one course which could enlist and concentrate the energies of the best men, far from supporting the political fabric, tended rather to its disruption. The conclusion which seems to emerge from the history of Roman decadence, and on the whole, we think, from the comparison of the most notable instances of the rise and fall of States, is that the intangible and subtle principles that Mr. Balfour desires are to be found, not so much in the physique of races as in the harmony between social order and the thoughts, the feelings, and the enthusiasms of men. In so far as there is a social purpose widely diffused throughout the citizens of a State, inciting them to public effort, and encouraging men to unite, that life is vigorous and healthy, and that State will develop and grow. The institutions which divide class and class, which set interest against interest, which distract thought, clearly contain within themselves the seeds of disruption and decay.

The growth of physical science, of which Mr. Balfour speaks, would indeed be a preservative to modern nations against the irruption of such barbarians as became formidable in the last days of Rome. But it would be of little avail for a modern democracy against a great despotism which should have the full force of modern lethal weapons at its disposal. It is, therefore, not to physical science as such that we should look for a guarantee of the maintenance of civilisation, but rather to the scientific spirit applied to human and social affairs, and inspired by a love of liberty and humanity. In this temper we may endeavour, calmly and rationally, to go to the root of controversy, to supersede debate and doubt, and establish certainty as to the conditions of social welfare. Thus guided, the modern mind may hope to solve the problems that disturb society, and so maintain the unity of that social purpose that keeps civilisation alive and inspires progress.

WATER FOWL IN LONDON.

ONE of the most delightful water pieces in the world is the pond that receives the overflow from the Serpentine. At the far end as we look up the water, the overflow drips or dashes down dark, moss-covered rocks, that gleam with the cool moisture among bamboos and other growth, meeting high over an alley of water that broadens to the main pool at our feet. The sun shines through a gracious rift in the fog, bringing up the velvet of the grass lawns, and the precocious pale green noses of the butter burr, and other foliage of very early spring. A gorgeous mallard, in the full glory of his new plumage, is sailing to and fro, a fleet in himself, to maintain the mastery of his little sea. On the bank nearest us, a duck quacks angrily at him, using all the bad words in her vocabulary to let him know what she thinks of him. A second, more favoured duck, quietly explores the recesses of the finest nesting site in London.

The drake endures the termagant on the bank, so long as she remains among the butter burr. But when, presently, she crosses the water, he pursues her up the meadow and back to her tribune. Later, he catches her in the pool, and, driving at her neck feathers with remorseless bill, forces her to fly off to the Serpentine. Then he sails up the alley to his own duck, and announces that they are alone once more. A very few minutes later, two specks in the blue air, far up towards Kensing-

ton Gardens enlarge rapidly to flying ducks that, wheeling in a fine spiral, drop with a splash into the coveted pool. Again the drake in possession propels himself furiously after them, and again and again, as successive pairs arrive. Sometimes he ungallantly attacks the lady, whereupon the drake rises and follows her in her flight, sometimes with equal efficacy and more glory he falls foul of his rival mallard. The fight with endless variants can be seen almost any fine day, even now, a fortnight before St. Valentine's day, and many weeks before a town duck begins seriously to make her nest and raise hostages to the rats.

Poor as is the ordinary bird life of London, this group of water birds is susceptible of delightful study, for many of them live a semi-feral life in our parks. They lighten the gloom of mid-winter, by putting on full early their nuptial finery, which is more striking in the ducks than in nearly every other family of birds. Before the peacock on the bank has more than half regained his train, the tufted pochard, affectionately called the diving duck by his many friends among the people, has emerged from an all-over dinginess into brilliant black and white, the white panelled vividly into his side, and the black iridescent with purple. And from the back of his head hangs down a jaunty tassell, as if he were wearing a smoking-cap of Turkish pattern. His still dowdy consort wears a replica of his old plumage, and marks the extent of the transformation. We are never weary of seeing them swim about together, almost as often under water as above it. Particularly pleasant is it to watch them from some bridge, when the divers can be seen dashing about under water, with all but the velocity of fish, then suddenly popping brilliantly out from the veil that the water had drawn over their beauty.

A quieter scheme of colour is affected by the pintail, now fortunately often to be seen in our parks. The clumsy sketcher soon realises the inimitable grace of the whole contour, from the neck made to look more slender than it is by an artful white line, to the long pointed feathers that complete the sweep of the body. The delicate browns and milky chocolates that take the place of more prominent markings in most other ducks make the colour scheme of the pintail a more lasting delight than that of nearly all the others. Then we have the shoveller that, incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, generally passes muster as a mallard, with perhaps a little more white on him than usual. He is one of the most luxurious of drakes, never being seen without his plain mate, content to paddle in his wake without asking whither. Their large beaks earn for them the discriminating title of spoonbill. The effective shovelling they do with them makes us wonder why every duck in the lake has not infringed the patent long ago.

The red-headed pochard usually goes among children by the affectionate name of "coppernob." His cloak is a quakerish dove colour, his muffler a brilliant but respectable black, and his bright "carrotty" head always looks as though it had been freshly shampooed and machine brushed, so fiercely stands up each particular "hair" upon it. And his beak has beyond doubt just come from the wheelwright, who has painted it and varnished it with his choicest vermilion. "Coppernob" is a flirt. His muddy-headed wife has much to put up with, so have strange ducks, victims of attentions which their furious lords are powerless to prevent. Like the mallards, the red-headed one has the use of his wings, and it is common to see a distracted drake labouring along overhead, in a vain effort to follow all the turns of the abductor and his fickle lady. Last summer a red-headed pochard settled down at St. James's Park as the accepted mate of a common duck. Two drakelings issued from the union, and they have grown up remarkably handsome hybrids. Instead of the well-known green head of the mallard theirs are a rich plum colour, with a fiery gleam in the high lights, faintly reminiscent of their sire's captivating hackles.

One of the noisiest of our London ducks is the sheldrake. Every now and then a shrill and rapid series

of quacks, addressed to his mate, draws the eye to his bright red, beknobbed beak, and his sharply contrasted plumage of chestnut and white and black. He and his mate do not produce in London, or at any rate not abundantly those fluffy spotted ducklings that make merry the solitary coves of the Scottish coast, but his very early spring plumage and his lover-like antics are as wild and natural in our smoky town as the best of the other ducks. The golden-eye is the most grotesque wooer on the lake. Sometimes he seems ashamed of his black head with a white powder puff on each cheek. He throws it right back till it touches the back of his tail, thus bringing into almost ridiculous prominence his snowy breast, which he thrusts under the eye of the seemingly indifferent duck. Then the head comes back from its retreat, and the neck is stretched upward to its extreme height, only as a preparation for a renewed effort to tuck it completely beyond the tail, and to bring the last feather of the breast into view.

There are many other equally interesting ducks to be found in a morning walk through the Parks. We have said nothing of the widgeon, the teal, the common pochard, the ruddy sheldrake, nor of any of the geese that are usually represented. We are inclined to dip beyond the British list, in order to call attention to the American summer duck, and its congener, the mandarin from China. The latter is assuredly the most brightly coloured and quaintly decorated of all the drakes, and the fussy and gallant way in which he marshals his mate about makes him one of the darlings of the lake. He takes kindly to our climate, and in many an English lake-centred wood would make his nest and lead forth his ducklings to the water. So would he grace any farm duck-pond, provided he were not placed in too close proximity to boisterous neighbours, for he is ill adapted for a rough-and-tumble life. With apologies to the ducks, let us also mention the moorhen, whose amatory battles now begin. They fly furiously after one another, thrashing the water with their hanging feet, or run hump-backed on the bank, neck stretched forward and red beak menacing. But, best of all, is to see two cocks that really mean business, facing one another on the water. When they are near enough, they sit back and thrust out before them their long-fingered toes, then dance splashingly up and down on the water, employing very much the same tactics that our gallinaceous birds use. In a few weeks the sequel to their wars will be seen in the shape of jealously guarded nests. They begin the summer betimes.

Letters from Abroad.

A RE-APPEARANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—M. Delcassé was always a man of very few words, who seemed to take quite special pleasure in his taciturnity, and his reappearance the other day does not mean that he is going to interfere more often than he did during the last three years in the daily politics of France. He has never ceased to play a considerable part in the parliamentary action of his "group"—the Radicals—and he will most probably be content with that. On the other hand, the French never take much interest in a dead man or a man supposed to be so, least of all in a politician whose speciality is foreign politics; that is to say, a branch of public affairs for which the average Frenchman has as much aversion as the average Englishman has liking. The Paris papers already say very little about Friday's speech, and when the unofficial German Press have passed their usual belated comments upon the incident, it will become history and nothing else.

But history it will be, and from another standpoint than the trivial everyday curiosity of the newspaper reader. M. Delcassé's *apologia* is even farther-reaching than it seems. This dramatic incident had two acts—the first being the justification of M. Delcassé by himself, and the second the justification of the present French foreign policy by M.

Pichon; but the latter, like Balaam, spoke more praise than he wished, and though M. Delcassé may not be a scrap more influential to-day than he was yesterday, though his speech may even have been like the seal on his tombstone or like a passing farewell to a policy which he initiated but will never help to carry on again, he appears a greater Frenchman than he had been regarded for three years.

One part of his speech was undoubtedly rash. He repeatedly asserted that the policy followed three years ago had never brought France near a danger of war. "*On ne fait pas la guerre à la France parce qu'elle ne va pas à une Conférence.*" If *on* meant anybody, the statement might be right, but *on*, in the case in hand, means nothing if not Germany, and it seems sheer blindness to deny that Germany was within a hair's breadth of declaring war against us. Whether going or not going to the Conference was the gist of the difficulty is another matter, and it is almost a quibble to introduce the Conference as the *crux*. Everybody knows that the two months' conversation between M. Rouvier and Prince Radolin, or, I should say, between the French and the German Press—for never was the Press raised to the dignity of diplomacy to the same extent before—had only apparently the Conference as its object. The talk was all the time about Algeciras, but "Will you or will you not come to Algeciras?" meant in plain French: "Will you or will you not give up your *entente cordiale*?" and it was a most fortunate circumstance that the charade was played on two words instead of one.

The real sacrifice of French pride was not the decision about Algeciras, but the sacrifice of M. Delcassé, and that was one of the bitterest humiliations ever swallowed by a country. The other day, when the Left were bringing the House down with applause of M. Delcassé's proud vindication, M. Jaurès stood up and shouted to the Radicals that they were applauding a man for the very thing that they had hooted him for three years before. That was true, but the Chamber were, at that moment, recompensing themselves for having once given in to panic and given up the man without whom they see at present that the panic might have announced a disaster. For the *entente cordiale* was, beyond doubt, the cause of German discontent, but without the *entente cordiale*, the German discontent had been a ruse to vent itself in such bullying as might have been unendurable even to a country with André as commander-in-chief and Pelletan as chief admiral. This was powerfully felt by the Chamber on Friday's sitting, and M. Delcassé, the ex-Minister, could enjoy to the full the pleasure of seeing his work appreciated as it deserved. He must have enjoyed it even more while M. Pichon was supplementing what his predecessor had said with the vindication of the present Cabinet.

It is a curious fact that M. Pichon, who is a professional diplomatist, and has been all his life in the career, should be the perfect type of the democratic Foreign Minister, a man who does not take a step without consulting with his colleagues, and submitting his views to the five hundred statesmen in the Chamber; whereas M. Delcassé—once a poor teacher in a provincial school, ushered into foreign politics by the pleasure of a Parliamentary clique—used to be the most reticent of men, and even kept a great deal of what he did or knew from the responsible Premier. M. Rouvier was complaining the other day that whenever he urged him to take the Chamber, or, at least, the heads of the groups, a little more into his confidence, he would answer that the exercise of power requires a degree of secrecy. In the Chamber, he hardly ever committed himself to any definite statement, delivered his declarations with marked and constant reference to his manuscript, and more than once flatly denied to answer M. Jaurès's pressing interrogations.

Gradually the Chamber had grown accustomed to this method, and while M. Pichon was speaking, the applause which welcomed his utterances was the solemn consecration of its results. The France that was speaking through the Foreign Minister's mouth is certainly stronger than the France of three years ago, when M. Delcassé held office; but M. Pichon, throughout his address, seemed to be little more than his predecessor's agent. The policy that he extolled was not his, but M. Delcassé's. He boasted of his agreements with Japan and Siam; but, as the "*Temps*"

pointed out, with quiet cruelty, other agreements with England, Spain, and Italy are the work of M. Delcassé.

Men whom I have known to be the bitterest opponents of M. Delcassé's policy have no other way at present of diminishing his merits than to say that his ideas were obvious, and needed no genius. When satire is reduced to such pleas, it becomes the highest praise. M. Delcassé may have been dangerously blind three years ago to the risks in which he was placing his country, though for these the flexibility of democratic institutions had a ready remedy—the sacrifice of a man. But the man's views were undoubtedly right.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST DIMNET.

The Drama.

A STUDY IN DRAB.

THE daily newspapers contain the cheerful announcement that Mr. Granville Barker has been offered terms for organising a theatre of his own, in the United States, that the offer is so splendid that he is bound to accept it, and that Mr. Vedrenne, his partner in the conduct of our own "intellectual theatre" has been driven back into the circle of the actor-managers. Thus the English drama falls again under the sole control of gentlemen who, for the most part, organise it on the lines and for the reasons that Messrs. Harrod organise their establishment in Kensington. The managers and the critics and the public have so contrived matters that those who regard the drama as a school for the interpretation and criticism of life must, like the early Christians, form societies for themselves, and draw into them those companion souls to whom the common standard has ceased to be attractive. There at least they have a chance of escaping from the crackle of fools' laughter and applause for which nearly every man of organising or mimetic talent associated with the London stage must lie in wait, seemingly content with it, and its material rewards, as the fitting meed of his work.

In this desolate state of the national theatre, it is all the more interesting to observe the kind of dramatic literature which finds favour with the directors of the Incorporated Stage Society. The last production of this society is Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Cupid and Common Sense." The title of Mr. Bennett's play is a bad one, flippant and slight, and, like all journalists, I am prejudiced by a bad title. On the other hand, its subject is very good. It is Money. Money—the thing we all want (it or its equivalents), that makes us all, and mars us all, that no nation, no individual, knows what to do with when he has got it—how to spend it, how to share it. Could there be a more important and suggestive topic? Moreover, Mr. Bennett has observed something of the characters of men who acquire money, and thus obtain the power to shape the outer circumstances of other people's lives. He is acquainted with the agreeable neighbourhood of the Potteries, and there he lays the scene of his play, as of his best-known book. He chooses a family, or rather three families, of middle-class Dissenters, or Wesleyan Methodists, who are all (presumably) occupied in the manufacture of pottery ware. Again an interesting set of figures, which Mr. Jones drew in a play that, slight as it was, promised more than its author has since performed. I did not always recognise Mr. Bennett's portraiture, but as characters in a book or a play are partly people whom an author has known, partly his own dream-children, and partly adaptations from conventional literary or dramatic types, it is absurd to require one man's impressions of character to harmonise precisely with another's. Mr. Bennett looks at this class of Englishman with unsympathetic eyes, and regards their chapels and Sunday schools as mere diversions from their real "business"—the business of getting rich. With many touches, he persuades his audience that their existence is "dismal and illiberal," and yet that they are absorbed in it, and enjoy it. But how does he work out his problem, so far as he suggests a problem, and does

not merely offer a number of detached and cynical observations about life? I can best answer that question by a brief sketch of the scheme of the play, if schemed there be.

The Boothroyd family of Bursley (a widower and his two girls) live in the money atmosphere. They spend nothing, save and invest everything. They live in mean rooms, and sit on horse-hair chairs. For diversion the girls discuss the mild love-affairs of chapel society. The father is half a maniac about money. He brutalises his daughters about it, invests it ably, uses it mercilessly, and on the other hand suffers tortures at the idea of spending a shilling on a school treat, and rages like a demon when he hears that his eldest child proposes to make a merciful use of her own fortune in order to save an old friend and fellow-Wesleyan from disgrace. This man, Eli Boothroyd, is cleverly observed, though he is too like the stage miser to be satisfying, and represents, I think, the mid-century type of hard-fisted manufacturer, rather than his modern successor. More subtle is the drawing of his elder daughter, Alice. She derives partly from her father. She is inclined to be "near," and is cool, even fish-blooded, in her love affairs. Here she hovers deliberately between affection for a weak man and regard for a rather strong one, who has her and her father's ideas about money, crossed with an ambition to shine as the local Mayor. More than this she does not want—there, with the chapel and the small round of local shows, and successes, and gossip, lies her life. But she is honest. Her father has forced her into a hard act—the wringing of a rack rent from the father of young Beach, whom she half loves and wholly pities. The rent is a mill-stone round two shiftless necks. It can't be paid if the factory is to thrive, and when Alice and Eli Boothroyd put the screw on between them, the younger Beach forges a bill of exchange, and the father hangs himself. These events make, at least, a thinking being of her. She asserts herself, saves the shallow boy who might have been her lover, and breaks with her father, releasing young Beach with her own money for a new start in Canada. In this business of reparation her blood for a few moments runs quick; remorse, compassion, sense of right, romantic love, the motherly affection that strong women cherish for weak men, the pride of self-knowledge and self-assertion, the conviction that money may be used too basely and cruelly, and that she cannot accept her father's standards about it, look as if they would make a fine creature of her.

What happens then? Well, nothing much happens. Life flows on in Bursley. Alice marries her Mayor, and we learn that she is still thrifty, for, Lady Mayoress as she is, she dusts her own drawing-room on her reception day. Young Beach returns from Canada, with a rich wife from Pittsburg, silly and self-confident, as he was silly and despondent before, and only anxious that Alice should not "tell" about the bill of exchange. A little wave of the old feeling mounts to Alice's bosom and flutters out again, and she goes tranquilly out on her Mayor's arm to receive the Mayoral guests.

Mr. Bennett's artfulness is, of course, rather obvious artfulness. He means to show that average life is built thus. A small flash illumines it; and then, for the most part, it passes back into the grey, the commonplace. The play, therefore, lacks a special theme. Nothing is worked out in it, neither the money-motive (though old Boothroyd is degraded into a lunatic, begging threepenny-pieces from servant maids) nor the love-motive, nor the motive of rescue. The dressing of the piece is kept drab and dull to the end, and the romantic element is thoroughly scorned by an artist who forgets that the play, being shorter than life, and differing widely from the deliberate and expository method of the novel, must deal with dramatic moments and occurrences, must compress them, must show the visible and half-visible currents of character and circumstance, meeting in a shock that powerfully impresses the audience. For they should be made to learn and feel, as their mind and fancy turn to the mimic world of the stage for light on the narrowing circuit of their own days.

Music.

MUSIC AND LANGUAGE.

IN attempting to solve one of the problems of programme music by throwing the text of his poem on a screen, Mr. Herbert Trench certainly succeeded in clearly defining the limits of music. The idea itself was simple. Mr. Holbrooke's music was to interpret the emotional basis of "Apollo and the Seamen," and, perhaps, to heighten some of its descriptive passages, and while the audience was hypnotised by the music it would be set in the right mood to appreciate the poem. The idea seems good, but in practice it did not work for some very good reasons. In the first place, Mr. Trench's poem is too complete in itself. From the first stanza to the last all his command of imagery and verbal colour is bent on creating a sensuous background to the philosophic arguments of Apollo on true immortality. For the achievement of this aim the poet indulges in detached descriptions, which, in the reading of the poem, certainly do create the kind of atmosphere he has desired. No less than thirteen stanzas depict the coming down from the woods of Apollo, "furred like a merchant fine," to the inn where he shares a jug of wine with the seaman, and so on throughout the poem. Music can describe these things in its own way, but it would be a very lengthy business unless the briefest figures and the merest snatches of harmony, in the manner of Richard Strauss's incidental music to "Enoch Arden," were used. That has not been the method of Mr. Josef Holbrooke; nor was it the idea of the poet. On the contrary, "Apollo and the Seamen" is a kind of symphony, and that means the musical illustration of the poem had to be largely abstract. The expression of the mood and the emotion of the poem gave enough material for a programme. Just as Mr. Trench has employed all kinds of specific devices of poetry, so Mr. Holbrooke has been compelled to express himself in the terms of his own art. As a consequence, there is a natural and essential clash.

At the Queen's Hall last week this clash had a very curious effect. In the dimly lit room one saw verse after verse thrown on the screen. Very seldom did the music really describe the stanzas of the poem, and often the slowness of connected musical speech made it necessary that certain of the verses should be held in a state of suspension. The sense of the poem was broken with ludicrous effect, and Mr. Trench's style does not lend itself to this kind of suspension. It is possible that a poem of stanzas that come to a full close might be thus illuminated without destroying the continuity of sense. "The Ancient Mariner" is a case in point, for almost every quatrain of that poem is complete in itself. It stands to reason, however, that the musical illustration could not be at all in symmetrical form, using the term in its most elastic sense. The orchestra would have to adapt itself rapidly to each verse, just as if the poem were being sung or slowly recited. That would be a very different thing from the Trench-Holbrooke symphony. Or a composer could make use of a reciter, as Berlioz made use of recitation in his "Lelio" symphonic-poem, or Grieg in his "Bergliot" music. In such musical treatment, the art of music makes concessions. It is no longer self-contained, as in a symphony, or even in one of Richard Strauss's symphonic poems, but is conditioned to a great extent by the exigencies of the text. But the effect of the speaking voice with music is not good. All kinds of composers have tried that hybrid type of art, and none has really succeeded.

The experiment of Mr. Trench failed, because the wrong kind of poem was illustrated by music in the wrong way. There was no close connection between the two, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Holbrooke chose to take a very militant and grandiose view of Mr. Trench's subtle poem. The problem of whether programme music can be made clearer by a visible and changing text was not even in the way of being solved. All that can be said is that the changing of an illuminated text by magic lantern slides is physically and mentally annoying. The effect of watching the screen produced a mild kind of hypnotic headache, and in the endeavour to grasp the poet's meaning during the brief time that the text remained on the screen, the music was

apt to be forgotten, or, if heard, seemed an impertinent interruption. But the bigger question is, Does programme music require such a detailed description? True, there are passages in Liszt and Strauss which have no definite meaning without some kind of textual explanation, and yet suggest that they do express something definite. The attempt to interpret these cryptic utterances is futile, and yet they have no right to exist unless they can be interpreted. The most practical method is to print an explanatory programme, which the audience can read; but Richard Strauss most illogically sets his face against this. Perhaps he instinctively feels that music should explain itself, or should not be so conditioned by some external factor that it requires labelling to be understood. To those who have the musical mind and have been accustomed to walk through life with music always in their brains, it is almost impossible to disconnect music from the emotions and sentiments of life. To these a composer speaks an occult language, and has no need to explain himself as long as he makes his music self-contained. It is only when music in the midst of its own expression suddenly imitates external phenomena and actions that we seek for a key to its language. Mr. Trench's experiment will not supply that key, and, although dogmatic opinions are to be deplored in dealing with questions of art, it may well be doubted if any key should be required. The analogy of the descriptive notes of pictures in a catalogue is generally urged in favour of a detailed programme to music. Certainly the analogy is just, but those who really understand pictures and do not look on them as so many illustrations of stories, do not want the explanations of catalogues. A title is sufficient. What explanation is required of Rembrandt's "A Man in Armour"? It impresses immediately as an imaginative expression of the mystic suggestions of light and shadow. Except for certain passages in which Richard Strauss seeks to imitate phenomena and action does his "Heldenleben" really require an explanation? Not to musical people; and the others do not count. "The Life of a Hero" is sufficient programme, and immediately you feel it is insufficient the composer has lost grasp of the subjective expression which is the basis of all self-contained music, and has employed the art in a secondary manner, that is to say, as the complement of something that is not explained. When composers refrain from that mixed style of objective and subjective expression, there is no need of a detailed programme, and their music gains in strength and beauty.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS ASSOCIATES.

AT the Royal Academy elections last week Mr. George Clausen was raised to the full rank of Academician. Two French artists, M. Dagnan Bouveret, the painter, and M. Mercié, the sculptor, were made honorary foreign members. The vacant Associateship, created by Mr. Clausen's promotion, has been filled by Mr. Charles Sims. The choice of Mr. Clausen and of the honorary foreign members invites but little comment. A more popular election than that of the first-named was hardly possible. As a painter, Mr. Clausen enjoys an enviable reputation, which is the fruit of an art brought to maturity by conscientious endeavour; and the lectures delivered by him as Professor of Painting exhibit a fine and subtle intellect, calculated to increase the respect that is felt for that art. The honour accorded to MM. Dagnan Bouveret and Mercié is not less well deserved. Their names are household words in modern French art. A few months ago rumour was busy with the name of M. Rodin in connection with the appointment of a sculptor to the foreign vacancy, and—although his presidency of the International was thought to be a bar to his acceptance of Academic distinction—there will be some disappointment at his non-inclusion, if only because his election would have provided a sensation. M. Mercié, however, though more orthodox, is an excellent choice.

But in this election the main feature of interest is the success of Mr. Charles Sims. Following on that of Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper on the last occasion, it has a signifi-

cance that lies outside any question of individual merit. For here, in two successive elections, the ballot has fallen in favour of two men, who, whatever may be their abilities, have not yet had time to do more than cross the threshold of their artistic careers. They are both young men who before the last two or three years were practically unknown. This is in no way to suggest that they do not merit the recognition and encouragement that an associateship confers. On the contrary, Mr. Sims, in particular, has given proofs of a quite exceptional talent in his important "Island Festival" of last year, and his "Land of Nod" of the year before, and in a number of fresh *plein air* paintings, handled with a surprising mastery, which were shown at the Leicester Galleries some time back. Mr. Cowper has hardly gone as far as Mr. Sims. Before his skilful "Nun" picture in last year's exhibition, he had not accomplished more than might be expected of a clever Academy student. Even this picture, considerable as was its notoriety, was thought by some to be little more than an essay in a precious technique, a demonstration of technical ability, rather than a masterpiece of art. Yet the execution was able beyond the ordinary; and if the work showed less of the imaginative vigour of the "Island Festival," it also had fewer obvious faults. If it did not reach the same heights of expression, it expressed more completely the lesser truths it set itself to illustrate. Mr. Cowper has the makings of a fine painter; Mr. Sims possibly the promise of something greater; and both may be congratulated on their laurels and their luck.

The question, however, that we have to consider in dealing with the Academy's selection is not the art of the new Associates or its future, but their youth. It is many years since men as young as these were chosen Associates, and the policy of the Academy in so choosing them invites examination. It is not a new policy. When the Academy was founded the conception of an Associate was a young painter who gave promise enough to warrant his support and encouragement by the Academicians, to whose ranks he might hope at some future date to belong. In those early days the idea of encouraging young men was paramount in elections to associateships, and it prevailed until well past the middle of the last century. Leighton and Millais were examples of this speedy recognition of talent by the Academic body. But during the last few decades this conception of Associateship has given place to something entirely different. It has come to be believed that the honour is reserved for those painters who have earned it by long and faithful contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibitions. The term of service, the length of time during which artists have been "before the public," has, rightly or wrongly, been regarded as part-qualification at any rate for the distinction. Only in a few cases has this rule of Academic policy been departed from. Young artists who have shown a disposition to resist the Academy, and whose power of resistance has proved formidable, have from time to time been enrolled from motives of prudence. It has always been the Academy's policy to absorb those whom it cannot silence.

In these latest elections, therefore, there are indications of a change, of a return to an older order. We suspect, however, that it will not be regarded with favour by the large group of outsiders who for many years have been waiting their turn. One cannot help sympathising with the men who have exhibited so often in the Academy that they have established a moral right to exhibit there, who have been stimulated to maintain their allegiance by the purchase of their pictures by the Chantrey Trustees, and who have come so near election that its postponement seemed merely a matter of a few months. Theirs may have been a mistaken ambition; but it was based on the assumption that the associateship was the reward of a career of sustained merit, and that while there was life there was hope. If the recent elections indicate the character of the future ones, the vast majority of these old Academy Exhibitors may consider themselves definitely shelved.

Their plight raises the whole question of the Academy Associateship. Why is there not room in the ranks for the twenty or thirty men who deserve this modicum of recognition equally with those who have gained it? To ourselves the thirty-two artists, at present so favoured, seem ridiculously few in view of the levelling-up of talent. The Academy constitution places no limit on the number of Asso-

ciates. Since 1866 the maximum has been entirely at the discretion of this body. There is nothing to prevent there being a hundred Associates, if need be, except the natural reluctance of the Forty to finding themselves in a minority at the elections at which Associates are privileged to vote. But Associates have not always been entitled to vote at all elections, and there seems no particular reason why, in return for an extension of the Associate list, a compromise on the voting question should not be arrived at. Let the Forty elect to their own sacred circle, and thus preserve its long-cherished exclusiveness. Let the Associates take part in the voting for Associates, and, by virtue of their greater number, obtain a more representative opinion on the merits of the candidates for their ranks. The plan would at least do something to diminish the too high value that is at present placed upon an Associateship, and would sustain the Academy against the charge of injustice to old adherents.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHILD AND THE COMING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the education question will shortly be again to the front, it is well to remember that the negligible quantity in the controversy that raged around Mr. Birrell's Bill was the child. "Let it be neither mine, nor thine; divide it." And so it has been, from Solomon's time to our own, and no Solomon is with us now to solve our embarrassments by the strenuous application of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Many voice the harlot's cry, "Neither mine nor thine; divide it!" The odium theologicum has nullified every concession and compromise: religion, too often party politics in all but name, is annexed by every writer, speaker, and orator both in and out of Parliament as their own special invention, possession, and monopoly: scurrilous attributions are hurled indiscriminately all round, and the "child is overlaid." But the *rigor mortis* will not last for ever. We must bury our dead—and what then?

Perhaps Scherer's phrase, "We must accept ourselves as we are," reconciles us to the impossible situation, the real British muddle, in which we are landed educationally; years of debate, many Education Acts, an expenditure of millions, and the resultant—an *impasse*!

Few understood or had mastered the Education Bill that all discussed so hotly and dogmatically. Experts, cognisant how differently things work out, and how much schemes vary in perception and operation, agreed to differ as to its potential achievements and shortcomings. Belgravia and Mayfair drawing-rooms saw through it at once, decided it was unworkable, ridiculous, and ungodly, "but all you could expect from Birrell, the Atheist!"

Perhaps one of the most curious features of the debate was the line adopted by the Bishops and others towards the Bible; but the Bible, well-named the "Statesman's Manual," will survive being snubbed, ruled out of court, almost put on the "Index," as it was during those heated controversies. Carved on a pillar in the underground prison of the Mamertine in Rome—possibly by the hand of St. Paul himself,—in almost effaced letters, we read, "The Word of God is not bound," so we need not be disquieted overmuch. Charles Gordon's sister—the Miss Gordon of the Letters, whose epitaph might be "*Amatrix Pauperum*"—spent much time in reading the Bible to the untalented, both old and young, and always without explanation or comment. She shrank from either as almost sacrilege, deeming that the inspiration claimed for the book would find its echo in the listener, and reveal many things not to be taught by flesh and blood. Without endorsing Miss Gordon's view, and acknowledging that the recognition of spiritual truth is *mediate*, as well as *immediate*, would not most of us admit that many years of maturity are spent in unlearning the dogmas taught us in our youth? Forgetful even of the etymology of the word, religious instruction does not aim at educating and evoking what is in the child, but too often consists in letting anyone teach anything, anyhow.

The Roman Church, with characteristic wisdom, de-

votes its best and most highly trained teachers to the education of the young. Monseigneur Dupanloup, when asked the reason of this apparent waste of talent, declared with emphasis the paramount necessity of giving them our best, on account of the all-round demands they made on us—ranging “depuis son âme jusqu’aux cordons de ses souliers.” Massillon’s “Petit Carême” did not cost him as much as teaching a young child, when he was said to follow the example of Elisha, who, in giving life to the Shunamite’s son, “contracted himself to his measure.” May not leaders, both lay and clerical, have still something to learn? Their contention that all religious instruction must be given by teachers in school because no help can be got from parents who are without religion themselves is a condemnation of past systems and points to the necessity of fresh methods of inculcating the righteousness “which exalteth a nation.”

Generations of English parents have been trained in our schools; yet the verdict of Bishops, clergy, and laity, expressed in both Houses of Parliament and on many platforms is—Parents cannot give what they have not got! Why are they without religion? Does not this admission stultify the teaching of the past and drive many thoughtful and spiritually minded souls to secularism as a counsel of despair? One thing is clear. In the event of the failure of Mr. McKenna’s Bill, secularism will remain as the sole alternative. In that event, is it vain to hope that, emancipated from daily teaching, and the financial burden incident to the support of schools, clergy and others will throw themselves with fresh enthusiasm into Sunday Schools, now avowedly, both in town and country, inefficient? A different calibre of teachers, certified to possess the gift, as well as the will to teach; peripatetic catechists, as useful in instructing the country parson as the Catechumens; and a *Saturday* school made attractive in many ways—especially as qualifying for the annual treats and prizes, would kindle zeal all round and eventuate in a generation of parents to whom the odium of being without religion could not be applied.—Yours, &c.,

A CLERGYMAN’S WIFE.

London, January 27th, 1908.

“SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING.”

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—If I were the father of a boy in an elementary public school, and found the teacher was teaching any of the subjects referred to by Mr. Picton in his letter, on which public opinion is so divided, I should see that teacher or one of the managers and express my objection to such teaching, considering such subjects beyond childhood, and that it would be better to confine all Bible teaching to conduct and character; also, that if any boy should be put up to ask questions on such subjects, the teacher should tell him it was not a school subject and that he should ask his minister. Such subjects are not in the school syllabus Mr. Picton knows so well.

I think with him that, all things considered, it would be better that the Bible teaching should be left with the churches; it is their proper work, and the Government knows that the people are not yet ripe for secular teaching only.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN EVANS.

6, Park-road, Clevedon, Somerset.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The proposals which Sir Sydney Olivier laid before the Jamaica Board of Education on December 17th are of more than local interest. They will appeal to all who are concerned with the higher aspect of our imperial problem. While the United States have been spending men and money freely but methodically in raising the educational status of their own fellow-citizens in Porto Rico, the provision for public education in Jamaica has actually fallen back. The Archbishop of Jamaica, one of the best guides and most devoted friends of the island, admitted this at the meeting to which I refer. “There are fewer people,” he said, “being educated among the working classes in Jamaica to-day than

there were in former years. . . . Of the whole population of the island we are practically, as I believe, not teaching more than half the children, and this half spasmodically and irregularly; and what I have said applies largely to Kingston.” The last official returns fully confirm this, giving 81,000 odd children in the school books, for the year 1905-6, as against 83,000 in the year before. As the population is estimated at 806,000, and we must put the child population at a rather higher proportion than in England, a fifth of this, or 160,000 children of school age, is certainly not an exaggeration. Seeing that, in spite of an improvement in the regularity of attendance in the last school year, the average in attendance for the year did not reach 52,000, the Archbishop’s estimate does not err on the side of pessimism.

The period under review—the very years in which the Americans were making such strides in Porto Rico—includes times of great financial distress and one first-class calamity, the hurricane of 1903; but it does not include the earthquake of last winter. The earthquake, indeed, like the Great Fire of London, seems likely to clear away a good deal of debris—material and moral—and usher in a new era of greater strenuousness and prosperity. It has sent Jamaica a new Governor, full of ideas and energy; it has compelled a fresh start in a good many businesses and institutions; it has given the island the support of a substantial loan as well as a public subscription.

The Governor, in introducing his suggestions on December 17th, spoke hopefully of the financial future. Money, of course, as well as public interest are essential for the development of public education. After the hurricane of 1903 the Government were compelled to rehouse a good many schools entirely out of public funds, thus departing from the usual practice of looking to the denominations for the buildings, and paying the too meagre public grant for the support of the teacher. This creates the precedent which, it seems clear, will generally govern the future. “As it should be the policy of the Government,” said Sir Sydney Olivier, “to see that educational facilities are provided, it is quite reasonable that the initial cost of school buildings should be provided out of public funds.” Here the American example is instructive. The first American civil governor of Porto Rico, who in 1900 replaced the military occupation, gave up his summer residence—the palace at Rio Piedras, with botanical gardens attached—as a normal school for the island; and President McKinley ordered that the Customs duties paid in the United States on Porto Rican products should, for the time, be paid into the Porto Rican exchequer for the construction of school houses. This amounted to an average of over a quarter of a million dollars for each of the three years 1901-2, 1902-3, and 1903-4. This one act did more than anything else to convert indifference or hostility to education into enthusiasm, a change represented in figures by an increase of from 21,000 to 41,000 children in average daily attendance. Between 300 and 400 new schools were built in the three years.

In Jamaica there is an actual deficiency of schools, but still more a want of decent and suitable buildings—very few of those in use being built for school purposes—and, of course, since the earthquake, a certain number to be rebuilt altogether. Hence the Governor very rightly puts in the first place the building of new schools with public money. But his second proposal will perhaps be of still more interest to home readers, and will in the end, if successful, affect the character of the schools more profoundly. It is that local bodies should be formed—on the model of the English Local Education authorities under the Act of 1902—with power to raise a rate, and with certain powers of management. He is anxious, on the one hand, to retain the active sympathy of the denominations, and, on the other hand, to secure efficient and stimulating administration from headquarters. The latter, if the Government provides the buildings and continues the present grant, is certain to be enforced. The former is interesting, in view of our own controversies, and more essential in a backward country, where the intelligent and public-spirited laity are more thinly-scattered than at home. The details of the scheme remain to be worked out—the constitution of the local authority, arising probably out of the existing parochial boards; the amount of their control, and, most serious item, the nature and extent of the rate.

The third proposal, which follows immediately from

the grant of more public money and local control, is that compulsion should be tried, beginning with Kingston and one or two other populous centres. Here again the Porto Rican experiment is before us. By their general school statute of 1903 power is given to municipalities to enforce attendance between the ages of eight and eleven, and in all cases of those already enrolled at school.

It is to be hoped that Sir Sydney Olivier will carry public opinion with him and stay long enough in Jamaica to see the proposed measures put into effect. I have called attention to American progress in Porto Rico in no invidious spirit. They found there much more leeway to make up than we have in Jamaica. But they are doing it so heartily and generously that we are being left behind; and the first Colonial Power in the world cannot afford that. It is not only in the provision of new schools that they have given us an example; the annual sum spent in maintenance of schools is more than twice the beggarly £60,000 to which for several years the educational budget of Jamaica has been restricted, and the population of Porto Rico is only a million to 800,000 in Jamaica. Money, however, is not everything in education; method is more, and goodwill most of all. One illustration of the two latter factors in the Porto Rican case must suffice. I quote from the last published volume of the U.S.A. Commissioner of Education: "During the summer of 1904 a study trip to the United States was arranged, and 540 Porto Rican teachers spent five weeks in summer study at either Harvard or Cornell University, and one week in travel seeing the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. A special act of Congress gave us free transportation on two army transports. Each teacher who joined the expedition contributed one month's salary, and the citizens of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia made up the sum to over \$36,000, which paid all the remaining expenses. When we consider that many of the teachers had to make provision for their families during their two months' absence, it is a remarkable sign of their earnestness of purpose that nearly one-half of the entire native teaching body of the island participated in this expedition, and the results for good are easily noticeable in every schoolroom in the island."—Yours, &c.,

EDUCATIONAL EXPERT.

January 20th, 1908.

"BRITISH JOURNALISM AND THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter published in your issue of the 18th inst., and signed "A Paris Correspondent." Permit me to observe with regard to it:

First: That my letter in the "Catholic Union Gazette," which displeases that gentleman, was not written by me as "a representative of the Catholic Union," but in my private and individual capacity as a member of that society.

Secondly: That I possess ample evidence in support of my views, to which he takes exception, but that I have at present no intention of publishing that evidence in a newspaper: nor should I do so, in any case, at the bidding of a gentleman who, doubtless for good reasons, withholds his name, and with whom I decline further discussion.—I am, Sir, yours &c.,

RICHARD DAVEY.

200, Ashley Gardens, S.W.

January 23rd, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Davey makes the usual excuses of a gentleman who has made statements which he cannot substantiate. I will remove one by signing my name. And I will appeal from Mr. Davey to Mr. W. S. Lilly, who, in the days when I had the pleasure of collaborating with him to a certain extent, was neither an anti-Semite nor a fanatic. Does Mr. Lilly really think that the cause of Catholicism will be served by the importation into England of the anti-Semitic agitation or by reckless and sweeping charges against a whole body of men, for which not a particle of evidence has been produced?

Mr. Davey's accuracy is admirably illustrated by other passages in the article from which I quoted. He says: "Within the past few weeks the Church of France has received a still more staggering blow by the abolition of what remained of the liberty of public instruction." Further on he continues: "The new law states that no priest may open or preside over any school, male or female. . . . M. Theodore Reinach made an attempt to save the Jewish schools from this proscription, and M. Briand put out a feeler in favour of the Protestant schools, but both ministers were outwitted by M. Brisson and his followers."

It would be difficult to compress more errors into so small a space. What Mr. Davey describes as a "new law" which has already been passed is a measure proposed by the Government which has been considered by a commission of the Chamber, but not yet by the Chamber itself, to say nothing of the Senate. The provision prohibiting a minister of religion from being head of a secondary school was inserted by the Commission, and M. Briand, on behalf of the Government, has refused to accept it. M. Theodore Reinach is not a Minister, and M. Brisson, who is, of course, President of the Chamber, has naturally taken no part at all in the matter. Moreover, the measure does not propose to abolish "liberty of public instruction," unless the requirement that teachers in secondary schools shall have a proper qualification is such abolition.

Does Mr. Lilly, as a historian, think that "views" (the word is Mr. Davey's and is exactly appropriate) of this description in regard to matters of fact are likely to be instructive to the members of the Catholic Union?—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, January 27th, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I beg to reply to the letter from "A Paris Correspondent" in your issue of the 18th.

What Mr. Davey in the "Catholic Times" doubtless complains of is the unfair way in which reports, often false, of incidents antagonistic to Catholics are given such prominence in the British Press; for instance, a communication appeared in one of our leading journals attributing a most brutal remark to Pope Pius X.—the statement was at once denied, but the "fair" and unbiassed newspaper refused to publish this authentic denial.

Again, one often reads reports in English papers of immorality committed by Catholic priests. Much publicity is always given to such cases, which are tried in their country of origin—and the unjustly maligned priest is triumphantly acquitted. But unbiassed British papers take care not to mention this fact!

One hears much of the anti-"clerical" agitation in France, but never is the infamous remark given which was made by a leading French politician, speaking of our Lord, "Nous l'avons chassé de la cour, des écoles, et nous le chasserons de la France"—"We have expelled Him from the courts, from the schools, and will drive him from France"! I ask your readers, Is this anti-clerical or anti-Christian?—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD LORD M. QUILLIN.

The Constitutional Club, Leicester.

THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In "Early Victorian's" letter on this subject I noticed a slightly inaccurate allusion to "The Fairy Bower." This most charming book was by Mrs. Thomas Morley, *née* Newman. It had a sequel entitled "The Lost Brooch."

The great difference between "The Fairy Bower" and most other children's books of the period was the touch of life, of individuality, that made every mamma in the background as real and vivid a character as the children in the foreground. It is supposed that Mrs. Morley sketched one aspect of her brother, Cardinal Newman, in the formidable but delightful Mr. Everard.—Yours, &c.,

M. J.

January 22nd, 1908.

"VILLAGE LIBRARIES."*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, "O. M.," asks for suggestions as to books on social or political subjects suitable for village lending libraries. On the former subject I think he would find the following books useful—they are all ones that are in circulation in our library in this village:—

"How to Live," Richard Caton.

"The Courtesy Reader."

"Easy Lessons on Things Around Us."

"First Principles of Cooking," Lady Barker.

"Hints to Girls."

"Industries of To-day."

"Laws of Every-day Life."

"Why Boys Should Not Smoke."

"Industrial and Social Life in the Empire," J. St. Loe Strachey.

"The Little Book of Health and Courtesy."

"Practical Social Science."

"Simple Lessons on Health," Sir Michael Foster.

"Social Economy Reading Book."

"Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now."

"Up From Slavery," Booker Washington.

—Yours, &c.,

A. R. F.

Failand House, Failand, Nr. Bristol,

January 28th, 1908.

WHAT THE HOUSING BILLS SHOULD DO.*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In reference to your article on this subject (January 26th, 1908), may I point out a difficulty not alluded to by you, viz., the reluctance of those who suffer most directly from bad housing to complain, and their anxiety to conceal existing nuisances.

The occupants of insanitary premises are usually weekly tenants. If they complain, or if complaint is made on their behalf (as ratepayers may), or if the sanitary authority condemns the premises, or orders the abatement of nuisances, the lessor of the insanitary premises may either turn out the tenant who has given offence, or may increase the rent to cover the cost of any work ordered by the sanitary authority. This is frequently done. Tenants therefore don't and dare not complain; a bad house is better than none; an increase of rent is nearly as bad as eviction. The interference of other ratepayers, or a visit from the sanitary inspector, is resented and dreaded. A remedy for this would be that in the case of houses condemned or declared to be nuisances by the sanitary authority no rent should be recoverable until they were made fit for human habitation, or the nuisance complained of abated, and no increased rent should be recoverable for those premises for a period of years after the work was done, nor should the occupier be liable to eviction except for non-payment of the rent fixed.

The owner or lessor of the condemned premises should be entitled to require the sanitary authority to purchase the premises, and after notice to the owners of any superior interest, the sanitary authority should become owner of the fee, the price being summarily and finally fixed by an arbitrator with regard to the condition of the premises and their unfitness for habitation, not on the basis of the rental they produced. Municipalisation of town sites would thus be commenced. Food unfit for consumption or injurious to health is seized and destroyed without compensation. Insanitary premises are more permanently dangerous to the community.

If the premises could not be made reasonably habitable, and the nuisance could only be abated by demolition, the owners should not be entitled to any compensation, and the sanitary authority should demolish the premises as soon as it had provided other accommodation for the occupiers. The ground owner who let his land to be made a slum is as guilty as the owner of the slum. In Ireland the condition of the houses of the working classes in towns is worse than in England, but the Act of 1903, which contained, among others, two very useful provisions extending the period for repayment of housing loans, and enabling the Local Government Board to enforce building schemes where the local

authority was in default, was not extended to Ireland. Ireland was to be dealt with by a separate Act, and that good intention, like many others for Ireland, has remained an intention.—Yours, &c.,

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

January 26th, 1908.

THE RUSH FOR SMALL HOLDINGS.*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—During the last two months I have been called upon to speak at meetings summoned to hear an explanation of this Act in the counties of Worcestershire, Shropshire, Cheshire, Lincolnshire, Suffolk, and Yorkshire. Throughout, I have refrained from party politics, and the meetings have been thronged by men and women, including many Conservatives, who have been sometimes present in good numbers. Not infrequently I have spoken at the invitation of Parish Councils composed chiefly of men politically opposed to me but most friendly and kind in personal intercourse. Many come to learn how their interests may be adversely affected, and to these I point out the protection assured to them under the Act. Of course, the majority at these meetings consists of people desirous to hire land and eager to learn if the Act will in truth put them speedily in the way to get it. Of the demand there can be no shadow of doubt. Last week, on the wolds of North Yorkshire, I spoke to men who had tramped six miles through the mist and darkness of the winter's night to hear about the Act, and in every place it appears, it only needs a small bill to be distributed to ensure a crowded and eager attendance.

What all this clearly proves is the urgent need for the Liberal Party energetically to stir themselves to see that not a day be needlessly lost in getting the land. The County Councils have made a start. The one I know most about is Worcestershire, of which I am a member, and at a meeting of the Council on January 20th it was reported that 5,400 acres had been applied for to hire by about 400 applicants, and that 549 acres were applied for to purchase (under the Act of 1892) by about 38 persons. The Council approved a recommendation of the Allotments and Small Holdings Committee to levy a penny rate for the purposes of the Act—so as to have money in hand to pay rent for any land hired, &c.—and it was further agreed that a land agent for the county should be advertised for and appointed as soon as possible, his salary coming out of the management fund sanctioned by the Act. This County Council had previously circulated a description of the Act, called upon Parish Councils to hold meetings to discuss it, and advertised that forms of application for land could be obtained at all the police offices in the county.

I hope other counties have done as much as Worcestershire, where there is the intention on the part of the County Council that the provisions of the Act shall be promptly and fully carried into effect. It is useless to blink the fact that in many counties the Act is being ignored as far as may be safely done, and no real interest or intention exists to provide land for the people asking for it, as they have a right to do.

Under these circumstances, is it not the duty of Liberals in the House of Commons to press upon the Government the necessity for firm and unceasing pressure to secure the proper working of the Act? With Earl Carrington at the Board of Agriculture we may be sure that nothing will be left undone there that Parliament sanctions, but a time may come when a new President might arise less able and less keen, and of less practical knowledge of the subject than Lord Carrington; and then, amidst the pressure of departmental statistics, what more easy than for small holdings to be given a back seat and having to take their chance along with returns and details of swine fever?

It is a serious matter for our party. Men will be grumbling in any case at the unavoidable delay in getting land, and frequently disappointed at the want of buildings and houses which may be supplied by means of the Housing Bill to be soon introduced.

Questions should be put to the Government, returns required from all the county councils, and stiff measures

taken without delay to ensure the prompt action of defaulters.

The country people are clamouring to return to the land their fathers have been driven away from, and the retribution will be stern and speedy on any Government or party which, having set its hand to the plough, turns half-heartedly away from the business it has undertaken.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC IMPEY,

Chairman of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association.

Northfield, Worcestershire,
January 26th, 1908.

THE MORAL OF MID DEVON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In Mr. Buxton's account of the causes of his defeat I do not see any mention of the strong feeling of disgust and indignation of the great majority of Churchmen caused by the Education policy of the Government.

As an incumbent of twenty-one years' standing in Devon, the last seven of which have been spent in Ashburton, I might be supposed to know something of this. Moreover, any politician must be unwise if he can shut his eyes to the power of the Church when it is aroused.

Now, in this Ashburton contest, it has been called into action in a manner unprecedented so far as I know. As one who throughout the contest has been in touch with more than forty incumbents in the division, and who, through them, has circulated 8,000 copies of a manifesto to Churchmen, a copy of which I enclose, I am in a position to testify that the education question was largely the cause of the victory won by Captain Morrison-Bell. It is acknowledged on all hands that the result was unexpected by the party leaders. They did not know the Church vote was being quietly organised, and that Churchmen were roused to action as never before. The indignation meetings and petitions of 1906 against the Education Bill had great influence at the time, and it was then resolved by hundreds of Churchmen that as soon as the opportunity came they would show their displeasure.

Whatever politicians may say, the Church is a force to be reckoned with, as candidates will discover all over England. If they do not repudiate Mr. McKenna and all his ways, and shake themselves free of Dr. Clifford and his party, they must expect defeat.—Yours, &c.,

R. J. BOND,
Vicar of Ashburton.

January 27th, 1908.

"THE MOTHER CONFESSORS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The perusal of the first ten lines (while dining alone here this evening) of "Mother Confessors," in THE NATION was quite sufficient to make me lay down the paper, moved by the instant impulse to ask you to convey to the writer of those words at least one expression amongst the many grateful but silent tributes which that delightful picture must surely evoke.

To me the article is a portrait. But if, as we may infer, it depicts a type, how magnificent and cheering the fact!—Yours, &c.,

Aberdeen,

January 19th, 1908.

"THE SCOT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer (p. 608) hardly does justice to Buckle, who is treated as an authority by eminent historians, e.g., Lecky. I suggest that it is misleading to call modern collectivist interference with liberty "taking over the ideas of the Scottish Church." The Kirk was blinded by a narrow bibliolatry. The modern secular politics are utilitarian and humane. We do not persecute for witchcraft, or Sabbath-breaking, or heresy. We do not oppose the mitigation of human suffering (e.g., by vaccination or anæsthetics) on the ground that such mitigation is in opposition to a God's laws.

The harmony which your reviewer finds between Cul-

ture and the Evangelical party is, so far as it exists, due to the weakening or cowardice of modern orthodoxy.—Yours, &c.,

G. W.

January 26th, 1908.

MR. CAMPBELL'S SERMONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many students of Liberal thought will be grateful for your reviewer's admirable remarks upon Mr. Campbell's recent volume of sermons, and will appreciate the service he has rendered in giving a wider constituency to the pertinent criticisms of Father Tyrrell and Dr. Rashdall than can be appealed to by the "Hibbert Journal."

It is a matter for great satisfaction that such well-balanced reviews (and incidentally, one may remark, such deeply religious articles) should so frequently find a place in your journal; they are by no means its least pleasing feature.

Time alone will prove whether Mr. Campbell's wholehearted advocacy of what are known as "New Theology" views can accomplish all that he hopes of them, but it is undoubtedly taking far too superficial a view to regard them as merely iconoclastic in tendency. Opinions may differ as to whether they are not sometimes presented in too polemical a spirit, but that there is much positive teaching of the highest and best kind enshrined therein can scarcely be doubted, and the review in question has rendered a real service by drawing attention to this in a dispassionate way.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST W. LEIGHTON.

Woodford Green,
January 15th, 1908.

"A WOMAN'S CHARTER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should like to make a few comments upon Mrs. Frederic Harrison's letter, which appeared in your columns last week.

Mrs. Harrison argues that because the militant section of the advocates of Women's Suffrage now seek to gain their ends by unconstitutional methods they will, after having obtained the vote, continue to use unconstitutional methods at subsequent Parliamentary elections, and thus they will increase rather than diminish the much to be deprecated present rowdyism which has recently manifested itself among men, notably at the Mid Devon election.

Such an argument does not hold good. These militant ladies now consider themselves outside the pale of the constitution, and therefore they act unconstitutionally. Give them the vote, receive them within the constitutional pale, and they will become law-abiding citizens.

There is no analogy between the advocates of Women's Suffrage and the Chartists. We are of all shades of political creeds and religious beliefs. We make no shibboleth of the "vote"; we desire it as a means to an end, and that end is our greater freedom.

Grievances we have, many and great. For a list of these I must refer Mrs. Harrison to the literature of the subject obtainable at 25, Victoria Street. Suffice it to say that anyone who has followed Parliamentary procedure must have become aware that Bills relating to women and children are apt to be relegated to the end of the session, and then slaughtered with the innocents. If members in charge of such private Bills had a strong constituency of women behind them they would be more careful as to the lives of these unfortunate Bills.

The high percentage of electors who polled at the last general election was most satisfactory. I believe I am right in saying that it seldom fell below 70, and it even went as high as 92. This does not look as though the vote were despised by those who now possess it; moreover, it is small wonder that a workman should accept a lift in a motor when he has to poll in his dinner hour or after a hard day's work.

Nor does the extension of the franchise seem to have seriously affected morality, since there is a considerable falling off in crime during the past half century. Let us hope, then, that when women have got their heart's desire

they will still remain guardians of morality and types of a high ideal.

We wish no war of the sexes, but rather we would that men and women should work together in a congress of peace.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY TOMLINSON,
M.B. Lond., C.S. Girton Col.

January 27th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The general attitude of your correspondent, Mrs. Harrison, is a striking illustration of your admirable article "The Sex War." But the acceptance of masculine ideals is no excuse for ignoring the facts of life. In what way are laws of less importance to women than to men? or, in a democracy, how can any one, either man or woman, have direct power over the making or alteration of laws, except by the vote? Modern conditions have increased women's need of the vote, for the ballot and extension of the franchise have completely altered the conception of the province of the State. Democracy has decided that the State shall not only provide a clear course for the race of life, but that it shall see that the competitors have an equal start and are not unduly handicapped. More and more, therefore, legislation concerns itself with home and family life—always considered women's special province—and with the conditions under which work in factories is carried on, especially when the workers are women.

Still more fundamental in the relation of women to the State is the fact that economic and social conditions register themselves in laws. Any alteration in these conditions requires a change in law before it can become fully effective. Ideas are now rapidly changing, and just as the workers are demanding their rights and not charity, so women are making a similar demand. They are beginning to ask for equal pay for equal work; they are no longer content to be shut out from professions and trades, or to be in the unequal position before the law, so flagrantly evident in the laws about divorce and illegitimate children, and not less so in the Common Law view of husband and wife, which may be summed up in the saying attributed to a husband: "My wife and I are one, and I am that one." While the husband lives the wife is not the legal parent of her child. She cannot even obtain a vaccination order. Unless she has property of her own, or goes out to work, she is entirely dependent on her husband's pleasure for the support of her children and herself. Every working woman can speak of cases where the support given is miserably inadequate, a most disproportionate share of the income being kept by the husband. But as long as the wife lives with her husband, bears his children, toils for unlimited hours in the work of the home, she has no legal power to enforce reasonable maintenance.

National progress requires that women should free themselves from views imposed by others, should learn to think and act for themselves, and should receive the power of impressing equally with men their ideals on the State.—Yours, &c.,

LILIAN HARRIS.

Kirkby Lonsdale,
January 27th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mrs. Harrison is evidently convinced of the worthlessness of the franchise as a weapon against oppression or a means of righting wrongs. Here we have the logical explanation of her opinion that the present agitation for Women's Suffrage is mere waste of energy. She takes a pessimistic view of the average elector, describes vote by ballot as a "mechanical fetish," and immediately proceeds to challenge Suffragists to issue a "Charter," which, without the power to realise it by means of this same "fetish," would simply remain a dead letter.

Further, while inviting women to strengthen their cause by imitating the Chartists, Mrs. Harrison cheerfully remarks that some of the Chartists' famous six points "are still on the Liberal programme, and others are relegated to the background of logical reforms which can wait."

How, then, would the cause of women benefit by a "Charter"?

If there is one lesson which Suffragists have been taught by past experience it is that of the necessity of avoiding distractions, and concentrating on one aim—the vote. Unenfranchised women can no longer dissipate their energies by working for debatable or vague reforms. First get your vote, then use it—for winning your Charter. No will-o'-the-wisp must now tempt women from the sure ground of their undeniably just and moderate demand for Women's Suffrage.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY ASHTON.

Brighton, January 28th, 1908.

Poetry.

AN IRISH MOTHER.

A WEE slip drawin' water,
Me ould man at the plough,
No grown-up son nor daughter,
That's the way we're farmin' now.
"No work and little pleasure"
Was the cry before they wint,
Now they're gettin' both full measure,
And I ought to be contint.

Great wages men is givin'
In that land beyond the say,
But it's lonely—lonely livin'
Whin the childher is away.
Oh, the baby in the cradle,
Blue eyes and curlin' hair,
God knows I'd give a gra'dle
To have little Pether there.

No doubt he'd find it funny,
Lying here upon me arm,
Him that's earnin' the good money
On a Californy farm.
Six pounds it was, or sivin,
He sent last quarter day,
But it's lonely—lonely livin'
When the childher is away.

God is good—no better
And the Divil might be worse,
Each month there comes a letter
Bringing somethin' for the purse.
And the old man's heart rejoices
Whin I read they're doin' fine,
But it's oh! to hear their voices
And to feel their hands in mine.

To see the cattle driven',
And the young ones makin' hay,
'Tis the lonely land to live in,
Whin the childher are away.
Whin the shaddas do be fallin'
On the ould man there an' me,
'Tis hard to keep from callin'—
"Come in, childher, to yer tea."

I can almost see them comin'—
Mary Kate, an' little Con,
Och! but I'm the foolish woman—
Sure they're all grown up an' gone.
That our sins may be forgivin,
An' not wan go astray—
I doubt I'd stay in Hivin,
If them childher was away.

PERCY FRENCH.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

MANY of Mr. J. M. Barrie's admirers regret that since "The Little White Bird" appeared some five years ago, he has given up fiction for drama. We understand that he has now almost completed a sequel to that book, to be called "When Wendy Grew Up." The title suggests the blend of humour and sentiment which is so marked a feature of Mr. Barrie's work.

* * *

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will issue this season "The Making of Canada, 1763—1814," by Mr. A. G. Bradley, a sequel to his previous volume, "The Fight with France in North America." Mr. Bradley traces the formation and solidifying of British rule in Canada to two main causes. The first of these was the successful defence of Quebec and the consequent integrity of the Colony during the American War of Independence, when there was a possibility that Canada might become "the fourteenth State of the Union." The second cause was the influx of loyalists, compulsory or voluntary refugees, from the old Colonies on the termination of the war. It was this movement that changed the character of the country from an almost purely French community into the condition of British predominance which laid the foundation of modern Canada. The book ends with an account of the war of 1812-14, when English and French fought side by side in defence of their common country, and thus put an end to any doubt that might exist concerning their ultimate political assimilation.

* * *

"THE Book: Its History and Development," by Mr. Cyril Davenport, the next volume to appear in the same publisher's excellent "Westminster Series" of technical works, and promises to be by far the fullest account of the evolution of the book in English. Practically no phase of its growth is left untouched, from the primitive rock inscriptions, through the papyrus and vellum rolls and the medieval manuscripts, down to the magnificently printed and illustrated *éditions de luxe* of our own day. There are separate chapters on such subjects as paper, printing, binding, and illustration, special attention being given to the curious work of the Persian binders, while even such obscure forms of binding as the ancient Irish "cumdachs," or book-boxes, are dealt with. A useful feature will be the very full bibliographies which are added to each chapter.

* * *

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY has been chosen by the Duke of Rutland to write the biography of his father, the seventh duke, better known as Lord John Manners, the show figure of the young England group, to which Disraeli gave a kind of half distinction, and long a picturesque, but not powerful, figure in the House of Commons.

* * *

THE Fabian Society will shortly issue a pamphlet by Mr. Bernard Shaw, entitled "On Driving Capital Out of the Country," written as a reply to those critics who assert that the growth of Socialism will have the effect of forcing the exportation of capital. The pamphlet is based upon a series of articles which have recently appeared in "The New Age."

* * *

IT seems likely that the education question will be hotly debated in the near future. For those who do not take a partisan view of the subject, a book on "German Education, Past and Present," which is announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin, should prove of interest. It is by Professor Friedrich Paulsen, who occupies the chair of philosophy in the University of Berlin, and is known throughout Germany as a brilliant writer on educational theories. Some of the problems discussed, such as religious instruction and compulsory Greek, have an important bearing on our own controversies.

* * *

LONDONERS will hear with pleasure that Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are preparing an illustrated volume dealing with London buildings and landmarks, which either have been destroyed in recent years or are now threatened with destruc-

tion. Its title is "London: Passed and Passing," and the illustrations are the work of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, whose feeling for architecture and clever draughtsmanship are shown in the pictures which he contributed to Mr. A. H. Beaven's book on "Imperial London," published some years ago by Mr. Dent.

* * *

M. EMILE VERHAEREN, the famous Belgian poet, shares with his fellow-countryman Maeterlinck the distinction of being one of the very few writers born and living outside of France and employing the French language whose greatness is recognised by the foremost French critics. M. Verhaeren is at present engaged upon a tragedy in prose and verse called "Helen of Troy," which is said to be of marked originality and great dramatic force. There is a rumour that the piece will be produced at the Théâtre-Antoine. "The Dawn," a former play of M. Verhaeren, has been translated into English by Mr. Arthur Symonds.

* * *

WE warmly congratulate our contemporary, "The Bookseller," on its jubilee number, issued this week. The first appearance of "The Bookseller" in January, 1858, marked an epoch in trade journalism. Its editor, Mr. Joseph Whitaker, had, while conducting "The Gentleman's Magazine," been impressed by the many shortcomings of the publishers' trade lists then in existence, and he determined to produce an independent organ which would give full particulars of every book published. With this end in view he established "The Bookseller," which, it is hardly necessary to add, fully realised his ambition, and is now indispensable to all engaged in the trade as well as being of the highest value to librarians and others who wish to keep informed of the newest books.

* * *

THE "Società Internazionale Scientifico-religiosa," of Rome, is bringing out a fortnightly review under the name of "Nova et Vetera." Its lines are those of the well-known "Programma dei Modernisti," published last autumn by the society—an English translation of which, by Mr. A. L. Lilley, is announced. It is the organ of the Roman, as the "Rinnovamento" is of the Milanese, group of Modernists. The first number, which is one of considerable promise, was issued on January 21st. After a remarkable "Vorwort," liberal and, in the true sense of the word, evangelical, it contains an article by Father Tyrrell on the Spiritual, as opposed to the Coercive, Primacy of Rome; a discussion of the alleged Modernism of Cardinal Newman; reviews of M. Paul Bureau's "Crise Morale des Temps Nouveaux," and Signor Pio Molaioni's "Osservazioni di un Solitario"; and, finally, a significant comment on Roman affairs, "Echi Vaticani," by Signor Guglielmo Quadrotta, of the "Giornale d'Italia," which, it is hoped, will form a permanent feature of the review. The subscription, out of Italy, is 10 lire per annum; and the office of publication is 28, Via della Mercede, Rome. We shall be curious to see how soon the staff and readers of "Nova et Vetera" incur the excommunication which has fallen to the lot of the "Rinnovamento."

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Apologia Diffidentis." By W. Compton Leith. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Interludes and Poems." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"The National Church: Essays on its History and Constitution and Criticisms of its Present Administration." By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, D.D. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Bonapartism." Six Lectures delivered in the University of London. By H. A. L. Fisher. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Swiss Democracy." By H. D. Lloyd and J. A. Hobson. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

"The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen." Copyright Edition. Vol. I. With Introductions by William Archer and C. H. Herford, Litt.D., M.A. (Heinemann. 4s.)

"Somehow Good." By William de Morgan. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Etudes d'Histoire et de Psychologie du Mysticisme." Par H. Delacroix. (Paris: Alcan. 10fr.)

"Le Pacifisme." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Société française d'Imprimerie. 3fr. 50.)

"Dette Fatale." Roman. Par Lionel Delsace. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

"Geschichte von Florenz." II. Band. Guelfen und Ghibellinen. Von R. Davidsohn. (Berlin: Mittler. M.13.)

THE PROSPECT IN PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has opened very quietly. The atmosphere is appreciably different from that of a year ago. Fresh from the statement in the King's Speech challenging the action of the House of Lords, members then found themselves plunged into a violent debate, with the Leader of the Opposition readily accepting the challenge, in sarcasm, taunt and invective. Last Wednesday the Protectionists, fresh from the Mid Devon "sensational incident," undoubtedly expected some general attack "all along the line." Instead they were subjected to a rather rambling if amiable dissertation on foreign affairs, with only momentary and, as it seemed, stimulated indignation on the Irish cattle driving. Before Mr. Balfour had half finished, all the heart had vanished from the debate. The House of Commons, indeed, sees before it an immense programme of political and social reform. It knows that the harvesting of that programme will mean laborious nights and days. It is settling itself down doggedly to the task—the rather commonplace and not very exhilarating task—of attempting to do its duty. It regards (for the moment) outside discussion as irrelevant. It does not want rambling debates on Tariff Reform or the condition of Ireland or the status of British Indians in the Transvaal. It has been content to drop the constitutional issue between the Houses of Parliament. No one is talking to-day of an early dissolution. Indeed, perhaps the present ingenuous planning of programme for the next three or four years is being overdone. If the House of Lords is once firmly convinced—from the certificate of Ministerial assurances—that no action on their part for this or subsequent sessions will lead to their power being challenged before the electorate, they will probably be able to indulge in an exceedingly pleasant "hay-making" amongst the various items of the Government programme.

The majority to-day—in a word—is content to subordinate all the functions of Parliament to the legislative; and it is prepared to work the machine up to the breaking point. The new Committees will help undoubtedly in a task which would appear at first sight impossible. Everyone recognises that an Autumn Session is inevitable. But even with these two additions, if the Opposition decide to oppose, and no agreement can be formulated as to the allocation of time, the dismal expedients of compartmental closure, alternating with all night sittings, will probably still further justify those who declare that one legislative chamber is inadequate to the needs of four nations and a world Empire.

The Opposition can do nothing except with the co-operation of other parties, or fragments of parties, in the House. They may use the debates as a sounding-board through which to disperse criticism or confidence into the countryside. But with their tiny group of a hundred and fifty, who are not all in regular attendance, they can make no conspicuous impression upon the gigantic Government majority. Interest in this year's session—as a drama—is confined to the question of the cohesion or instability of that majority, and the relations which will prevail between it and the two parties of independence outside—the Irish and the Labour Parties.

The Irish have made one of their remarkable fusions, and once again offer to the House a united front. Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillen, and Mr. William O'Brien have agreed in a co-operation which a few months ago would have seemed a fantastic dream. They are determined to debate the question of Home Rule, and to obtain a definite decision on the subject—for or against—from the members of the Liberal majority. That debate is accepted by the Government, and the resolution will probably be carried by an enormous majority—with some abstentions but few resistances. Outside this vital consideration their attitude towards the Government, and especially towards the Chief Secretary, is one of extreme friendliness. No single member of that "shadow show" of phantoms which have wandered through the Chief Secretary's lodge during the past twenty years—engaged in the impossible work of alien administration in Ireland—has ever obtained the success which Mr. Birrell has obtained in winning the confidence of the Irish leaders.

His simple declaration that he will pass the Irish University Bill or resign is just that guarantee of sincerity which can appeal in that astonishing country more than any rhetoric or plausible promises. And although in Ireland itself hope of substantial benefit from this or any Parliament is well nigh dead, yet in the House itself we may expect to see a ready co-operation between the Irish Party and the Government in attempting solution of a problem which has baffled English statesmen for two generations.

The Labour Party has returned fresh from the sensational evidence of its growth at the bye-elections. It occupies a position of importance quite disproportionate to its numbers in the House of Commons. For most urban members are aware that even if they could not be replaced by Labour representatives in their own constituencies, the hostility of organised Labour might at least ensure that they were replaced—by others. The Labour Party, however, must oppose the Government in some degree—or diminish its prestige. Unless it can reveal itself as more concerned with the welfare of the people than the historic parties, as more advanced in social reform, as more definite in its scheme of social amelioration, it is unable on the platform to justify its position of independence. During the autumn it has been subject to severe criticism, by its allies and by rival aspirants for popular favour, for its docility during the debates of last session. Mr. Bernard Shaw accused it of permanent obedience to the command "On the knee," and Mr. Blatchford contrasted with regret its "correct" attitude with that of the "Suffragettes." It will be compelled, therefore, whether it would or no, to assert itself with some vigour during the session; and (especially on the questions of unemployment and old age pensions) it will probably maintain a simmering criticism of the Government proposals. In Mr. Arthur Henderson it has selected an admirable chairman; and, if the fusion takes place with the Trades Union group and the miners, the party will find itself in a position of considerable power, even in the counting of votes in the division lobbies.

What of the majority? So long as that is faithful to the Government, no possible combination can deprive it of its domination in the House. Certainly at the moment the possibilities of fissure seem remoter than ever before. The work of the Prime Minister for two years—accomplished with almost sensational success—has been to persuade and control this unprecedented instrument of Reform. To-day—if that unfortunate event became a practical necessity—he could hand over the reins to his successor with the consciousness that the work has been almost accomplished. Yet there are one or two difficult questions still to face. The first and most hazardous is the question of Retrenchment. The advocates of economy have hitherto made no kind of effective struggle in demand for reduction of naval and military expenditure. The old fight, which was led by a group of Tory members in the last Parliament, and supported by the whole Liberal minority, seems to have been forgotten. The gradual reduction of the Army expenses to something like the level of ten years ago has been relegated to the region of dreams. Yet it is not impossible that a situation—serious, if not critical—may arise on any direct determination of any large body of members to translate into action those promises of retrenchment, which they have made so freely on the political platform. The new Education Bill is another controversial subject. Members from Yorkshire, from the Eastern Counties, or from Wales, demand a drastic measure of reorganisation. On the other hand, muttered curses arise from members for Lancashire, for East London, or any other districts with a large Catholic population. The "contracting-out" which is anticipated as an integral part of the Bill is certain to be fought by educational experts. Meantime, the hope of the wisest rests in a rally upon Old-Age Pensions; demanding a large and far-reaching measure, which shall be felt as substantially operative in the lives of the poor. The greatest hope—and anxiety—concentrates around the question of finance. That hope demands that all the invective which is being scattered in the name of Income Tax payers, and the immensely vocal influences of great wealth, will not restrain Mr. Asquith from a courageous attempt to bring, by direct taxation, further superfluities of income into the service of a national need.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

Reviews.

JAMIE THE ROVER.*

"TO-DAY," wrote a literary causer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of December 30th last, "was the death day in 1765 of the luckless and worthless Old Pretender, the last male Stuart who was born in Britain." The date was wrong, but no matter. "Luckless and worthless!" So history always argues, and it is a convenient habit in the end if we are to believe in progress. But it does not represent the truth in any strictly or scientifically accurate form, and, in the present case, it works out a little bit severely perhaps for the individual. The Old Pretender suffered for the sins of his fathers. He was by no means worthless. Two admirable monographs have been issued during the past six months to prove that "the king over the water" was, on the contrary, most worthy, too good rather than too bad for a throne, the best pretender that ever was—and they have succeeded. James III. was a throw-back from most of his immediate ascendants, for he was a conscientious, business-like, almost severely moral and respectable person, kind, industrious, and tolerant to a fault, the antipodes of his father and uncle; in short, a perfectly ideal constitutional monarch. There was no incompatibility between him and a British throne. The tragedy of the Old Pretender, we may fairly conclude, was not one of character at all, but a tragedy of a species generally regarded as inferior in intensity of interest or significance, though not certainly in pathos, namely, a tragedy of time and circumstance. The Theatre Royal had no longer a vacancy for an hereditary actor-manager. It was to be run henceforth by a syndicate. The syndicate, of course, was the Venetian oligarchy—a handful of English nobles of highly varied antecedents, who had engineered the revolution, the debt, the war, and the union. They represented a minority in 1688, but their energy reposed upon the important fact that malcontents and old Protestant sympathisers abounded in the land, while the country gentry as a whole put Protestantism (with Church property) and anti-foreign feeling above their loyalty. This explains the defection of the army officers. William's manners, appearance, and special vices were disagreeable to those Englishmen with whom he came into contact. But these were not many. To the multitude he represented an impersonal, scientific frontier against Popery and wooden shoes. James's mistakes, on the other hand, were intensely personal—and intensely human. Living in mortal sin with his ugly mistresses despite the crescendo of pietism that began in him after his second marriage, desiring above all things to propagandise his faith, yet mortally offending the Pope and terrifying the old English Catholics, James's intolerance, blindness, cruelty, and nervelessness have been grossly exaggerated. He was incoherent, no doubt, and luckless, but not wholly worthless. The luck of the Stuarts, commencing with Mr. James Misfortunate, was proverbial, as Killiecrankie, the Boyne, and La Hogue, no less than 1708 and 1715, attest. The explanation of all is to be found in those most effective of all native bogies, Romanism and French influence; and the adroit way in which the enemies of the Stuart House and policy managed to saddle the "pretenders" to their ancestral throne with these night-mares was masterly in the extreme.

And it was done for the most part instinctively. Hero worship itself has discovered no master mind among the Whig chieftains. But they knew what they wanted, and when 1715 came they recognised in George of Brunswick the Doge of their choice. A popular king would have been fatal to Venetian oligarchy. A protector of Protestantism who breathed fire and fury against the French, spoke no English, and never came to Cabinet Councils or made the slightest effort to ingratiate himself in this country, was just what they wanted. Marcus Aurelius himself would have striven in vain against such a combination. James III. was not a Marcus Aurelius, but he was the best man by far that the royal house of Stuart had produced since 1603. In religion and politics he had a good deal of the

medieval strain characteristic of his race; but he was merciful and humane, fair-minded to a degree unusual in a monarch, and, for all his foreign training, an Englishman at heart, as he was by birth, though he lacked the peculiar English trait of political opportunism. Yet it is a mistake to say that, could James only have renounced his religion, he might have recovered the throne of his ancestors. So stupid were the tactics of the English Tories, so lukewarm the courage of his titular supporters in England (one-third timid sentimentalists, another third mere bottle-Jacobites), and, above all, so astute the manoeuvres of the Whig junta, that his only real chance of the sceptre was as the *protégé* of the French king.

The genius of Marlborough was fatal to success through the medium of a French army. The end of the Stuart drama hovers over us from the first rise of the curtain with a tragic irony. The story is one of a process rather than of a catastrophe. The "cause" was foredoomed. But the memory of it is none the less romantic because the ideas, many of them beautiful, which it symbolised are irrevocable. "Green as the unfading pines of the Highland glens, that memory lives for ever." As every night millions of eyes are raised to contemplate the brilliancy of those stars which, though they have been dead for years, still glitter so brightly in the heavens, so for lifetimes, and even for centuries, for good and evil, men see around them things that once were but are no more. The Jacobite episode will long remain one of the brightest constellations in the historic firmament, and will serve to remind us of the truth of George Sand's saying that "Remembrance is the perfume of the soul."

The departments of medieval romance were three: matters of France, matters of Britain, matters of Rome, this last including antiquity, the second Arthur, the first Charlemagne. In the modern world, too, there would seem to be a like number of themes upon which all romance is tending more and more to concentrate—Napoleon, the Stuarts, and Old Japan. There are other romantic matters no doubt; the conquests of Cortes and Pizarro, for instance, the Mohamedan and British conquests of Indostan, Garibaldi, the independence of Hungary and Bulgaria, the first triumphs of Islam, the Northmen in the Mediterranean, the relentless decay of the Romany, the Red Men and the *coureurs de bois* from the old and the new world. But these matters, however attractive, do not excite quite the same hunger and thirst for multiplication of detail; they tend to become smaller and smaller specks upon the bank and shoal of time. As old, unhappy, far-off things upon which we have no choice but to harp again and again with our stories and our rhymes, they cannot compete with the woes of the Arthurian cycle or the misfortunes of the Jacobites. The story of Mary Queen of Scots—does it not grow the fresher and the younger for the telling? Charles I., a shifty and commonplace man enough at the outset, encounters sorrows so great as to give his endurance an air of almost preternatural dignity; and then, after the Restoration, where shall we find a history so pregnant with the strange vicissitude and sadness of human sequels, and of the grandeurs and miseries of the great, or so suggestive of the formidable part which chance has to play in the current of human affairs as in the grievous and lamentable chronicle of the later Stuarts?

The wind blows east or west, Catharine of Aragon says "yes" or "no," Queen Anne over-eats herself, the Pretender has the measles, and the course of English history is changed "according." Suppose that France and England had not been at peace in 1766 when the Old Chevalier died, or that during the previous half century Berwick (whose defection at the critical moment is something of a mystery) or Saxe, had taken the helm of the Jacobite Party. History has always been such a sycophant. For it is certainly a foolish sycophancy which pretends that things must have always been for the best. See how the successful ones have ever trampled on the slain; the Tudors on the Yorkists, Elizabeth on Mary, William on James II., Orleans on D'Artois; and then how cynical the victors have been—the warming-pan fable and similar tales, kept up for just so long as they would prejudice the vulgar and ill-informed, then quietly dropped. And what an absurd travesty of James is that of Thackeray in "Esmond." Can one help a lurking suspicion that our hereditary distrust of the

* "James Francis Edward: The Old Chevalier." By Martin Haile, with eleven illustrations. Dent. 16s. net.

"The King Over the Water." By A. Shield and Andrew Lang, with nine illustrations. Longmans. 15s. net.

Stuarts was largely a pretext of a sneaking, interested, commercially protective kind—a sham quarrel, a pretence not to know, a snobbery!

One begins to see that the Jacobite cause was a mythus, a hollow affair; to invest it with reality would suppose the existence of a tribe of heroes, of demi-gods, such as did not exist—have never existed. *De trop* in England, the Stuarts and their misfortunes were welcome abroad as long as their sorrows were sufficiently notorious. Gradually they became a bore even to the Papal Court, for whom they had suffered so much, and then comes the “nasty bottle,” until George III. confers a pension upon the last of the race, a poor, aged, importunate beggar, and the “Times” solemnly applauds this act of princely munificence.

Has then their story lost its charm? These two elaborate monographs on the “Old Pretender” attest that it has not. In 1905 Martin Haile brought out a biography of Queen Mary of Modena. Like so many investigators in similar fields, this writer caught the Stuart fever, was compelled to go beyond the Regency, and to tell the full story of James Francis Edward. The task makes a considerably greater demand upon an author's powers, but Martin Haile has risen to the situation and has written a scholarly book, beautifully designed, beautifully illustrated, equipped with references so thorough as to supersede the need of a bibliography, and produced in such a way as to prepossess the reader strongly in its favour. The proverbial ill luck of “the family” which its last representatives came to worship with a kind of idolatry—so persistent that even the Electress Sophia wrote of “le pauvre prince de Galles”—but to which we get a clue now and again in James's strange, straightforward tactlessness with adherents, loses nothing in such hands. From internal evidence exclusively we cannot help suspecting that Martin Haile is a woman, so cognate is the work in many of its best qualities, and one or two that it lacks (more especially a far-reaching synthetic range of vision), with the excellent historical writing of Miss Eva Scott and Miss Foxcroft on this self-same period. Martin Haile's was by far the best book on its subject until that of Miss A. Shield and Mr. Andrew Lang appeared a month or two later. This last is a much bigger book; its scope is much wider, and it is fuller and more detailed. But it has less artistry and less relief. Mr. Lang knows his subject far too well. There is nothing of the ardour of the learner about his pages. The material has all become in a sense stale and outworn. The virtue has gone out of it. The detail is overdone. It is microscopic. To model figures with such material is like modelling with dust. The result would be pathetic, almost to tragedy, were it not so familiar. Compare Sanford's portraits of the characters in the Great Rebellion with those of Gardiner. The last-mentioned historian had come to know them all too well. He could explain and forgive everything; the graphic fervour which partisanship and partiality of view alone seem able to inspire had departed from him. So with Mr. Lang. No one knows the history of the decline and fall of the House of Stuart so minutely as he. He has written it out and written it over. He has inspired romances about it such as Mr. Mason's spirited “Clementina.” But the details of the history gradually assume proportions out of all keeping with the perspective, and he has become more and more unable to subordinate the parts to the whole. The results, already manifest in the fourth volume of his “History of Scotland” and in his book on the young Chevalier, are even more conspicuous here. The charm of the book, apart from a few minute percussions of novelty, is confined accordingly to a few beautifully written passages, in which the old haunting beauty of the theme as he first envisaged it, and before it was desupernaturalised by minute and over persistent research, seems to have returned at his bidding.

Lucretius and Modern Thought.*

WHEN, in or about 1417 A.D., Poggio sent back to Florence from a German monastery the manuscript of Lucretius, the newly discovered poet made an immediate and lasting impression on the scholars of the time: for, in his double

aspect of poet and man of science, he seemed to strike the very keynote of the Renaissance itself. And so we find among the fruits of this popularity not merely the great work of Gassendi on Atomism, but, probably through the medium of the poems of Politian, the inspiration of two of the most famous pictures of Botticelli. Lucretius' appeal to the twentieth century is essentially the same, but it should be stronger: not merely has the revival of the atomic theory as the basis of all physical and chemical inquiry given a quite new interest to the scientific side of his work, and the modern feeling for nature deepened our appreciation of the poet, but the whole setting of the “*De Rerum Natura*,” with its tense struggle against the fictions of superstition and its strong undercurrent of really religious feeling—even despite the poet's will—must come home to the modern world with a force which would have been impossible at the time of the re-discovery. “The face of nature and its inner workings” (*naturae species ratioque*) are the objects of Lucretius' observation and research, and it would not be too much to say that in the correlation of these two interests—that of the artist and the man of science—and the establishment of their relation to religion lie the main problems for the thought of the twentieth century.

Dr. Masson, in putting together the results of many years' study of Lucretius and his master, Epicurus, using freely and thoughtfully the work of recent commentators—Munro, Brieger, Guyau, Martha, and the very brilliant essays of Giussani—and gathering passages of illustration from modern scientific writers, has given us a book which cannot fail to arouse a deep interest in many different classes of readers. Yet there is a good deal in it that, even with a strong appreciation of its value as a whole, one cannot help wishing had been otherwise. Dr. Masson writes as an enthusiast—sometimes (e.g., pp. xxiv. and 369) in a rather irritatingly ecstatic style—but his work is clearly intended as a scientific study. From that point of view one misses a good deal. In the first place, Epicureanism is treated far too much as an isolated phenomenon—it can only be really understood and estimated in its context, by returning not merely, as Dr. Masson has done in Chap. xiv., to Democritus and Leucippus, but to the problems and solutions of the earlier philosophers. Atomism was not a new and wholly independent theory of the world: it was in reality the culmination of the old dispute of the Ionian and Eleatic schools on the underlying question of all early Greek thought: “Is the world one or many; a single unity or a diverse plurality?”; and its value in the history of Greek thought is that, when the dialogue of philosophers had shown that plurality annihilates permanence, and monism motion, atomism—foreshadowed in the “seed-theory” of Anaxagoras—reconciled differences in the new notion that the permanent substratum, one and homogeneous in kind, is yet numerically “many.” This failure to take atomism in its place in the history of philosophy is responsible too for a want of cohesion in Dr. Masson's presentment of Epicureanism as a unity within itself. To take an illustration: one of the main questions debated among Democritus's immediate predecessors was whether reliance could be placed in the evidence of the senses. Democritus, with his usual love of refinement, held that whereas the “ordinary consciousness” was far from a sure criterion, sense-perception, stripped of the additions made by the mind, was a safe guide: of this doctrine there are some traces in Lucretius, but Epicurus, scorning over-subtlety, laid down, as the very basis of his system, that sense-perception was not only the safest but the only means of certain knowledge. Whenever it gave clear information, it must be followed: but in matters beyond its scope, argument must be from the evidence of the known to the unknown, all explanations not contradicted by sense being treated with equal respect. These principles Dr. Masson states in his account of the Epicurean Canonice on p. 252, but he does not, as Lucretius, the true Epicurean, was in duty bound, bear them in mind right through the system. For instance, the reason why Lucretius offers us alternative and conflicting accounts of astronomical phenomena is not that astronomy was “not yet a science” (p. 379), but because its phenomena are beyond the reach of sense-perception: Lucretius' beautiful illustrations, too, of which Dr.

* “Lucretius; Epicurean and Poet.” By John Masson, M.A., LL.D. John Murray. 12s. net.

Masson speaks (pp. 380 ff.) with strong poetic sympathy, were to him not merely illustrations but arguments according to the strictest canons of his master. With this principle in mind, Dr. Masson could hardly have complained so scornfully of Lucretius' "Epicurean logic" on p. 244, or, in speaking of the doctrine of the "least parts" of the atom, have stated on p. 107 that Lucretius "offers no proof of it": in both cases he is offering what his master had laid down as the only logical proof. In just the same way, the whole notion of the parts of the atom, with which Dr. Masson deals rather unsatisfactorily in pp. 92 ff., can only be properly understood if it is traced historically from the time when Leucippus first said that the atom "had no parts."

In his very interesting chapters on the relation of Lucretius to modern science, Dr. Masson gives us plenty of food for reflection, but again it is difficult to suppress a grumble. Much of Dr. Masson's work here is but a *rechauffé* of what he said in his "Atomic Theory of Lucretius," published in 1884, and things have changed a good deal since then. Surely the Tyndall-Martineau controversy, to which so much space is devoted in Chapter VIII., is rather out of date by now; and, on the other hand, the far-reaching speculations of Professor Haeckel, which are just glanced at in a footnote on p. 189, would now form a much more interesting parallel to the "free-will" of the atoms than W. K. Clifford's notion of "mind-stuff." Above all, the new theories of ions and electrons, which, in fact, constitute an advance from the diverse and heterogeneous atoms of chemistry to fundamental homogeneous particles, such as Lucretius believed in, are far too important for the very cavalier treatment in a couple of pages (104-106) which Dr. Masson accords them. But, to be frank, the whole of this section of the book is too much a matter of scissors-and-paste—casual extracts from various men of science to illustrate individual points: what was wanted—it is true it would be difficult to get—was an authoritative exposition of the present position of the atomic theory and a careful comparison, point by point, with the Epicurean system. Finally, many readers—though perhaps not all—will deprecate the tone of the modern religious apologist which runs through the whole book and comes out into great prominence in the last chapter: it is one thing to give an account of an ancient philosophy, another to refute it with modern arguments, and a third to maintain a theistic position against modern scientific writers. The confusion of these three aims cannot but detract from the interest and value of the book. But if Dr. Masson's work is robbed of finality by want of cohesion and breadth in treatment and inaccuracy of detail—a good deal might be said under that head—it is a book one is thoroughly glad to have read. It is full of suggestion for the student of Lucretius—we might select the chapters on the Birth of the World, on the Theory of Images, on the Epicurean gods, and on Epicurus' Ethics as specially attractive, and for the general reader it should be almost a revelation of the nearness of the ancient and modern worlds. It will probably achieve Dr. Masson's object best if it persuades some, as it certainly should, to take down Lucretius from their shelves and, even if they do not follow the intricacies of Epicurean argument, at least enjoy again the music of the most original and fearless of the Latin poets.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

To write a book upon the Cause of Woman requires nowadays the possession of no common qualities; for what was novel and glorious to a Mary Wollstonecraft, is to an Annette Meakin a tedious and familiar duty. Like many another once-dazzling heresy, the Rights of Woman has sunk into respectability; its pioneers have retired prosperous, and its once blasphemous tenets have acquired all the honourable sanction due to platitude. Praise, therefore, and gratitude, must be given to the writer of the present volume. To be a martyr for one's cause is but vainglorious virtue; to be a bore for it requires a heroism more sublime.

What is womanhood? An irretrievable misfortune. So it has been felt and thought for centuries; the weaker have

suffered and succumbed; the brave endured, and made the best of it. Never till of recent years has there been any determined effort to alter or improve. But the nineteenth century has witnessed many striking changes, and few have been more remarkable than the change that has taken place in the feminine soul. Science and democracy, though they may have dethroned divinity and sanctified revolution, have yet achieved two Christian graces: they have given to man a new humility, and to woman a new hope.

Woman, as Miss Meakin reminds us, is still in a stage of transition. Like the growing girl, all arms and legs, growing-pains and grievances, she is a problem to her elders and a perplexity to herself. It is an awkward age, but one of infinite promise and importance. All over the civilised world its manifestations may be studied. Woman is rubbing her eyes in dreamy Germany, stretching herself in England and France; she is wide awake in Finland, Norway, and Russia, and up and doing in the United States. Even in Egypt and Constantinople she is beginning to taste the troublous pleasures of education, to dream in secret of liberty. But if education is the corner-stone of freedom, it has yet to be securely laid. "There is not a single country in Europe," writes M. Novikoff, "where all the educational institutions are open to both sexes." Even the commonplace and simple expedient of co-education is still regarded by the average Briton as a mixture of paradox and impropriety. It is not for morality, however, that he has cause to tremble, but for sentiment: passion knows no deadlier enemy than propinquity. "It is very rarely, if ever, that a man in our country marries one of the girls with whom he has been educated," is the verdict of Denmark. That to educate women makes them unattractive is, therefore, the conclusion of the superficial. The woman of superior attainments is too abnormal to suit the healthy masculine fancy. Yet fashion is a mighty force, and who knows, if, the vogue once prominently established, the claims of intellect and character may not rival even the attractions of criminality?

Let faint hearts take courage. That mute tragedy, the old maid, is dying out. In her stead is the professional woman—active, contented, and revered.

"It is a sign of the way in which initiative has awakened in women of recent years (writes Miss Meakin) that we find them to-day engaged successfully in almost every calling on the face of the earth. They are earning their bread as civil-engineers, architects, surveyors, agriculturists, sea-captains, pilots, musical composers, band conductors, dramatists, poultry-raisers, bee-keepers, horticulturists, steeple-jacks, barristers, physicians, surgeons, and even house-painters. . . . In the United States there were, in 1904, more than three thousand women preachers, one thousand lawyers, more than seven thousand women doctors, some seven hundred women dentists, nearly a thousand women commercial travellers, five hundred female electricians, forty-five lady chauffeurs, and a fair sprinkling of female grooms, stone masons, tram conductors, firemen, butchers, and jockeys."

It seems idle nowadays, when she appears to succeed in so many, to raise the question of Woman's Rightful Sphere. Yet the problem is one over which mankind has continually wrangled, and probably will never solve. Temperament may incline us to the rational or sentimental view, the abstractly just or the expediently selfish. We may side indifferently with Plato or the Rev. Knox Little; history supports both. If the Christian despot gazes Eastwards to vindicate the antiquity of his claim, the Socialist has but to think of Sparta and is at once acquitted of all originality. Precedent proves nothing; and were freedom and equality as modern as the motor-car, their triumph would be no less inevitable. It cannot fairly be denied, however, that woman, in her transitional stage, is relinquishing much of her primordial poetry. Traditional romance, which longs for ringlets and caprice, sees small attraction in the logical faculty and a fountain-pen. The charms of coquetry are ill replaced by common sense, and woman (so it is said), in attaining self-control, has ceased to be dramatic. Worse still, in asserting her right to defend her own interests, she has given the death-blow to chivalry. Yet it was a courtier from the kingdom where women were past-mistresses in the science of heart-breaking who declared that "Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme, est-ce-qu'il y a au monde un commerce plus délicieux?"

Even were every anti-feminist allegation proved,

* "Woman in Transition." By Annette M. B. Meakin. Methuen. 6s.

woman's claims would still demand recognition. Sex plays, after all, but a transitory part in the drama of human life; men and women are individuals before they are partners. Love may scourge man into existence, but humanity has higher aims than mere perpetuation. The woman whose life is complete in itself is not disgraced if she leave no future behind her. Posterity has been her apology; let her existence seek its own justification.

Miss Meakin conducts us valiantly over the well-worn paths. She has had much to contend with. The professors of Germany make their epigrams, biologists are not always faithful to the cause, and there is a good deal of disconcerting evidence to prove that feminine ability is distinct from genius. Practically everything that has been said for or against the question is repeated in the volume; its pages glitter with quotation; every authority on woman-kind, from Aristotle to President Roosevelt, is given a hearing. Miss Meakin, however, is to be congratulated on one remarkable piece of reticence. The word "vote" is mentioned but once; the word "suffragette" is entirely omitted.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THE saying that character is plot is one that the novelist disregards at his peril. It is a precept upon which our great novelists, from Fielding to Meredith, have acted, but in the hands of our third and fourth-rate story-tellers the imbroglío of plot has played the fatal rôle that the "anecdote" picture played in the British official school of painting, 1830-1900. "Get a good stirring plot, with wheels within wheels, and everything else will follow" Mr. James Payn was wont to advise young novelists in the 'seventies, and though the chief masters, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, and Trollope, never put the cart before the horse in this fashion, the popular Victorian school, from Wilkie Collins to Walter Besant, sacrificed artistic truth to bustling stage manoeuvres. Even Thomas Hardy did not escape the prevailing infection, and, so far as his work rests upon feet of clay, it is the arbitrary happenings and accidental turns of the wheel in so many of his novels that impair the feeling of inevitability, which is the highest artistic achievement in a close scrutiny of human character. The alternative to a complicated artificial scheme of "plot," in which the characters are sucked to and fro in the vortex of the story, is, in fact, the *situation* between the characters in a given environment, with the march of events determined by their inner forces, only now and then affected by chance striking from without. In the great Russian novels, as in "War and Peace," for example, there is no "plot," and accident only appears as an inevitable recurring linking-up of the irregular rhythmical curves of human life, whether we are following the march of armies in the field, the growth and decline of family fortunes, or the contact of men and women with the decisive turn of fate on each significant encounter. Wherever, in short, "plot" is patently constructed, and is not a chain of situations springing inevitably from the natural relations of men, the artist calls in the aid of machinery and weakens the illusion. The weakest element in Shakespeare is due to the complications of many of the plots he took over, ready-made, from the old chronicles that he followed, though, on the other hand, no writer ever demonstrated better than he that "character is plot."

Of the two books before us, the first, "The History of Aythan Waring," is an instructive example of how an author who has both insight and imagination falls straightway into an inferior rank by succumbing to the cheap allurements of "plot." Aythan and Eustace, cousins, are the adopted children of Matthew Bridges, of Crishowell House, who, however, marries a woman of twenty-eight, Hester Corbett, when both young men are nearly of age. Matthew Bridges dies suddenly, leaving a will by which the Crishowell estate passes to Hester for her life, then reverting to Aythan, who also inherits a substantial legacy. Hester, after her husband's death, falls deeply in love with the graceful, idle, and smooth-tongued Eustace, who makes love

to her partly to amuse himself and partly because he prefers the prospect of being the master of Crishowell to going out into the world and working for his living. But Eustace, while secretly engaged to Hester, whom he is already tiring of, pays furtive court to the beautiful Barbara Troup, a new neighbour, with whom Aythan is passionately in love. Now this situation, psychologically, is interesting, and the whole story ought to turn on this question: what are the laws that govern Hester's nature when she detects Eustace's double dealing? By keeping subtle, friendly relations with both Aythan and Barbara, Hester has it in her power to checkmate Eustace, and bring him back to her side, or else revenge herself upon him. The situation, in fact, should have been one arising from the play of the four characters upon one another, but Mrs. Jacobs has sacrificed both human interest and probability by her adherence to the lines of a melodramatic plot. In her reading of the situation we find Hester developing an intense hatred for Aythan, because the latter is to inherit Crishowell after her death and so dispossess Eustace and her (possible) children. Aythan accordingly leaves Crishowell, and becomes the agent of a certain Sir Helbert Bucknell, a neighbouring land owner. But Hester's hatred of him grows to such alarming proportions that when Aythan is falsely accused of a murderous assault on a villager, and of being implicated in the business of an illicit distillery carried on surreptitiously at the farm at which he is lodging, Hester actually bribes the wicked villager to swear Aythan's life away! A more unnaturally strained plot we have rarely come across, and if we cite it, it is only to deplore the false gods which so many talented English writers still childishly accept. One would think that Mrs. Jacobs was living in the days of James Payn, and that she had never heard of our great English realists, let alone the Continental masters, just as the authorities at Burlington House year after year are seen to perpetuate the terrible traditions of the "literary" picture, the sweet sugar-plum style in vogue from the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence to the days of Hook. It is a pity, this waste of talent and material on fifth-rate models, for the majority of these writers, as well as these artists, only need training. In the characters of Eustace Waring, Mr. Troup, and Sarah Ukyn the authoress shows that she can grasp the secrets of individuality, and why should they be wasted on the melodramatic void? In the last half of "The History of Aythan Waring" we believe, practically, in nothing that is told us, and the emotional agonies of the characters read as though they had been written in a blind adherence to certain perishable and stagey scenes in some of Thomas Hardy's works.

In "A Sheaf of Corn" Mrs. Mann shows no slackening of her remarkable creative energy. A score of novels already stands to her credit, and though she has not rivalled the late Mrs. Oliphant in mere fecundity, she is the superior, we judge, in craftsmanship as well as in independence of outlook. Many of the twenty stories brought together in "A Sheaf of Corn" show an imaginative intensity and a power of visualising scenes, by command of sharp realistic detail, that are quite uncommon. Her somewhat grim satisfaction in bringing her knaves and fools to judgment is balanced by a sympathy with the unsuccessful strugglers in adversity. The sketch of Car'line, the sickly, long-suffering wife of an agricultural labourer, Depper, who, after her death, comes whining to a neighbour's door, "'Taint a natural thing, I'm a-sayin', for me to du, Dinah, ter pass the night alone along o' my old missus's corp," is as good as a drawing by Brower; and equally unflinching is the story "When Deep Sleep Falleth," which describes the homecoming of a bride who is stepping into the shoes of the dead wife who hated her. In "The Cares of a Curate," Mrs. Mann avenges many men who have suffered cruelly from the pertinacious pursuit of the "ladies" of their parish. Perhaps the best story in the book is "Pink Carnations," a most cleverly written study of a wedding that never took place. It is the emotional range and the incisive realism shown in most of the stories that make Mrs. Mann so valuable a writer in these anæmic days. She does not turn her face away from the aspects of life that are conventionally called "ugly," and her strong spirit disdains the idealistic sentimental handling which is another name for feebleness.

*"The History of Aythan Waring." By Violet Jacobs. Heinemann. 6s.

"A Sheaf of Corn." By Mary E. Mann. Methuen. 6s.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

IN the "Social Fetish" (Smith, Elder, 5s. net) Lady Grove discusses, in various forms and with a light touch, that system of customs and conventions which is accepted as the right thing. She is not entirely on the side of the convention, though recognising as "wholesome" a due respect for the good governance of society. "The worship of convention," she declares, "is a fetish as hydra-headed and as disintegrating, both to the individual and the community, as any other sinister idolatry openly recognised in its ugly monstrosity." Here she sets herself "lightly to sketch the composition of this fetish." Three chapters deal with "Social Solecisms"—mispronunciation of words, the vagaries of the *nouveau riche*, the occasional eccentricities of "a Countess of irreproachable breeding eating cheese off the end of her knife, and a Marchioness drinking tea out of her saucer." Later papers consider "Tips" and "The Ethics of Motoring," the "Matinee Hat," and similar exhilarating subjects. The dislike of motoring to-day she ascribes largely to the "irresponsible chauffeur," with his misplaced sense of humour and his boast of the number of dogs he has killed in the year. She would be inclined, indeed, to endorse the verdict of a Colonial newspaper that there are only two classes of chauffeurs, "those who are in prison, and those who ought to be." These little papers are full of vivacity and pleasant illustration, and make a very readable volume.

* * *

"CHILE," by G. F. Scott Elliot (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.) appears as the first volume of the South American series: a new historic story of the nations which designs to illuminate the dense ignorance of English readers concerning the romantic past and present progress of the countries of South America. That story of the past is one of the most astounding records that the world has ever seen; in its brutalities, in its heroisms, in the vicissitudes of its fortunes, in the frequent miracles of its success, it offers a picture to which the world has no parallel. The Conquests of Mexico and Peru, which Prescott has interpreted to the English-speaking world, are here paralleled by similar feats accomplished through generations. From the day that Almagro raised his standard at Cuzco in 1535 and started with 600 Europeans and 15,000 Indians to conquer the land of Chile, to the day when Balmaceda in 1891 shot himself, leaving the message, "Whenever you and the friends remember me, believe me that my spirit, full of the tenderest love, will be amongst you," the history is one of continuous fascination to "all adventurous and daring persons." Mr. Scott Elliot tells the story with strong sympathy for this people and some sense of the greatness of the narrative. Human life is counted—during most of these days—as a little thing, in comparison with honour, freedom, or the desire for fame and passionate experience. Mr. Martin Hume, who contributes an introduction, has strong faith in the future of the country, with its "almost Anglo-Saxon governing classes," the "steady laboriousness of its peasants," and its special position on the borders of that ocean which is coming to be the centre of the world's interest. "All that Chile needs is time and peace to become one of the great nations of the world, and the almost aggressive patriotism of its citizens, even those whose blood is alien to the soil, proves that they, at least, have faith in the future of their country." Special chapters at the end deal with the present natural resources of Chile, and the book is well illustrated.

* * *

"NOTES ON PLACES" is the subtitle of Vernon Lee's "The Sentimental Traveller" (John Lane, 5s. net). But the notes are less on places than on moods and emotions: the impression which certain names and buildings and natural scenery excite in a reflective and sensitive mind. These short papers on various town and countrysides in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, all deal with the experience of the traveller as seen in the transfiguration of memory: where bodily discomfort and the stretches of dulness are forgotten, and form and colour acquire fresh value, and simple things—the yellowing limes, the smoke of the bonfires, the scent of autumn winds—become charged with significance and sadness and longing. This passion of the past combines in these pleasant sketches with a high

sense of the human interest of it all: the arduous and endurances of the generations which have thronged through the streets of these little German towns, now so quiet and serene, the consciousness of the presence of the shadowy centuries that have gone. She leaves the beaten track of travel, to visit curious places, now stranded and in fact forgotten: such as Quedlinburg in the flat Brunswick country, with the old buildings of its *Damenstifte*: and "Goslar, once Imperial," whose first impression "is Christmas-treeish and fairy-bookish," later modified by "the great haggard figures of Christ, with streaming wounds and real matted hair and beard"; or Weimar, where she finds the house of Goethe, and his memorials creating "only a gritty sense of duty, as of the dust swallowed in that sanctuary." The Italian pilgrimage includes an impression of a bead-threader's funeral at the Friari at Venice; Curia in October storm; the mountains behind Portofino; Narni and Terni. Vernon Lee turns aside from travel picture to pay generous tribute to the memory of departed friends: Gaston Paris, Emile Duclaux. A paper of special eloquence and appeal describes the Children's Hospital at Berck, with the great paintings left there by M. Albert Bernard: of the Christ crucified in the heart of a polluted suburb of a modern industrial city: with the great cross standing before the outline of its factories, veiled in smoke, and the flame of its furnaces: and of the Christ glorified, in that new world of the future, in the City of the Just, which mankind will one day build out of its dreams.

* * *

SIR WALTER GILBEY'S "George Morland" (Black, 20s. net), which has been compiled with the help of Mr. E. D. Cuming, is the fourth biography of this artist that has been issued during the last twelve months. The book differs from its predecessors in being illustrated wholly in colour, and the account of Morland's life is the most circumstantial of all the modern ones. Although there is no indication that any fresh information has been obtained, the writings of Dawe, Hassell, and other contemporary and later biographers have been sifted and summarised to useful purpose, and the critical comment, while not markedly original, is based on first-hand knowledge. Unfortunately, when we leave the text for the "fifty full-page reproductions in colour of the artist's best work"—as the prospectus has it—we find cause for dissatisfaction. With the exception of the portrait of the artist from Rowlandson's water-colour in the British Museum, there is not a solitary example from the national collections. Even the Trafalgar Square "Inside of a Stable" is left out, though it is acknowledged by accredited critics to be Morland's masterpiece. The fifty "best works" are selected from private collections. These include Sir Walter Gilbey's own, which is an extensive one, and those of Mr. T. J. Barratt, which are very good and interesting, and Sir Edward Tennant. One well-known firm of picture dealers is represented by no less than five canvases. We cannot from the public standpoint consider this selection well judged, for although it is sometimes advisable to exclude a painter's works that have become hackneyed through frequent reproduction, the plan does not commend itself when it is carried out in the wholesale fashion adopted here. The absence of a picture like the National Gallery *chef-d'œuvre* robs the collection of its representative character, and one misses it the more because Sir Walter Gilbey—as one would expect from the author of "Animal Painters of England"—lays special stress on Morland's skill as a painter of horses, of which the "Inside of a Stable" is the crowning illustration. We are afraid that the pictures in this book are its weakness rather than its strength, in spite of the care with which they are reproduced.

* * *

THE two great disadvantages of a book of prose selections are that the passages chosen do not appear to their best advantage when detached from the contexts, and that every reader is sure to find some favourite passage omitted. Mr. John Masefield in "An English Prose Miscellany" (Methuen, 6s.) has aimed at including "a number of passages of English prose, all of them of some special beauty or vividness, which in their arrangement will show how English style has changed from century to century." The result is a most attractive book, for, if Mr. Masefield

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excludes passages which we should like to find, he more than compensates for this by introducing us, especially in his first and sixth sections, "Memoirs and Letters" and "Translations," to writers whom we are glad to meet. In his introduction Mr. Masefield divides our prose literature into three classes. "In the highest or 'best' class may be placed those writers who write informed with a burning energy (either of ecstasy or of contemplation), which gives their prose something of the rapture and beauty, if nothing of the rhythm and music, of poetry." Among these Mr. Masefield puts Jeremy Taylor, Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, Bishop Berkeley, Hooker, Robert Burton, and the great dramatic poets "who use prose seldom, but always with supreme effect." "In the second class may be placed the men whose personalities are charming rather than compelling: the writers of books of travel, of sport, of fiction, of miscellaneous works, the makers of translations, &c., &c. The bulk of our national literature belongs to this class." Finally, there are the writers of diaries, memoirs, letters, and gossip-mongers generally. "This class, always precious to the historian and to the student, contains comparatively few names; and very few of its members reveal themselves sufficiently (like Pepys, Horace Walpole, or either of the two Melvilles) to interest the reader in their characters apart from what they write." It seems to us that Swift deserves to be ranked in Mr. Masefield's first class, and that Gray, and possibly Cowper, might be added to the exceptions he makes to his criticism of those in his third.

* * *

"IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARCO POLO," by Major C. Dalrymple Bruce (Blackwood, 21s. net), is a soldierly narrative of a remarkable journey from Simla to Peking, through Tibet and Turkestan. To the geographer it will come as an accurate contribution to the exact knowledge of desert routes, which still are little known, despite the work of Sven Hedin. The historian will welcome it incidentally as a remarkable confirmation of the truthfulness of Marco Polo's narrative. Oddly enough, the human interest of the book varies in inverse ratio to the strangeness of its subject matter. Major Dalrymple Bruce's notes on the peoples of Turkestan are always worth reading, but it is when he enters the familiar soil of China that his observations on men and affairs acquire a value which even the general reader will appreciate. He notes the spread of the reform movement even in the remote regions to the west of Peking, talks with educated Chinese officials, and testifies to the sincerity of their zeal for education and political development. As a soldier, who has behind him the unique experience of commanding the Chinese regiment at Wei-Hai-Wei, his remarks on the military qualities of the Chinese are particularly valuable. He sees in the records of the past conquests of Chinese emperors the proofs of real military ability, even at a time when the profession of arms was despised. He is convinced that the rank and file of the Chinese would make a soldiery inferior to none in the world. But he doubts whether they would ever be formidable unless officered by Japanese or Europeans. His observation of the attempts which innovating viceroys are making at present to create a "new model" goes to show that despite the adoption of European uniforms and drill formations, the military value of the troops so trained must as yet be very slight indeed.

* * *

MR. A. F. CALVERT'S volume on "Toledo" (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net) is one of the bulkiest of the Spanish series which is being produced with such rapidity. It contains over 500 illustrations. The letterpress, condensed into 169 pages, summarises fairly completely what former historians have written on the history of the "city of generations" which was until 1560 the first city of Spain. The legendary origins of Toledo, its progress under the Visigoths, the Moors, and the Castilian monarchs, are duly narrated, and special chapters are devoted to the cathedral and to the painter, El Greco. The latter chapter, in which Mr. C. Gasquoine Hartley has collaborated, is not much more than a paraphrase of the remarks on this artist contributed by the authors to the volume on the Prado in the same series; but a whole book devoted to El Greco is promised for some future date. Studies as interesting as the position of the Jews in Toledo, and the influence of the

Moors on the architecture of the city, naturally suffer from the space limitations imposed here. But we think that the author, by the exercise of a little more care in construction, might have made himself clearer, on the latter point at any rate, than he has done. On p. 43 he emphasises the contention that Toledo, during the 350 years of Mohammedan rule, never lost the "outward character" of a Christian town. This statement, however, seems to us to be considerably discounted by another on p. 97: "As in all other Spanish cities, after their re-acquisition by the Christians, in Toledo, for many, many years, Moorish architects and masons continued to be employed even in the construction of sacred edifices. This accounts for the mixed Christian and Saracenic style," &c. The photographic illustrations only rise above the level of the ordinary guide-book kind in respect of their variety.

* * *

THE "Essays on Art, by John Hoppner, R.A." (Francis Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net), which Mr. Frank Rutter has rescued from the graves of ancient periodicals, are not so much art-criticism as criticism of other people's art-writings. The most entertaining of the collection is the review of Hayley's "Life" of Romney. Of constructive criticism there are few traces. Hoppner, as Mr. Rutter indicates in his introduction, has lived as a portrait painter of the Reynolds school; but he had not the sensitiveness of Gainsborough or Romney, and his literary bludgeoning, while characteristic of the age in which he lived, proves his incapacity to understand their artistic endeavour. One may doubt whether the literary skill which Mr. Rutter claims for him was more than that which was common to educated persons of the period, who practised "letters" as Victorian young ladies practised the piano. Northcote said that Hoppner ought to have been a lawyer, and there is certainly a lawyer-like fastidiousness about his style; but of graceful or profound thought there is little.

* * *

EVERY book-lover ought to read "Books in the House," by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard (Humphreys, 3s. 6d. net). It consists of seven essays written in the graceful and lightly allusive style which seems to fall naturally from the pen of your real bookman when he writes of his treasures. But Mr. Pollard's gossip is as instructive as it is entertaining. He is an accomplished bibliographer, and his chapters on "Inherited Books and Their Value" and "Four Centuries of Book Prices," show that his enthusiasm for books is informed by knowledge. We hope that Mr. Pollard will give us more essays in this delightful vein.

* * *

THE five new volumes of "The World's Classics" series (Frowde, 1s. net each) include an excellent selection from Cowper's "Letters" made by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas has followed the wise plan of retaining "everything, or nearly everything, which shows Cowper in the light of an agreeable philosophic correspondent," and of leaving out "nearly everything which bears upon his own unhappy spiritual state or upon local, family, or literary matters that either are of no intrinsic interest or that involve repetition." The result is a delightful choice of some of the best letters in the language. Mr. Lucas also edits Jane Austen's "Emma," which he thinks will be admitted by any collector of the opinions of the best critics as her best novel. "What 'David Copperfield' is to Dickens, and 'The Egoist' to Mr. Meredith, so is 'Emma' to Miss Austen: her ripest and her richest." The other additions are "The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds," with an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson, the fifth and sixth volumes of "The Works of Edmund Burke," with introductions by Mr. F. W. Rafferty, and the second volume of Browning's "Poems."

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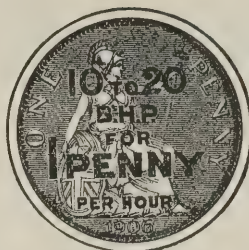
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF HEBRAISM.*

THE literature of Old Testament religion is so abundant now, that one might suppose critical readers to be numerous. That were a rashly optimistic conclusion, it is to be feared; though, no doubt, there are signs of a spreading interest in comparative study, such as the New Theology movement now in progress. This work of Professor Marti's conforms more to the rigid scheme of summary classification in vogue among some of the Continental schools than to the sympathetic method employed by some other writers in this series—notably by Mr. Addis, in his "Hebrew Religion to the time of Ezra." His division into the Nomad stage, the Peasant stage, the Prophetic, and the Legal periods and characteristics, hardly serves to outline the course of Israelitish thought about the relation between the human and the divine, though it may help the beginner. The author calls his book "a short conspectus," and avows that he has had the general reader in view. It is just as well, for, while there is much picturesque delineation and effective illustration in his pages, the serious student will not regard these as equivalent to the fuller and more carefully modulated sections of Mr. Addis's volume. Professor Marti's main thesis will not be challenged by any but the most conservative critics; indeed, it is in the somewhat hasty exposition of particulars that the need for caution will be felt. "The Old Testament writings," we now know, "do not constitute the primary cause of Old Testament religion, but are the documents and monuments of its history." Also, "as regards the mode of their origin, they do not occupy any peculiar position among the books of antiquity as a whole." Yet, in the working out of this modern principle, there is much room for hesitation and careful weighing of evidence—which, perhaps, it is unreasonable to expect in a book which addresses a popular audience. The Rev. G. A. Bienemann's translation has some ragged edges, which the editor, Dr. W. D. Morrison, has done his best to smooth down. On the whole, the book is a useful compendium, and worth its cost.

The Week in the City.

THE happiest feature of the week has been the continued rise of Consols, which leapt $\frac{3}{4}$ of a point on Wednesday to 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ —some six points above the lowest of the year. The premier security has drawn all the other British Government stocks after it, and the premium on the new Indian loan has risen to over three. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and the market rightly attributes the movement entirely to important Government purchases on sinking fund account. Great Britain is the only Great Power which is in a position at the present time to cancel debt. Germany, Russia, the United States, and even France are all embarrassed by deficits. Evidently Russia is about to raise a new loan. The high bureaucrats of St. Petersburg want to finger some more French gold. Whether the loan will be for railways or battleships matters little; but the investor must be warned that, as the Russian debt grows, the security for the interest being paid steadily diminishes. A Cromer, if he were given financial control, could in a few years put Russian credit on a 4 or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis. But there seems to be no prospect of honest or competent finance in St. Petersburg.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE STATES.

The misery of the city populations in the United States seems to increase, because, generally speaking, employment is still diminishing. On January 18th it was estimated that the Pennsylvania lines alone had 75,000 idle cars. A small line near Pittsburg recently dismissed forty-five engineers and seventy-eight firemen. Things are better in the South, which never really felt the full effects of the panic, but so far failures and suspensions in the Eastern States still exceed in importance the resumptions. It would be dangerous to anticipate any stable improvement in stocks merely because big cash reserves are accumulating in New York. It is to be hoped the banks there will not

try to use them for the purpose of inflating new speculative bubbles. A good barometer of actual conditions may be found in the emigration returns. In the first seventeen days of January over 30,000 steerage passengers left the States, as against 7,138 arrivals. In the same period last year 12,000 arrived and 9,000 left. There are still, it seems, several New York banks on the verge of suspension and unable to liquidate their Clearing House certificates.

JEWELLERY FAILURES AND DIAMONDS.

Early in the month several large diamond houses in New York "put their assets in the hands of trustees in order to protect themselves and their creditors." These jewellery failures have attracted a good deal of notice; the jewellery trade has been called "dead," and a heavy drop of prices has been anticipated. This has roused Mr. T. E. Willson, the editor of the "Jewellers' Circular-Weekly," who declares on the strength of a cable from "the London Syndicate, which controls the entire output of the diamond mines of the world, that the Syndicate is as firm as ever before in continuing their policy of maintaining prices." This statement, he adds, is made with the consent and authority of the De Beers Consolidated Mines and the Premier Mining Company, "which produces over ninety per cent. of all the gems mined." From the tone and substance of Mr. Willson's letter it would seem that the diamond magnates and the trade generally are uneasy. The crisis in New York has thrown a lot of second-hand jewellery on the market, and in spite of Mr. Willson's protestations, we imagine that, whether diamonds are being sold or not, they do not fetch anything like what they did. However, as the subject is of wide interest, it may be worth while to give a portion of Mr. Willson's statement:—

"For more than fifteen years diamonds have been the one commodity that has never dropped in price—in fact, the tendency has been steadily upward. Even in the panic of 1893 there was not the slightest waver in the diamond market, the only change being a slight advance, and it was one of the few industries in which the failures of the importers or main handlers of the commodity were insignificant both in number and amount. During the present flurry and at the present time, though merchants in other lines of business are cutting prices—though stocks are being dumped on the market and sacrificed for cash, there is no instance in the entire diamond trade wherein gems have or can be bought under the market price.

"From the De Beers Syndicate in London, which controls the output of the diamond mines of the world, on every hand down to the smallest retailer, the gem market has been absolutely protected, and the fact that caused so many comments, namely, the drop in the importation during December, which amounted to nearly 3,800,000 dol. for the month, is an evidence of the strength and not of the weakness of the market, showing as it does that when the demand is not here the amount of stones in this market is not increased. However, taking the year 1907 as a whole, the total value of the importations was 31,713,000 dol., which, while below those of 1906 and 1905, is over 5,000,000 above 1904 or any calendar year previous to that date."

As regards the slump in December, the editor of the "Jewellers' Circular" claims that the falling off was only in "large and expensive pieces," and that the number of sales was as high as ever. This is ingenious; but cheap trinkets hardly count, and the diamond market depends on the sale of "large and expensive pieces." One wonders if there is any chance of wealthy people abandoning the diamond craze altogether. That so many thousands of workmen and traders are employed in humouring this whim is a strange comment on distributive justice.

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* "The Religion of the Old Testament." By Karl Marti. Crown Theological Library. Williams & Norgate. 5s.

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The Directors have the pleasure to submit the Balance Sheet for the year 1907, and to report that after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including £91,017 13s. 8d. brought forward, amounts to £751,839 8s. 9d., which has been appropriated as follows:—

Interim Dividend of 8 per cent. paid in August last	£	s.	d.
A further Dividend of 9 per cent. (making 17 per cent. for the year, free of Income Tax), payable 7th proximo	240,000	0	0
Applied to Writing down Investments	270,000	0	0
Balance carried forward to 1908	160,000	0	0
	81,839	8	9
	<u>£751,839</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>

The Directors retiring by rotation are Claude Villiers Emilius Laurie, William Robert Moberly, and Robert Wigram, Esquires, all of whom, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
Premises have been acquired and arrangements completed, for opening a branch at Paignton, Devon, on January 1st, 1908.
In conformity with the Act of Parliament, the Shareholders are required to elect the Auditors and fix their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. William Barclay Peat (of Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co.), the retiring Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1907.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
CAPITAL—				CASH—			
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	At Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches	...	£	s. d.
215,000 „ „ £60 „ „ £12 „ „ „	„ Call and Short Notice	...	9,250,591	15 3
	3,280,211	3 1
		
	12,530,802	18 4
RESERVE FUND...	INVESTMENTS—	...	£2,618,074	17 8
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on	English Government Securities	...	(Of which £75,500 is lodged for public	
Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, con-	accounts)	...		
tingencies, &c...	Indian and Colonial Government	...		
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS, on	Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and	...		
Account of Customers	Preference Stocks of British Railways;	...		
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—	British Corporation and Water Works	...		
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, in-	Stocks	...	4,758,563	18 6
cluding £91,017 13s. 8d. brought from	Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and	...		
year 1906	other Investments	...	362,513	0 5
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per		
cent. paid in August last...	£240,000	0	0	LIABILITY of CUSTOMERS for ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per	...	13,739,151	16 7
„ Dividend of 9 per cent.	270,000	0	0	Contra	...	639,189	3 8
„ payable 7th February next	160,000	0	0	BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c.	...	33,441,228	10 3
„ Applied to writing down	BANK PREMISES in London and Country	...	6258,029	0 0
Investments...		
	670,000	0	0		...		
			
		81,839	8 9		...		
		<u>£60,975,401</u>	<u>8 10</u>		...	<u>£60,975,401</u>	<u>8 10</u>

M. O. FITZGERALD, }
G. F. MALCOLMSON, } Directors.
ROBERT WIGRAM, }

R. T. HAINES, }
T. ESTALL, } Joint General Managers.
D. J. H. CUNNICK, }

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with; and we report that we have ascertained the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Money at Call and Short Notice at the Head Office, and the securities representing the investments of the Bank; and having examined the Balance Sheet in detail with the books at the Head Office and with the certified returns from each Branch, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is full and fair and properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, as shown by such books and returns.

20th January, 1908.

EDWIN WATERHOUSE, }
WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT, } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

At the Annual Meeting (Robert Wigram, Esq., in the Chair), the above report was adopted. The retiring directors, Claude Villiers Emilius Laurie, Esq., William Robert Moberly, Esq., and Robert Wigram, Esq., were re-elected. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. William Barclay Peat were re-appointed Auditors for the current year.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

On Saturday evening the King of Portugal and his heir, the Duke of Braganza, a youth of twenty, were shot dead while driving from the Lisbon landing-stage on their return from Villa Vicosa. The murders were extraordinarily brutal. The Queen and the Infante Manuel, the new King, a boy of eighteen, were in the same carriage, but the Queen escaped without hurt, and the Infante, who, like his mother, showed great courage received only slight wounds. The assassination was carefully organised, and was carried out by a number of men, who had concealed carbines and revolvers under their cloaks; three of them were killed in the attempt, all of them Portuguese. It is not yet known whether they were Anarchists, or members of an orthodox political party. An armed attack is said to have been made on Senhor Franco's house the same evening. Most rulers and parliaments, including our own, have expressed strong sympathy with the Portuguese House, but the Press in some countries, in particular the Italian Press, has not hesitated to criticise the late King with great freedom. The murder came as a surprise to the outside world, owing to the stringent censorship in Portugal. Senhor Franco, the Dictator, had during the last few weeks treated his opponents with reckless severity. Hundreds had been imprisoned, including distinguished party leaders, and on the day of the regicide a decree was published suspending parliamentary immunity and deporting many persons to Africa.

* * *

SENHOR FRANCO, who was Premier from May, 1906, and, from April, 1907, Dictator without a parliament, but with the full confidence of King Carlos, whom he had granted a large increase of the Civil List, resigned office on Monday, and has left the country. A Cabinet of Monarchical concentration has been formed, Conservatives and Liberals uniting under Vice-Admiral Ferreira do Amaral, whose policy is unknown. The censorship

prevents any reliable news as to the state of the country being obtained. It is therefore impossible to say whether a serious Republican movement is afoot in which army and navy are involved. But the character of the new ministry, and the unsuccessful attempt to take Senhor Alpoim, leader of the advanced Liberals, and one of Senhor Franco's opponents, out of gaol into the Cabinet, suggest that those who know best have grave misapprehensions. Two British warships have been dispatched to Lisbon, presumably to safeguard British subjects, and without any idea of influencing Portuguese domestic politics. The two Houses of Parliament passed unanimous resolutions of sympathy with the surviving members of the Portuguese Royal Family, and the human side of the tragedy was emphasised with simple and sincere feeling in the Prime Minister's speech.

* * *

MR. MURRAY MACDONALD's important amendment to the Address, regretting that the Government had failed to announce an intention to reduce armaments, was withdrawn on Wednesday in consideration of a specific pledge, tendered by the Prime Minister, that a day should be given for the discussion of the motion before any vote was taken on the Army or the Navy Estimates, and before the Speaker left the chair and Committee of Supply was set up. Then, he said, there would be a full opportunity of discussing "increases or decreases" in the votes and the reasons for them. This pledge was the result of an interview with Mr. Asquith, in which representatives of the majority informed the Chancellor that many of them would be compelled to vote against the Government. This firm communication was made known to the Prime Minister. An urgent whip was sent out by Mr. Whiteley, pointing out that the Macdonald motion amounted to a vote of censure, and hinting at resignation. But this language did not shake the party, seriously disturbed by the prospect of the diversion of the fund for social reform to the needs of a large programme of new naval construction in 1909, unaccompanied by any serious reduction in the cost of the Army. A strong movement, hostile to such a policy, is now being organised in Parliament and the constituencies. We hope the Free Church Council, which is shortly to meet, will powerfully contribute to it.

* * *

FOREIGN and Imperial affairs have been much in evidence during the week. On Thursday Lord Curzon criticised brilliantly and with small reserves the Anglo-Russian agreement. He attacked it mainly on the side for which the strongest case can be made out—that, namely, which concerns the Indian frontiers. Here however, it conflicts with Lord Curzon's policy in Afghanistan, and more conspicuously, in Thibet. He approved the new British policy of seeking alliances and understandings, in place of the old isolation or independence. But he thought the specific bargain with Russia a bad one. In Persia the Russian sphere had been carried too far south, and he thought Russia would permeate the country with railways, while our position in the South was not strengthened, and our interests in the Persian Gulf were left unmentioned and unsecured. In Afghanistan we had tied our own hands and those of the Ameer, and in Thibet had thrown British "predominance" away. Lord Curzon's view was almost directly countered by Lord Cromer, who is beginning to play an interesting part in our politics as

an exponent of the "cross-bench mind." He thought that the Convention powerfully aided the general treatment of Eastern problems by Western Powers, especially in view of the increasing unrest in Asia, and of the rise of the spirit of nationality. Lord Fitzmaurice said that the new instrument marked the end of a long and useless struggle with Russia, and that our hold on important trade routes in Persia was maintained. Furthermore, our position on the Persian Gulf question was well defined, and could only have been weakened by a specific reference in the Convention.

* * *

WE wish that it were possible to avoid the practice of treating all amendments to the Address as votes of "no confidence" in the Government, and that at least some such debates could be made academic. Then the real opinion of the House could be disclosed without infringing on party territory. These considerations apply to two of Thursday's debates—the first on Sir William Holland's proposal to raise the status of the President of the Board of Trade to that of a Secretary of State. The motion was supported from the Tory side by Mr. Long and Mr. Bonar Law, and would doubtless have been carried on its merits. Mr. Asquith, however, suggested the reasonable course of a much-needed general inquiry into the status of the various departments of government, and the allocation of duties. This is especially necessary in the case of the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, and the Home Office, whose functions are hopelessly confused. But the urgent case is that of the Board of Trade, and we hope, in the interests of British trade, that the Government will not hesitate to raise its status.

* * *

THE other important debate on Thursday was on Mr. F. E. Smith's amendment regretting that the Government had failed to support at The Hague the principle of the immunity of an enemy's merchant vessels not carrying contraband. Mr. Smith's argument was close and brilliant, and had behind it what he described as the "strong and unanimous opinion" of the Chambers of Commerce. Mr. Smith's chief point was an amplification of the argument that we have the most to lose by the exposure of commerce owing to the enormous preponderance of our carrying trade, and of our marine insurance. Sir Edward Grey, speaking with great ability, maintained his hostility. He denied that the British refusal to grant immunity from capture at sea affected the question of disarmament, which was entirely separate. If our enemy's private property at sea was to be immune, our power of bringing a naval war to a reasonably quick end would be gravely reduced. Thus there would be a temptation on the part of hostile Powers to "speculate" in war, which for them would, under the rule of immunity, be almost a war without risk. This would lead to an increase, not a decrease, of armaments. This argument ignores the point that our risk under the law of capture is the greatest of all. The official Opposition supported Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Smith's amendment was withdrawn.

* * *

MR. LONG'S Amendment to the Address, denouncing the Government for failing to repress intimidation and lawlessness in Ireland, was rejected on Tuesday by a majority of 229, 414 voting for it, 115 against. The attack, in Mr. Balfour's absence, was conducted at once weakly and violently on the lines of Lord Lansdowne's earlier charge that the state of Ireland resembled that of Macedonia, where in four years 10,000 people had been done to death. The Liberal answer, brilliantly sustained by Mr. Birrell and Mr. Cherry, was that there was less crime at the end of 1907 than under Conservative rule in 1902, when boycotting was allowed to take its course. In 1902 there were 39 cases of murder, in 1907 there were seven, of which none were agrarian,

whilst cattle-driving was almost at an end. Asked to resort to coercion, Mr. Birrell replied with a blow on the box, "I won't." Cattle-driving, he said, did not terrify him, but he was alarmed at the low price of land stock, the prospect of bad seasons, and the fear of disappointing the land hunger. To Sir Edward Carson's complaint that out of 532 persons prosecuted by the Government during the last twelve months not a dozen had been convicted under the ordinary law, the reply was that the Government had succeeded in their real object of putting down cattle-driving, even if they had failed in their second object of punishing cattle-drivers. The voting showed no defection from the Liberal majority.

* * *

MUCH the most salient feature of the Irish debate was the speech of Lord Dudley, who specifically joined himself with the late Lord Carnarvon and the long series of Unionist officials whose Irish experience has led them a long way or all the way to Home Rule. He thought cattle-driving was largely a political movement, due to the disappointment at the failure of the Councils Bill. Coercion was inconsistent with Unionism, which implied three conditions; a united and sympathetic Imperial Parliament, similarity of Irish and British institutions, and the adherence and support of the majority of the Irish people. Coercion only made fulfilment of those conditions impossible. The government of Ireland by Irish ideas was elementary, and represented the one chance for Unionism. If it broke down, and there was a perpetual see-saw between conciliation and coercion, he preferred an amendment in the system of Irish Government to a policy of extreme force. No deeper saying about Ireland has been spoken since the Gladstonian orations.

* * *

SOUTH Herefordshire has followed Mid Devon, and a seat held, or rather captured, by a Liberal at the General Election, has returned to the Opposition. The late Colonel Gardner only carried the seat in 1906 by a majority of 312. On Friday week his successor, Mr. Whitley Thomson, lost it by a majority of 1,019, the Liberal vote decreasing by 569, and the Unionist vote increasing by 762. Captain Clive, like Captain Morrison-Bell, was a strong if qualified Protectionist, and had old local associations. Furthermore, the dishonest but short-sighted course of using the high price of bread both as a weapon against a Liberal Free Trade Government and as an argument for a Protectionist candidate, was adopted in both constituencies. There, however, the parallel with Mid Devon ends. The Ross Division has only been in Liberal hands since Home Rule days, and its capture two years ago represented the violent swinging of the electoral pendulum rather than its normal course. Meanwhile two other vacancies, that of St. Austell in Cornwall, and of Mid Glamorgan, where the new Solicitor-General, Sir S. T. Evans, sought election, have been kept by the Liberals without a fight.

* * *

DR. JAMESON has resigned the Premiership of Cape Colony, and, as we anticipated, has been succeeded in the Premiership by Mr. Merriman, with Mr. Sauer as Minister of Public Works, and Mr. Malan, the chief representative of the Bond, as Minister of Agriculture. The other four posts in the new Cabinet are equally divided between Dutchmen and Englishmen, the two latter Ministers, Mr. Burton and Mr. Currey, being men of high character and moderate views. It is suggested that the new Government may drop the preference of 25 per cent. on English imported goods. If this be so the responsibility must largely rest with Lord Milner, who engineered the preferential policy by bureaucratic rather than by popular methods.

* * *

It is understood that Baron von Stengel, who has been German Imperial Finance Minister since August, 1903, will shortly retire. The five years of his tenure of

office have been full of financial difficulty. The reversion to Protection, which Bismarck brought about in 1878, already in 1897 began to fail to provide a revenue adequate to the increased expenditure, especially the expenditure on the navy, and for years the Empire has met a chronic deficit by means of loans. In 1906 Baron von Stengel introduced some new taxes; these changes were too slight, and some ill-advised. He has this year been trying to persuade the party leaders to accept a partial Imperial monopoly of the spirit trade, and an excise duty on tobacco. The Left section of the Bloc disapproved the scheme; it prefers direct to indirect taxation—an increase, for instance, of the Imperial death duties, and a revision of the State contributions, to be based upon wealth, as well as upon population. Prince Bülow is not prepared for anything so Radical. It is significant that the successor to Baron von Stengel is expected to be a bank director, like Herr Dernburg, the Colonial Secretary; the alliance between the German squirarchy and the German plutocracy is no longer disguised. Meanwhile, the financial difficulty greatly affects the German naval programme. The very anti-German Berlin correspondent of the "Times," though he deprecates "waving" on the part of "Radical and Labour members" here, says that it is probable that many of the German experiments in naval construction will prove to be as unsatisfactory as their predecessors, that "anything (on our part) in the nature of the hurry and haste which is being displayed in Germany would doubtless be unwise," and that we should aim at avoiding, "by the most careful consideration of new developments in construction," the errors which she has made.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has replied vigorously to his critics in a special message to Congress, in which his familiar views are expressed with vehement and unsparing eloquence. He urges labour legislation imposing liability upon employers, especially upon the State, and restricting the scandalously free issue of judicial injunctions in strikes. He wants the Commerce Commission to have power to review railway rates, to control the running of railways, and to value their property so as to prevent the "watering" of stock. He wants the Sherman anti-Trust Act amended so as to apply only against noxious combinations, and he would have the Federal Government attack Stock Exchange gambling by withdrawing from it the use of the mails, the telephones, and the telegraph. In conclusion, he hotly assails the Standard Oil Trust and Mr. Harriman, and scornfully denies all responsibility for the financial panic.

* * *

THE message, synchronising with a recurrence of bank collapse in New York, has found a warmer welcome among the Democrats than the Republicans. Mr. Roosevelt's prestige has declined, and his message is generally treated as a personal defence, without compelling effect upon legislation. From the point of view of statesmanship it errs by being the expression of feeling rather than of a policy, but its moral daring may touch the emotional side of American public life, and its strong language and tone are already echoed and even augmented by Mr. Bryan. The difficulty of reform legislation is illustrated by a Supreme Court decision that the Employers' Liability Law is unconstitutional, a decision which has been followed by another to the same effect as our own Taff Vale decision, which may possibly produce a corresponding effect upon American politics. Mr. Hughes, Governor of New York, has entered into open competition with Mr. Taft for the Republican presidential nomination, but among the Democrats Mr. Bryan has still no serious rival.

* * *

ON Tuesday, Lord Robert Cecil moved an amendment to the Address, in which he asked the House to

censure Mr. McKenna for having violated "the traditional principles of administration in this country." He described the action of the Swansea Education Authority in refusing to pay in Church schools salaries equivalent to those paid in Council schools as "a chicanery that would disgrace a County Court." Mr. McKenna had given an undue share of the grant of £100,000 to his own Monmouthshire constituency, and, like an ex-poacher, had acted "under the influence of the blackmail of his former associates." Mr. McKenna's reply disposed of all these charges. In the Swansea difficulty he had acted in conformity with the practice of his predecessor, he had no power to enforce the payment of equal salaries in all schools, and no part of the building grant obtained last Session had been allocated to that part of Monmouthshire with which he was specially connected. On the question of the training colleges, Mr. McKenna declared he had put no duty upon the trustees to have their trust-deeds altered. But if these trustees took public money they must conform to public conditions.

* * *

SIR ARTHUR VICARS has been removed from his position as Ulster King of Arms, and the Vice-Regal Commission has issued a report on the loss of the Crown jewels, which seems on the face of it to justify that step. The evidence showed that the jewels were not kept in a strong room, but in a very accessible library at the Office of Arms, that seven latchkeys gave admittance to the office, that the office cleaner twice reported to Sir Arthur Vicars that she had found the outer doors unlocked, within a few days or hours of the theft, and that he took no notice of the incident. On these facts the Commission founded its conclusion that he failed properly to discharge his task of guardianship. Sir Arthur Vicars, in a letter to the Under-Secretary, qualifies one or two of these statements, but hardly disputes their general bearing.

* * *

WE have received, too late for insertion in our correspondence columns, the following important letter from Mr. Montagu Harris, the secretary of the County Councils Association, in answer to the criticisms by Mr. Impey of the action and disposition of County Councils towards the Small Holdings Act. It runs as follows:—

To the Editor of THE NATION.

While Mr. Impey is naturally, and properly, proud of the action which his own County Council has taken in the matter of small holdings, may I venture to suggest that he does rather less than justice to other County Councils in his letter to THE NATION last week? No doubt many members of County Councils in every part of the country expressed strong objections to the Bill during its passage through Parliament, and objections were also raised by the County Councils Association, but these latter objections were satisfactorily met, and, now that the Bill has become law, the County Councils, on their part have eliminated all party feeling in the matter, and show a general readiness to carry out their duties under the Act. I feel sure that the Board of Agriculture would endorse this assertion, which is borne out by a return set out in the official circular of the County Councils Association, giving a short statement of the preliminary proceedings of each County Council under the Act. If it be said that this merely shows formal official compliance with the terms of the Act and of the circulars of the Board of Agriculture without being any evidence of good will, I would urge that local authorities can only be judged by their actions, that they have done all they could be expected to do in the time which has elapsed since the passing of the Act, and that to create or foster an element of distrust in the County Councils before any neglect of their duties under the Act has been proved against them would be more likely to hinder than to forward the extension of small holdings.—Yours, &c.

G. MONTAGU HARRIS.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LIBERAL INTERVENTION.

"Sir Robert Peel had anticipated him (Cobden) in pressing upon Parliament the danger to European order arising from military expenditure. Heavy military expenditure, he said, meant heavy taxation, and heavy taxation meant discontent and revolution. That wise statesman had courageously repudiated the old maxim, *Bellum para si pacem velis*. A maxim that admits of more contradiction, he said, or one that should be received with greater reserve, never fell from the lips of man. What is always still more important, Peel was not afraid to say that it is impossible to secure a country against all conceivable risks. If in time of peace you insist on having all the colonial garrisons up to the standard of complete efficiency, and if every fortification is to be kept in a state of perfect repair, then no amount of annual expenditure can ever be sufficient. If you accept the opinions of military men, who tell a Minister that they would throw upon him the whole responsibility in the event of a war breaking out, and predict the loss of this or the other valuable possession, then the country must be overwhelmed by taxation. It is inevitable that risks should be run. Peel's declaration was, and must at all times remain, the language of common sense, and it furnishes the key to Cobden's characteristic attitude towards a whole class of political questions where his counsels have been most persistently disregarded."—*Morley's Life of Cobden*.

THE dramatic intervention of the Liberal Party in Parliament has, we hope, secured an arrest of the policy of a heavy and permanent increase in armaments. On the first steps of such a policy the Government, there is only too much reason to fear, have been invited to embark. They are now seized of the prevailing opinion of their supporters, and they have properly decided to avert an imminent and perilous breach with it. Mr. Murray Macdonald's motion is to be held over, and the House and the majority are to discuss the naval and military plans of the Government with full knowledge, and in freedom. The Macdonald motion is withdrawn as an amendment to the Address, but it will reappear, if necessary, as an amendment to the Naval and the Army Estimates, or both. It is freely stated that both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer regard the action of the majority with not unfriendly eyes, and that they may have before them no harder task than the forcing of a half-open door. This is a reasonable proposition. No two members of the Government are more deeply pledged to take what Mr. Asquith called in April, 1906, "speedy and substantial steps" in the direction of reducing the "permanent fighting force" of the army, and "contracting the shipbuilding programme." None can be more clearly aware that the two policies of heavy warlike expenditure and social reform meet each other not as friends, but as enemies, and that the victory of the one implies the suppression of the other. The same confrontation faced the late Government, as it faces all Governments. They decided against social reform. They were beaten at the polls by men who carried with them, even at the period of the fall of the Unionist Party, and from a warlike Parliament, an almost universal, and in the case of the army a definite and tangible, movement for the reduction of armaments. This movement was rational, for much of the after-war expenditure on the Navy was in the nature of a special effort. But special efforts tend to become normal standards when the war services are concerned, and to-day, after the remission of about one-sixth of the war taxation, the Government, we are warned, may have to announce the virtual cessation of the policy of reduction, and may meet next year's Parliament with a demand for a sensational resumption of the race of armaments.

This is a grave situation, not relieved by the fact that Liberal journals like the "Westminster Gazette"

deny, with some assurance, the validity of the plea for a reduction either of the army or of the navy estimates, and pretend that at some unknown conjuncture "at Akabah" the party assented, "as an agreed case," to let the Government take the risk of war with Turkey, and thus committed itself to support the existing standards of army expenditure. We are afraid we do not quite recognise "Akabah," and we may even suggest a certain want of candour in the argument that something that Sir Edward Grey would not have been allowed to do there, and, we hope, would not have wanted to do there, involved the Liberal Party in any kind of responsibility whatever. If, however, such a responsibility was really incurred at that mystic moment, and we have further declared ourselves pledged to a great policy of "Dreadnought" building—as the "Westminster" also implies—we would suggest that the execution of this interesting programme should be left to a body which can do the work in unity and with gusto. The Liberal Party has neither the men nor the taste for it.

Let us turn for a moment to the material of this controversy. The new situation, as we have explained, arises in part from the revised German programme of shipbuilding. That programme is not an act, it is a project. Even if it and its financial scheme pass the Reichstag, it will not even begin to materialise in floating ships till 1910. Before that time, we, excluding the entire bulk of fighting strength on which Admiral von Tirpitz reported to the Kaiser that the power of the German fleet was about a fourth of our own, shall have twelve new, huge vessels of the "Dreadnought" class, or near it, at sea. More than this, there is no period of Germany's programme, extending as it does to 1920, with a weakening force all through its later phase, when she can claim other than a striking inferiority to our own freshly organised, freshly built fleet. That fleet possesses a new and sound organisation, an unrivalled prestige, a wealth of experience, tried ability, and genius for seamanship, as well as of resources and appliances for rapid and skilful shipbuilding, which Germany cannot pretend to command. The nation has a right to ask that these moral considerations shall have sway, in addition to the material advantages we have enumerated. But beyond this, we have to ask whether the calculations of the Government or of the Admiralty exclude the classes of great new vessels, the "King Edwards," the "Formidables," the "Duncans," and the rest—which gave us overwhelming supremacy at sea before the unfortunate experiment in "Dreadnoughts" began. If they are included, the question of serious rivalry on the part of Germany is at an end. If they are excluded, if only "Dreadnoughts" count, and it is necessary to concentrate on them, let us at once begin saving the money and the men we devote to keeping the older ships in commission. The Admiralty cannot have it both ways. They cannot call these splendid ships worthless, or nearly worthless, in comparison with the "Dreadnoughts" and keep them in being. They cannot say that they are effective, and declare that for purposes of comparison with Germany they will not count them in. Or to put the point in practical form, if we are to compete on the new type, we can call for saving on the old.

We have one other remark to make, which is of consequence when we embark on a policy that must one day lead us to the brink of war with Germany, or

push us over the brink. Who rules the foreign and naval policy of this country? The Cabinet or the "experts"? In the consideration of offensive power is it the Cabinet, with its special knowledge of our relations to foreign Powers, and the warlike or diplomatic engagements which modify those relations, which really rules, or do the "experts" dictate to the Cabinet, enforcing their demands with threats of resignation, and basing those demands on a narrow set of technical considerations? The answer to the question is important for two reasons. The first is that we are beginning to drag our "experts" to the front, and to look to their utterances to soothe or to whip up our fears. In this case their response happens to have been singularly cheering, judging by Sir John Fisher's historic utterance at the Guildhall. But to make such a use of the "expert" is to destroy the responsibility of Ministers, and particularly to place Liberal Ministers almost as much at the mercy of their technical advisers as they are at the mercy of the House of Lords. There is another consideration. Experts are only human. If they are drawn into the sphere of policy, they become subject to a set of influences which are naturally disturbing to them. Sir John Fisher has been subject to gross attack from officers on active service. There have been threats that those attacks would be transferred to the benches of the House of Commons. Thus menaced, a naval officer is under a peculiar temptation to avoid the suspicion of having asked too little for the service of the fleet. And it is with this position, at this grave juncture of policy, that Sir John Fisher and his colleagues have been faced.

For these reasons we hope that the Government and the party between them will stand firm when they are invited, as they are being invited even by their own newspapers, to write their principles out of their policy, as soon as those principles have done their work of popular attraction on the platform and at the polls. A Liberal Government without Liberal ideas will not go far. We are told that it cannot touch Home Rule. We know that it will not handle the suffrage. It has avoided the Disestablishment of the Church. If it is now disabled from contributing to the cause of international peace, or from abating the inflated volume of our warlike expenditure, where lies the ground of its appeal to the democracy save in those few projects of social reform which can escape rigorous abridgment at the hands of the House of Lords? We take no fanatical ground on the fleet. We believe it should be much the best and strongest fleet. But we have high naval authority for the theory, which is the best working theory of our naval construction, that with our superior power of rapid shipbuilding, we should act after and not before such sensational developments as the paper German programme—a bad and unnecessary programme—presents. There is ample time to pause, to consider, to survey the new and grave emergency which has arisen in the direction of the world's affairs. The latest news from Germany speaks of the breakdown of the financial scheme on which the new Naval Estimates were built, and of the withdrawal of the Minister responsible for it. A huge British programme, rapidly produced in answer to the German instrument, will make not for peace but for war. That war will never be waged by Liberal statesmen. But its inevitability may, in a fatal hour, be decreed by them.

THE FUTURE OF PORTUGAL.

ASSASSINATION belongs to the pathology of politics—a subject which we treat at length elsewhere—and the brutal crime which had King Carlos and Prince Luis of Portugal for its victims is no exception to the rule. Within our own times it has never happened that a really cruel sovereign has been murdered by his people. Nicholas I. and Alexander III. of Russia were never in serious danger; it was the romantic and sensitive Alexander II. who fell, with the draft of a Constitution in his pocket. Alexander of Servia was a bad and erratic King, but he was not a cruel and worthless man, like his father Milan. The Bombas and the Abdul Hamids are rarely in grave danger; it is the Humberts, the Carnots, and the Garfields who have perished. There were the Kings of Portugal in the last century, whose reigns were a nightmare of bloodshed. But King Carlos, with all his faults, had confined himself to the sort of repression which the French call a "dry" terror. The crime which removed him was, moreover, as stupid as it was savage. Of all the forms of murder the one which is most certain to stir the pity of mankind is that which assails a man when his wife and children are around him. Every circumstance of the tragedy was designed to make us forget the King in the man, and the functionary in the father. The result is what might have been predicted. On Saturday morning the Republicans were combating an unpopular and discredited King, with a past of error and failure behind him. On Saturday night he was succeeded by an attractive lad and an admirable woman, whose best shield is the natural chivalry which their helplessness and their innocence evoke.

It is no easy task to form a fair and objective opinion upon the crisis which has ended in this crime. Observers, who seem to start from the same premises, arrive at the most opposite conclusions in judging the dictatorship which King Carlos and Senhor Franco established. The "Times" gave them its warm approval, while the "Temps," arguing from the same standpoint of constitutional conservatism, was contemptuous and hostile. The semi-official Italian "Tribuna" has virtually justified the assassination, and the Spanish press, though more decent and restrained, sympathises with the Opposition. The Italian attitude is probably an expression of resentment against the extreme clericalism of the Portuguese Court, which had found expression on one occasion in an act of gross discourtesy towards Italy. Our own Imperialists remembered the many links, dynastic, financial, and colonial, which bind Lisbon to London. It was part of the Republican case against King Carlos, from the days of the Serpa Pinto affair onward, that, as one of their exiled leaders put it the other day in a violent phrase, he had "sold his country to England." Censored news and the bias of national interest make it difficult to reach a conclusion, but certain facts at least are fairly clear. It is common ground to the critics and defenders of the Dictatorship that Portuguese politics towards the year 1906 had reached the nadir of degradation. Commerce languished, agriculture was in decay, large tracts of the sparsely peopled interior lay untilled, and the peasantry looked to Brazil for their future. Burdened with a colossal debt, and just emerging from national bankruptcy, the country had mortgaged its revenues to its external creditors, loaded the masses with food taxes, and leased im-

portant monopolies to foreign financiers. Politics were the game of a small upper class, for the peasantry is as illiterate as that of Russia and much less intelligent. Regenerators (Conservatives) and Progressives (Liberals) came and went in an atmosphere of scandal, "making" the elections without an attempt at disguise. No ideas divided them; they were rival but mutually complaisant syndicates for the distribution of the spoils of office. Sinecures abounded, and one reads of a prominent Cabinet Minister who drew in Lisbon year after year his salary as titular Ambassador to China. The King was an item in the system. A man of unusual powers of mind and body, full of the joy of life, a sportsman, a *bon vivant*, a translator of Shakespeare, and an artist of some talent, he lived much beyond the limits of his relatively ample civil List. His gaiety, popular as it was in Paris, was onerous for the Portuguese taxpayer. "Reduced to expedients," as an official document put it, he used to levy toll upon the accommodating ministries as they came and went, receiving clandestine "loans" from the Treasury, and on occasion selling to the nation a palace which the nation had built. Save in the conduct of foreign affairs, where he was consistently Anglophil, he meddled, until recently, but little in politics.

The crash came in 1906, when each of the Royalist parties in turn became involved in unsavoury financial scandals concerning the tobacco monopoly. Republicanism was active in the background; it was necessary to find a new man. Senhor Joao Franco became Premier, at the head of a minute group, dependent on Liberal support. He was young, energetic, and self-confident, too wealthy to be suspected of receiving bribes, an opportunist who had already held office in a Conservative Government. From the first the Peers opposed him, and in May, 1907, the Liberals in the elective House withdrew their support. He stood alone, with only the King to back him, and since he did not choose to resign, he suspended the sittings of Parliament, and governed by administrative decree. Others before him have done the same thing in Portugal; his position differed from theirs, however, in one vital particular. Previous "dictators" had been party chiefs, who had on their side one section or the other of the ruling class; Senhor Franco was simply the King's man. He proposed to clean out "the Augean stables," and to inaugurate an epoch of retrenchment and reform. Of his "reforms" little has been heard, save of an alteration in the constitution of the Upper House, which had foiled him. But he suppressed the sinecures held by his opponents, and was himself, by all accounts, inaccessible to bribes. On the other hand, his financial measures, whatever else might be said for them, had this in common, that they all tended to secure his own position. He increased the King's Civil List, by his mere autocratic decree, and regularised all the "loans" of his predecessors by converting them into grants. He raised the pay of the officers of the army (while suppressing some ornamental generals), and won popularity among civilian officials by a like device. His friends argue that avowed grants to the King were less objectionable than secret loans, and that the officers and officials were really underpaid. His critics see in these "reforms" only a colossal system of open corruption, by which Senhor Franco bribed the King, the army, and the bureaucracy, to acquiesce in his usurpation.

Whatever view we take of these proceedings, it is

clear enough that no real reform of Portuguese politics was possible by such methods. The only reform worth having is a reform of public opinion. Efficiency and honesty are comparatively worthless and unlikely to be permanent, unless a nation demands them and watches over them. Politics are primarily the art of persuasion. Senhor Franco did not persuade; he coerced. As month by month went by, and the King declared that he meant to keep his Dictator in power for two years at least, the discontent and the repression kept pace one with the other. Newspapers, public meetings, and municipal councils were suppressed all over the kingdom; judicial guarantees were suspended, and politicians were exiled or imprisoned by the hundred. Some of the Opposition was interested, and we need not assume that the voteless and illiterate peasants, always Catholic and therefore Conservative, were much perturbed. The active discontent came less from the venal professional politicians, who rarely cared to face the risks involved in the extremer forms of protest, than from the "intellectuals," who rallied round the Republicans and the Radicals ("Dissident Progressives"). The logic of Senhor Franco's experiment made directly for Republicanism. He told the country that the constitutional monarchy was morally bankrupt, that its two ruling parties were hopelessly corrupt, and that only his own dictatorship could save the country from ruin. Unfortunately, no one in Portugal felt able to take the view which commended itself to Mr. Pearson's newspapers—that King Carlos and Senhor Franco were its most natural saviours. To the unchecked rule of these two men, the better elements of Portuguese society were coming to feel that a Republic might be preferable. In the absence of uncensored news it is quite impossible for us to know how serious were the efforts made between Wednesday and Sunday to bring about a change of *régime*. Senhor Franco has fallen, and that is well. But the coalition which has replaced him is drawn from the two discredited official parties. In due time they will "make" fresh elections and compose a new Cortes. The more virile elements which would have tried a new experiment will be carefully excluded from power or influence. From the standpoint of our Imperial interests, any Portuguese Government which respects these interests is as good as another, and no Portuguese Government could in practice do otherwise. British intervention from the days of General Beresford's armies down to Palmerston's intrigues, has been a potent factor in the shaping of Portuguese destinies. The results in the past were far from happy, and few of us would wish to see Downing Street attempt once more to play providence to Lisbon.

THE REAL DANGER IN IRELAND.

THE atmosphere of misrepresentation which has accumulated round the Irish question during the recess was roughly dissipated in the debates of this week in the House of Commons. Rarely has an impeachment, marshalled with some parade of circumstance, collapsed so signally in contact with reality. Mr. Birrell, entombed in the dusty machinery of Irish government in Dublin Castle, was subjected to a concerted attack, carefully worked up in the Unionist Press, which pictured Ireland as simmering in a savage revolution, with a vacillating Minister afraid to offer elemental protection to life and property. There were cries of horror at the preva-

lence of "cattle driving." There was an exaggeration of every violation of the law, with whatever motive, in any village or town of the country. If similar attention had been devoted to crime in England or Scotland, the respectable Press of this country would have been converted into a replica of those Sunday journals which, with their stuffed columns of murder, outrage, and indecency, read like monstrous dreams. And there were demands, becoming ever more imperious in their emphasis, for the resort once more to the special tribunals and methods of coercion as a means of breaking the spirit of the Irish people. The thing went with a swing and confidence, until it was compelled to justify its affirmations in open Parliamentary debate. Then it crumbled to pieces. Mr. Birrell, in his passionate and eloquent speech of last Monday, had no difficulty in showing that Ireland, in comparison with England and Scotland, had a sheet almost clean of serious crime. He was compelled to acknowledge sporadic cattle driving, sporadic boycotting, sporadic attempts at intimidation. These are always with us in Ireland: will always be with us in that conflict between two races which is a legacy from the past. But he could demonstrate, as Lord Salisbury once demonstrated, the impossibility of destroying such random and complex outbreaks by any large process of Government repression. You may protect—it is essential that you should protect—the man in the village to whom his neighbours will not speak; but no law can compel his neighbours to speak to him. An organised boycotting conspiracy can be assailed; you cannot bring an impeachment against the public opinion of a countryside.

The Chief Secretary could show also a limitation of these minor offences and a complete absence of the major offences, of murder and cattle maiming, which make the situation different, not only in degree, but in kind, from the situation when coercion was first placed permanently on the statute book. He could reveal a Conservative Government seven years ago turning contemptuously and impatiently away from similar demands, made under similar circumstances by the Irish Unionist Association, for a vendetta against the common people of Ireland. He deplored cattle driving, but he could exhibit it as a symptom of disease, not (as is the accepted version) an outbreak of lawlessness under a Liberal regime. No sane man would devote his nights to cattle driving if "lawlessness" was what he desired. Cattle driving is a symptom of the failure of the promises of the Wyndham Act to divide up the untenanted land of the West, at a fair rent, amongst the uneconomic holdings. He repudiated with some anger the widespread calumny that he had offered the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland a clerical university in return for their promise to suppress cattle driving. And he pleaded for his two Bills—the Land Bill with its compulsory purchase clauses, and the University Bill—as means not of forcing down discontent by suppression into illegitimate channels, but as attempts—even if *interim* attempts—to deal with the discontents in their origins.

This vindication of a Liberal policy in Ireland—of the only possible Liberal policy in Ireland—was very greatly assisted by two elements in the debate. These were the failure of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and the sensational intervention of Lord Dudley in the House of Lords. In the Commons, where the indispensable services of Mr. Arthur Balfour on the

Front Opposition Bench are only realised when these services are for some reason dispensed with, there was no attempt at the suggestion of a practicable alternative. The responsible leaders, when the moment came, flinched from demanding the application of the Crimes Act. Yet the only alternative to the present policy is the application of the Crimes Act. Without such alternative, the attack merely became a nagging, either at the Liberal Government or at the Irish people. And no sane man doubts that if the Crimes Act had been put into force, so many counties proclaimed, so many prisons stuffed with cattle-drivers, on the conviction of resident magistrates, without trial by jury, the whole of Ireland to-day, instead of being peaceful, would have been in turmoil. The very elements which now are exercising influences for law and order, would have been swept over into furious opposition to the Administration. Tories may exercise some pleasurable ingenuity in devising accusations depending not upon any particular Liberal policy, but upon the fundamental and deplorable realities of Irish life and its relations with its dominant neighbour. But the users of them should realise that on this particular subject they are playing with fire. Certainly that was the warning addressed to them in no uncertain accents by a Conservative ex-Viceroy in the House of Lords. Lord Dudley, in a speech which was marked by moderation, dignity, and some real sense of the gravity of the questions at issue, protested in the name of Unionism against policies which had made Unionism utterly repugnant to the whole people. The habitual recourse to Coercion—most attractive of present remedies, most impossible of permanent cures—is as the habitual recourse of prison warder or schoolmaster to the rod or the lash in order to suppress disturbances. It has merely made the British rule more hated, the resolution of the masses of the people more implacable, that they will never reconcile themselves to its continuance. It is the clumsy and brutal weapon of a national despair. There are only two ultimate alternatives, the Lord Chancellor declared—Crown Colony Government and Home Rule. The Crown Colony Government would be that of the Transvaal under Lord Milner, full of the elements of secret resentment and aspiration after ultimate freedom. The Home Rule Government would be that of the Transvaal under the new constitution, with the British and Dutch flags flying together over the Parliament House, and those who were once the most formidable of our enemies in the time of warfare now the most trustworthy of our allies in the work of reconciliation. There is a danger in the future of Ireland to-day. That danger does not lie in the fear of the continued indignation of the English people against the Irish. It lies in a far more fatal indifference. The House of Commons this week was profoundly bored with these Irish questions. The people, as a whole, can neither be roused to fury by the tale of Irish outrage, nor excited to enthusiasm by the programme of Irish reform. Exceedingly anxious to study its own social diseases and find remedy for them, England should be very content to let Ireland go its own way, to work out its own salvation in any scheme of self-government compatible with the safety of the Empire.

THE POLICY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DOMINION.

THE resignation of Dr. Jameson and the formation of a Government in Cape Colony, resting on the South African Party which sprang up after the war, complete the cycle of State Governments in the sub-Continent drawing their main but not their sole strength from the Dutch element. Dr. Jameson is an amiable personality, but we cannot say that we are sorry to see the chief actor in the Raid dissociated from the service of the Crown. South Africa now swings back into her natural orbit,

from which a vain attempt was made to deflect her. All who knew her history and realised what was the most powerful factor in her white population, and where the most natural gift for politics resided, foresaw this inevitable event. The grant of self-government simply hastened it. Nothing could have averted the return to power of the party which knows and loves South Africa best, which is most united in itself, and most rapidly assimilates diverse strains in the white population. Nothing is more difficult for a sojourner in Cape Colony to differentiate at sight, or after brief intercourse, the Boer from the British nationality. The Eastern province farmer talks English like a Dutchman, and his character, ideas, and outlook are strikingly similar to those of the older settlers. Ties of affinity both in national type and in religious feeling and belief have always united the Scottish with the Dutch and Huguenot inhabitants. The town populations are indeed largely English, though the Dutch have had a tolerable share of the banking and commercial activities, and the special business aptitudes of men of our race, joined to our control of the over-sea traffic, may maintain their present dominance in centres like Cape Town, Durban, Bloemfontein, and Johannesburg. But the vast interior is, and must remain, largely Dutch. The modern Englishman, impatient and highly strung, will never greatly people those grey-brown solitudes, scourged by the harsher visitations of nature, and blessed by few of her richer gifts. So far, indeed, as the mere gratification of race pride is concerned, the imposing apparatus of conquest and ascendancy set up by Lord Milner has already disappeared. All the elaborate bureaucratic machinery of Inter-State Councils, which aimed at shutting out the people of the conquered territories from control of two of the things which most concern them, tariffs and the railway system, has gone by the board. Within six years of the conclusion of the war, four of the chief political opponents of Lord Milner—Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Fischer, and Mr. Smuts—control the Governments of Cape Colony, the Orange Colony, and the Transvaal. Time has rarely brought about a more dramatic reversal. "Afrikanderdom" was supposed to be beaten to the earth in 1902. In 1908 it stands for nearly all white South Africa that counts.

Is that a conclusion to vex the soul of rational Imperialists, who have seen without dismay the development of great communities like Australia and Canada, in their earlier career unpromising or even half rebellious, and now dowered with the most complete power of independent decision on all their vital political interests? On the contrary, we should be inclined to say that the present disposition of parties in South Africa represents a great political triumph, contrasting with a very doubtful and qualified military success—the most conspicuous example within the Empire of the worth of the Anglo-Saxon principle of self-government. The war, and the settlement which immediately followed the war, produced no kind of popular assent to the new Government on the part of the men and women who were best able to assure its permanence. The Dutch stood sullenly and determinedly aside. Assent has only been yielded in return for the grant of autonomy to the northern States, and would have been withheld just so long as Lord Milner's system, or Mr. Lyttelton's slight modification of it, prevailed. The organ of the Dutch Reformed Church, speaking of the present political situation, recently declared that though the Dutch had lost independence, no Government but that of England would have yielded them complete self-government, and that the fact must never be forgotten, and represented a real compensation. We may indicate another gain to South African progress. Krugerism has disappeared with Milnerism. So far as we know, nearly every conspicuous member of the Anglo-Dutch administrations which hold sway from Capetown to the Limpopo was a political opponent of Mr. Kruger, and at one time or another

withstood him on specially separatist or obscurantist phases of his policy. A third feature of the new rule in South Africa is that it is not exclusively racial. The winning political organisations in the three leading States, though predominantly Dutch in character, admitted British as well as Dutch candidates, and the resulting governments are mixed in race, while they exclude the mining element. That in itself is not an evil, even from the point of view of the constitutional Britisher, for the owners of the Rand had lost the confidence of their own workers and associates, and could not have assured the King's peace.

What is likely to be the policy of the three Governments which, in presence of the political feebleness of Natal, practically direct the affairs of South Africa? Economically, it will probably represent the general colonial tendency to Protection, for it will rest on the country party, anxious to develop the small productive capacities of the sub-Continent. But South Africa is an uncompromising field for manufactures, and thus lacks the Australian or Canadian motive for constructing a "scientific" tariff, aimed, with a thin veil of preferences to the Mother country, at the foreign importer. Internal development, however, will be the main business of the two highly practical peoples, no longer divided on lines of acute racial dislike, which must shape South African destinies. The Cape, in particular, unable to rely on her old command of the railway traffic to the North, must concentrate her resources on her own vast and still sparsely peopled territories.

But all issues in South Africa hang on the problem of unification. A million of white men, largely posted on the stopping places of two or three long thin threads of railway, running through desert, furnish no sufficient constituency for five separate and costly Governments. South Africa wants unity in the three great interests—the native question, the railway question, and the tariff question—which form the cockpit of her inter-State politics. But unity raises formidable difficulties. Where will the South African capital lie? Cape Town, as the centre and ancient and beautiful seat of the early white colonisation, has long resented the loss of the High Commissionership, and with the exploitation of the Rand, the claim of the Transvaal to retain it tends to recede. Probably a compromise will be necessary, and Bloemfontein may be chosen as lying midway between the industrial north and the more fertile and settled south. More vexed and even disuniting is the colour problem. Hitherto South Africa has refused to follow the lead of Cape Colony, which has at least answered the old demand of subject populations for rights in the only way in which it can be answered without slavery or a state of suppressed civil war. South Africa has a native population outnumbering the whites by more than four to one and rising rapidly from savagery and the restraints of the tribal system. What will she do with it? She cannot work it and tax it, laying on the broad and not unwilling shoulders of the Bantu races the burden of her agricultural and mining services, and practically all her rougher manual labour, without returning to them some of the boons and securities that civilised communities enjoy. Yet that is practically the proposition of the northerly white communities, united on this question in a stubbornness closely allied to fear. From the coloured man everything, to him nothing, neither the white man's faith, nor his learning, nor his vote, nor his social privileges and ambitions. The Imperial Power, barely reserving to herself such isolated bits of administration as the ruling of the able Basuto race, must one day deal with the massed opinion of white South Africa on the native question. She must be prepared to find her "Yea" answered with an emphatic and even passionate "No." And then will arise one of the most acute confrontations of policy and feeling that the British Empire can present.

Life and Letters.

THE ETHICS OF VIOLENCE.

AN anarchist draws a revolver on a king or president as titular representative of law and order. A revolutionist throws a bomb under the Tsar's carriage. The Tsar's agents shut up a young woman in a cell and torture her till they obtain confessions, true or false. Both sides appeal to moral principles. On the one side, liberty, justice, even human brotherhood—with a brother or two eliminated—are to be ushered in by a necessary act of preliminary violence. On the other, order, authority and religion are to be maintained by hanging students, flogging peasants, or torturing a schoolgirl. The worst things of all are done in the name of good causes. The world is shocked by the Terrorist, while it takes Abdul Hamid, Leopold, and the Tsar in a different spirit. It regards those in authority as licensed to kill. The very fact that their bloodshed is on the wholesale scale seems to paralyse the imagination. One realises the horror of an individual murder. It has all the elements of a drama. The personal touches are well worked up by skilled reporters. When we learn that 3,000 Armenians have perished in a massacre it is a piece of statistical information—a part of the necessary machinery of the Turkish Empire—something that conscientious clerks compile in Blue-books and put away in pigeon holes. Try to realise the guilt and misery that the figures cover, and the imagination falls back baffled. There is no murderer to concentrate wrath upon. The agents do not count, and far away is Abdul Hamid exchanging courtly compliments with ambassadors, without the faintest reek of the slaughter-house about him. On the whole, we acquiesce with a sigh, just holding up a finger to Abdul and saying "If you do this again we shall have to reconsider our position. Meanwhile, what about markets and railway concessions?" If an escaped Armenian should stab Abdul, what vials of indignation are ready to be poured out!

As a preliminary to a discussion of the ethics of violence we should like to see the scales held evenly between the Revolution and the party of Order. Taking history through, it may safely be said that, where Liberty has slain its thousands, Order has slain its tens of thousands. It has worked in the gross and in detail, in Bartholomew massacres, through its Balthazar Gérards, in its Congolese slaughters, Armenian butcheries, restorations of order in Baltic provinces, and—let us not be Pharisaical—in its Denshawai hangings. There is just this to be said in favour of the violence of Order, however, as against the violence of Liberty, that it does not necessarily stultify itself except when it is associated with religion. Order, it must reluctantly be admitted, can be established by an unsparing use of cruelty. Coercion does not always goad men to rebellion. It may take the manhood out of them, and for this the tyrant may care little enough. It is otherwise with the violence of religion and of liberty. The devotees of the guillotine held that the end justified the means, and that the tree of liberty could only grow if watered with the blood of aristocrats. They landed themselves in the hands of the young artillery officer from Toulon, and they stamped on the minds of half Europe an association between liberty and bloodshed which a century has not expunged. The humanitarian has a noble end in view, but he destroys it in the means he uses to achieve it. The despot has an ignoble end, and his means are in keeping therewith.

But what, it may be asked, is the humanitarian to do? Is he to content himself with a silent protest? In a land of free speech he may make himself heard, but even there do people listen to words unenforced by deeds? and suppose there is no free speech, no law to appeal to, no fair trial? Is rebellion never justified? and if rebellion on the large scale, why not the execution of a criminal? Was not the killing of Plehve substantially an execution, tacitly if not avowedly justified by the opinion of Russia and of the whole civilised world? It is difficult to deny that there are, or may be, cases in

which violence has the immediate justification of success. But in the first place the distinction drawn in the popular mind between concerted rebellion and individual assassination has its ground in reason. The rebel leader must appeal to the people. He is not accuser, judge, and executioner all in one. Assassination is a game which two can play at, and not two only, but as many as there are who choose to risk their lives. The death of Plehve, just in itself as ever a death sentence was, leads by the rapidly moving logic of facts to the formation of the Black Hundreds. Violence provokes violence, and inclines the Middle Party, who always hold the scales, to the side of Order. The Buddhist maxim is true of history:—

"For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred;
Hatred ceases by love; this is always its nature."

This, says the practical man, is all very well for a copy-book heading. It would make the text of an eloquent discourse in a fashionable pulpit. But look at the hard facts. The world is made of sterner stuff. Well, let us look at the hard facts, remembering only that our question is not what cause will gain the outward victory, but what forces will move the world in the direction of certain definite ideals, in the name of which violence is justified, ideals of freedom and social justice. From this point of view it may fairly be asked whether any body of men has made so deep an impression on the modern world in proportion to its numbers as the Society of Friends. Whether we look at the reform of the criminal law, at the cause of peace, the abolition of slavery, or in our own time the removal of industrial oppression, we find Quakers taking a leading part and impressing the world by self-restraint, by calm assertion of principle, and by quiet persistence in maintaining it. Violence is puzzled in dealing with such men. Non-resistance when manifestly the result not of cowardice but self-control is the most baffling of all weapons, and the most persuasive of all arguments. The ancient Stoic, confronted by an irresistible despotism, took in essentials the same line. "You can take from me," he said, "everything but my will," and Stoicism had not to wait long before it found itself upon the throne, and its maxims permeating the Roman jurisprudence. Revolutionists are too apt to forget that kings, nobles, and bureaucrats themselves are human, and have minds finally accessible to ideas. They forget that a challenge provokes them and makes them fear to concede to reason what they might be suspected of yielding to terror. In the tangle of motives which have produced democratic reform in Europe, who shall say what emotions have predominated? There has always been enough show of force to give the cynic pretext for maintaining that each concession has been due to fear. Yet when we look at the ease with which armed risings are almost invariably suppressed by organised power, we may infer with safety that no governing class has abdicated its power until it was honeycombed by a moral doubt of its authority—a doubt which swept its more enlightened members over into the camp of the attack, and paralysed and distracted the resolution of all but a very few of those who remained.

The partisans of violence are apt to confuse two very different things. Men are not impressed by words. They are influenced when they see evidence of strong and genuine feeling. Outbreaks that give proof of such feeling pent up in great masses owe nine-tenths of their psychological effect to this cause. But it does not follow that fear is the motive to which they appeal, nor therefore that an act of horror is the only method of impressing the dull minds of the comfortable. "The woman conquers the man," said Lao Tsze, "by continual quietness." The woman of the present day adopts a different method. She maintains that her quietness had been misunderstood, and it is true that if she wants her rights she must make men understand that she feels and feels intensely. But when in order to do this she appeals to physical force, she resorts to the principle on which man justifies the reservation of political power for the stronger sex. Accepting her logic he will destroy her conclusion. It is the same with the weaker nation and the oppressed

class. By persistence they convince the sceptical of the reality of their grievances. By violence they enable the stronger to assert the necessity of maintaining order. Force in the hands of the minority is a double-edged weapon, and nine times out of ten it cuts the hands by which it is wielded. It may succeed, but at best it breeds mischief on the way. The passive method is infinitely more difficult for man, and its triumph is necessarily doubtful. But the good that it does is not dependent on success. It is inherent in the nature of the thing, pure and unmingled.

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF ASIA.

UNTIL Charles Pearson's book "National Life and Character" appeared fifteen years ago, Asia was to most Europeans a geographical expression for a vast distant area of spell-bound civilisations and barbarisms, interesting for trade and the romance of travel, but negligible for all purposes of initiative in world-politics. Even for our nation, with its huge Indian dependency and its commercial dominance in the China Seas, Asia remained a purely plastic body to be moulded in obedience to the will of Western Powers. Mr. Pearson's brilliant assault upon the self-confidence of Europe, with his prediction of an Eastern renaissance and expansion, which by steady unyielding pressure would force back the white invaders, contributing to a new partition of the world destined to confine the white races to the temperate zones, did not seriously disturb our self-complacency. It was too "speculative." Within the last fifteen years so much has happened that the bare chronicle of events staggers the mind. The Japanese wars with China and with Russia, the Boxer rising with the 1901 Settlement, the treaty of Japan on "equal" terms with two great European nations, the seizure of the Philippines by America, the completion of the Siberian railway and the commencement of the Panama Canal—any one of these events is big enough to compel a reassessment of the situation in the Far East.

At present, indeed, Asia, thus realised, stands more as a menace to the intellect than as a challenge to immediate policy. Its incalculability is largely responsible for the blind opportunism which seems to prevail in the foreign policy of every Western nation. Only one thing seems certain—the grand disillusionment about the passivity of the East. Now that Japan has set about the work of disenchantment, every "fossilised" or backward people throughout the length of Asia seems astir with new vigour, a sense of nationality, an overturning of ancient political and religious authorities, commercial and industrial development, appear in each "buried" country. The writer of the striking article, under the title "Asia Contra Mundum," in this month's "Fortnightly Review," marshals a variety of evidence in support of the view that events are shaping towards a solidarity of Asiatic interests, which, possibly under Japanese hegemony, may verify in large part the prediction of Mr. Pearson. He lays great stress upon a recent factor which, though its direct significance has had much attention, has been neglected in its reactions upon Asia. We allude to the practical insistence of North America, Australasia, and South Africa that they will exclude all Asiatics from settlement in their dominions, making no distinction between Indians, who are in many instances their fellow-subjects, Japanese and Chinese.

Now, if Asiatics, without distinction, are to be permanently excluded from Europe, America, Australasia, and from such parts of Africa as seem most desirable to them for immigration, will they not be impelled to assert a monopoly, racial, commercial, and political, over Asia? For a century or so their millennial isolation has been modified. Large blocks of Asia have fallen under European rule; the beginnings of European industry have fastened themselves here and there; new facilities of travel have seduced congested masses of population to seek relief in immigration to distant continents. But what is a century in the life of Asia? How much does all this political and commercial contrast with the West amount to in the life and character of the teeming millions, nearly half the population of the world, who

occupy Asia? It is not a mere question of the wounded self-esteem of our Indian subjects and our Japanese allies denied the elementary liberties of travel and settlement for which every European people would go to war. This aspect, especially as regards Japan, is, of course, important. So far as Europe can claim to have had a Far Eastern policy, it has been directed to separate Japan from Asia and set her up among the European Powers. But all the paper treaties which express this wooing by the West, whether addressed to Japan or to China, are, as Mr. Putnam Weale shows in his new and important work,* trivial instruments for such a purpose. The statesmen of Japan and China know very well what European nations want, and as Mr. Weale, by a mass of recent illustrations indicates, they have not materially altered their attitude even towards their temporary allies, or departed from their policy of masterly procrastination.

In a word, the chief net effect of the recent happenings is to create an Asia which did not exist before, to give her common grievances, common fears, and, therefore, a common policy, so far as the racial elements contained in her are capable of thinking and of acting together. The "penning in" policy must indeed, in time, by sheer dint of economic pressure, drive the rising nationalities of Asia into this common demand of "Asia for the Asiatics," as a necessary counteraction to their exclusion from the other continents. By such a medley of different races and civilisations as occupy Asia a fully-conscious organised policy of this kind may never be formulated. But the attempt to confine Asiatics inside Asia, even if modified by admission to East Africa and certain islands of the sea, must produce a natural counteraction such as we describe. Much would depend, as regards the pace and early efficacy of such a movement, upon the success of the new nationalist aspirations which are astir in India, Persia, and elsewhere. Nor is it necessary to predict some vast military or political consolidation, brained by Japan, and directed, according to the well-worn formula, "to sweep the foreign devils into the sea." India and China have quite recently shown samples of a far more deadly policy in the commercial boycott—*Swadeshi*. That is one of two industrial weapons which Asia may use for defence or offence. The boycott, or organised refusal to trade with foreigners, was the time-honoured defence of China against intrusion. Should she revert to it, and should its efficacy give it vogue throughout "new Asia," the shock to Western nations competing ever more voraciously for markets and areas of investment would be great. The serious threat of it directed against a strong trading nation might break up the halcyon calm which just now broods over the Far East. But the efficacy of a continuous widespread passive resistance in commercial policy implies a refusal of the Asiatic peoples, who have been inoculated with Western industrial methods, to develop their natural resources with the aid of Western science. If the example of Japan counts for anything, this view is untenable. This brings to the fore the alternative policy which has been long paraded as the commercial aspect of the Yellow peril, the possibility of great hordes of "economic men" in China and elsewhere being trained to a "factory system," with a development of railways and mines, which shall ultimately enable them to swamp the world markets with wares cheaper and not necessarily inferior to those of their Western competitors. This aggressive policy must, of course, imply a period of financial tutelage, for the rapid application of capitalistic industry in Asia is impossible without recourse to Western credit. But, though this competition of cheap Asiatic labour is sometimes scouted as a vain imagination by Western theorists, open-eyed, far-seeing business men treat it with more respect: for they recognise that, in the present disordered condition of fluctuating markets liable to long periods of glut and depression, the advent of such new colossal competitors might play havoc with what we call our industrial system, and engender antagonisms profound enough to tear up our society by the roots.

* "The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia." Macmillan & Co.

THE RUSSIAN PRIEST.

IN the rural districts of Russia you see from time to time a man passing along the highway clothed in grey or brown garments, with a full beard, long flowing hair, a cross on his breast, and a look of simplicity on his face—that is a Russian priest. In former times he was chosen for his sacred office without any other preparation than perhaps a little more common sense or a rather higher standard of morality than his neighbours. But this primitive custom has passed away, and the future priest now receives a rudimentary training in one of the episcopal seminaries established in each Russian diocese for the education of his class. Before his ordination he is obliged to marry. One of the great distinctions between the Roman and the Eastern Orthodox Church is that in the latter no celibate can be admitted to the cure of souls. It is a very curious and interesting fact that the obligation of marriage occupies very much the same place among the secular priesthood in the ancient churches of the East as the obligation of celibacy occupies in the Catholic Church of the West. In Catholic communities a married priesthood is looked upon as a profanation of all that is sacred; a married priest excites a shudder of repugnance. In the holy Eastern Church this attitude of mind is reversed; the village priest must enter into the bonds of matrimony before he can be permitted to exercise his functions in the house of God. It is unnecessary for us to enter into the historic conditions which have produced these diametrically opposite points of view. But the existence of a glaring antithesis such as this shows how custom in religious matters can be raised to the status of conscientious repugnance, and that, in religious communities, the line between sacred and profane is in many cases not an ethical line at all, but a mere product of ecclesiastical convention. But ecclesiasticism all the world over tends to raise conventions into dogmas instead of basing itself and its teachings on the eternal laws of right and wrong.

The Russian village priest, says M. Wilbois in his instructive book on the Russian Church (*"L'Avenir de l'Eglise Russe."* Paris: Bloud & Co.) does not trouble himself much about his parochial duties as these duties are understood in the West. He says mass on Sundays, but, unlike his Catholic brethren, not on week-days. It is only on Sundays that the faithful go to church, and he considers it futile to go through the offices of the Church when no one is there to listen to them. The daily services which so many of our Anglican bishops of the neo-Catholic type are so keen upon, find no favour in the Russian village church. In some of the large city churches there is a daily service, but in most of the town churches there is no service if there is no congregation. To the Russian, according to M. Wilbois, God only manifests Himself to the congregation gathered together for the pageantry of public worship. He does not speak to the individual soul. Although the Russian Church holds very high views of the Eucharist, it allows a wide latitude to the faithful on the matter of participating in it. Even the most zealous believers do not partake of the Lord's Supper more than six times in the year. In the Russian Church the grace of the sacrament is not confined to the person who receives it, and this belief has given rise to a peculiar and touching custom among the Russian peasantry. When the heads of the family do not consider themselves worthy to participate in the holy mysteries, they take one of their little children to church and he communicates in their stead. The mother leads the little one up to the altar; there he receives the sacred elements from the priest; he is then led back again to where the father is sitting, and the mother places the child in his arms. The father takes hold of him; embraces and kisses him with peculiar tenderness and reverence. By this kiss the blessings which the child is believed to have received descend upon the father, and he enters into the favour of God through this mystic communion with his child.

The Russian married priesthood is practically a caste, and the career of the priest is an isolated one. Although living among the peasantry and sharing their lives, the priest is not one of them. Yet his influence

among them is great. He is under no obligation to visit his parishioners; he goes among them when the spirit moves him. Whatever he does in his parish is done as a spontaneous act and not as a duty. The conception of doing things as a duty or by compulsion is alien to the mind of the Russian priest: whatever is done must be done spontaneously; the element of obligation must not enter into it. In this respect he resembles the Russian people as a whole. In the village schools of Russia, under the control of the *Zemstvos*, the priest is admitted to teach the children the Catechism; but over the parish schools he has complete control. Most of the schools are miserable little sheds, and the instruction, whether sacred or secular, is of the most rudimentary kind. The simple duties of his office leave the priest ample time to cultivate his fields. In recent years the rural priest has in certain cases received a small salary, but many of them have nothing to live upon except the parish glebe, and this is a miserable resource unless his neighbours help him to cultivate it. The proceeds of the glebe must be supplemented by the *kopeks* which the priest is accustomed to receive on the occasion of marriages, deaths, births, and confessions. Sometimes the revolutionaries, who are more or less active throughout the whole of Russia, succeed in persuading the *moujiks* that the priest is robbing them; that he makes them, as the phrase goes, "buy the sacraments." But these impressions do not last long. The peasant understands the economic condition of the priest quite well; he sees that he must live, and he can only live if he receives from time to time the alms of the parishioners for the duties he performs. In Russia, many of the parochial cures are hereditary, and a young priest often marries the daughter of an aged one, and receives the cure as her dowry. It is the custom for the children of priests to marry each other, and the complicated rites of the Russian Church render it almost necessary that a priest should be the son of a priest.

A curious characteristic of the Russian Church is that though the priests must be married, the bishops must be celibates. It is often said by writers on the Russian Church that the bishops are selected from the monastic orders. This is not by any means the case. The future bishop, as a rule, is a man who has distinguished himself at the diocesan seminaries for the training of priests. On leaving the seminary he proceeds to one of the high schools of theology to complete his theological education. When his clerical education is over he takes a vow of celibacy, and immediately becomes a teacher or professor at one of the diocesan seminaries or academies. Although a celibate, he is not in the strict sense a monk. His position somewhat resembles that of the old Oxford don before the statutes were abolished which forbade him to marry. Monasticism, it is true, exists in the Russian Church. But monks and nuns are not numerous; in all they do not amount to more than ten thousand men and twenty thousand women. France, with a fourth of the population of Russia, has ten times as many men and women devoted to a monastic life.

Perhaps no Church in Christendom is so singularly barren in great men as the Church of holy Russia. The Churches of France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain have all in their time produced ecclesiastical figures of outstanding genius. But it would be difficult to single out an example of genius or even high ability in the ranks of the Russian priesthood. We cannot read Tolstoy's "Village Tales" without realising that the Russian Church has produced a deep influence on the national mind. It has had a message to the multitude of self-sacrifice, of sympathy, of fraternity. But its priesthood has been without intellectual light. Routine ceremony and external observances have absorbed its energies. It is the representative of ancient Greek paganism in a Christian dress. It upholds a bygone stage in the religious development of the race. The renovation of Russian religion, whenever it takes place, will have to begin with a renovation of the Russian priesthood. It must first of all be liberated from the trammels of a caste; it must draw its energies from the nation as a whole. But Russian life tends to be stagnant and inert, and it is difficult to see what future for the Russian priesthood can arise out of such immobility.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WINTER IRIS.

THE earliest writers on mythology represent Iris as a virgin goddess, and as such, rather than as the wife of Zephyrus, and the mother of Eros, we will think of her, when, on winter days, we seek for flowers of her name-sake among the snow.

There is an iris cult nowadays. Its followers are not so numerous as those of the rose, the dahlia, or the sweet pea. They have not banded themselves into a special society, and drawn up a standard of merit for the flower. But if they are weak numerically, they are strong in enthusiasm and artistic perceptions.

The summer flowering irises, particularly the "English" and "Spanish," are plants for all classes. They will grow nearly anywhere in the garden, they are not very particular as to soil, they will thrive in town yards, and—not least—they are about as cheap as roasted chestnuts. One can buy a hundred bulbs of Spanish irises for a shilling. Does the gentleman who sits over a street brazier, with the tropics playing on the outer shell of his stomach, and the arctic circle in the small of his back, dispense his wares at a lower rate than this? It could be wished that the irises of winter and early spring, with their exquisitely painted and, in some cases, fragrant flowers, were as easy to manage, and as cheap, as the Spanish. But they need something in the way of protection and special treatment, and, not less serious, they cost much more.

Of course, cheapness and dearness are relative. The newest of the new irises costs no more than a new dahlia or rose, and far, far less than a new sort of the lordly daffodil, which may be listed at £20 a bulb. To a plain flower gardener who had only bought irises at about the same rate as crocuses a charge of three or four shillings for one bulb would seem extortionate, but to a specialist it is moderate.

We do not look to the winter irises for the stately beauty of the "Flags." We do not expect clumps covering several square yards of ground, with stems as thick as pokers and as long as walking sticks, and with flowers of the size of flagons. They are nearly all lowly plants, and some of the most beautiful scarcely lift their charming blossoms clear of the ground. We do not think of them as forming colour groups in mixed borders, as we do tulips and crown imperials; they are too delicate for these robust enterprises. We do not look on them as material for forming harmonies with other plants, in the way that Major Shuttleworth associates white English irises and roses at Old Warden Park; in the first place because they are not plentiful enough, and in the second because there are no other flowers suitable for grouping with them in their season. No, we specialise them. We make a collection of them, as we might make a collection of old ware, or of paintings, or of prints, or of any other of the things that attract the *virtuoso*. But their appeal is more humanising than the appeal of rare editions. They have even something of the moving influences of small children, for they live, and grow, and change from day to day, and assume fresh and beautiful forms and colours.

We cannot put these little plants in drawing-room cabinets, or in albums, or in presses, still less (imitating a friend of the writer's who has four thousand pounds' worth of stamps) stuff them into an old tin box under a bed, thence to withdraw them for critical inspection when another connoisseur comes. We have to make a nursery for them—to construct a *crèche* in a sheltered corner of the rock garden, or cradle them in a frame. Indeed, the refinements of the little winter irises insure them the constant affection of the grower. Here is one with a flower rising a bare four inches above the ground. The bloom is relatively large, and of unsullied gold. The sight of it revives the recollection of a winter tramp in old Holland in a bygone year, which terminated in a ramble round a nursery garden with a portly bulb merchant. Memory recalls his elephantine plunging through the snow; his wheezings; his spluttering gutturals; above all, a secret exultation that shone through him, illuminating his broad countenance as with a light divine, as he drew aside a hurdle packed with straw (a

shelter such as the Kentish shepherds make for the lambing ewes) and revealed a clump of this little golden iris. It shone, it sparkled, it glittered; and Hollander and Englander were instantly on their knees beside it, for all the world as though they could warm their hands and change the colour of their blue noses at it. The botanist classes this with the bulbous irises, and calls it *danfordiae*. Its price is only fivepence per bulb.

And here is another, catalogued, if you please, at a modest twopence. Imagine such beauty as this delightful plant gives available for less than the price of the "Times." Note its slender, graceful leaves, and its beautifully marked flowers. The "standards," as florists call the upright petals, are deep lilac with a suffusion of purple; the "falls" (drooping petals) are also lilac, dotted with yellow. At a distance we should call it blue. This is iris *alata*. It is not hardy enough to throw up its beautiful flowers in exposed, unsheltered places, and so it is sometimes put in a pot, and grown in a frame.

We come to an exquisite little species, only six inches high, with flowers so beautifully painted that we can only appreciate its true charm after long, repeated surveys, as of a great picture. The standards are blue—the rich, unsullied blue of serene Italian skies. The "falls" are white, with blades and belts of violet. It grows upon us as we gaze, assuming new beauties with each delightful moment. And, as if the colour combination were not enough in itself to win our affection, the flower is scented. This lovely iris is called *Bakeriana*. It costs three shillings per bulb. Well, that special edition of the "Rubáiyát" which we had contemplated buying can be left awhile.

"And this delightful Herb whose tender green
Hedges the river's lip on which we lean"—
can be ours instead.

We pass to a new scene in the story of the winter garden, and we find the Actor iris, which florists call *histrio*. This came from the Jehel-el-Gharbi, the "White Mountains" of the Arabs—from Lebanon, now robbed of most of its famous cedars. The Actor iris is blue, marked with yellow and purple. It grows about a foot high. One of the first of the year, it is also very hardy. The cost is that of a cheap cigar—fourpence. The same modest sum gives us a beautiful blue and white iris called *histrioides*, which is classed by some botanists as a variety of *reticulata*, and which we shall grow in a pot in the frame.

The Persian iris, *persica*, and its forms give us exquisite winter bloom. The type is a tiny, modest plant, of dainty coloration. The ground colour is lilac, blotched with purple and pencilled with yellow. The flowers are pleasantly perfumed. There is a variety of the Persian called *Heldreichi*, which many prefer, owing to its richer colouring and larger flowers.

With these, and other less important irises of the winter season, we get some foretaste of the joys which the garden will bring when Spring shall come again.

ENGLAND AND MR. MEREDITH.

THAT the eightieth anniversary of Mr. Meredith's birth should be regarded as an event, is in itself a fact of some significance. That a writer so "difficult," so long neglected, so contemptuous of "little people and of fools," should be able to sell his novels in cheap editions (*caviare* demanded by the general), that even the small numbers who admire his poetry should be on the increase, that he should be regarded as the head of English letters, all this is a credit to modern England. The "materialist" and "sentimentalist" who alike stand within the wide range of Mr. Meredith's antipathy, cannot be the only component parts of the world that thus does him honour.

But the world that so honours him is the English world alone. A slight interest in his works and personality recently visible in French literary circles is merely the reflex of his English reputation. Mr. Meredith may make what boast he will of his Welsh-Irish origin (and it is one important fact in his genius), he may express his distaste for many of our English ways,

he may praise foreign nations for this or that, but foreign nations could no more have produced him than we could have produced Molière. The very eccentricities of his style and genius, much as they have impeded his popularity in England, would have cut him off from any recognition in the more academical environment of French literature. More than this, he and the inhabitants of his novels live and move and have their being in English life, and if he were not always encompassed by this responsive atmosphere, his words would echo back to him off the deaf vault of the universe. "It is England nourishing, England protecting him, England clothing him in the honour he wears." Nothing in fact is more highly significant of what England stands for in the nobler aspects of modern civilisation than her production of this man and his work, and her final acceptance of him still alive into the ample Pantheon of her great men.

Our relation to this child of the Celts is typical of the assimilative power of the rich, deep, various life of our country, that is so largely hospitable and tolerant because it has no fear of losing its fundamental character. Mr. Meredith's wild Celtic imagination, the basal fact of his literary power, has been turned to the uses of the English, to show us our follies and to glorify our most distinctive virtues; to gibbet for us our own Wiloughby; to exhibit in all their worth our Vernons, our Roses, our Janets, and our Beauchamps; to teach our raw Wilfreds and Evans the true choice of the path between duty and egoism, love and sentimentality; to make our English landscape glow with a redoubled glory and to people it with our Richards and Lucies; to make our English days and nights, dewy fields and nightingale-haunted thickets, breathe, as of old, into our English hearts our own fighting faith in the goodness of the world and the value of life. Such are the uses to which this Celtic poet has turned his gifts of wild vision and of winged words. All this magnificent Walpurgis night of the intellect and imagination to show us plain Vernon Whitford! All the wonder and wealth of the Hall of Aklis to turn a conceited young barber's nephew into a true man! Surely none but we English, to whom "conduct is three-fourths of life," would hold such a conclusion to be anything but lame and impotent. But this Celtic Englishman has made us feel the poetic beauty of life, not only on the solitary hills of Wales or Ireland, but yet more in the heart of modern civilised life—where there is any effort being made, however blindly, to live it aright. Celtic poetry, in its uncontaminated essence, such as in our generation we get it from the adherents of the Gaelic League, is a pure rushing stream, straight from the mountain—yet it turns no wheel. But the great flood that Mr. Meredith has guided turns for the English the mills of the gods.

Thus with an imagination so brilliant as to verge sometimes on the insane, he preaches truest sanity. And it is partly for this reason that he has established so great a hold upon so many of the English. At bottom, they say, this man stands for illuminated common sense, for all his wit, his odd style and his flights of fancy; so too, in spite of some wild notions, he stands for morality and the serious study of conduct, for the social order, and for the social spirit. The need of such a man, among the great men of our day, is a felt want. Our typical modern writers, when not antinomian and frankly individualist, are more interested in analysis, like Mr. Henry James, or in new ideas and plenty of them, like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, than in character and the conduct of life as we find it. The problem of character—what it is and how it is to be obtained—is the primary interest of Mr. Meredith, and he is great enough, witty enough, poet enough to be able to deal with the problem of conduct without fear of being set down as a prig, in a generation of writers nervously sensitive to the charge of being "too serious." Above all, he has more light to throw on the problem of conduct than had Carlyle, than has Tolstoy. There is an immense force in "Sartor" which renders it an inspiration for youth in trouble, for all ages to come; but there is in it not more than a limited amount of guidance as to direction. Tolstoy again, at least in his old age, seems

to consider conduct in its narrowest sense as *four* parts of life, and proposes to sacrifice at its shrine literature, art, and innocent pleasures. But Mr. Meredith knows well the essential place in any true scheme of morality of those

"Pleasures that through blood run sane,
Quickening spirit from the brain."

Thus Mr. Meredith links up the old Puritan in us with the modern moralist of a broader and more hard-thinking school.

Of course, Mr. Meredith's particular judgments are not always right. Carinthia Jane's final choice takes away from the attractiveness of her character as drawn in the earlier parts of the book, and seems a hard-hearted perversion of the author's own laws of right and wrong. Instances might be multiplied. But on the whole his novels perform in the highest degree that function of "criticism of life" for which Matthew Arnold absurdly looked in the "Ode to the West Wind," and absurdly found in "Childe Harold." Of course, Mr. Meredith's moral does not hang like a tail from the dog, but is immanent in the psychological analysis and the poetic charm of the book. His novels are not ethical tracts like "Resurrection." But none the less one reason why they have caught so strong a hold on many people in England is that they are a natural development in the straight line of English literary tradition, which in poetry and fiction alike has always been profoundly "serious."

Unless Mr. Meredith's novels were great literature, the views of life and conduct implied in them would count for nothing. But the world has acclaimed them as great literature. On what is that judgment based? Judged by the standard of ordinary novels, they fail in many respects. The plot is sometimes rather absurd, and sometimes it is rather dull. The structure is inferior to that of many writers who would readily acknowledge themselves his inferiors. Novels like "Vittoria," that begin in splendour, lose themselves in the last part of the volume in wearisome shallows and miseries. The psychological probability, often so illuminating and convincing, yields no less often to the dictates of an exuberant fancy; in the art of sustaining psychological probability throughout the book, Tolstoy is immeasurably his superior. Of the frequent obscurities of style it is unnecessary to speak. Against these plain defects, which are all that the purblind can see, what are the literary qualities which have carried the novels to triumph?

In the first place his style, whenever it is not ruined by its crabbedness, is a new discovery in the power and beauty of words. It is and must remain unique. It can found no school. There are good reasons why it should never be imitated—except in spirit. But at its best it is, like the best Carlylese and the best of Browning, a joy for ever. In the second place, his psychological insight, when it is not misled by his imagination, is original and true in a very high degree. Next, we must take account of his Celtic fancy, now drolly humorous, now luxuriantly imaginative, playing round the well-known scenes and figures and doings of English life, delighting us at least as often and as much as it detracts from our sense of the probability of the tale. But the chief quality of all is poetry; the Celtic fancy in its less capricious, more serious and more exalted moments. The two great themes of English poetical tradition—love and nature-worship—receive continual adornment throughout the novels of the man who wrote "Love in the Valley." Chapters XV., XIX., and XLII. of "Richard Feverel" would alone entitle Mr. Meredith to a place among the great prose-poets of our race. And this element is a constant factor throughout his novels. Poetry is always lying in ambush and springing out upon the reader, sometime at most unexpected moments. More than this, the general spirit of his whole work, as he tells his stories of men and women in town and country, by day and by night, fills us with the sense of the glory and beauty of life. To a race or a generation of men who had lost that sense, what use were there in art, in psychology, or in literature itself?

G. M. TREVELYAN.

The Drama.

A LICENSED PLAY.

"Enormously droll—Mr. Hawtrey kept the house in roars of laughter."—"The Times."—"A triumph."—"Daily Telegraph."—"Unusually rich in ingenious incidents and bright lines, and a general intellectual vivacity."—"Morning Post."—"A roaring farce—an ideal Hawtrey character—a blithe evening."—"Daily Chronicle."—"Audience shouted with mirth."—"The Observer."—"Mad and merry farce. The house shrieking with delight."—"Daily Graphic."—"An excellent evening's amusement."—"Morning Advertiser."—"Laughter attended Mr. Hawtrey from start to finish."—"Referee."—"Mr. Hawtrey quite delightful."—"The Tribune."—"Splendid part for Mr. Hawtrey."—"Daily News."—"Impossible not to explode over the absurdity of the dialogue and the situations. Mr. Hawtrey is unequalled."—"The Star."—"Rollicking complications."—"Lloyd's News."—"A naughty little piece."—"Sporting Life."—"Audience convulsed with laughter."—"The People."—"Mr. Hawtrey at his best."—"Evening Standard."—"The most popular 'Charlie' on the stage scored a great success."—"Daily Mirror."—"The audience chuckled the evening through."—"Standard."—"A screaming farce."—"Weekly Times."—"A sparkling comedy."—"News of the World."—"Mr. Hawtrey is a comedian born in the secret of perennial youth."—"Sunday Times."—"Convulsed the house."—"Sportsman."—"Everybody seemed to enjoy 'Dear Old Charlie.'"—"Daily Mail."—"Irresistibly funny."—"Daily Express."—"Provoked loud laughter."—"Morning Leader."—"Very lively and amusing farce."—"Pall Mall Gazette."—"Received with hearty applause and laughter."—"The Globe."—"The Press on 'Dear Old Charlie,' as quoted on the Vaudeville programme.

THERE are two kinds of worlds with which the dramatic or the literary artist may concern himself. There is the world where thought and feeling are alive, where men, in Goethe's phrase, "err" and "strive," where they desire the better things and do the worse, where they sink, rise, and maybe fall again, where the spiritual fabric is unmade and renewed as the tissues of the body itself suffer change. This we call the moral world. It need not be, and often is not, the world of conventional morals; but it is always and necessarily a sphere where moral judgments have sway.

Beyond this is another kind of existence, imagined by light-minded people with a gift for representation. It is not the real world, or anything like the real world, but it pleases a type of novelist and playwright to pretend that it is. Its chief feature is that it takes the attitude, and, indeed, assumes the defence, of the ordinary man of pleasure. It paints his experience as a highly successful, agreeable, amusing, and brilliant affair. It shows him, like Tam O'Shanter in his cups, victorious over the ills of mortality. It sets up one kind of self-indulgence as the most vicious and charming of all, that of the almost professional "conqueror" of women and deceiver of men. It strips this exciting world of all trouble, save casual and laughable mischance, and presents the man who chooses it as a kind of Jupiter-Scapin, clever and beautiful, gaily outwitting gods and men, but particularly husbands. In the history of the English stage this kind of drama flourished greatly in the time of the Restoration. A singularly close revival of it is to be seen at this moment at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Mr. Brookfield's free adaptation of Labiche's comedy, "Célimare, le Bien-aimé," or "Dear Old Charlie." There, fully licensed and approved by the Censor, you may see the theme and the method of such plays as "The Country Wife," and "The Plain Dealer," less gross in dialogue but hardly less suggestive. Nay, you hear the English adaptor challenging comparison with such a play as "Waste" by making one of his characters refer to it as "Sewage." If "Waste" is "Sewage," what kind of a chemical product can "Dear Old Charlie" be? For "Waste" be its faults of execution what they may, is concerned with the tragic confusion that light conduct brings into a man's life; "Dear Old Charlie" sets itself to show that this kind of action is not only delightful in itself, but that there is no difficulty in escaping from its consequences by tricks, jokes, innuendoes, and especially

lies. One work belongs, in a word, to the world of morals and moral law; the other to the world of Mephisto, where nothing is sacred and only callous laughter reigns—the stage world which Wycherley and Congreve invented and described.

The theme of "Dear Old Charlie" is an old one, and Labiche and his English adaptor have treated it with a sufficient audacity of wit and invention. Moreover, Mr. Charles Hawtrey devotes to it all the resources of his accomplished and cynical art. He has for years excelled especially in playing characters who lie not merely to shake themselves free of a web of intrigue, but because they love a lie for its own sake. It is impossible not to laugh when Mr. Hawtrey is engaged in this kind of stage-deception because he has all the accessories of such a theatrical gift—a handsome, unmoved face, demure but lit up with sparkling eyes, a rapid, eager flow of seemingly candid speech when, found out in one lie, he invents on the spot half-a-dozen more to cover it, and a droll habit of taking his audience into his confidence and making them his accomplices. Dozens of plays have been written to illustrate this talent of Mr. Hawtrey, which is indeed one of the chief assets of our stage. The consequence is that Célimare, the French "hero" in Labiche's play, is nothing like so persistent and orchidaceous a liar as Charlie Ingleton. Indeed, the play is perceptibly coarsened as compared even with the original, for in the French, the young wife is gradually enlightened as to her husband's character, and Célimare has even a moment or two of comparative candour. In "Dear Old Charlie," the lies are mountainous. And the French dramatist spares us the revolting touch in which this mere girl reconciles herself to him by using the device that Ingleton had imagined to keep up his secret correspondence with one of his mistresses.

The scheme of the play is of a piece with this setting. Ingleton, a well-preserved rake, is about to marry a young girl. He has had two mistresses, both married. One is dead, the other alive. He is the intimate of both their husbands. He has spent his evenings in playing absurd games of cards at their homes, games such as "Funny Families." He has kept their letters, and jests equally about the authors—the dead woman and the live one—before he proceeds to burn the epistles so that they may not compromise him with his wife. The dramatic idea of the piece is obviously to exhibit this rake as a fascinating creature, the husbands as a pair of vain and childish doddies, and to evolve the most sparkling and entertaining incidents out of the comedy of two butts, whom the actors know how to make as ridiculous in appearance as they are meant to be in character. So on their heads every kind of indignity is heaped, short of the physical drubbings meted out to the absurdities in the Aristophanic comedy. They are made to laugh at each other and expose each other. Each handles his wife's letters—only to give them back unopened to Ingleton. Each unconsciously recounts his own shame to the other, and each winks and guffaws to the delighted audience at his companion's folly. Ingleton himself is no more human than they, for he is made to present his wife with the bangle that belonged to one of his mistresses. Finally the pair, hustled and bewildered, are driven out of Ingleton's home arm in arm, like the clowns in the circus, whom everybody flouts and maltreats; and after a minute's whimpering on the sofa the girl-wife, to whom not one word of truth has been told from the beginning of the play till within a few speeches of its end, sinks—to slow music—satisfied into her husband's arms!

This is "Dear Old Charlie." Its matter is treated with remorseless irony by Maupassant in the similarly named "Bel Ami"; it is treated by Labiche and Mr. Brookfield entirely for purposes of amusement. And in this aim it is entirely successful, for the humour of the French is brisk and recklessly gay, and Mr. Brookfield has wit of his own and has also preserved the Gallic touch. So the audience laughed and laughed again. Husbands laughed at the stage husbands, wives at the stage wife and the wives in the background, just as their forbears of the seventeenth century laughed at

Horner and Mrs. Pinchwife. Both seemed oblivious of the trifling fact that the aim of Labiche's mockery was marriage and the family, and that these institutions were being battered down by raillery and lies, and by the setting up of the stage convention of the enjoyment and prestige that belong to a false and secret life, which at any moment the man who pursues it may exchange for ideal domesticity. Such a play, clever as it is, can only be called frivolous and immoral. But what shall be said of a Censorship which lets it pass into its present brilliant notoriety, and stops the way to the serious English drama?

M.

Music.

OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THOSE with the interests of English musical life at heart may well congratulate themselves on the events of the last couple of weeks at Covent Garden—first of all that "The Ring of Niblung" has at last been given on an English stage in the English language; secondly, that the artists have mostly been English or of English-speaking races; and, thirdly, that the performances, in spite of the newness of some of the singers to stage work, were always good and sometimes first-rate. In several cases no one could have suspected that the artists who were doing so well were making practically their first appearances on the stage in grand opera. Mr. Walter Hyde, for example, has hitherto been known only in connection with musical comedies of the type of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Miss Hook of Holland." Those who saw him in "The Valkyrie" in the first cycle were surprised to find him one of the best Siegmunds one has heard for some time. His voice, though it has probably not yet attained to its full power, was a sheer joy to the ear; and if he can act with such ease and intelligence on his first appearance in so onerous a part as that of Siegmund, there is every reason to believe that he will develop into an operatic artist of unusual competence. Miss Agnes Nicholls has sung in opera before, but no one was prepared for quite so good a piece of stage-work from her as her Sieglinda in "The Valkyrie" or her Brynhilde in "Siegfried." Mr. Frederic Austin, again, whose singing on the concert platform has shown him to be an artist of unusual intelligence, left no doubt, by his singularly able study of Gunther in "The Twilight of the Gods," of his complete fitness for the stage. Great promise was shown by some other members of the company, particularly Miss Borghild Bryhn—a young Danish lady whose English is excellent—Miss Edith Evans, and Mr. Charles Knowles. Mr. Peter Cornelius, the Siegfried, and Mr. Hans Bechstein, the Mime, are more experienced artists, who, however, were on this occasion singing their parts for the first time in English—if Mr. Bechstein's rather queer pronunciation deserves that name. Mr. Thomas Meux, the Alberich, was another native artist who showed himself to be fully at home on the stage. The minor parts were all done capably, and sometimes excellently. The only singer who seemed palpably ill at ease in the theatre was Miss Perceval Allen, the Brynhilde of "The Twilight of the Gods"; but she made amends for her stage awkwardness by singing her music in splendid style. The orchestra was superb throughout. Dr. Richter, who conducted, evidently felt the responsibility of having so many young and untried artists under his care, and he gave them an amount of assistance that he does not generally accord to singers. The finest performance was that of "The Valkyrie," Miss Nicholls, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Whitehill, Miss Bryhn, and Miss Santley making a quintette of singers that could not easily be surpassed.

All through the cycle, indeed, one was greatly struck by the excellence of the singing. It has gradually become the fashion in many German theatres to declaim Wagner rather than to sing him, although it is certain that Wagner himself wanted his music sung as beautifully as Mozart's can be. There were some traces of the German style in Mr. Cornelius's work, but on the whole he accommodated him-

self very well to our English notion that a melody set to words and sung by a human voice should have the same sensuous beauty of tone and the same accuracy of musical intonation as a phrase played by a piano or a violin. Nothing is more irritating than a constant insistence on the speaking value of the words at the expense of the musical value of the notes. The charm of the performance of "The Valkyrie" was just that the music was beautifully sung throughout; one got all the honey out of the phrases at the same time that one lost nothing of the dramatic force of the words or of the scene.

The total impression carried away was that English singers, given the proper environment, have a capacity for opera at least equal to that of any other race; and the question was always presenting itself whether better use could not be made of the talent the country undoubtedly possesses, and whether something could not be done to bring more of it into the light of day. The artists are there; all that is required are the stages for them to appear upon. And the problem is: How are those stages to be provided? We may reasonably hope in time for a regular English season of opera at Covent Garden, along with the German and the Italian seasons. But those who have not fallen into the general error of assuming that, in music, London is equivalent to England, feel that something more is needed than a new entertainment to be added to the many that Londoners already possess. There is in the provinces just now a strong demand for better music of every class, especially orchestral and choral music. What is particularly wanted at the moment is a practical demonstration to the provincial music-lover of what opera really is. Unless he has travelled he has no idea of this. The touring operatic companies do their best, but under no circumstances, as things are at present, can they rise above the second-rate. Their orchestras alone are enough to damn them in the eyes of everyone who knows what an orchestra is. Their reply is that, so long as music-lovers support them as badly as they do at present, it is impossible for them to do things on a larger scale. The rejoinder to that is that, so long as things are done on their present petty scale, real music-lovers will have nothing to do with the performances. In towns like Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham the audiences at the opera are invariably composed of the less-instructed lovers of music; the cultivated and travelled musicians give it the cold shoulder, not because they do not like opera, but because they like it too well to be content with the second-rate. There is only one way out of this deadlock—to create such an appetite for first-rate opera in the provinces as to force the touring companies to provide something better than they usually provide.

This appetite can only be stimulated, as we know from the parallel case of orchestral music, by bringing the first-rate into the provinces and killing the second-rate by the force of comparison. The amateur becomes enthusiastic over the present provincial performances of opera because he has never seen anything better; even in the largest towns, the untravelled amateur has still no notion, for example, of the real Wagner. The proper thing, then, must be brought to his door, and there seems no doubt that this could easily be done. A couple of years ago, Mr. Charles Manners broached a quite workable scheme for producing "The Ring" in the provinces. He undertook, if ten towns would each get up a guarantee fund of £2,000, to give the cycle on a proper scale, with English artists, with the Queen's Hall orchestra, and with Mr. Wood as conductor. The scheme fell through because of the apathy of some of the large towns. But after the recent performances in London one asks why the whole Covent Garden production should not, some time or other, be taken round the provinces? If £2,000 would cover the expense under Mr. Manners' scheme, surely a smaller guarantee fund would suffice for the other plan, for a great many of the expenses of rehearsal and of stage material would be avoided. The present writer has repeatedly urged the formation, in ten of the largest towns, of some kind of organisation for this purpose, each committee acting in concert with the rest. No one town could afford to bring down the Covent Garden troupe; but a tour arranged on business-like lines could, one thinks, be made a success. Only in this way can provincial opera be lifted out of its present state of mediocrity.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

AFTER a period of comparative silence, the Abbé Loisy is again coming before the public with a criticism of the recent Papal pronouncements. His latest volume, which is just about to be issued, is entitled "Simplex Reflexions sur le Décret du Saint Office et sur l'Encyclique." Hitherto the Vatican has hesitated to excommunicate M. Loisy, but the appearance of this volume, combined with his new commentary of the synoptic Gospels, may prove too much for the obscurantist officials who now pull the strings at Rome; and, indeed, our information is that his excommunication may be declared at any moment. It seems as if sound learning and Catholicism as represented by the Roman curia were finally parting company, and that official Catholicism can no longer be regarded as the religion of educated men.

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THE news that Mr. John Long is to issue a volume containing a number of letters by Edward Fitzgerald not hitherto published is certain to stir curiosity. There are those who regard Fitzgerald as the greatest of English letter-writers, and he is certainly among the first half-dozen. As Mr. Herbert Paul observes, he did not write from a sense of duty, or to get an answer, or to discharge a debt, but, as he once confessed, because he had a "very young lady-like partiality" for writing to his friends. His style is almost perfect, and corresponds exactly to his own definition, "the saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent."

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MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., is engaged upon a book dealing with the present condition of England, which he hopes to have finished by the end of the year. It will take the form of an examination of the forces—political, social, and religious—now making their influence felt, a discussion of such problems as sweating and the unemployed, together with an appreciation of the most hopeful of the remedial measures. Coming as it does from a writer who combines sympathy for the workers with an unusual gift for generalisation and a style of singular power and richness of colouring, the book is sure to be of value as a contribution to literature as well as to sociology.

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MONSIEUR CLAUDE, who was chief of police under Napoleon III., left behind him ten volumes of memoirs written with great frankness and detail, and containing some curious revelations about the inner history of the period. A selection from these journals has been translated into English by Miss Katherine Wormeley, and will be issued this month by Messrs. Constable, under the title, "Memoirs of Monsieur Claude, Chief of the Police under the Second Empire." Claude was in his way a remarkable man. Though politically he was a Legitimist and later an Orleanist, he won the favour of Napoleon III., and served the Empire faithfully, though he always hated its chief. The Emperor wished him to become head of the political police, but he declined, taking charge of the regular police instead. His office involved him in several political intrigues, and some of the most interesting parts of his narrative are those in which he speaks of his efforts to bring to justice criminals of position whom the Emperor's secret agents tried to save. His deep-rooted prejudice against Napoleon III. prevents him from being an impartial chronicler, but his book is rich in anecdotes, and the accounts he gives of the mysterious and remarkable crimes which he investigated make excellent reading.

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MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, of whom we give an appreciation on another page of this issue, forms the subject of a brilliant article by M. Firmin Roz in the current number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." M. Roz cites Meredith as a typical example of English individualism in letters. "Meredith practised, in his own way," says M. Roz, "the 'splendid isolation' which was once the political device of his country. Such an attitude is possible only in England, a country so complacent to individualism. We in France

can scarcely conceive harmony as existing outside of 'conformity.' The English accept and love non-conformity in everything." "Meredith's imagination is constructive. It has not the transparency that reflects the world, but the activity that reconstitutes it. The author is a sort of demiurge who, in the process of creation, is prodigal of explanations and commentaries. And yet little by little the illusion of life insinuates itself into our minds—little by little, in spite of the activity which the author displays before our eyes, we gain the sensation of reality; for he is a realist in his own manner which differs from all others." "Poetry comes from the very heart of things, and George Meredith, artist as well as psychologist, goes to its very sources. His divination presses to the roots of the life which he transplants into his artistic garden. We are astonished at the marvellous growth of blossom which the eternal freshness of his world displays before our eyes. Everything is rejuvenated: nature, love, suffering, and joy, our feelings and our instincts. For this penetrating and intuitive mind there is nothing insignificant or commonplace; every stir of our blood, every manifestation of our intelligence, every aspiration of our soul—blood, brain, spirit—assume a meaning and an ultimate beauty. The world takes light and colour in us and outside us. George Meredith's novels overflow with poetry."

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It is seldom the lot of a copyright work to be issued by three different publishers. In a few weeks this distinction will belong to Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden." Originally published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, it passed from them to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who includes it in his half-crown "Library of History and Biography." Now Messrs. Macmillan announce that it is to appear with Mr. Morley's collected works in their admirable "Eversley Series." We are also to have soon from Mr. Fisher Unwin a re-issue of the edition by John Bright and Thorold Rogers of Cobden's "Speeches on Questions of Public Policy."

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A book of an advanced type which will soon be published by Mr. Fifield is Mr. Steven Byrrington's translation of Dr. Paul Eltzbacher's "The Anarchists." It is made up of ten studies of the foremost exponents of philosophic anarchism, among them Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Kropotkin, Max Stirner, and Benjamin R. Tucker.

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A NEW and very drastically revised edition of Mr. John Galsworthy's novel, "The Island Pharisees," containing a preface by the author, will be issued in a few weeks by Mr. Heinemann. The book originally appeared in the spring of 1904.

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BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, who is spending the winter in Italy, is writing a new historical novel, which will deal with the severance of the union between Norway and Sweden. It was thought that the work would take the form of a drama, but this has now been denied by Björnson's son. Björnson has already written a drama dealing with modern politics, "Paul Lange and Thora Parsberg," which caused some sensation and no little ill-feeling. Paul Lange was Björnson's old friend Richter, Minister of State in Stockholm.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Programme of Modernism." With an Introduction by the Rev. A. Leslie Lilley. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"A Critical Examination of Socialism." By W. H. Mallock. (Murray. 6s.)

"Decadence." The Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. (Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." By S. Baring-Gould. Second Edition (abridged). (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Aspects of George Meredith." By Richard P. Curle. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Work and Wages. Part II. Wages and Employment." By Sydney J. Chapman. With an Introduction by Lord Brassey. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Caroline." By Clementina Black. (Murray. 6s.)

"Vie de Jeanne d'Arc." Par Anatole France. Tome Premier. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7 fr. 50.)

"Les Evangiles Synoptiques." Par A. Loisy. (Paris: Nourry. 30 fr.)

"L'Age du Toc." Roman. Par Gyp. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

"Der Impressionismus in Leben und Kunst." Von Richard Hamann. (Cologne. M.7.)

Open Questions.

"THE RIGHT TO LABOUR."

It is sometimes argued that the "right to labour" does not imply the right to have employment found for one by the State. But such a contention trifles with the facts of the matter. Modern labour power in order to be productive requires the co-operation of capital and land; most labourers have no capital and land of their own; they must therefore succeed in making a bargain with the owners of these factors of production if they are to work and so earn a living. If they are unable to effect a regular continuous sale of their labour-power to employers who command the other factors of production, upon terms which enable them to support themselves and their families, what are they to do?

Nearly four centuries ago our Government recognised the reality and urgency of such a case, and threw upon each parish the obligation to furnish work and sustenance. The modern development of our Poor-law system has, however, proceeded upon lines which have incapacitated it for dealing seriously with the main issue of unemployment. It has not the powers to furnish adequate and suitable employment to out-of-works, and if it had, the attitude of mind towards poor relief which the administration of the law has succeeded in implanting in the working classes would preclude it from efficient service as a social remedy.

In the Unemployed Act of 1904 the late Conservative Government clearly committed itself to the acceptance of the "right to labour," though devising a machinery which could not work effectively because no public finance was furnished for its operation. The sum of money placed by the present Government at the disposal of the Local Government Board for the purpose would of course be utterly inadequate to meet the demand for public employment in a period of deep trade depression.

The present position in which, as a nation, we find ourselves is this: We have accepted the principle of the right to public employment, but we are not prepared to find the means of making our acceptance valid. In this situation we cannot long remain; we must make up our minds either to "go back" upon the principle, or to be prepared to make it good in practice by adequate organisation and finance. Many Liberals would like to take the former alternative; they rightly hold that the principle was inconsiderately converted into policy for vote-catching purposes by the late Government, the members of which are now charging their successors with Socialism. But the abandonment of the half-implied, half-expressed obligation of the municipalities to furnish wage labour to unemployed workmen is politically impracticable. It is therefore important that the full legitimacy of the principle should be recognised, so that the necessity of realising it in the administration of local government may receive full and thoughtful consideration. It is often said by persons who ought to know better that with rare exceptions the "unemployed" are "unemployable," and that as such they should be taken rigorously in hand by a reformed poor-law with penal settlements, the "rare" cases of "deserving" unfortunates being relegated to private charity. This view shows a lamentable ignorance of the facts of our industrial system. In 1899 when trade was good only 2·4 per cent. of the trade unionists of this country were out of work; in 1893 when it was bad the percentage was 7·5. What meaning is there in the suggestion that the 5·1 per cent. that mark this fluctuation of trade were unemployable,

when in a good year they are found actually employed? Inefficiency or other point of character may be held to be some sort of explanation of "unemployment" in a period of boom, though even then it is reasonable to regard the inefficiency of technique and character as largely the wreckage wrought by earlier periods of depression and poverty. But the great mass alike of seasonal and of periodic unemployment by trade depression is not explained by any element of personal efficiency, and cannot be obviated by raising that efficiency.

If a change in the American tariff or a failure in some staple crop so damages the trade of one of our industrial centres that a number of the mills contract their output, dismissing ten per cent. of their employees, how does personal efficiency come in? It is quite true that the "unemployed" thus created will be composed of workers who from age, feebleness, slowness, or lack of skill are somewhat less efficient than those still kept on, but this inefficiency was not the cause of ten per cent. being unemployed; it only determined the personnel of the ten per cent.

As Mr. Charles Booth has put it, "Our modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin, some reserve of labour." When trade is good these men are workers, when it is bad it seems they must be idlers. The out-and-out Socialist says, "Away with such a system!" What does the Liberal say who is not prepared for such revolutionary work? What is he prepared to do for this margin of involuntary idlers who are said to be as necessary to the operation of our "system" as the workers? They cannot seriously be expected to stand the cost of this sacrifice out of their own pockets and characters. There are those who seem to think that season workers ought to make provision out of their wages while in work against the winter slackness which they know will come. Most season workers are, of course, in no position to exact a wage permitting such provision to be made. But if they were, no one can suggest that workers in general are competent to do what the skilled business men and financiers are incompetent to do, viz., to forecast the great tidal movements of trades in the national and the world markets, or even to calculate the probability of new machinery or changed processes displacing their labour and throwing them on the street. Neither individual worker nor trade union can make any adequate provision against these greater and incalculable trade emergencies. The forces which bring them are social forces, and the injuries they cause require social remedies. If they are in very truth essential to our "system," a part of the cost of industrial and social progress, organised society should make provision for those who incur these losses in its service. They have a clear claim upon the State, as representative of society, to be kept, and not in idleness, which obviously impairs their efficiency and corrupts their character, but in work.

Emigration is no solution; it only shifts our burden on to others' shoulders, for our Colonies have their own depressions and unemployment, as the recent history of Australia and South Africa testifies. Besides, our Colonies want the best and not the worst of our workers. Finally, we have no right to exile persons who are willing to live and work in their native country.

These considerations fasten a plain moral obligation upon our State to find employment for workers who cannot find it for themselves, and give these workers a "right" to such employment. No State is able to afford to ignore this duty and to permit the social system to be poisoned by the rotting refuse of the labour markets, men and women who, not by their own fault, are condemned to live in idleness, a permanent burden upon the working classes which are least capable of bearing it.

We have no intention here to discuss even the outlines of the large scheme of public works required to meet this periodic demand. For when once the necessity of the task is firmly faced, the practical statesman must deal with the difficulties and the dangers which beset this as every other attempt to grapple with an organic malady. When he realises he has got to find a way, he will be less dismayed by vague allusions to the Paris municipal relief works of the Commune.

The chief conditions of the practical problem which he has to solve are these:—

(1) The public works undertaken by unemployed workers must not produce goods for the outside market. If any agricultural or manufactured goods are produced by colonies or workshops, they must be consumed inside the "protected area." Otherwise the subsidised public products undersell the free products, or, by their mere addition to the free supply, bring down the price, in either way damaging the outside trade and creating more "unemployment." Public works must be for public use, the improvement of public lands and such forms of cultivation, for instance, afforestation, as are not remunerative employments for private enterprise, the making of roads, canals, harbours, and other improvements of the material fabric of the State or municipality, or the production of ordinary goods exclusively for exchange inside the protected area.

(2) The wages, or the net conditions of employment, for unemployed workers in public works, must be somewhat below the level in the outside trades from which they have been displaced. The motive for this rule is not financial economy, but the avoidance of a sort of Socialism which is fatal to the task of organic reconstruction. If trade union conditions, with added security of employment, are procurable in public works, men actually employed in outside trade will throw up their jobs in order by unemployment to qualify for this preferential subsidised employment by the State. Some Socialists appear to welcome what they regard as a triumphant achievement of their cause. In fact, it would be their ruin. The only possible progress of State Socialism is through the assumption by the State of those highly organised industries from which genuine competition has disappeared or is disappearing, and the operation of them by the most efficient labour procurable. Relief works which should proceed to socialise the most disorganised trades by employing first the least efficient labour in those trades would sin against the laws of evolution and of common sense. Unemployed relief works must be treated as a palliative for a specific industrial disease, not as a mode of organic reconstruction.

(3) On the other hand, the wages and the work provided for the unemployed must be adequate to keep them and their families from deteriorating in industrial or social efficiency, otherwise it fails of its main purpose. For this the bare subsistence wage of an unskilled labourer, and a setting of all unemployed alike to some raw manual toil, will not suffice. Some discrimination in wage, if only to pay the differing rents for different grades of workers and to make allowance for the food of different sized families, must be accorded; the delicacy of hand and health in the case of those displaced from skilled manual or non-manual occupations must have consideration. Yet such discrimination either of wage or of work cannot be carried very far; it is not feasible to set each man to work at his own trade, or to furnish him a wage closely adjusted to his normal standard of comfort.

Provided that public wage-work is offered upon terms which are neither degrading to self-respect nor injurious to efficiency, the obligation of securing the higher standard of comfort which obtains in the better remunerated occupations may fairly be thrown upon the individual wage-earners, who can afford to subscribe to a trade union, and to supplement the wage they would receive for relief work by the unemployed benefit of their union.

One word in conclusion. No pretence must be entertained that relief works undertaken by the public with labour, which is *ex hypothesi* less efficient than that which remains employed, cannot be made even approximately self-supporting. The entire scheme must be primarily regarded as an outlay of public money in helping workers to tide over periods of unemployment which they cannot foresee or prevent, and against which most of them cannot provide, and in saving society from the injury and waste attending these industrial dislocations.

J. A. H.

Contemporaries.

GOVERNOR HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES, the Governor of New York State, is now definitely in the running for the Presidential nomination. Inside the Republican Party he is, or appears to be, Mr. Taft's most formidable competitor. Both are men of very high character and capacities, and either would make a good candidate and a better President. The initial advantages in what will prove a keen but friendly contest seem to rest with Mr. Taft. He has been much longer before the public; he is more closely identified with the Roosevelt policies; and as the handy man of the Administration he has been pitchforked from one thankless and troublesome task to another, from the Philippines to the Vatican, from the Vatican to the Panama Canal, from the Panama Canal to the War Office, from the War Office to Cuba, and from Cuba to Tokio, solving problem after problem with that peculiar kind of lubricating sagacity which is his special gift. Mr. Hughes, on the other hand, is a man of far narrower experience. Five years ago not one American in a hundred thousand even knew him by name. In politics and the daily business of administration he is still serving his novitiate; it is less than eighteen months since the Republicans of New York State nominated and elected him to the Governorship. Their action was anything but voluntary. They did not want Mr. Hughes—professional politicians hate nothing so much as the necessity of admitting a detached, independent, and somewhat scornful outsider—but they could not win without him. Their own record was unsavoury, and his was not only clean but shone brilliantly. Mr. Hughes had just concluded his investigations into some New York insurance companies. He had uncovered one of the greatest and most intricate scandals of which even the prolific annals of American finance held any record. He had shown as counsel for the prosecution a grasp of his subject that bewildered actuaries of forty years' standing. He was not spectacular or deliberately dazzling, but his patient, pertinent cross-examinations, his quiet unravelling of the whole wretched tangle, his single-mindedness of aim and motive, constituted not only a display of the highest forensic finish, but a public service that could hardly be exaggerated. It was Mr. Hughes who drew up the report of the committee of inquiry; it was he who drafted the Bills that have helped to revolutionise the conduct of American insurance. The people felt that in him they had found a man they could trust. The logical sequence of this discovery was to elect him to office. It happened that the biennial election for the Governorship of the State fell due just when popular gratitude for Mr. Hughes' services was at its height. He became at once "the people's" candidate. But he might not have been forced upon the Republican politicians had the Democrats nominated anyone but Mr. Hearst. The contrast between the character and personalities of the two men was too valuable an electioneering asset to be thrown away. The Republicans did as politicians even in America are obliged to do at times. They bowed to the popular wishes. They pandered to the moral sentiment of the community. Mr. Hughes was nominated, and alone among his colleagues on the Republican ticket was elected.

Walter Bagehot was distinctly right in describing the American system as government by an unknown quantity. Here was a lawyer of whom the masses really knew nothing except that he had twice appeared as counsel in the interests of the State—once in 1904 to investigate the gas companies of New York City, and again a year later to probe the insurance scandals—and that he had done his duty faithfully and with conspicuous ability. Without further inquiry they promptly chose him as the executive head of a commonwealth of eight million inhabitants, next to the Presidency itself perhaps the most exacting post in the whole range of American officialdom. It did not take very long to justify their choice. Mr. Hughes has made an admirably capable, bold, and unconventional Governor. No man, not even Mr. Roosevelt, has held more aloof from the squalid manoeuvres that Americans exalt by the name of politics. He has governed absolutely in the open, without any kitchen Cabinet, or back-stairs conferences, or a bodyguard of private-ear bosses, or any other of the familiar aids to American administration. The politicians

naturally do not love him. He is not one of them; instinctively their guard goes up when he steps into the arena. But every month has seen him add something to his claims upon the confidence of the people. More than once he has thrown himself upon their support and coerced the Assembly by the power of an aroused public conscience. It was in this way that he forced the passage of the Public Utilities Bill, probably the sanest and most comprehensive measure that has yet been adopted in the United States for the regulation of public-service corporations. It was in this way, too, that he constrained the politicians to put their dearest possessions in jeopardy by passing an Electoral Redistribution Bill. But Mr. Hughes has also shown that he can stand up to popular opinion as well as guide it. For the past year or so there has been a mania among the State Legislatures for attacking the railways. In New York it took the form of a Bill forbidding the railways within the State to charge a higher passenger rate than a penny a mile. The facile and popular course would have been to sign it. Mr. Hughes vetoed it; and he did so in a message of such arresting cogency that not New York alone but the whole country was converted by it. Like Mr. Cleveland many years ago under somewhat similar circumstances, Mr. Hughes was soon to find that there is no such favourite of democracy as the man who chastises and corrects it.

Thirteen months of Mr. Hughes at Albany have, then, persuaded the American people that he is honest, that he does not "play politics," that the "interests of the people" are something very much more to him than a mere electioneering tag, that he knows how to serve them, and that to clamour and "pull" he is equally indifferent. He is a man who stands altogether on the Rooseveltian plane, though the difference between the President and the Governor is not less defined than the resemblance. Five years younger than the President, Mr. Hughes has schooled himself to a far greater self-control. He works through his intelligence where Mr. Roosevelt would be apt to trust his instincts and emotions. In courage and self-reliance there is probably little to choose between them, but Mr. Hughes has none of the President's expansive breeziness; his mind, while steadier and more analytical, has not Mr. Roosevelt's range; he lacks, perhaps despises, the President's turn for the dramatic effect, and his nature, so far as it is revealed to the public, is mingled with more austerity, reserve, and deliberation than Mr. Roosevelt has room for, with more patience, too, and possibly with more fair-mindedness. The temperamental divergence implies in this case a divergence in political methods, if not in political aim. It is probable that Mr. Hughes, while subscribing to the Roosevelt policies, would carry them out in ways less sensational and disturbing, with more reflection and less violence, than the President's disposition permits of. The feeling has, at any rate, been developing that Mr. Hughes has most of the characteristics which the average sentiment of the country is looking for, and would like to see applied to the business of national government. The movement in favour of his nomination as the Republican candidate has been a purely popular one. It owes nothing, while Mr. Taft's prospects owe much, to the support of the Administration or to the machinations of the politicians, who, indeed, never voluntarily rally to a man of Mr. Hughes's type. It has sprung altogether from the desire of the people of New York to testify to their appreciation of the Governor's character and conduct, and though its ultimate success is more than doubtful, the mere fact of its initiation speaks not unhopefully for the improving standards of American politics.

Letters to the Editor.

"WASTE" AND THE CENSOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th of November you were good enough to insert a letter from me on the Censorship of Plays, dealing with the refusal of the Censor to license Mr. Granville Barker's play *Waste*. In that I committed myself to the assertion that the Censor's objection, instead of being founded, as his supporters imagine,

on general ethical principles, or—to put it in another way—on any pretension on the part of the King's Reader of Plays to have any higher sources of ethical inspiration than Mr. Granville Barker, was a matter solely of the observance of an absurd rule forbidding dramatists to mention the subject of obstetric surgery.

Whenever an obviously well-founded statement is made in England by a person specially well acquainted with the facts, that unlucky person is instantly and frantically contradicted by all the people who obviously know nothing about it. This was what happened to me. I was not only contradicted on the point of fact, on which, as I am now going to prove, I was exactly right; but I also had against me that utter lack of political principle which divides us at present, not into supporters and opponents of the freedom of the stage, but into persons who liked Mr. Granville Barker's play, and therefore think that Mr. Redford should be utterly abolished for daring to refuse it a license, and persons who, not liking the play, hold that Mr. Redford's refusal to license it is a satisfactory and final proof of the desirability of the Censorship. It will be remembered that when Mr. Redford refused to license M. Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, all the critics denounced the Censorship furiously because they were delighted with the incident of the condottiero and the lady in the tent. But when Mr. Granville Barker substituted for these allurements a long discussion on the disestablishment of the Church, a subject in which the critics take no interest, they forgot all about *Monna Vanna*, and declared one after another that the Censorship is an excellent institution, and that the Lord Chamberlain deserved well of his country for driving Mr. Barker off the stage. And to save their faces, they implied that what Mr. Redford had objected to was the adultery, the illegitimate child, and the seduction scene.

Now mark how plain a tale shall put these gentlemen down. In order to secure his legal rights in countries not ruled by Mr. Redford, Mr. Granville Barker has been compelled to accept momentarily all the alterations of his play demanded by the Censor, so as to be able to obtain a license and give one technically public performance of it in the United Kingdom. Accordingly, last Tuesday week, at the Savoy Theatre, the play, in a form duly guaranteed by the Lord Chamberlain as not containing "in its general tendency anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage," was performed before a select audience by perhaps the most remarkable cast—judging by the celebrity of its members in literature—that has ever appeared on the stage in London. With the exception of the one eminent dramatic critic who opposed the Censorship on principle, and who is disabled on this occasion from criticism by the fact that he undertook one of the principal parts in the play, the Press was not represented; and I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of challenging our critics personally to put their finger on one single noticeable alteration in the play except the substitution of a conventional and incredible suicide by poison for the death under illegal operation of the unlicensed version. The seduction scene was there, word for word as it originally stood—that scene which so many critics cited as an instance of the horrors from which the Censorship protects us. The adultery was there; the illegitimate child was there; everything was there that was supposed to be the forbidden fruit of the Lord Chamberlain's garden. I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Redford for so precisely confirming my description of the real operation of the Censorship, and routing in shame and confusion his own credulous and inconsiderate supporters.

Let us consider the effect of the alteration by which Mr. Redford considers that he has purified the English stage. The question at issue between Mr. Redford and Mr. Barker was not as to whether the persons in the play should act immorally or not. Mr. Redford had no objection to the immorality: he has given it the Royal sanction. The difference between them was as to the retributive consequences of that immorality. Mr. Barker presented an entirely credible, probable, and highly deterrent result of the immorality. Mr. Redford has insisted on an entirely incredible one. As the law stands at present a man may commit adultery with another man's wife with absolute legal impunity, provided the husband has himself been unfaithful. This was the position in Mr. Barker's play. If the

lady had not resorted to an illegal operation, and had not unluckily died under that operation, the career of her accomplice would not have been wrecked. That was the real risk that Mr. Barker's protagonist ran; and that was what ruined him. Now it would be absurd of me to say that Mr. Redford is anxious that public men should not be discouraged from adultery by reminding them of consequences that are natural and reasonably probable. It would be equally absurd to say that Mr. Redford must be anxious to conceal from the public the fact that it is perfectly well known in the medical profession that illegal operations are undertaken by qualified practitioners of much higher standing than the obscure and needy doctors who are imprisoned from time to time on this charge. But it is not at all absurd to say—and I accordingly take the liberty of saying it—that if Mr. Redford really had so desired, his action in Mr. Barker's case would have exactly carried out his wishes. Has any man ever been deterred from committing adultery by the possibility of his accomplice committing suicide by poison? I once knew a man who refused to insure his life because he was absolutely certain that the Judgment Day was fixed for Easter Sunday in the year 1889. I have heard of a man who refused to take an otherwise eligible house at the foot of a Welsh mountain which he suspected of volcanic tendencies. But I cannot believe that even these two would have denied themselves the smallest gratification for fear of somebody committing suicide—especially stage suicide. What Mr. Redford has done is to license the crime and virtually suppress the retribution. That is a very characteristic example of the way in which the Censorship, with the best intentions, always contrives to do exactly the opposite of what it is supposed to do, what it is meant to do, and what I have no doubt Mr. Redford honestly intends to do.

A few minor alterations, which have been demanded as a matter of taste, raise the question: Whose taste? In certain classes in this country it is considered good taste to discuss delicate subjects by innuendo. There is a solid reason for this in the fact that in the classes in question, the vocabulary applicable to such subjects is coarse, and is used freely for the exchange of insults as well as for the exchange of ideas. In other classes, at the more cultivated end of the social scale, the system of conversing by innuendo, by blanks and dashes, and by the initial letters which help the blushing police constable to spare the delicacy of the bashful magistrate, is an unendurable vulgarity. You can be simple and outspoken, or you can hold your tongue; but you must not embarrass yourself or the company by self-consciousness or half measures. The stage, unfortunately, is not yet as much at its ease in reproducing the manners of the cultivated classes as in imitating the tricks and fashions of newly enriched week-enders. When there is anything delicate to be discussed, it has to take refuge in innuendo; and the Lord Chamberlain's department, corrupted by endless reading of plays, has become as sensitive in the wrong place and in the wrong way as an eighteenth century stage duenna. Accordingly, in the licensed version of *Waste*, one notices a few passages where the decent directness and unconsciousness of the original version have been replaced by blanks left to be filled in by the imagination of the spectators, without any guarantee that their imagination will be in any way superior to Mr. Barker's, and with even a considerable probability that they will fill in a great deal more than Mr. Redford has cut out. Fortunately, there is very little of this; but what there is is all to the bad.

In short, the Censorship has not only made a stupid and mischievous scandal by suggesting to the public that one of the finest products of our modern dramatic literature is a deplorable indecency; it has actually first had the play altered for the worse, and then guaranteed it as being altered for the better. Which, I repeat, is just precisely what I said it would do. I claim no merit for the prophecy. Everybody who has seriously studied the action of the Censorship could have predicted the event with equal exactness.

By the way, I notice in your paper, over the unfamiliar signature M., a series of dramatic criticisms of which I should speak in high terms if I could pretend to be indifferent to the fineness of hand with which M. has manipulated my own plays. But since we are on the subject of the Censor's notion of the proper way to treat adultery

on the stage, may I ask whether M. has seen *Dear Old Charlie*, and if so, what he thinks of it from that point of view?—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.,

THE REVIVAL OF HOME RULE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With the dawn of the twentieth century developed a theory among statesmen that by convention a problem of actual life might be annihilated. Mr. Balfour first introduced this delightful conceit. Finding that his Ministry and his party were greatly exercised about something that they described as the "fiscal question," he lightly ordained that as far as his administration was concerned, there should be no fiscal question, and that was to end the matter. The policy of his Cabinet was not to be open to imputations of free food or Free Trade or Protection or preferentialism. By an official convention these matters were eliminated from existence, as being obnoxious sources of strife, and Balfourism, ignoring them, went blithely on—to destruction. His party was smashed very largely because he was believed to be a Protectionist, but also very largely because the voter conceived that his Ministry had some fiscal policy up their sleeve that they were ashamed to confess. Democracy will far sooner vote for a man who is a Protectionist and says he is a Protectionist than for a man that is believed to be one, yet who will not declare it. For food taxers, candour and honesty are proving useful policies, while the Liberals are being badly hit in the country by the suspicion that they have an Irish policy that they are afraid or ashamed to avow.

One of the conventions of 1905 was that while the Liberal Administration was in power there was to be no Irish question. It was open to members of the Cabinet to be Unionists or Home Rulers in the abstract. Their views about Ireland could not possibly concern the Government, as the political existence of that island was to be more or less in a state of suspense until it would suit the Liberal party to revive it. Many of these arrangements have come to pass. We have a Cabinet and a party that embraces abstract Unionists and abstract Home Rulers, while the Government, as a Government, favours neither Unionism nor Home Rule. We have an Administration with no official opinion on the vital question of Irish existence, but we have an Ireland that won't go to sleep or yield to the influence of political anesthetics. I don't think that this situation is to the advantage of Liberalism.

On the one hand there is the tremendous difficulty of administering Irish affairs. This has to be done in practice on the Unionist principle of farming-out the government of the country to some clique within it. There is nothing else for an English Minister to do. No member of the Cabinet has any personal knowledge of men or affairs in Ireland that could be of the slightest use to him in any attempt to conduct individually the control of that country. Earnest student and observant traveller can only be certain that it is hopeless for a stranger to guess at the motives and sentiments that mould the conduct of the native.

No Englishman ever yet governed Ireland as a Minister of the Crown. Whoever thought he did was but the blindest victim of the resident party, who, pretending to be his supporters, made him their mouthpiece in Irish affairs. The success of an Irish Chief Secretary depends not on himself but upon his good or ill-fortune in the haphazard selection of the lessees to whom he may demise his confidence. The present Administration is most unfortunate in this. Of the earnestness, sympathy, and unselfishness of the Chief Secretary all Irishmen are convinced, yet no man ever had a harder task in the conduct of affairs in the Western Island. The selection of the clique to whom the country is committed was not in his power. He came into his office finding the country already allotted to the mercies of a party that had sprung into existence between August, 1905, and February, 1906. On the subject of Home Rule this interesting collection of amateur politicians has no settled convictions—nor have they upon any other subject save that they are the victors and that Ireland must provide the spoils. They have excited the hostility of the

Tory Party, from whose ranks a large proportion are deserters, and the disgust of the Irish Party, whose members, with all their faults, have no love for the Tammany system in politics. They form an encasement of insulating material that renders impossible frank communication between the country and the Minister, and they include no man of ability whose opinion might be accepted as reflecting some fraction at least of Irish sentiment. There is consequently developing in Ireland a desire to end this Administration at any cost, and for the purpose of ending it to hamper and to harass it at every turn.

The ephemeral character of the chief responsible Minister for Irish affairs adds to the trouble. I do not think that a friendly Chief Secretary gets what Englishmen would call fair play from us Irish Nationalists. I am perfectly sure that honest and friendly communications from Irish sources would be well received, yet they are not made, and any attempt to make them rouses misunderstanding. The Minister mechanically regards every Irishman who addresses him as a beggar for some salaried post to be bestowed upon some incompetent *protégé*. The Irishman reflects that he would be wasting his time in trying to combat and expose an intrigue since the Chief Secretary is almost certain to be changed before he can be convinced of the truth. Truth by its eternal consistency has an advantage in the course of illimitable time, but in the brief reign of the ever-changing Irish Minister falsehood obtains a start that renders correction impossible.

Outside of Ireland the Irish question is not a difficulty, but a danger. Its existence exposes the Government to all the dangers of a coalition. It is a dividing and weakening force in the Cabinet, and can no more be conventionally ignored by the Ministry than the fiscal question could be ignored by the Tory party. The Government agree to ignore it, yet it forces itself upon their attention at every turn. The electorate believes that the party are afraid of it, and that the Liberals are attempting Home Rule by some underhand trickery of which they are ashamed. The avowal of Home Rule as a rallying cry would be an immense source of strength to Liberalism. No one who took an active part in the last General Election could fail to recognise how completely the fear of Home Rule has vanished from the English middle and lower classes. Mr. Balfour would have been beaten in Manchester had his election been confined, as he declared it should be, to the Irish question. The policy of Legislative Freedom for Ireland becomes a policy of danger only when it is treated in the spirit of funk. Unsettled convictions on such a question will always be dangerous in a country whose people are in favour of politicians who have the courage to face issues squarely.

The campaign against the Lords is fearfully handicapped by this timidity about Home Rule. Every professing Liberal who is in fact a Unionist is put out of action in the fight with the Peers. The other Unionists whisper truly, "The House of Lords is the only real barrier against Home Rule"; and all weapons fall from the nerveless hands of the "Imperialists." No man who is against Home Rule will ever do an honest day's work attacking the titled ascendancy. He must be conscious that that is a task pre-eminently fitted for a friend of Irish autonomy. The presence in the ranks of half-hearted colleagues takes the spirit out of the whole army, and if Liberalism is to exist the Ascendancy Chamber must be assaulted with zeal and enthusiasm.

Never could it be more truly said that Ireland blocks the way. Within fifteen months the Ministry must definitely make up its mind on the Irish question, or the dissension, doubt, and cowardice that are breeding in the ranks will leave the Liberals to face a general election as disastrous to them as was the last election to their predecessors.

It must be clear to everyone that the Parliamentary forces of Democracy cannot longer be kept idle in the trenches firing desultory shots at the stronghold of Privilege. There must be some forward movement, or the Liberal army will dissolve and melt away. Prudence and circumspection and caution are all great virtues, but if you want courage and enthusiasm to inspire a charge to victory, you would do well to enlist the Irish on your side.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Dublin, February 3rd, 1908.

SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While cordially appreciating the spirit in which Mr. John Evans has written to you on the above subject, I should be thankful if you would allow me to indicate one point in which he is in error. There is no one school "syllabus" for Bible teaching. It varies under different local authorities. And while it is quite true that some—and some only—of such authorities have latterly omitted the Six Days' Creation and the Fall of Man, they nearly all of them include the "lives" of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which they expect their teachers to treat as literal fact. Mr. Evans is, of course, familiar with the "life" of Jacob. But does he really think it affords healthy moral pabulum for infant minds? At any rate he cannot be ignorant that half the teachers who have to give it as fact do not believe it to be so. In a more limited sense the same thing may be said of those who have to rehearse the "Virgin Birth," the raising of Lazarus, and the bodily resurrection of the Lord himself. The question is not—I once more repeat—whether these things are true; but whether all "untested" teachers believe them. Apologising for troubling you again—though I ought not to need any apology where the morality of a nation is at stake.—Yours, &c.,

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

Caerlyr, Penmaenmawr,
February 3rd, 1908.

THE CHURCH AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of the Vicar of Ashburton in your last issue, on "The Moral of Mid-Devon," sounds a note of serious warning. Before that contest, he says, the Church vote had been "quietly organised." Churchmen had been roused to action by the circulation of a "manifesto to Churchmen," emanating from an authoritative quarter, and pressed upon their flocks by "more than forty incumbents in the division." "A strong feeling of disgust and indignation" among Churchmen has been engineered by an almost ubiquitous clerical agency, with the result of making the election of a Liberal candidate impossible.

The moral that the Vicar of Ashburton draws is that no wise politician "can shut his eyes to the power of the Church when it is aroused"; that the Church is, politically, "a force to be reckoned with," a force that can and will defeat candidates all over England "if they do not repudiate Mr. McKenna and all his ways, and shake themselves free of Dr. Clifford and his party." That is the price of the neutrality of the Church.

Most people are naturally inclined to magnify their own share in a success, and the Vicar of Ashburton is probably no exception. But, all allowance made for *Gallicantus*, enough verifiable fact remains to make the Vicar's letter a very important document. It was so that the Transvaal was "organised" before the war in South Africa. When the war actually broke out England had cause to regret her previous indifference to warning. And so with the Liberal Party at the next General Election. What he describes is going on all England over. The whole country is permeated by "mighty voices three"—the Church, the "Trade," and the Landed Interest. The Primrose League acts as gramophone to the Tory Cerberus, and blends its triple bark into a bellow of impressive volume. But it is not in public utterances that the danger lies. It is in the quiet pressure brought to bear upon the ignorant elector by men from whom he cannot escape—by the parson, the publican, and the employer of rural labour. Take any ordinary village. There are three centres of gravity, three points round which the labourer's thoughts revolve—the vicarage, the taproom, and the master's pay-room. Look at the clergyman's opportunities. He has practically the official right of entry into every cottage in his parish, and the right of asking what questions he pleases. He has the irresponsible disposal of a part of the money given in charity, a generally decisive voice in the apportionment of the rest. If he chooses, he may certainly be a member of the parish council—probably its chairman—a position in which education enables him to dictate, repress, or encourage, without

apparently going beyond the functions of his office. He has the school, the mothers' meeting, the Church-room all at his command for the quiet cultivation among his people of that "strong feeling of disgust and indignation" with the policy of the Government, which, according to the Vicar of Ashburton, has led to the defeat of the Liberal candidate in Mid Devon. He is able to conciliate the "Trade" by giving the support of the Church to the Liquor interest. Here is a Church-room utterance, quoted from a report in the local Conservative weekly, a warning delivered to a crowded meeting of villagers in the presence of their vicar. "This Government would not make it any easier for the licensed victuallers, and, if they did not, how was it possible for the licensed victuallers to make anything easier for their customers?" No place is better adapted for the purposes of a propaganda than a taproom, nor can any missionary be more persuasive than a publican. Cow-yard oratory out of the mouth of an employer with the power of dismissal is apt to be convincing. The mere uncontradicted repetition of the words "Lies" and "Rot" has an influence upon uneducated people. An aged gentleman has just used them in a letter, published in the local papers, as descriptive of the methods that brought the Liberal Party into power. Translate this into the "vulgar tongue" of Tory agitators, and remember that the rustic voter cannot escape hearing it, that he practically never hears a contradiction, and that the speakers are supported by the whole weight of the Church.

The Vicar of Ashburton has given expression to what is of common knowledge. The Church has chosen her side, and is backing it for all she knows. Before the last election, when the Nonconformist vote was looked upon as likely to turn the scale, it was edifying to listen to ecclesiastical deprecation of united political action on the part of religious bodies. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

Well, what are we to do? The Church has declared definitely against the Liberal Party. *Roma locuta est. Causa finita est.* Here is a little story that perhaps the Church might do well to lay to heart:—

Dr. Johnson was at a dinner-party. Cheese was brought in. A lady showed signs of extreme disgust and fainted. "Take away the cheese!" exclaimed some of the guests. "Take away the lady," said the Doctor.—Yours, &c.,

D. C. PEDDER.

Applegarth, Ogbourne St. George, Marlborough.

February 3rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having had some opportunity of noticing the direction of opinion in Church circles, I feel sure that your correspondent, the Vicar of Ashburton, has correctly diagnosed one important cause of the recent defeats which the Liberal Party has suffered in bye-elections. I may go further, and say that it was, and still is, my belief that the dread which Church people professed to feel of the possible action of the late London County Council in school matters had more to do with the defeat last year of the Progressive Party on the Council than all the audacities of the "Daily Mail" and other "Moderate" organs put together. In that case, of course, the women's vote was a power; and every parson, as one knows, carries an important feminine contingent of voters in his pocket. But there are plenty of male voters in the same frame of mind. You noted, if I mistake not, that in the Mid Devon election that staunch Free Trader, Sir John Kennaway, allowed himself to support the Protectionist. Sir John, however, is no less strenuously a Churchman. Since the Bill of 1905, and even more since Mr. McKenna's resolution of last year, every clerical school-manager has become an enthusiastic canvasser for the Tory Party. I have even known the pulpit to be used for the purpose.

Another suggestion I would make is that Liberals, Churchmen especially, should keep an eye on the forthcoming "Pan-Anglican Conference." Great efforts are being made to give this an *éclat* such as the modest meetings of bishops which have hitherto satisfied "Pan-Anglican" aspirations have never enjoyed. It is being subtly linked up with that somewhat undefined but pervasive notion known as "Imperialism," with which, as you will see,

great play can be made in connection with the religious activities (against which I have not a word to say) of the Anglican Church.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. B.

February 4th, 1908.

THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If I may be allowed to look a gift-horse in the mouth, I would say a few words about a book the publishers of "The Times" have sent me. I gather from it that they are anxious to give readers 4,666 words for a penny, whereas Macmillan lately published a book which gave 550 words, and Constable one that gave only 460 words per penny.

Now I am quite in favour of making good literature cheap, and I therefore turned eagerly to see what quality of matter "The Times" supplies at this price. The book sent me contained an inset of 8 pages from the 25-volume "Historians' History" they want me to buy. On page 324 of this inset I came upon the following sentences:—

"During the whole of his reign Peter struggled against the prejudices and evil nature of his subjects and dependents; he prosecuted embezzlers of the public funds, takers of bribes, impostors, and lamented that things were not done in Russia as he could have wished. *His partisans sought, and even now seek, to find in all this the cause of the obdurate vices and defects of the ancient Russian.* But looking into the matter dispassionately, it follows that much must be ascribed to the character of Peter's action. It is impossible to make a man happy against his own will or to force his nature. History shows us that, in a despotically ruled society, the vices that chiefly hinder the fulfilment of the most laudable and salutary preconceived designs of the power are most frequently and saliently manifested."

I venture to enquire what this (especially the passage I have italicised) means?

Further on in the same inset I read: "Because of Peter's love for the ideal of the Russian people, the Russians will love Peter until he himself loses the national ideal, and for the sake of this love they will forgive him all that a heavy burden has laid upon his memory."

What is it that a "heavy burden" has laid upon Peter's memory, and why did it put it there? And how can Peter the Great (who has been dead quite a long time) be expected to "lose the national ideal"?

I wonder whether this is really a fair sample of the matter "The Times" is publishing, or whether the bulk will be above sample?

I would suggest to "The Times" that without incurring any heavy expense they might engage an intelligent reader (who need know no history, and no language except English) and instruct him to run his pencil through all incomprehensible passages, and prevent their going to press unrevised. For though it would be nice to have 4,666 words of readable matter for a penny, I personally would rather pay three times as much to be excused reading words of that sort quoted above.

And is "The Times" quite fair to other firms? I have on my shelves a book Messrs. Constable published for me at half-a-crown, which contains more than one full-page illustration and 4,666 words for each penny of the price, and I think every sentence in it means something.—Yours, &c.,

AYLMER MAUDE.

Great Baddow, Chelmsford,

February 1st, 1908.

MID DEVON AND THE SMALL HOLDINGS AND ALLOTMENTS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must confess surprise on reading Mr. Montague Fordham's letter in your last issue. Perhaps, as an old Social Reformer (and therefore a Liberal) who remembers taking part in the General Election in 1865, I may be permitted to say a few plain words. It is too apparent that Mid Devon is made to do duty as a whip ready to hand

wherewith to beat the new Land Act. But a moment's thought will show that the said measure of Land Reform which came into possible operation with the New Year could only receive such severe treatment, like the unfortunate schoolboy, for offences which he would be sure to commit. Your correspondent's verdict of wholesale condemnation must have been arrived at from the very opposite policy to the waiting attitude of the Fabian. Indeed, a fortnight ago Mr. Fordham (rushing in the other direction) told us that he saw a solution to the rural problem in what may be called the association clauses of the now utterly "found-wanting" Act, and even had then gone so far as to describe in his "Mother Earth" "the land club scheme for the administration of the new land law." It is not conceivable that there is anything so poisonous about this enabling measure as that it should turn thousands of votes the other way. Mr. Roden Buxton does not so much as name it among the causes of his defeat. With all respect to your correspondent, I would ask him not to be so hasty in his pronouncements one way or the other. I am afraid it is a case of the Socialistic bee preferring to go without honey at all than to visit the yellow flowers of Liberalism, preferential treatment being reserved for those red blooms of uncertain promise. So far as I am acquainted with the agricultural labourer and the rural "small man," they most certainly, if they partake at all, will not refuse to try what is offered them because of a possible more highly-flavoured meal in the unborn future. "A bird in the hand," &c., is a homely proverb they have daily to act upon. No new machinery is needed to introduce Mr. Fordham's "land clubs"; this was done by Robert Owen over half a century ago. May I commend to the close attention of Liberal workers the very practical and businesslike leaflet of Mr. E. O. Fordham, the well-known social worker and president of the Norton Small Holdings, Limited (Co-operative Printing Society, Tudor Street)? It is co-operation that we want in small culture, and Sections 9 and 39 of the new Act gives it us, while the Agricultural Organisation Society, Co-operative Union, and other associations will assist and supply the indispensable credit bank or loan society. More new machinery, unless imperatively required, is always weakening, being centrifugal rather than centripetal in tendency, dissipating force. In his hurry to break up the social system in an old country and out of the ruins construct a brand-new State collectivism of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange, Mr. Fordham appears to have overlooked the co-operative movement or to have confounded it with Socialism, the principles and policy of the two being essentially distinct. When the former new force has failed it will be time enough to take the whole machine to pieces.—Yours, &c.,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

Barley Rectory, Royston.
January 29th, 1908.

THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I regret that, owing to a printer's error, due, perhaps, to an imperfection in my handwriting, the name of the authoress of "The Fairy Bower" has not yet been given correctly. Her married name was Mozley, not Morley. Her husband, Thomas Mozley, wrote "Reminiscences of Oriol College."—Yours, &c.,

M. J.

February 5th, 1908.

"A WOMAN'S CHARTER."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I crave your permission to make a short reply to the ladies writing on this subject in your issue of February 1st. When I suggested a "Woman's Charter" in your columns I did so because of the vague and extraordinary demands that may be heard at any meeting of the militant women. I drew no analogy between the Chartist and these ladies, but suggested that, as a well-considered political programme had been useful in the one case, it might prove useful in the other.

The Chartists asked, amongst other things, for

1. Universal suffrage.
2. The Ballot.
3. Payment of members.
4. Annual Parliaments.

For what do the ladies ask? The suffrage as for men on the present household basis? This scheme is supported, we believe, by Mrs. Fawcett, as representing the older suffrage societies, is seconded by Mr. Bernard Shaw, but repudiated by the recent Trades Union Congress.

Or do they claim adult suffrage? I am assured by friends amongst the Suffragists that they also claim the right to represent their sex in Parliament.

It is obvious that so large and revolutionary a measure of electoral reform cannot be given by a stroke of the pen or any Parliamentary *hocus pocus*. The issue must be laid fairly before the electors. It would surely be a step in advance towards peace and clearness of understanding if the militant ladies would formulate their demands, and then, as other citizens do, await the verdict of the country. If so reasonable a request be refused, it would seem that the reason must be that they cannot agree upon a charter.—Yours, &c.,

G. B. HARRISON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One of your correspondents in last week's issue asks: "What are women's grievances and disabilities? Is it entirely a question of the vote?" and then goes on to say: "Let us have a Women's Charter."

To this I would answer that there is no need of a Charter. Lack of the right to a Parliamentary vote connotes our whole grievance. Give us that, we'll do the rest. Every subject for redress by legislation is as much the concern of women as of men; their interests cannot be separated. The working woman of to-day wants what man wants and wants it just as badly: the chance to earn a living decently with a margin, be it ever so trifling, that will lift her life above sheer drudgery. Never can she accomplish that while she remains in economic dependence on man. Never will she remove her present shackles while she is denied the right of effectively influencing the course of legislation.

It is all very well for your correspondent to discount the value of this vote we are so strenuously bent on capturing, by pointing out that once we get the vote we won't use it. Judging by the men of this country that might possibly result, but judging from the use made of their vote by women already enfranchised we need not too readily anticipate such refusal to utilise the power entrusted to them. Even were they as remiss as men now are, why should the energy of the faithful few among us be left sterile because all will not be active?

Again, your correspondent derides legislation as a means of reform at all. The futility of some legislation cannot be denied, but while it remains the recognised and official means for effecting reform, it must be used till a better engine is invented. Are we to wait until legislation has become a fine art nicely and exactly adjusted to its ends before we ask for women's suffrage? We may as well wait for the millennium. I for my part believe that the enfranchisement of women would be a first and no ineffective step towards hastening its coming.—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C. WATSON.

Avenue House, Clifton, York,
January 28th, 1908.

[We must hold over further letters on this subject.—
ED. "NATION."]

Poetry.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

SAID God, You sisters ere ye go
Down among men, my work to do,
I will on each a badge bestow:
Hope I love best, and gold for her,
Yet a silver glory for Despair,
For she is my angel too.

Then, like a queen, Despair
Put on the stars to wear.
But Hope took ears of corn, and round
Her temples in a wreath them bound—
Which think ye lookt the more fair?

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Reviews.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

"THE great evil of our age," declares Mr. Scott-James, "is that we are constantly and terribly aware of evil." With wealth accumulated to the astonishment of mankind, tribute sucked from all subject races, opulence which makes poorer nations envious, we yet reveal no content, no deliberate acceptances, no high inspiration. "Our science, philosophies, and inventions and manufactures and infinite complexities have conspired to make us more discontented, even if we have not actually more cause for misery." So this critic attempts from a wide and impartial survey of contemporary literature—contemporary literature as reflecting the spirit of contemporary life—to diagnose the malady of the century. Why this world-weariness, this restlessness, this despair? And how, if underneath them, there is still to be found the unconquerable spirit of Romance, compelling the allegiance of mankind?

The "ache of modernism" and the turmoil of Whitman's "growing arrogance of realism" confront at the commencement the demands of the human spirit for adventure and of the human heart for triumph over time and change and decay. Science in its buoyant beginnings had provided that great inspiration, of wonderful gifts for man's enjoyment, of wonderful knowledge of the universal Secret. But science to-day—in this critic's examination—protests in literature the affirmation of a bankrupt creed. The revelation of the Secret has become the assertion of Haeckel, that "consciousness, thought, and speculation are functions of the ganglionic cells of the cortex of the brain." And the inspiration of the Discovery sinks back into the declaration that "democracy is an expression of the constant desire for change, due to a hope that change will bring some remedy for the really incurable ills of human nature." Mr. Scott-James finds in Mr. Thomas Hardy's work, not, indeed, the expression of the creed of science, but the ultimate almost savage revolt against the blind purposes of life; its clumsy cruelties, its lack of guidance or intelligible meaning. "Thomas Hardy goes so far as to suggest that God is either a defeated God or that he is indifferent, if not actually hostile, to men." "Human beings are for him worthy of praise and pity because they have been laden with sorrows which they did not deserve, and are kinder to one another than God is kind to them." He quotes from "Jude" this great writer's vision of the tragedy of "the modern vice of unrest," of "the view of life as a thing to be put up with, replacing that zest for existence which was so intense in early civilisation." "It is the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live." Mr. Scott-James passes on lightly to examine the work of those who refuse to accept this life; who, flinging themselves out of the main stream of it, like the "Decadents," find satisfaction in sense-given impression, repudiating ultimate purposes; or the psychological novelists who analyse without affirmation or denial; or the apostles of protest—Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Gorky—who stab and slash at it in furious revolt against its commonplaces and cruelties; or the visionaries, like Mr. H. G. Wells, who seek refuge in dreams of a transfigured humanity from the implacable defiance of present things. Beyond these are the fugitives who frankly take to flight; like Lafcadio Hearn, fleeing first to the south, then to the east, "to the unexplored Eastern mind which may yet afford a refuge from modernism," and finding his latter days saddened by the aggressive entrance of modernism even into these remote fastnesses, and civilisation ravaging the simplicities of old Japan. In the near East (with which he is familiar) this writer finds the challenge frankly flung down, and the two forces—romanticism and modernism—joined at death grips. "'Time!' ejaculates the Montenegrin. 'What is time? Time is nothing. You live, and then you die.'" The same resistance, the same overthrow is being revealed here as Mr. Fielding Hall discovered, and so unforgettably stamped into literature, in his picture of the passing of the soul of Burma before a conquering Imperialism and a vigorous commercial development. "I know what it means, this civilisation," says the priest of

"Our Lady-of-the-Rocks" in the remote mountain fastness of the Balkans. "My poor people. They have no idea what life is out in the great world, and it is coming to them." "Till now they have lived with God and the mountains. It is very little that one needs in this life. We have so short a time here."

From the revelation of the triumph of wasting and decay Mr. Scott-James turns to the evidence of hope, to the indomitable determination of man, still surviving under grey skies, to penetrate beyond to the Vision Splendid and voyage down all the great ways of the world. From Blake, the master-mystic, he traces the tradition of those who accept and yet transfigure—perpetually charging themselves in Whitman's cheerful benediction from beyond the seas, with "contentment and triumph." Seeing God visibly with the naked eye, angels with "bright angelic wings bespangling every bough with stars" in the trees of suburban London, and the sun not as a golden guinea hung in the sky, but as a multitude of the heavenly host singing "Holy, Holy, Holy," this man could defiantly proclaim that "though on earth things seem permanent, they are less permanent than a shadow, as we all know too well." Here is one method of escape: passing through the search of the Border-landers (a hideous phrase) with their intrepid questionings, "Who can think that either science or revelation has spoken as yet more than a just half-comprehended word?" to the affirmation of a glory not yet revealed, the consciousness of shadowy presences and life charged with significance; the aspiration towards the "road which leads to the light on the far horizon and beyond to the presence of God." And the other is the "new Romance" of Robert Louis Stevenson and his successors: accepting all things and yet delighting in all things, with the solemn engrossing play of children, living in make-believe, knowing it make-believe, and yet not desiring to have it otherwise. "He seems to be marching through a land and an atmosphere of his own, where the men are strange men; and the lights are garish and there is a queer noise of music borne upon the wind. And yet this land, for all its strangeness, is found to be the land we knew before, but seen under a new perspective, upon a more imaginative plane." And Stevenson's true successors he finds in such a great writer as Mr. Joseph Conrad, with his sense of companionship, laughter, and fury, in the still untamed forces of wind and tempest; or in (as a lesser example) that "Beloved Vagabond" who discovered "why I was sent into the world. It was to play the fiddle up and down the sunny land of France."

It is a great task which Mr. Scott-James has essayed in this volume; to interpret from its literature—good, bad, and indifferent—the spirit and meaning of an age. If he has not entirely succeeded in providing a coherent picture, that may be because he is considering a generation, more than most, complex and baffling; as little able to interpret its desire to itself, as to find outside interpretation. Much is omitted which is required to complete the vision. All the copious writing here marshalled in review—even though it includes most of the great novels of the time and some of the popular ones—represents little but the appeal by a scanty company to an exceedingly scanty audience. Outside lies the great silent accumulation of city populations, finding what spiritual satisfactions are possible from the newspapers and popular writings which they consume with so astonishing a demand. They seek romance—and find it—in a complex murder case, in stories of crime which seem to the fastidious sordid and disgusting, in stories dependent in their appeal upon sudden vicissitudes of fortune, in which chance or resolution are always breaking down the insupportable sequences of cause and effect. That a man shall reap as he has sown, that to-morrow will be as yesterday, that inevitable law shall bind and control the revolt of human passion against circumstance—these are the affirmations of moralist and philosopher against which the romantic spirit is in continual rebellion. That rebellion will endure so long as the human will affirms itself free, and passion can draw its inspiration from some elemental fires beyond the boundaries of the world. The fire descends in the Divine fury of all revolutions; which burns up and suddenly consumes the civilisation which has become orderly and comfortable and weary of it all. It descends also when to some remote obscure human being, set in the sordid en-

* "Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

compassing influences of the enormous city, life suddenly acquires significance and high meaning, in utter devotion to a person or a cause.

GHOSTS OF POETRY.*

MISS TINDAL ATKINSON in one of these volumes speaks rather prettily about—

"Quest of some rare, half-conscious thing
Along the haunted ways of Spring."

Even so is the reviewer's quest along the ways of modern verse, a quest after poetry. These, too, are often haunted ways; memories of the great dead glide across them—ghosts who commonly seem to be shaking their heads vehemently.

The quest through Mr. Adcock's "Shadow Show" yields us neither poetry nor anything else. We cannot grumble at catching no poetry here, for none is intended; but neither do we catch wit and humour, which seem to be Mr. Adcock's aim. There is a fatal facility in puns, a certain trick of metre and rhyme, but never a pinch of salt; and the ghostly heads of Hood, Praed, Calverley, shake vehemently. The poem which gives its title to Mr. Mackereth's volume is addressed to Wordsworth; but did Mr. Mackereth not see a stern spectre nearly shaking its head off when he accosted that mighty genius in such lines as these?—

"Rest, poet, in thy simple grave:
The tangled hum of Sabbath bells
Throbs round thee, and the winsome wave
Comes from the genial fells."

Sometimes, indeed, we get a good line or two, as these, in the middle of an irritating "Prayer of a Little Child":—

"Let every sound be folded deep
In moonwhite mists of sleep."

Sometimes a poem just misses being fine, as "The Climber" and "The Song of a Motor Car." But generally there are no flagrant sins to cavil at, scant distinction of phrase to admire, and unexceptionable sentiments.

In Miss May Aldington's "Songs of Life and Love," if the poetry is hard to find, there is no escaping the passion. The worst of relying entirely on passion for wings is that when the wax melts we have such a long way to fall. For instance, in a song called "The Woman," we reach this rare height:—

"Did not the lark sing songs in Heaven above?
Because that day you said 'I love.'"

But mark the crashing fall:—

"I gave you more than self—
I gave my heart, my soul, myself."

At times the wings refuse to work at all; this is the first verse of a song called "Life":—

"The hour you took
From out her life,
Was that her death?—
The rest seems trite."

It all seems trite to us. Miss Aldington, when her usual wings are out of gear, is not above adopting such old-fashioned creaking machinery as the White Rose of Purity and the Red Rose of Passion. This is one of her journeys on the Red Rose:—

"Twine her hair with roses,
Red with love's grim passion,
Roses with scent of blood,
Hear you her teeth gnashing?"

"E. A.'s" slim volume, "Spring in London," is further labelled "a poem on the nature of things." We are

* "The Shadow Show." By A. St. John Adcock. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.

"In Grasmere Vale, and Other Poems." By James A. Mackereth. Nutt. 1s. net.

"Songs of Life and Love." By May Aldington. Nutt. 1s. net.

"Spring in London; a Poem on the Nature of Things." By E. A. Smith, Elder & Co. 2s. net.

"Pen Aspera ad Astra." By David Ffrangcon-Davies. W. Speaight & Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

"Prometheus Delivered, and Other Poems." By Bernard Drew. Sisley's, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

"Inclinations." By Edward A. Storer. Sisley's, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

"A Garden of Shadows." By Ethel Tindal Atkinson. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. Macmillan & Co., 3s. 6d. net.

"The Lover's Hours." By Filson Young. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.

afraid the English song is not an advance on the Roman. Towards the beginning a train of reasoning to prove that sin is the product of reflection (more properly of introspection) encourages the reader to proceed, but the poem is dull on the whole. The versification—rhymed couplets—is tolerable, but the poetry is exiguous. "E. A." sometimes descends as low as this:—

"Homer wrote Homer, that is my belief,
In this preferring Andrew Lang to Leaf."

Which may well serve as a model of how not to use proper names in poetry.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies as a singer does excellently; as a maker, he does not. His poem deals with the function and duties of the artist, particularly his duty to himself. It is earnestly written, but no more. Undistinguished blank verse makes tedious reading; why do the unpractised always adopt this most intricate and subtle form of verse? We might expect the name of Beethoven to stimulate Mr. Davies into poetry, but this is all he can say of him:—

"And, one there was
Who stilled loud voices of the nether world,
Sang, hearing not, and gave to listening spheres
The echoes of the eternal universe,
In symphonies that never die."

And that is a fair specimen of "Per Aspera ad Astra."

We now come to the four volumes in our batch that afford some quarry for the quester. Mr. Drew's meritorious "Prometheus Delivered" does not send one impatiently to Æschylus, Goethe, or Shelley; and that is much. He can use blank verse, is never far off poetry, and often in the midst of it, and, even more important, has considerable power of form. In his version he rejects any reconciliation with Zeus as incredible; certainly it would take an Æschylus to make it credible, and even he, if he really did introduce it into the lost "Prometheus Freed," probably did so in a very different way from what is commonly assumed, involving some kind of repentance on the part of Zeus. However, without the help of this tremendous enigma, Mr. Drew has written a highly interesting poem—almost a noble poem. The ending of it, where Prometheus welcomes the sleep that has so long been denied him, reaches a high level of beauty. Throughout the verse is strong, dignified, and well-worded:—

"This mighty universe is compact of hate,
And bitter dregs of passionate revenge
Afford it moisture that but bids the soil
Flourish and bring forth fruit of its own kind.
I toiled in love, and lo! I have drawn down
The excrement of hell upon my head."

Mr. Storer is not so easy to gauge. He is deliberately bizarre, and scruples not to describe a poplar in this bad strained fashion:—

"So clean upon the sky
It lies,
Flung in an artist hour of time
Upon the pale blue canvas
With wide, bold lines
Of living crayon."

He commits worse sins, too, yet often he has a true lyrical touch, and throws out pleasing lines, such as:—

"And the soft scent of your dear mercy bore
Me on a raft of dreams to a white shore."

Or again, of a mandoline:—

"You are a mirror,
Or a silent pool of sound,
And when life breathes,
The mist on you
Is music."

But it seems strange to invent such a pretty conceit for that hideous engine of pain.

In some respects Miss Tindal Atkinson's book is the best of the lot, though the title might lead one to suppose that she is one of those unhappy folk who think darkness more mysterious than light. She has not cultivated the faculty of jingle which destroys so much modern verse. Her music, both the music for the ear and the music for the mind, grows out of the idea. The development of her verse is from within outwards, what is commonly called spontaneity; as, for example, when she speaks of the New Year uprising as

"One whom death
Hath lately held in deep imprisonment—
And sudden loosed, till moveth through the dark
The low, uncertain thrill of wings untried."

That last line is what we are looking for—poetry. Here again is more poetry:—

"Yet did I dream of you one night,
And all the bitter days between
Were fled, as flees a forest scene
From one who steps into the light,—
And casts behind him with a cry
The weight of haunted silences,
The terror of unending trees
Dim with the breath of mystery.

* * *

"I prayed for blindness, and am blind,
I wander in the place of fears,
The many trees are many years,
With that one vision left behind."

Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations are charming.

There is a good deal of excellence in Mr. Filson Young's eleven pages. His theme may be described by two of his own lines:—

"Sad the bread of the unmated—
Bitter herbs and salt desire."

Some of his lyrics contain passages as good as this:—

"Life's but once and for a wink;
Death is longer than you think.
Ay, and deeper! Time and he
Long had planted You in me,
Sowed the Me in you, before
Mothers twain their children bore.
Deep in stardust lay our fate,
All the ages chose my mate."

That is worthy of Emerson. And there is more of the same lofty seriousness and skill in words. If, along with their intellectual strength and subtlety, these poems had the poignancy the theme demands, there would have been little to criticise in them; but they have not.

ELIZABETH GUNNING.*

SEVERAL years ago two Englishwomen were in the Irish National Portrait Gallery in Dublin. One of them paused before a series of mezzotint heads. "Here," said she, "is the most attractive woman I ever saw. I don't know that she is really so beautiful, but how irresistibly charming." The portrait was one of the three that represent Elizabeth Gunning. Of her sister, Maria, generally considered more beautiful, there are five, and of her sister Catherine, less famous, but perhaps most seductive of the trio, one. The Englishwomen stood gazing at the nine engravings, fascinated by the Gunning charm. That strangers should be thus enthralled by little black and white portraits hanging among hundreds of others is surely a proof that the contemporaries of the Gunning sisters had good ground for their rapturous admiration. If to the record of the mezzotints we add the colours of life, and that perfection of figure attributed by all eyewitnesses to the famous sisters, we may well believe that a more attractive pair than Maria and Elizabeth Gunning never entered a London drawing-room. Not only were they exquisite of face and of form; they had—Elizabeth perhaps more particularly—the aristocratic air. No ancestress of either of her ducal husbands can have looked more duchess-like than she. And indeed, though poor, the Gunnings were of a good family; their mother was Bridget Bourke, daughter of Viscount Mayo; their paternal grandfather was the owner of estates and a castle in Roscommon. Poor they undoubtedly were, and Mrs. Gunning pretty certainly brought the beauty of her girls to London as a market. She managed the transaction successfully; within a year Elizabeth was a duchess, and Maria a countess. Very rapid was the Duke of Hamilton's wooing of Elizabeth, very sudden their marriage, which, however, was probably the best day's work ever done for himself by that dissipated young nobleman. His wife largely reformed him, and he seems to have adored her to the end. At twenty-five she was a widow; and three years later she married General Campbell, who eventually became Duke of Argyll. As a wife she seems to have been blameless, and as a mother most devoted. A clever woman she probably was not,

* "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess. Being an Account of the Life and Times of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll." By Horace Bleackley, M.A., Author of "Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold," &c. Constable. 21s. net.

but she possessed good sense, was loyal to all her attachments, spirited, and straightforward. Admiration she liked, but she was no coquette, and her head seems never to have been turned. Of her true inner self we know nothing; probably nobody ever did outside her family; but all that we do know commands respect.

Of such a woman the personal history can hardly be extensive; but Elizabeth Gunning's was amplified by her connection with the great "Douglas Cause," the essential question of which was whether the last Duke of Douglas's property should follow his will and descend to his reputed nephew, or whether the young Archibald Douglas should be declared a spurious child, introduced by fraud, in which case the property would pass to the six-year-old Duke of Hamilton, Elizabeth's son. The story told by Lady Jane Douglas and Colonel Steuart, her husband, was that twin sons were born to them abroad; the suggestion of the Hamilton party was that Lady Jane was childless, and that the pair hoped to become reconciled with her brother by providing him with an heir. Husband and wife were practically without resources, and the addition of two children to their household must have increased their difficulties, especially as the half-mad Duke of Douglas remained hostile. That both parents invariably treated the children with warm affection is not disputed. The younger of them, always delicate, died; Lady Jane survived him but a very short time, and was declared to have died of a broken heart. Her brother, partly relenting of himself, partly urged by a wife who was herself a Douglas, eventually acknowledged the remaining boy, and finally made him his heir.

On the death of the Duke, the Duchess of Hamilton, on her son's behalf, seems to have urged upon his guardians the prosecution of his claim, and sent to Paris one Andrew Stuart, an able lawyer, to hunt for evidence against Archibald.

When the case came to be heard in Edinburgh, and afterwards in the House of Lords, a mass of statements from French persons, none of whom appeared, was brought forward on both sides. Probably none of it would be admitted in a modern court. Certainly none of it was conclusive, and the credibility of every one of these unseen witnesses was doubtful in the extreme—especially considering that the events dealt with were nineteen years old. Mr. Bleackley—possibly because, from the nature of things he has had in contemplation chiefly the Hamilton side of the controversy—has convinced himself that Archibald was not really a Douglas, and dwells repeatedly upon the fact that the boy was dark-haired and dark-eyed, while Lady Jane and her husband were fair. He omits to refer to the marked likeness declared to exist between him and Colonel Steuart's elder son (by his first wife), who was of the same complexion. They were distinguishable apart, says Lord Mansfield, only by the difference in their ages. A letter still extant from the head master of Rugby, where (not at Westminster, as Mr. Bleackley says) the lad was at school when his uncle died, recounts how a messenger sent from Scotland "immediately of himself singled you out as soon as he saw you, and said he was sure from the family likeness you must be the gentleman he came for." The younger child, Sholto, was fair, and (in addition to Lord Mansfield) three credible witnesses, including a medical man who had attended both of them, testified that a strong likeness existed between him and Lady Jane.

No doubt the story told by the parents was suspicious. On the other hand, the case against them involves many difficulties—among others the supposition that a proud Scotchwoman who thought her family the most illustrious in the kingdom—"no subject," she writes about her marriage, "could add to me"—would foist upon it the child of foreign peasants as its chief.

Upon presumptive evidence at secondhand no tribunal would have been justified in dislodging a child steadily acknowledged by both parents, and the verdict of the House of Lords in favour of Archibald was no doubt the proper one in law. It was also, considering the very high character both of himself and of his descendants, a very fortunate decision for the dwellers upon the Douglas lands. Opinion in Scotland, where all the persons were best known, has always applauded it, though several English writers have ranged themselves on the side of the beautiful and disappointed Duchess.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

"Life is short and art is long" is a phrase that hits off Mr. De Morgan's style and narrative. The reader may be warned that by devoting two days' hard reading to "Somehow Good" he may get through it in the time if he does not pause longer than to snatch a biscuit. But he must expect to have his sleep of exhaustion broken by uncanny visions and, like the hero, Algernon Fenwick, he may for a time lose consciousness of his own identity.

Mr. De Morgan has too much insight into human nature not to be well aware that after conquering his readers with "Alice For Short," his new novel may prove to be his battle of Leipzig. For in "Somehow Good" he has exposed himself to the serious dangers of repeating his own method, and of cheapening it by expounding a parallel psychological case of "brain shock." Further, his pair of lovers, the saucy Miss Sally and her nervous admirer, Dr. Conrad, go through almost the identical experiences of Miss Peggy and Rupert Johnson in "Alice For Short," while for the middle Victorian household of the Heaths we have, in the same tone and manner, the amusing sketches of old-fashioned British paterfamilias and materfamilias, Professor Sales Wilson, Mrs. Wilson the "Dragon," and the selfish and "aggressively patient" old mother, Mrs. Vereker. We are not complaining that the author has elected to give his readers battle on the old ground that his masterly tactics have made familiar. He is a specialist in the diagnosis of the Victorian household, and his literary method is so peculiar, and his exposition of the sub-conscious forces at work in the human consciousness as well as in human intercourse is so deep and so clever that we should gladly surrender ourselves for a third time of asking. Nevertheless it is undeniable that an artist who returns to the same situations and reproduces the same manner of telling too closely, forfeits much of his power over us. We begin to learn his secret, to anticipate his conclusions, and in "Somehow Good" it would be a dull reader who could not forecast from a study of "Alice For Short" what happens in the end to the leading characters.

This being said, the reader may be urged to plunge boldly into the maelstrom of spiritual and material forces that is churned up in the novel by the veering wind of fate and the flowing tide of accident. The mystery of chance plays a great part in the human fortunes of the characters. Rosalind Graythorpe, a beautiful girl of twenty, has gone out to India, twenty years before the story opens, to marry her fiancé, Gerry. But there is cholera at Umballa, and she is seduced by the notorious Colonel Penderfield, while detained at a hill station. We are told nothing further of this affair to form a judgment upon. Rosalind proceeds to Umballa, and after twelve months of married life, her husband leaves her, abruptly, for good, when her baby, Sally, is four months old. An old friend of her father's, Colonel Lund, shelters her at this stage, and under his protection she returns to England with her child, and lives quietly in a London suburb. The story opens with an encounter between the spirited and charming Sally, aged twenty, and a bronzed and bearded stranger in the Twopenny Tube, with an accident to the latter whereby he is nearly "electrocuted," and loses his memory, and with the bringing back of the injured man by Sally to her home. This bronzed stranger is discovered by Rosalind to be none other than her husband, Gerry, who parted from her twenty years before. Described in this bald fashion, the fabric of the situation appears to be woven unduly by the fingers of coincidence, but it is in fact the spiritual pattern of the web that is so original. The author's plan is to unravel

bit by bit the threads of the fabric of his people's lives, and show us matter and spirit are as warp and woof, and that what we call good and evil are spiritual re-agents in the mysterious chemistry of life. Mr. De Morgan, indeed, analyses "mind stuff," under the pressure of the physical laws of environment and sensuous experience, much as a chemist splits up a liquid into its constituent gases.

Gerry, suffering from the nervous shock of his electrocution, falls in love, for the second time, with Rosalind, and re-marries her, while totally unconscious that they have a past in common. Rosalind, on her side, while passionately loving the man thus given back to her, expiates the wrong she had done him twenty years before, by her hourly apprehension that when he recovers his memory and discovers her identity he will again cast her off. Further, Rosalind is torn by the distraction of feeling that though the wrong of her infidelity to Gerry was great, she cannot regret that Sally is not his child but Penderfield's, for she cannot conceive that any other Sally could be so adorable or be so loving and beloved. Good has, in fact, come out of evil, and how can she regret the fate which has brought Sally into being and given her back Gerry? In spinning the threads and weaving the complex fabric of this psychological puzzle Mr. De Morgan is, of course, wholly in his element, and the uncanny atmosphere he steepes us in of the inexplicable scheme of human existence, is a metaphysician's doubled with that of a psychologist, and fortified by all the arts of a clever novelist. The effect of the author's rich and subtle and amazingly perplexing psychological analysis is as though "Somehow Good" had been composed as a fugue, and had then been turned by its creator, during sleep, into literature. In some chapters the composition "goes" admirably; in others we wonder vaguely whether mathematics or painting would not have been a more appropriate vehicle than the written word.

The fact is that Mr. De Morgan, in writing his novels, is trying to do many things at the same time, and his brain is busied with philosophical cogitations and scientific enquiries in the very act of getting a poetic effect out of life's prosaic details. If the reader has been put out of patience and scared away by the extremely diffuse, and often tiresomely detailed, conversations between Sally and her friend, Letitia, we advise him to turn to the remarkable scenes of Chapters XXIII. and XXIV., which describe for us in the most wonderfully vivid manner the deaths of the two old Anglo-Indian warriors, Colonel Lund and Major Roper. Here Mr. De Morgan is at his best. He catches in an extraordinarily realistic way the spiritual confusion and the sense of nightmare that so often overwhelm those watching by a death-bed, the uncanny jumble of accident and meaning swimming into our consciousness while we are powerless to do anything but wait. The deaths take place in, indeed, they are caused by, a London fog, and never was a fog better described in literature than that which carries off the old Anglo-Indians in its clutches. The comedy of life interwoven in the strands of tragedy is always present and heightens the *vraisemblance* of Mr. De Morgan's atmosphere, and his power of enjoying the fun of any given situation increases the naturalness of his scenes. The instinctive hypocrisies of love-making between Sally and Dr. Vereker, the Victorian family rows of Professor Sales Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, the disingenuousness of the selfish old party, Mrs. Vereker, all these are the cause of so much fresh natural glee to their keen-witted creator that it would be a surly reader who did not himself catch the infection. Human feeling to Mr. De Morgan is so much food for philosophic analysis and curious speculation, and we have the sense that if tenscore years were allotted him as his span of life that he would make some discoveries that would revolutionise psychology, which science is, of course, now only in the making. And having given our author these testimonials we may repeat that his roundabout narrative method, though it has great compensations, is one that recoils eventually on its maker. The attention of the reader is so strained by the superfluity of detail introduced that a sense of fatigue supervenes. The energy, indeed, of the style is excessive. We enjoy and are most grateful for the spiritual force and the daring originality of the book, but we would never face a re-reading, for the simple reason that the author's art is long and life is brief.

* "Somehow Good." By William De Morgan. Heinemann. 6s.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.*

(1) MGR. DUCHESNE is well-known in this country and has a European reputation as an authority of the first order on the origin and growth of early Christian worship. His "History of the Primitive Church," which has recently appeared, is also a work of marked ability and adroitness. In this history the learned director of the French school at Rome glides over acute critical questions with admirable wariness, and has so far escaped the condemnation which has fallen of late on so many eminent Roman Catholic scholars. The present volume, which has been well translated by Mr. Mathew, is an attempt to give a brief historical account of some of the Christian churches which are now separated from Rome, and of the causes which have led to this result. The opening pages of the book are devoted to the Church of England. England, says M. Duchesne, is, of all countries of the world, the one whose ecclesiastical origin is most visibly connected with the see of Rome. He disputes the contention of many Anglican writers that the English church originated independently of Rome. Her origin, in his view, is clearly Roman according to all the best historical evidence. On this point, it must be admitted that the weight of evidence is with M. Duchesne. But on the fact he bases a rather curious argument. He contends that a church which was founded by Rome must remain ever after under the control of Rome; it has no pretext for individualism. A child must always remain under the power of its parents because it was to them it owed its birth. External ecclesiastical unity, according to M. Duchesne, is the supreme object for which the Christian church should labour. Unity is the Church's ideal. It is with this ideal in his mind that he addresses himself to the Greek and the English church. But his conception of unity is a unity under the supreme headship of the Pope; a unity which involves acceptance of the whole of Roman doctrine and of the Roman ecclesiastical system. In the present conditions of the Christian world such an ideal is a dream, and if we look at the tendencies which are now shaping the future it is likely to remain a dream.

* * *

(2) Canon Henson's volume is the first of a new series of books which has for its object the stimulating, guiding, and strengthening of the Christian life. The intention of the series is not to advocate the views of any special school of religious thought, but to set forth in the light of the latest knowledge and experience the practical duties which belong to all who profess the Christian name. Canon Henson's little volume hardly fulfils the conditions of the prospectus. It is more pronouncedly historical than practical. The book opens with an account of the theory and practice of marriage among the Jewish people in the time of Christ. This is followed by an examination of the teaching of Christ himself on the subject of marriage. Canon Henson is quite right in pointing out that this teaching, in the precise shape in which it has come down to us, is not free from difficulty. The texts in which it is contained do not harmonise and they are capable of more than one interpretation. Take, for example, the texts relating to divorce. In Mark, which is now considered the oldest Gospel, divorce is absolutely forbidden; in Matthew, divorce is allowed in the case of adultery. Which of these two texts is the more authentic? If we accept Matthew's text the marriage tie may be dissolved in the case of adultery; if we accept Mark's text marriage is indissoluble. The words of Christ as they have come down to us contain no clear teaching on this subject. St. Paul takes a more ascetic view of marriage than Canon Henson is inclined to admit. But whatever his opinions were they cannot be regarded as binding upon the Christian spirit of to-day. Society has been completely transformed since the dissolution of the ancient world. We are now living under conditions of which the apostle had no conception, and his ideas as to the relationships of the sexes,

although containing elements of truth, largely belong to a bygone order of things. Canon Henson has written an interesting and thoughtful little book, but all his writings would gain in popularity if they were less wordy and were written with more simplicity.

* * *

(3) This volume consists of the Bampton Lectures for the year 1907, and, according to the sub-title, it is an enquiry into the apparent failure of Christianity as a general rule of life and conduct, with special reference to the present time. Mr. Piele is a High Churchman, and approaches the subject he has set before himself from the sacerdotal point of view. His book, as the title implies, covers a very wide and supremely difficult field. But he disarms criticism to a considerable extent by telling us that he is looking at the question not as a specialist, but as an ordinary educated man. This point of view has its advantages, and requires to be stated. Mr. Piele's attitude of mind is distinctly clerical and professional, and the ordinary educated man is too often concealed under the cassock of the priest. Notwithstanding this, he does face the facts which are standing in the way of the Christian religion at the present time. In his opinion the great religious difficulty of the day is to be seen in the striking contrast between the lives of professing Christians and the rules of conduct which they profess to accept. Whole classes of our fellow-countrymen, he maintains, are driven away from religion because they see that people who go to church are in most cases no better than those who do not. But does not this arise from the false conception of religion which is taught from too many pulpits? In the clerical mind religion is too exclusively identified with church-going and the acceptance of an orthodox creed. A church and a creed may be of value to the religious life, but these things are not religion. Religion consists in a life, not in mere beliefs and observances. Until this is driven home into the minds of the people, organised Christianity will be ineffective as a power for good. Mr. Piele sees this when he says that the road to truth of doctrine lies through reform of conduct, and that for centuries the Western nations have done everything with the moral rule of the Gospel except obey it. His remedy for the apparent failure of Christianity is "Back to Christ." We must, he says, go behind the medieval church, behind the first six centuries, the saints, the fathers, even behind St. Paul, and seek our inspiration once more where he sought it, in the Master Himself. All this is very true. The ultimate source and standard of what Christianity is must be its Founder. The opinions of disciples and the doctrines of Churches must take a secondary place. It is certain, for example, that Christ did not teach much of what his immediate disciples taught or what most of the existing ecclesiastical formularies teach. If the Gospel as taught by Christ is to be the final standard of faith and conduct, Mr. Piele must be prepared to sacrifice the merely metaphysical contents of the creeds. But he is not prepared to do this. Hence the inconsequence of certain parts of his book. Nevertheless, it is a book to be read.

* * *

(4) This book, which forms the third volume in Messrs. Longmans' series, "The Pocket Library of Theology," is marked by a literary quality not often to be found in modern sermons. Mr. Gamble has command of a clear and delicate style, which is at the same time vigorous and impressive, and frequently rises into real eloquence. It is always rather a daring thing for a preacher to publish his sermons—though few preachers seem to realise that this is so—for words which produce a real effect when aided by gesture and intonation very often seem cold and lifeless when read. To construct a sermon that will compel the reader's interest is an art which, unhappily, few of our "painful preachers" seem to have learnt; but Mr. Gamble is among the number, and we can pay him the compliment of saying that his volume of sermons is one of the few that we have read with pleasure. On one point we take exception to Mr. Gamble's teaching. He defends war on the ground that in it "men have found opportunity for the exercise of typically Christian virtues." A great many vices—cruelty, for instance—which every Christian teacher must reprobate, can be defended on the same ground. Orthodox Christians may tolerate war, but war is distinctly opposed to the teaching of Christ.

* (1) "The Churches Separated from Rome." By Mgr. L. Duchesne. Translated by Arnold Harris Mathew. Kegan Paul. 6s.

(2) "Christian Marriage." By H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Canon of Westminster. Cassell. 1s. 6d.

(3) "The Reproach of the Gospel." By the Rev. James H. F. Piele. Longmans. 5s. 6d. net.

(4) "Christianity and Common Life." By the Rev. H. R. Gamble, M.A., Rector of Upper Chelsea. Longmans. 2s. net.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE merits and faults of the modern American school of literary criticism are alike evident in Professor F. W. Chandler's study of "The Literature of Roguery" (Constable, 2 vols., 12s. net). The book is comprehensive. Professor Chandler seems to have read everything to be found which has the least bearing upon his subject. There is an imposing series of bibliographies appended to each chapter. The author begins by defining the literary rogue or anti-hero, distinguishing him from his near relative the villain, and thus leads his readers to hope that they are to have the pleasure of wandering along one of the most fascinating, though at the same time most neglected, of literary bye-paths. But this hope is soon extinguished. Professor Chandler's volumes are, to speak frankly, as unreadable as a dictionary. Instead of mastering his material he has allowed his material to master him, and amid the heap of detail it is impossible to disentangle the main lines of the subject or to see it as a whole, while the arid catalogues of books and authors, unaccompanied by the comment and criticism which we have a right to expect, will deter the great majority of readers. Probably so much information concerning the literature of roguery has never been gathered before into a single work, but Professor Chandler has not given us a good book on the subject. What he has done is to compile a most exhaustive catalogue.

* * *

THE latest volume in Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series" (2s. 6d. net) is a selection of "Aphorisms and Reflections" from the work of T. H. Huxley, chosen by Mrs. Huxley. The time has not yet come when we can see Huxley's work in proper perspective, but he will always stand out as one of the brilliant group of men of science who had so great an influence upon the thought of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But apart from his rank in science Huxley will also be remembered as a gifted writer of English prose. His style lends itself to the compilation of a volume of aphorisms, and Mrs. Huxley is to be congratulated both on the plan and the execution of this tribute to her husband's memory. We quote a few of the aphorisms taken almost at random, "Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men." "Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against the truth." "Orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget." "No slavery can be abolished without a double emancipation, and the master will benefit by freedom more than the freed-man." "Science has fulfilled her function when she has ascertained and enunciated truth." "Books are the money of Literature, but only the counters of Science"

* * *

DR. ANGELO MOSSO's book on "The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders" (Unwin, 21s.) is a useful companion to the work by Professor Burrows published last year. In the first place, Professor Burrows' book suffered in some degree from the lack of a sufficient number of illustrations. The present volume contains 187 well-reproduced photographs, which may with advantage be compared with Professor Burrows' descriptions. Moreover, Dr. Angelo Mosso, though eager in the cause of science, is no less alive to the human and adventurous side of the search for buried treasures. If the artist and the archæologist, he writes, "could explain the hidden power of excavation to exalt the mind, and the insistent, almost childish, call on fortune to grant new treasures, he would write not a book, but a romance, a drama of the human soul which seeks the unknown." Oddly enough, the man who thus expresses himself was attracted to Crete by his interest in a science so little romantic as craniology, in which he is a specialist. He soon became "an amateur archæologist," and the greater part of his book is a popular account of the researches that have been made in Crete, with descriptions of the most interesting objects that have been rescued. Only in his concluding chapter does he expound the theory for which his Cretan explorations have furnished him with evidence. Briefly stated, this amounts to a denial of the Aryan race theory put forward by philologists, and an affirmation that "Minoan civilisation, parent of Hellenic culture, developed without

participation by the Indo-Germans." The student of Cretan civilisation, however indifferent he may be to this theory, will find much to interest him in Dr. Angelo Mosso's book.

* * *

IN "Vasari on Technique" (Dent, 15s. net) the introduction to the "Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects" has been translated into English for the first time by Miss Louisa Macle hose, and edited with an introduction and notes by Professor Baldwin Brown. The volume increases one's wonder that this technical disquisition has not been translated before. Although it is perfectly true that the "colour" which makes the "Lives" such delightful reading is perforce absent from the introduction, and that the average person cares more for biography than for descriptions of processes, the intrinsic interest and value of these pages is such as to render their studious exclusion from previous compilations extremely astonishing. For Vasari embodies the very spirit of the high renaissance, and as we read his descriptions, comparatively matter-of-fact though they are, we feel ourselves, as Professor Brown has it, "spectators of an organised activity on a vast scale, where processes are so well understood that they go on almost of themselves." There is something monumental in the range of Vasari's knowledge. Himself a painter and architect, he necessarily did not practise every craft that he wrote about, but he was in the way of gathering first-hand information from practical exponents of this or that. His account is not always clear, and—as in the "Lives"—it is sometimes warped by prejudice and downright error—witness his wholesale denunciation and wrong historical explanation of the Gothic. But his catholic sympathies and activity remain abnormal, and of the many technical treatises of an age saturated with technical triumphs his is easily the first. That of Benvenuto Cellini comes second; it elaborates several subjects of which Vasari only touches the fringe, notably the arts of medal-making, niello work, and bronze-casting, with which the former, as a practical sculptor and craftsman, was more directly in touch, and thus constitutes a very useful supplement to the slighter portions of Vasari's work. But in treating of painting and architecture the latter is as exhaustive as Cellini, and his greater comprehensive knowledge enhances his value as a specialist. The volume does not appear to us to call for illustrations, but those in half-tone, line and colour, which are supplied, seem to have been selected with exceptional thoughtfulness.

* * *

DR. MACMILLAN'S "Life of George Matheson, D.D., LL.D." (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) is a most impressive book, for Dr. Matheson was a remarkable man. Blind at the age of eighteen, he nevertheless distinguished himself at Glasgow University, and during the fifteen years that he was minister of the village of Innellan his literary output would have been considerable even for a man who had no such difficulties to surmount. His removal to Edinburgh in 1886 to take charge of a parish of over two thousand communicants brought upon him still more exacting duties. But he rose to the occasion, and as visitor, preacher, and sharer in the social life of the parish, he made his people forget that their minister was so heavily handicapped. As an instance of the way in which he looked upon his duties, Dr. Macmillan tells us that he never preached the same sermon twice—a record that few preachers can claim. His devotional and theological works have been widely read, but he will probably be remembered as the author of the famous hymn, "O love that wilt not let me go," written in 1882, and now to be found in nearly every hymnal. Dr. Macmillan has told the story of Matheson's winning and heroic life with considerable literary skill, and just that right measure of enthusiasm proper in a biographer.

* * *

"FANCIES IN PROSE," by Constance Evan Jones (Nisbet, 2s. 6d. net) is an unnecessary book. The author has nothing new to say, the subjects are trite, and the style undistinguished. Even the quotations with which the book abounds are hackneyed. The title excites hopes that are not fulfilled.

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AMONG learned lawyers, Mr. Ernest Schuster is one of the very few who is equally at home in German and English. He is just as willing and just as competent to review an English law-book in a German *Archiv*, as to review a German law-book in an English quarterly. And the work before us, with its constant comparisons, shows that he might easily have written at the same time a similar book in German on English civil law. We are grateful to him for the preparation of a treatise that is at once succinct, scientific, and practical. It should be followed, we think, by a translation of the codes and principal statutes. This Mr. Schuster did not attempt, because "a translation without notes would have been unintelligible, and a translation with notes would have been unwieldy." The French translation (with notes), now being prepared by eminent jurists, with the Government's aid, has so far dealt with only about one-half of the Civil Code; yet it already runs to more than 1,500 large pages. Mr. Schuster has packed his exposition into less than 700 pages—a remarkable achievement when we consider the extent of the ground and the danger in such matters of losing in utility more than you save in space.

Had space permitted, we should have liked to give illustrations of the practical as well as the educational value of Mr. Schuster's work. We must be content to summarise its triple purpose:—

1. To promote the comparative study of English and German law. In expounding the German codes, Mr. Schuster constantly dwells upon the similarities and differences they present to our own law on the same subject.

2. To give an insight into the most modern and perfect systematisation of the whole private law of a country. What struck Professor Maitland, who made an eloquent plea for the study of the German codes a few months before his death, and called on English reformers to take many leaves from the German book, was the wonderful skill with which Germany had set about and accomplished this herculean task. It was a work in which all German parties were proud to share. Even the Socialists, who regard the whole basis of society as false, did not obstruct. They thought that, at any rate, the new code would be more intelligible, and, therefore, more easy to alter, than the old chaos. "Our German neighbours," in Maitland's words, "have brought their law up to date, and are facing modern times with modern ideas, modern machinery, modern weapons."

3. Mr. Schuster's third purpose is to aid the increasing number of practitioners who, in the course of their daily work, have to deal with questions of foreign and private international law. The ever-growing interdependence of nations, owing to travel, migration, books, invention, trade, and all the developments of international life, makes it more and more necessary that we should have a number of jurists learned in the laws of other nations as well as our own. Germany is one of our largest customers, and one of our most enterprising competitors. Mr. Schuster has helped our lawyers to understand the German system. If they would help us to abolish our land laws, and we, in exchange, could show them how to get rid of administrative law, both nations would be stronger and happier.

The Week in the City.

LAST week the City was quite beginning to look forward to a period of very cheap money and of great speculative activity. The big spurt in Consols and Irish Land Stock, as well as some Foreign securities, gave colour to these anticipations. But since the beginning of this week more sober opinions have prevailed. The most obvious reason for the change of sentiment is the evident determination of the Bank of France to recover all the gold that came to London during the recent crisis. The Governor of the Bank of France, in his speech the other day, plumed himself upon having been able to spare a large amount of gold without inconvenience

"from our strong reserve." Upon this the City editor of the "Times" admirably remarks: "An English observer must be pardoned for observing that banking is a comparatively simple matter when the banker retains the right to meet his obligations in silver, and that the problems which the Bank of England had to face last autumn, as the custodian of the world's free market in gold, were of a more varied and complicated order than those which presented themselves on the banks of the Seine." It is, of course, free trade in gold that makes London the great centre of banking and exchange; the rôle of Paris is necessarily subordinate on account of the rule which enables the Bank of France to pay out depreciated silver instead of gold.

THE OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS AND INVESTMENT.

Upon the whole, therefore, the sentiment is decidedly less optimistic than last week. Bankers do not appear to think that there is really much liquid capital waiting for investment although there are great numbers of prospectuses waiting to be launched at the first favourable opportunity. Even if New York is compelled to part with its gold, a plentiful supply of the precious metal in Europe would not mean necessarily that there will be new money available for a Stock Exchange boom. Advices from New York show that the depression there continues, and is not likely to be dispelled for a long time to come. The difficulties of Germany do not diminish, but rather increase, as the impossibility of finding new taxes to cover up the huge public deficits becomes more and more evident. Meanwhile, there is undoubtedly a progressive decline in manufacturing activity, not only in the United States and in Germany, but also in England and Scotland. The shipbuilding trade and the building trades are both in low water. Reliable reports from Lancashire and from the West Riding of Yorkshire show plainly that the boom in the cotton and woollen trades is at an end, and it is to be feared that unemployment will rapidly increase. A very eminent banker told me on Thursday that he attributed the falling off to a general decline in the consumptive power of the people, caused by the dangerously high level of taxation and the high level of prices. The result is that all classes, rich, middle, and poor, find it necessary to curtail their expenditure and reduce their standard of living.

EXCITEMENT ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Great excitement was caused on the Stock Exchange on Thursday when it was discovered that the Stock Exchange Committee, by striking out an old rule without substituting a new one, had, consciously or unconsciously, suspended for the time being the distinction between brokers and jobbers. This was the sole subject of conversation, and no one seemed to know what to make of it. One result is quite certain—namely, that the elections for the new Committee a few weeks hence will arouse enormous interest. There has been more discussion in the last weeks on the morality of a double commission and the propriety of shunting than for a very long time past. The keenness of these discussions is doubtless due to the fact that the Stock Exchange is suffering severely from depression, and is beginning to think that some part of the evil may be traced to defects in its own rules and constitution.

THE MOTOR TRADE.

"In France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland there is talk of lack of demand, large stocks, and financial stress. Present conditions and indications in the automobile trade are similar to those existing in the bicycle business some ten years ago, which resulted in radical changes in prices and the financial distress of many firms and individuals engaged in the business." So writes a Continental expert, and proceeds:—

"The belief generally prevalent that prices will be cheaper next season is given as a reason by many intending purchasers and agencies for not placing orders in advance. As a result many of the large factories and warehouses find themselves with a heavy stock of 1907 models on hand, with little prospect of disposing of them, except at a very low figure. Both manufacturers and dealers are confronted with the problem of disposing of stock to make room for the product of 1908."

The position of motor manufacturers in this country appears to be very similar.

LUCELLUM.

* "The Principles of the German Civil Law." By Ernest J. Schuster, LL.D. Two Guineas. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

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Diary of the Week.

THE election for South Leeds has ended in a victory for Mr. Middlebrook, the Liberal, by the rather narrow majority of 359 over the Tory and Protectionist candidate, Mr. Neville. Mr. Fox, a not ideal representative of Labour, was last on the poll, and Mr. Middlebrook's majority over him was 2,853. The Liberal poll showed a decline of 926 votes, as compared with Sir John Walton's vote at the General Election, while the Tory strength, which two years ago was given to a weak candidate, has grown by 2,699 votes. This is not a satisfactory result, for Mr. Middlebrook was an able, though not an advanced, candidate, and Leeds is an historic stronghold of Liberalism and Free Trade. It presents some definite features of interest. The first bye-elections showed generally a growth of the Labour vote or a retention of the Liberal force, with no kind of movement in favour of Protection. Now the Protectionist advance is clear, and, as we have always anticipated would be the case, the Liberal and Labour forces, being kindred in character, decline together. This is a point which the Labour leaders should take into serious consideration; it is, we are sure, a capital fact in politics. For the rest, we learn from many competent sources that the Free Trade propaganda was very unwisely brought to a dead stop at the General Election, under the impression that Protection had been killed. It has now revived under the stimulus of lavish, and often very improper, expenditure, and a campaign of furious energy. A Free Trade response is imperative. The second cause of the Liberal decline is undoubtedly the absence of large and positive ideas in politics, and of the enthusiasm and freshness of mind and feeling which the advocacy of ideas carries with it. Certainly the

revival of Liberal and Radical enthusiasm will not be stimulated by an abandonment of the cause of peace and retrenchment on the military services.

SIR EDWARD GREY confessed on Tuesday that his proposal to get the Macedonian gendarmerie employed in putting down the bands instead of troops had been unfavourably received by both Russia and Austria. It is, therefore, out of the field, at least for some time. Meanwhile the judicial reform scheme makes no progress, and Turkey's consent has not yet been received to the renewal of the mandate of the Finance Commission. The whole basis of the Mürzsteg scheme is in some danger of disappearing. That scheme was drawn up in 1903 by Russia and Austria, and it depended on a mutual agreement to refrain from territorial aggrandisement. In his annual statement a fortnight ago Baron von Aehrenthal announced that Austria-Hungary intended to link up the Bosnian railway lines through Novi Bazar with the Turkish lines at Mitrovitz, and since then the Sultan has given permission for the survey of the new line. This has come as a surprise to Russia, and the Russian and French Press have denounced it as treason to the Mürzsteg understanding. Baron von Aehrenthal on Thursday defended his sincerity by drawing a distinction between economic and political expansion; but it is pretty obvious that in practice these tend to become confounded. The episode is important for its bearing upon the future of the Concert and of Macedonia.

THE late King and Crown Prince of Portugal were buried on Saturday, and the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended a memorial service on the same day at a Roman Catholic church in London. Senhor Franco has retired completely from public life, and the new Cabinet has definitely reversed his policy. The decree against the Press, and the decree of January 31st, deporting persons without trial, have been annulled with the result that suppressed papers have re-appeared, many political prisoners have been released, and some exiles have returned. The King has also abandoned the Civil List increase, the acceptance of which by the late King from Senhor Franco so embittered public feeling. It is understood that local government, abolished by the Dictator, is to be restored. With the lifting of the censorship we are beginning to learn how deep was the hatred of King Carlos. The "Times" correspondent remarks that his murder was received with "incredible equanimity," and he adds that the danger is not yet over. The Republican movement has made great progress, and the new Government's measures so far have not touched ancient radical evils nor even wiped out recent ones thoroughly. A complete amnesty of political offenders, notably of the naval mutineers of 1906, is, according to the "Secalo," indispensable for disarming public opinion.

ON Wednesday the Prime Minister moved the resolution which provides for a swift passage through the Commons of the two Scottish Bills—the Land Bill and the Land Values Bill—which the House of Lords rejected last year. The resolution is no doubt novel, for it covers two measures, and simultaneously assigns a time limit for both of them. It gives a day for the second reading stage of each measure, and one or two days for Committee and third reading, according as the proposal is amended in Committee or passed unaltered. The Bills were amply debated last year, and

have a great popular agitation and feeling in Scotland at the back of them. Mr. Balfour did not object to the procedure, but thought the time limit too short, and chose to regard the policy of a second reference to the Lords as simply that of filling up the cup with a draught that the Government knew the Lords would not drink. The Bills were "preposterous," and in any case the House of Lords, in face of the bye-elections, would be armed with the knowledge that the Government were deprived of the mandate to effect resolutions. Mr. Balfour did not consider that bye-elections disqualified him from passing the Education Act and the Licensing Act. But it is clear that he now thinks he can force the pace, and bring about a general slaughter of Liberal measures through the House of Lords. The resolution was easily carried.

* * *

THE Government, with the approval of the Opposition, has sanctioned the Indian Frontier expedition. Unofficially we learn that two brigades under Sir James Willcocks will enter the Bazar valley in a few days, while a third is to be held in reserve at Peshawur. The objective is the Zakka Khels, a kind of Rob Roy clan, which harassed the retreat of the Tirah expedition and is blamed for the recent raids, and it is hoped to confine the operations to them and to restrict them to a short and sudden incursion. An extension is, we fear, probable, having regard to the explosive nature of the frontier tribes and the evident desire of Lord Kitchener to test his new army organisation. Mr. Morley promised on Tuesday to find out why no correspondents are to accompany the expedition, though he expressed the hope "that no discussion would take place until the expedition had at all events made some advance." This has been rather perversely fulfilled by Mr. F. E. Smith, who has handed in a blocking motion which will prevent Mr. W. Redmond carrying out his expressed intention of moving the adjournment of the House.

* * *

A most suggestive discussion on the state of British railways was opened in the House of Commons on Tuesday by Mr. George Hardy. Mr. Hardy's motion pointed to nationalisation, for which Mr. Gladstone provided in the Act of 1844, and to which, we believe, he was always privately attached. Mr. Lloyd-George did not accept Mr. Hardy's motion, which, as he said, raised a "gigantic issue." But he made the important announcement that the Government, following the precedent of 1865, had decided to inquire into the whole condition of the railway system. He spoke of our railway direction, on the whole, in terms of compliment, and showed how it had been handicapped by the "scandalous pillage" on the part of the landlords, from which in earlier days it had suffered. But conditions were changing, for, crushed between the demands of workers, traders, and the travelling public, the railways were coming together to stop competition. That opened a new issue. Incidentally, Mr. Lloyd-George rebutted an argument of Mr. Bonar Law which attests the worthlessness of the Protectionist case. Mr. Bonar Law, an "anti-dumper," would not allow that the low rates which our railways give to many foreign importers constituted a preference against British trade. Mr. Lloyd-George, on the contrary, affirmed that there had been "undue preferences to the foreign producer," and a true, as against a mere technical, inquiry would prove that fact. The truth is, we believe, that in quoting low rates for foreign goods in bulk the railway simply estimates the cost of the special train or service, but makes no allowance for general management. This really means that the British producer pays a portion of the cheap foreign rate.

* * *

THE case for a *status quo* was chiefly argued by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Perks. The former opposed nationalisation on the ground that it would set up an

organised body of railway workers in every constituency, putting excessive pressure upon candidates in favour of higher rates and improved conditions of labour. Mr. Perks pointed out that Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1844 made a dividend of 10 per cent. the condition of expropriating any single railway. For a railway director, he spoke with singular inaccuracy. He thought the smaller number of express trains between Paris and Marseilles, as compared with London and Edinburgh, was an argument against State ownership. The French railway service in question is, of course, in private, not in public hands. Furthermore, his criticism of the effects of State purchase in Italy is entirely incorrect. Every observer is aware of the remarkable improvement which State ownership has brought about. In private hands the railways had reached the last point of inefficiency. Since then they have been steadily bettered, and the change will be clearly visible when the great work of doubling the lines has been completed.

* * *

SINCE the big debate on Morocco the French troops have resumed and increased their activity. They advanced once more to Settat, and between the 2nd and the 8th of February fought three engagements, in one of which they lost rather heavily. A communiqué in the "Sud-deutsche Reichs-correspondenz," revealed the new and rather serious fact that both Sultans, Abdul Aziz as well as Mulai Hafid, had protested to the German Government last month against French aggression. The precise formality of Abdul Aziz's protest is disputed, but there is no doubt that the German Government replied that it could not intervene alone, though the Sultan might appeal to all the signatory Powers if he had a serious grievance. M. Jaurès interpellated the Foreign Minister on Monday in connection with these episodes. M. Pichon praised the correctness of the German attitude, belittled the importance of Abdul Aziz's appeal, attacked M. Jaurès's patriotism, and declared that the French operations would continue indefinitely. The docility of the Chamber by no means reflects French opinion faithfully. Sir Harry Maclean was released on Friday after being a prisoner since July 1st. Raisuli's terms were apparently British protection and a ransom of not less than £5,000, presumably paid by the British Government.

* * *

CERTAIN statements of facts, made by Mr. Jellicoe in a letter to the Governor of Natal announcing his withdrawal from the defence of the Zulu chief Dinizulu, and borne out by letters written by Miss Colenso, throw a curious light upon the Natal conception of a "fair trial" in a Court of Justice. The refusal of the Attorney-General to permit a solicitor to enter Zululand in order to get witnesses and to prepare a defence, the refusal to permit access to documents in the possession of the Government relating to the charges against the prisoner, the difficulties placed in the way of the counsel when desiring to communicate with his client, coupled with the illegal refusal of access to Miss Colenso even when provided with a permit, the dilatory policy of remands practised by the Court, undoubtedly constitute a strong *prima-facie* case for supposing that it is the intention of those responsible for this trial to deprive the prisoner of fair opportunities of defending himself. It must be remembered that it was only after strong representations made from this country that Dinizulu was withdrawn from that travesty of justice entitled a court-martial and promised a trial under civil jurisdiction. But if the retention of martial law in Zululand is made the pretext for disabling him from procuring witnesses and evidence in his defence, this concession of the Natal Government to the "mawkish sentimentalism" of the Imperial Government is virtually cancelled.

* * *

MEANWHILE the retention of martial law throughout Zululand and the northern districts of Natal remains an

inexplicable feature of the situation. That it should ever have been proclaimed, in face of the grave commentary upon its use tendered last year by the Imperial Government, is, we fear, only one more evidence of the intention of the Natal Ministry to disregard the Imperial connection except so far as it can be made subservient of their own designs. It is not even pretended that any serious "disaffection," much less a state of war, has arisen in these areas of martial law. Indeed, the formal announcement of amnesty made by the Governor during his recent tour in Zululand in which he proclaimed a policy of "forget and forgive," and announced that a pardon would be granted to all the rank and file of those who took part in the so-called "rebellion" of 1906, only makes the maintenance of martial law more mysterious. It is to be hoped that the wide and really urgent question of the liberty of self-governing Colonies to abuse the *ultima ratio* reserved for extreme instances of internecine struggles by applying it to minor incidents of police will be definitely raised in Parliament before the necessary Act of Indemnity comes to the Imperial Government for ratification. The plea for a suspension of judgment contained in a recently published letter of our Prime Minister must not be so interpreted as to preclude Parliament from considering this urgent question before it is too late.

* * *

THE "suffragettes" have made two attempts to enter the House of Commons, the first body of raiders emerging from pantechnic vans. They were, of course, captured, and a large number were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment as second-class misdemeanants. The Home Secretary was asked on Thursday night to regard their offence as political, and to use his influence with the magistrates to have them treated as first-class misdemeanants. He refused, on the ground that the prisoners could have the prison doors opened if they liked, on giving sureties for good behaviour, and that the London magistrates had apparently come to a joint decision in favour of strict prison treatment, in view of the repetition of these offences. We are not impressed with this argument. The offence of the "suffragettes" is not less political because it has been repeated, and it is its character which is important. The country will never be persuaded that people who break the law because they wish to change it, as they think, for the better, belong to the same class as those who break it in mere selfishness or brutality.

* * *

THE presentment on Monday of a Supplementary Army Estimate, which involves a sum of £358,000, tends to show, we are afraid, that there will be little or no real saving on the Army Estimates this year. This sum, which represents savings on last year's Army expenditure, should have gone to the Sinking Fund. Mr. Haldane has diverted it to the payment of the debts of the volunteer corps. The object of this is to relieve next year's Estimates. As the War Office usually estimates too high, we are not impressed with the so-called saving, and we do not like Mr. Haldane's partial admission of Sir Charles Dilke's charge that the Territorial Army will be extremely costly.

* * *

THE adventurer—a kind of criminal "Barry Lyndon"—who called himself von Veltheim was sentenced on Wednesday to twenty years' imprisonment, practically a life sentence, for attempting to blackmail Mr. "Solly" Joel. The Judge was apparently influenced by the fact that von Veltheim had killed Mr. Joel's brother, though he was acquitted of the charge of murder. His career seemed to have been one of rascality, coloured by swagger and adventure, and there was no reason to believe his story of a Rand plot to kill Mr. Kruger. But we deprecate sentences so terrible for offences which have no serious issue.

THE fourth test match has been won by Australia by 308 runs, and as the Commonwealth Eleven won two other games, the primacy of cricket returns to it. The English Eleven failed on a bad wicket in their first innings, when they made only 105 runs against Australia's 214, and they could do nothing to meet the answering score of 385. They were handicapped throughout by the illness of their captain, Mr. Jones, who is perhaps their best all-round player. In his absence the eleven was a trifle too young and unsteady.

* * *

WE are glad to learn that the Prime Minister has offered the Crown living of Marylebone, which Dean Barker's elevation left vacant, to the Rev. W. D. Morrison. This is much the most significant and important piece of Church patronage with which the Government has as yet been associated. Dr. Morrison is a scholar and worker of European reputation, and his part in the reform of our prison system marked him out some years ago as almost the only scientific student of criminology—we had almost said of the greater science of humanity—that the prison service contained. In theology he has been a chief agent in opening up to English thought the most interesting and stimulating work of recent Continental, and especially German, schools of religious thought. His appointment, therefore, is a real victory for those who desire to preserve and continue the tradition of liberal Churchmanship which seeks to resume and enlarge the work of Jowett and Stanley. Dr. Morrison is not only a man of singular breadth and power of thought, but of a character well suited to adorn his new position.

* * *

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's eightieth birthday was celebrated on Tuesday, chiefly by the presentation of an address from his comrades in English letters. The vellum covering of this document bore the names of four intimate friends of Mr. Meredith, who were also four chief figures in contemporary literature—Mr. Swinburne, the greatest of living English poets; Mr. Morley, the greatest living English critic; Mr. Hardy, after Mr. Meredith, the most distinguished of our novelists; and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, truly the *doyen* of English contemporary journalism. The address, presented in Mr. Meredith's modest home in a fold of the Surrey Hills, well spoke of the life by which he had advanced the ideals of his art. Goethe himself could not boast a more dignified career, a daily existence more noble in its simplicity and serene withdrawal from elements of vanity and weakness.

* * *

SIR JAMES KNOWLES, who died suddenly at Brighton on Thursday at the age of seventy-five, was a figure of real significance in English literary life. His chief work in it was the founding and maintenance of the "Nineteenth Century and After." This famous review he made into a forum for the discussion of great questions by great men, and its authoritative and often brilliant pages formed a useful monthly pendant to the work of the "Times" in the same direction. This achievement was entirely due to the editor's personality, to his faculty for turning to practical account the passion he had for the company of the distinguished, and to his singular *flair* for interesting work. These gifts made him a really great journalist, who could always reckon on obtaining much of the best kind of fugitive writing of his time. He was a little too fond of names for names' sake, and this tendency developed in the later years of his editing. But he made several discoveries, and his magazine was always alive. It was possible to regard Knowles as a *flâneur*, for he loved gossip and the shows of the town. But he was a man of winning kindness of heart and manner, and he had a sure eye for the excellent both in literature and in art.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CLASH OF COMMERCE AND MILITARISM.

It is, we think, a misfortune that Sir Edward Grey, who has a singular gift of affecting the imagination of his own countrymen, has so little power of realising the thoughts and feelings of others. This incapacity handicaps him in the actual business of politics, just as a general is handicapped in battle by his failure to guess what is going on on the opposite side of the hill. A very crucial example of his failing occurred in last week's important debate on the right of capture of an enemy's merchant vessels in time of war. If Sir Edward had possessed the power of sympathetic intuition, he would not, we think, have based his case for retaining the right to capture private property at sea on the argument that to abolish that right would cripple the activities of the British Navy. How does that argument sound in the ears of the foreign nations to which it was in part addressed? In the first number of *THE NATION* the Prime Minister declared that "the sea power of this country implied no challenge to any single State or group of States." "I am persuaded," he added, "that throughout the world that power is recognised as non-aggressive, and innocent of designs against the independence, the commercial freedom, and the legitimate development of other States." But what was Sir Edward Grey's account of the main function of the British Navy in time of war? His grievance against the doctrine of immunity for trade was that under it the enemy's commerce "was to go without let or hindrance," and that our fleet was deprived of its power of "bringing any pressure to bear on the mercantile marine of a foreign country." How does that contention support the Prime Minister's theory of the non-aggressive character of the British Navy?

Sir Edward Grey argued in all sincerity that the question of capture at sea was completely divorced at The Hague Conference from that of the reduction of armaments, and that the failure of our policy under the first head was in no way influenced by our refusal to treat with Germany and other sea Powers under the other. This may be the formal truth, but no observer can doubt that the two events were closely, even vitally, connected. We cannot well blame Germany for cherishing fears for the safety of her growing mercantile marine against such a destructive power as we command, and for providing a countering force. Indeed, Sir Edward Grey's argument seems to us to be directed quite as much to the defeat of the cause of the reduction of armaments as of that of immunity for trading vessels at sea. For the Foreign Secretary could find no security in an honourable agreement among Naval Powers to leave each other's merchant shipping alone. "Would you," he asked, "really be quite safe if you so decreased the British Navy in consequence of such an agreement (*i.e.*, to secure immunity from capture) that in case of war you would not have the means to protect your mercantile marine?" We cannot think that the cheers which followed that statement came from the Liberal benches. For if foreign Powers cannot be trusted to keep an honourable understanding in regard to the safety of merchant shipping, they may well break faith in regard to the promise to reduce arma-

ments. We think Sir Edward's argument unduly materialistic and sceptical, for, as a matter of fact, the nations adhere honourably to proposals, under the Geneva Convention, to soften the cruelties of war. Civilised Powers do not poison wells, or use obviously explosive bullets. But if the Foreign Secretary is right, the hope of reducing armaments by agreement is vain. Where we fail to follow Sir Edward Grey is in his commendation of a cause which his arguments defeat, and also, we are bound to add, in his failure to perceive the rebound of his case in favour of the retention of the right of capture on our own commerce. Major Seely pointed out that though, in the event of a naval war, we may be superior in warships in the proportion of two to one, we should be five or six to one in respect of British ships liable to capture. German merchandise, even when it was not conveyed over-land, could readily be carried in Dutch vessels, as much of it is carried to-day. Our much vaster commerce and mercantile sea power could seek no such protection. The tables would then be turned, as the sound instinct of British commerce in favour of immunity has all along perceived.

It is for these reasons that we see with some concern the failure of a Liberal Government to defend its historic relationship with British commerce, when a certain clash occurs between commercial interests and the prepossessions of the war services. We hope that that failure will not be repeated when the nation's eyes are turned on the general question of warlike expenditure. The Liberal Party is, we hope, a people's party. But it is also a commercial party. At the moment there is a real confrontation between trade and militarism. Our commerce wants the free supply of cheap money which has ceased to flow since the South African War. The home trade has been gravely restricted by the want of capital—is so restricted, with disastrous consequences to employment, to this hour. Mr. Asquith has done something to restore our finances and to check the disastrous results of a long period of unproductive expenditure. But in a time of real and unusual rest and appeasement among the nations, he has not achieved the capital result of placing the warlike expenditure of the nation on a peace basis. This, as Mr. McCrae reminds us elsewhere, was the crowning distinction of Gladstonian finance in the period following the Crimean War. Here, indeed, is a mark to be set up and to be aimed at, not merely in the policy of Liberal Governments, but in their construction. We doubt whether a control of expenditure and a diversion of the national wealth into the right channels can ever be achieved unless the Premiership is at some future day associated with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Finance is the key to modern statesmanship; and finance is also the soul of a progressive Government, both on its democratic and its administrative side. If Mr. Haldane and Lord Tweedmouth cannot by themselves keep the cost of the Army and Navy within such bounds as a democratic House of Commons will accept and willingly sanction, they must either give place to other statesmen, or they must have a special reinforcement of strength from the directing heads of the Cabinet.

Let us add one other consideration, which bears directly on the issue, so imprudently and unwisely raised, between this country and Germany. We believe that the question of national safety cannot be raised in rela-

tion to the forthcoming Army and Navy Estimates with any pretence to reality. The present overwhelming superiority of the British to the German fleet is admitted by every authority worth counting, by Sir John Fisher, by Lord Brassey, by the compilers of the "Naval Annual," and by Sir Edward Grey. That superiority cannot be disturbed for at least four years to come, even if we leave out of account every one of the five separate classes of battleships which are all superior to the strongest German ships afloat to-day. In "Dreadnoughts," "Invincibles," and "Lord Nelsons" alone, we should have, in 1912, practically a two to one advantage over the German vessels existing in that year. If the little inferior "King Edwards" and the kindred new classes are reckoned, as of course they would be reckoned, that superiority is beyond comparison. We cannot but think that the Government are alive to these material facts, and also to the larger aspects of the European situation. Even if we are to treat the improved Anglo-German relations as nothing, and to wipe out the Kaiser's visit as a mere insincerity, or even as a deliberately assumed mask for unfriendliness, we are bound to take account of the political position in Germany, and of the unfavourable effect upon it of a precipitate British programme of shipbuilding. The *bloc* in the Reichstag is not solid, never has been solid, on the finance of the new naval programme. If we will avoid the capital error of supposing that we can stop shipbuilding in Germany by running huge and dominating counter-proposals on this side, we may yet secure a reasonable modification of the German programme. Programmes invariably stimulate programmes, and as long as the peoples stand the cost, that self-slaughtering rule in armaments will hold. The revision of the abortive German scheme of 1900 was not a wanton provocation to Great Britain; it was a defensive answer to our initiation of "Dreadnoughts," following on our creation of a fleet that practically wiped all Germany's vessels off the seas. If the two nations can once realise that good-will breeds good-will, they will have reached a profound moral truth, which readily works in practice into the ordinary fabric of affairs.

THE AUSTRIAN LEAD IN THE BALKANS.

For five years past the Great Powers of Europe have been engaged in a debate about European Turkey which was wearisome because it was so rarely sincere. One would find if one were to make an exhaustive collection of all the despatches and speeches composed by official persons upon this desolating theme, the materials for a really edifying discussion, in which two contrasted but equally disinterested views of politics have clashed and the unsubstantial play of nationalism and fanaticism, Powers urged the case of the revolted populations, denounced Turkish misrule, and argued, with that sharp insight which official persons often display in criticising the affairs of other Empires, for drastic and radical remedies. The Eastern Powers, on the other hand, with a fine show of impartiality, balanced the offences of rebels and rulers, and discoursed on the beauty of order and the paramount duty of preserving peace. Suddenly, in the midst of this academic and apparently disinterested discussion, a new word has been spoken. Britain still talks of humanity and reform, and Russia of peace and order. But Austria has said "railways." It is

like some profane echo from the Stock Exchange in the midst of a debate in Convocation. Most of us knew that all the while, when Austrian statesmen juggled with moral categories, they really meant railways. But the effect produced by this sudden lapse into candour is none the less startling, and the Russian Press, in particular, has been seized with a rather alarming fit of moral indignation.

The brutal fact about the whole Turkish problem is that for a generation past it has meant for the real directors of European policy little else than railways. Greeks and Bulgars have been cutting each other's throats for a national idea, and Abdul Hamid slaughtering Armenians in the name of religion. Statesmen watched these manœuvres, content to know that, amid the unsubstantial play of nationalism and fanaticism, sleepers and steel rails are solid realities. Asia Minor may be for us the stage on which races are martyred, and Macedonia a vortex of human miseries. To the Bülow and the Aerenthals they are simply the routes which lead to Salonica and Bagdad. It is only half a century since a quarrel for the keys of the Holy Sepulchre led to the Crimean war. To-day it is for the keys of harbours and roads that the Powers are struggling. To the British conscience Macedonia is a collection of villages where men are murdered and women dishonoured in a war of churches and nationalities. To the concrete German intellect Macedonia is simply the valley of the Vardar, the highway from the Adriatic to the Aegean. Baron von Aerenthal has just announced that he has obtained from the Porte permission to survey the route for the 150 kilomètres of railway, which were required to bridge the gap in Novi-Bazar, between the Bosnian and Macedonian systems. When that is complete, the road for troops and merchandise, constructed solely of Austrian metal, will lie open from Vienna to Salonica; an extension by way of Larissa may link it to the Piræus, and a branch to Scutari open Northern Albania. In the light of that announcement one understands, at length, why Austria and Germany oppose all really effective reforms in Macedonia. Austria, posing still as one of the two Powers charged with the task of reform, has sold her mandate for a concession. Henceforward it is not mere inertia which blocks the work of the Concert, but sheer financial interest. Austria, in a less dramatic way, has done what the Kaiser did when he went to Constantinople to embrace the Sultan over the corpses of the Armenians. Armenia without the Armenians was still the road to the Persian Gulf. Macedonia without the Macedonians has still the passes of the Vardar, and the broad gulf of Salonica. Salonica, to land-locked Austria, means more than Port Arthur meant to Russia. The compact, as the Russians justly divine, alters the whole aspect of the future. It is not merely this or that reform which Austria will block. Turkey has not opened her railway system to the Austrian invader without assuring herself that the support of Vienna will be permanent.

The European spectator, unversed in the peculiarities of Turkish politics, is apt to argue from other precedents—that a railway, even when its promoters are cynics, is, after all, a highway for civilisation. Surely, he retorts, when the Indian mails are running over Austrian metals to Salonica, Macedonia must reap her harvest from the new traffic and anarchy disappear, if only because the highroad itself must be policed? Trade

and security and the stimulus of direct contact with Europe and Europeans will insensibly bring order and prosperity to this mediæval chaos. It ought to be so, and ultimately it may be so, but these effects are not yet observable on the routes of the existing railways. Their construction and maintenance are an intolerable burden to the country, for the European financier always insists on a guarantee of so much per kilomètre, which ensures him a profit quite independent of the prosperity of the line. Baron Hirsch knew how to increase this profit by the simple expedient of building unnecessary loops and serpentine curves, which roll to-day over level plains—a monument to Turkish venality and European cupidity. The lines are managed solely in the interest of strategical needs and the through European traffic. There is little attempt to cater for local wants, and the stations are often many miles from the towns. It is always the peasant who pays, and the kilometric guarantee of the railways, like the service of the foreign debt, is always a first charge on the tithes. Nor do the railways contribute notably to the security of the countryside. Instead of pacifying and policing the whole country through which a railway passes, the Turks prefer, at an appalling cost, to station their patient conscripts in tents and shanties along the line. These sentries watch the bridges and the culverts, but a mile away from the line the bandit and bashi-bazouk work their will unmolested. The European financier, with the Yildiz clique to aid him, has always been willing to exploit the peasants and tax-payers of Turkey. He has never yet reached the standpoint of enlightened self-interest, which sees that prosperity and good government are the condition of any really flourishing commerce. The British railway from Smyrna to Aidin is the one honourable exception to this rule of grasping and short-sighted exploitation.

Meanwhile, the task of international reform in Macedonia itself has become, in consequence of this "deal" between Vienna and Constantinople, more difficult than ever. The Sultan is proposing to incorporate all the European officials in the Turkish service, and though the Ambassadors reject this impudent claim, they do not appear to resent it. The timid little scheme of judicial reform makes no apparent progress, and though it is at present so weak as to be nearly worthless, all the Ambassadors, our own included, have agreed to recommend a further process of dilution. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, has at last realised, as Lord Lansdowne did after a brief experience of office, that there can be no advance if the Western Powers are content to leave the initiative to Austria and Russia. He has proposed to arm the European officers with executive powers, to employ the gendarmerie under their command in hunting down the bands, and to meet the additional outlay which this would involve, by reducing the cost of the army of occupation. This suggestion amply justifies the programme of the Balkan Committee, which has been urging, for five years past, that international "control" is nearly useless, without executive powers. It is doubtful whether the cost of an efficient gendarmerie would really be prohibitive, if the European officers were authorised to enroll a non-professional peasant militia to act as a passive line of defence in the villages themselves. The tragedy of the present position is that the Macedonian peasant is at his best a decidedly virile and self-reliant person, quite capable of defending his village against bands and brigands, if only

he were allowed to carry arms. Frequently, indeed, he has a store of rifles waiting in some hiding-place in the woods against the next insurrection, but if he were to use them for self-defence against marauders he would only invite a visitation from the Turkish soldiery. The work of combating the bands is an indispensable measure of police, and many of them are merely foreign invaders. But there are genuine Macedonian bands, governed by a local organisation, working for liberation, and serving at present, though often by barbarous means, a purpose that is not wholly mischievous. They help to terrorise the worse type of Turkish landlord, and to hold the bashi-bazouks in check. Reform in other directions must keep pace with repression. One does not wish the European gendarmerie to become the servant of an unregenerate Turkish administration.

This new Austrian move reveals very clearly the danger to European peace which is latent in the Balkan problem. Italy, which has looked to Albania for her future expansion since the Montenegrin marriage, and allowed her older ambitions in Tripoli to lie dormant, would not be passive in face of an Austrian advance. The Russian newspapers have been talking as though the compact with Austria were now mere waste paper, and even as though an Austro-Russian War might become a possibility in the near future. In point of fact, none of these three Powers dare think of war, and yet a policy of open self-aggrandisement might easily lead to war. The policies of partition and of *laissez-faire* are almost equally dangerous. They are really complementary. So long as we allow Turkey to remain unreformed, so long will partition seem the inevitable end, and partition means certain war.

THE NATION AND THE RAILWAYS.

WHILE Mr. Lloyd-George was naturally unable to commit the Government to the principle of State purchase of the railways, we are convinced that a very widespread public opinion, by no means confined to Socialist and Radical circles, welcome his statement that the time has now come for a close and comprehensive inquiry into the relations between the State and the Railway Companies, which shall not preclude the policy of national ownership and working, should that solution be found desirable and feasible. Although the fact that every other European country save Spain and Portugal, together with our own self governing Colonies, own or are in process of acquiring their railways, may be in itself no convincing testimony to the validity of the policy for us, it does undoubtedly show that this national ownership belongs to the normal development of a modern State, and cannot be discussed as a new revolutionary project. The difficulties of estimating the degree of success attendant on the process of nationalisation were well illustrated in the course of last Tuesday's debate. But while it may often be difficult to prove that in cheapness or efficiency of service the State railways of the Continent excel or equal the private services here, it is remarkable that no country which has once nationalised its railway system would, even if it could, revert to private ownership and working. This, we take it, does not imply any fixed conviction that public officials will necessarily bring other and more enlightened management to bear than private directorates, even in a country where directors are chiefly chosen for other

than business qualifications. The tendency to nationalise railways is due to the general recognition that in its structure and working a railway can never rank as an ordinary competitive business. Where railways compete, their competition is more wasteful and disastrous than any other industrial competition. Where they do not compete, their combination is fraught with even graver public injuries. Competition and combination alike are reasons why every civilised State must maintain a closer public control over this than over ordinary business operations. Mr. Lloyd-George rightly called attention to the colossal extravagance and waste involved both in the origin of our railways, and in their competitive working, with their empty or half-empty trains, and their duplication of lines, stations, and officials.

But though this waste is probably greater in transport than in any other line of business, the prime motive for making towards a national control, which cannot eventually stop short of ownership, is not competition, but the failure to compete. The real grievance of the ordinary trader against the railways is his conviction that the latter, by monopoly or by combination, impose excessive or discriminative rates prejudicial to the trade of certain parts of the country as compared with others, and of British trade as compared with foreign. While we agree with Mr. Bonar Law that some of this criticism is erroneous, being based on the unreasonable claim that retail carriage should be sold as cheaply as wholesale, we cannot conceal our surprise that this arch-Protectionist should defend a railway policy which is, in fact, one of the leading instruments and classic examples of "dumping." For there is no doubt whatever that the low rates accorded to foreign produce, shipped in bulk along our railways from ports of entry, have, in fact, exercised a very injurious influence upon our agriculture and our industries. It may be, probably is, vain for English traders to seek redress of this burden from companies which are compelled, from the conditions of their being, to make such discriminations as spell "dividend." It may be, probably is, impossible for the State to compel companies to stop this discrimination and forego its gain. But the more clearly traders recognise this truth, the more seriously will they turn to the alternative of Public Ownership.

It may perhaps be urged that, if it is sound business for a company to make these thoroughly anti-British discriminations, it will be sound policy for a State railway. But this objection ignores a most vital distinction between a public and a private enterprise. An enlightened State railway will not conduct its operations with a single eye to the monetary profits of railroading; charging the highest rates where it can exort them, and giving low rates to get the business of foreigners; over-feeding certain main routes with cheap luxurious services, while starving remoter and less developed districts; maintaining a number of expensive boards of directors, and paying its lower grades of employees wages insufficient to maintain them and their families in decency and comfort. A company driven by the necessity of earning dividends may be disposed, nay driven, to adopt such courses: it may pay it to do so. It would not "pay" a State railway conducted with a due regard to the wider welfare of the community. Such a railway would consider part of its duty to lie in helping to develop the agricultural and industrial

resources of the country as a whole, not of selected centres only; it might legitimately open and sustain branch lines which could not be immediately remunerative, run "workmen's" or other cheap trains which did not cover their separate cost, just as it would be publicly advantageous to pay rates of wages and give other terms of employment which would help to raise the material and moral well-being of large classes of employees. Much of the short-sighted criticism poured out by Mr. Perks and other speakers is invalidated by failure to recognise this vital difference between a policy "profitable" for the State, and one profitable for bodies of shareholders. For many of the Continental railways which are compared unfavourably with the services of our main lines, take into consideration other utilities than those represented in the amount of remunerative traffic, viz., the broader industrial, social, and even military exigencies of the nation. Our Post Office affords in many parts of the country a rural service which, taken by itself, as a purely business proposition, does not pay, but is truly profitable in the wider sense. So the national economy of our railway system in public hands must be measured by standards different from those applicable to a company.

We know no matter upon which thorough scrutiny is more urgently required at the present time than the condition of our railways. In so large a proposal as that of national ownership, it would, of course, be as unwise as it would be improper to move rapidly. Railway shares have considerably depreciated, and dividends have fallen, no small proportion of recently invested capital, notoriously in the underground railways of the Metropolis, proving utterly unremunerative. Some of these are doubtless passing causes of depression. But others may be permanent and growing. Even the most ardent advocates of State ownership may well wish to advance with caution. Mr. Lloyd-George's interposition in the debate last Tuesday was not a mere platonic utterance of encouragement. A careful official survey of the entire ground of railroad reform is already being conducted by the most energetic and successful of our younger statesmen, who is sufficiently imaginative to realise the meaning of a genuinely national system of highways in the life of a growing industrial community, while cautious enough to safeguard the nation against an impetuous advance into a country as yet insufficiently explored. The clear aim of the President of the Board of Trade is to make the railways serve the interests of British trade and agriculture, to some such degree as the German system serves German trade and agriculture. To this end the whole system of low import rates for foreign goods, which "pro-dumpers" of the type of Mr. Bonar Law defend, must come under review. It is manifestly unfair that when German railways devise special means of pouring German goods in bulk on these shores, English railways should assist them by rates so framed as to enhance that advantage. To these rates the English producer undoubtedly contributes by the higher rates he pays on the carriage of his own goods, and by the method which our railways adopt of calculating the foreign rate. Mr. George has to bring into line a great body of national opinion when he sets himself to open up a new relationship between the nation's commerce and what is still its chief means of land carriage.

THE POLICY OF THE MINIMUM STANDARD.

It is interesting to note that the two most vivid and alert personalities among the younger Liberal leaders, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, are awakening to the necessity of new departures in practical politics. We have dealt above with the problem of the railways, which Mr. George has opened up. In his speech to the Young Liberals, Mr. Churchill, like Mr. George, revealed a diagnosis and outlined a policy. Mr. Chamberlain returned from Africa—from which come all new things—more than ever convinced that home political affairs were parochial, that the true statesman would henceforth extend his outlook to the larger horizons of the illimitable veldt. Mr. Churchill has returned, more than ever convinced that the future of the Empire is being decided here at its heart. He has discovered that the British people are becoming more and more concerned with the question of their own social conditions. While the map is being painted red, many of our own people are half-starved in the midst of such plenty as the world has never before seen. They find that Imperialism, instead of setting itself to the creation of an Imperial race, has been content to absorb the advantages of Empire in the interests of select classes, leaving the workman to fend as best he may. During the decade of this extravagance, no kind of attempt was essayed to make life a richer and more humane affair for the masses of people which are collected in these little islands. Large sections of our artisan population have indeed attained a position of modest comfort unparalleled by any similar populations in Europe. But they have attained it only by stout fighting, by organising Labour into Unions, whose existence and development the "Imperialists" have fought almost with bitterness; by that "Free Trade" which the Imperialists, in the name of Empire, are now desirous to destroy. While this fever raged, Social Reform slumbered and slept. Now that the fever has burnt itself out, the Condition-of-the-People question occupies most of the arena of political interest. Upon it, for the next generation, elections will be fought, Governments will be made and unmade, surprises and sudden upheavals sweep away the best-laid schemes of clever men. The people are determined to press towards a better life for themselves and their children; they will have it from whatever party will give it them; they will swallow a good deal of unpalatable policy in association with it if they are guaranteed the one thing upon which they have set all their desires.

The advocates of things as they are, who think that every change must be a harmful change, are confronted at present with two violent propaganda. The one is the hope which Protection is dangling before the weekly wage-earners, of employment which shall be steady and secure. The other is the Socialist vision of a Society transformed, with the waste of the present system largely eliminated, and some larger approach towards a fairer adjustment of "the monstrous inequalities of fortune." Both these panaceas, however fascinating their ultimate promises, offer prospects of intermediate collapse which excite foreboding amongst the far-sighted. The Tariff, in its effort to exclude foreign-made goods, might strike an irrecoverable injury to the whole gigantic fabric of our export trade, balanced, as, for example, the cotton industry in Lancashire is balanced, on the narrowest margin of profits. And Socialism, in its efforts to right the wrongs of poverty, might conceivably wrong the rights of individuals in any attempt at too sudden disturbance or supersession of the energy and ambition which alone has been adequate to build up and to maintain our commercial supremacy. Yet neither can be fought by negatives. A policy of denial is a policy of despair.

Between these two, therefore, and with the avowed intention of righting the more conspicuous injustices

of modern life, without at the same time bringing the whole complicated fabric toppling to the ground, Mr. Churchill offers the programme of a Minimum Standard. He would build a platform above the Abyss, below which no human being should be permitted to descend; to which level he would compel the State to hoist all the forlorn multitudes who to-day endure existence beneath. It was the attempt of the Poor Law, of all the English Poor Laws, to declare that beneath a certain exiguous standard of intelligible life no citizen of England should be allowed to descend. It failed, because the administration was perhaps more concerned with frightening off those who were inclined to descend to that standard than with elevating the less fortunate to its level. So that although the English law guarantees that no man or woman shall die of starvation, men and women perish of starvation almost every day. And although the English Law definitely provides money adequate to the relief of widows and children, and often some form of pensions for old age, widows and children continue to exist in conditions intolerable to contemplate, and the old prefer misery outside to the comparative comfort of the State-managed institutions. Evidently there would appear to be opportunity for a fresh start.

That fresh start, we are sure, will no longer be content with the low platform of 1834. It will demand the definite raising of the minimum. It may require large reforms, emphatic revolutionary changes in the life of the accumulated proletariat of the earth. If it will guarantee organisation of the unemployed, and work (to the minimum standard of remuneration) for the unemployed, it will also necessitate some drastic means of dealing with those who decline work, and some redemptive methods for those who are unable to give back to the nation the value of their money. It will accept as part of its programme minimum rates of remuneration, fixed by law; a minimum standard of accommodation in the home, which are the growing places of the coming generations; with large development of State enterprise in the utilisation of so-called surplus labour, in the training of children and "young persons" for their position in the world. But it will leave all the possibilities of individual initiative and ambition to those who, dissatisfied with such a minimum, are determined to exercise their activities in the struggle for personal gain. That struggle has been the greatest incentive to "progress"; the determination of the man of power to attain, the will that grasps at circumstance and bends it to its desire, the resolution to bequeath a distinguished name and great possessions to wife and children. The real danger of complete Collectivism is not in the least the accepted appeals against it to prejudice or to selfishness. It is not because it is a system incompatible with religion, or because it would make the future of the stupid and incompetent amongst the wealthier classes much more precarious. Whatever changes may come upon Society will be independent of the human outlook upon ultimate things. Whatever changes will come upon Society—if Society is to endure—must of necessity make the future of the stupid and incompetent amongst the wealthier classes more precarious. The real danger is lest the energy which now builds up great businesses, works new patents, accepts risks and adventures, presses its trade into newly-discovered regions, should be content to settle down into a toleration of the accepted things, in secure position under a State department, to enjoy, rather than to struggle and attain. No such fear challenges the conception of a Minimum Standard of Life. Much of its platform advocacy will be denounced as Socialistic, just as every scheme designed to make, through common action, the lot of the poor more tolerable will be branded as Socialistic. But worked out scientifically in all its aspects, it may well be accepted as a practical and necessary business, adequate in its appeal to hold the balance of a great Middle Party between the divergent fascinations of Protection on the one hand and full economic Socialism on the other.

Life and Letters.

SPORT.

OFTEN in the ride of some Scotch wood I used to stand, with eyes moving from right to left, from left to right. Every nerve and fibre of my body would receive and answer to the slightest movements, the smallest noises, the faintest scents; and my fingers would quiver on my gun. The acrid sweetness of the spruce trees in the mist, the bite of innumerable midges, the feel of the deep wet mossy heather underfoot, the brown-grey twilight of the wood, the stillness—these were poignant as they will never be again. And slowly, back of that stillness, the noises of the beaters would begin. Gentle and regular, at first—like the ending of a symphony rather than its birth—it would swell, then drop and fade away completely. In that unexpected silence a squirrel would scurry out along a branch, sit a moment looking, and scurry back; or, with its soft, blunt flight, an owl would fly across.

A shrill, far: "Marrk!" and the beaters' chorus would again rise, drowned for an instant by the crack of the keeper's gun; then louder and louder, rhythmically, inexorably, forward. In the ride little shivers of wind shook the drops of warm mist off the needles of the spruce, and a half-veiled sun faintly warmed and coloured everything. Stealing through the heather and fern would come a rabbit, confiding in the space before him and the ride where he was wont to sun himself. At my shot he would fling his mortal somersault, or disappear into a burrow, reached too soon. To see him lie there dead in the brown-grey twilight of the trees would give me a strange pleasure—a feeling such as some casual love affair will give a man, the pleasure of a primitive virility expressed—but to watch him disappear into the earth would irritate, for I had seen him get his death, and, dead within the earth, he would not do me any sort of credit. Nor was it nice to think that he was dying slowly, so I forbore to think.

Sometimes we did not shoot at such small stuff, but waited for the roedeer. These dun familiars of the wood were very shy, clinging to the deepest thickets, treading with gentle steps, invisible as spirits, and ever trying to break back. Now and then, leaping forward with hind quarters higher than its shoulders, one of them would face the line of beaters, and there would arise the strangest noises, above the customary sounds and tappings paid for with two shillings and a lunch—cries of a fierce resentment, that so much flesh, that such fine "game," should thus escape the guns. When it crossed the line these cries swelled into a shriek, and in the ride my fingers would tighten on my gun; then, as the yells died down in baffled mutterings, I used to feel a hollow sense of disappointment.

When the beat was over they would collect the birds and beasts which had fulfilled their destiny, and place them all together. Half hidden by the bracken or deep heather the little bodies lay, abandoned to the ground with the wonderful strange limpness of dead things. We would stand looking at them in the misty air, acrid with the sweetness of the spruce trees; and each of us would feel a vague strange thirst, a longing to be again standing in the rides with the cries of the beaters in our ears, and creatures coming closer, closer to our guns.

Often in the police courts I have sat, while they drove another kind of "game."

It would be quiet in there but for the whisperings and shufflings peculiar to all courts of law. Through the high-placed windows a grey light fell impartially on everything, and in it everything looked hard and shabby, having parted with its shadow. The air in there smelled of old clothes, and now and then, when the women were brought in, of the corpse of some sweet scent.

Through a door on the left-hand side they would drive these women, one by one, often five or six, even a dozen, in one morning. Some shuffled forward to the dock with their heads down, others walked boldly; some looked as if they must faint; others were hard and stoical as stone. Some would be dressed in

black, quite neatly; some in cheap, creased, rumpled finery; some in skimped, starved, mud-stained garments. Most of them were English. Their faces were of many types—dark and short with high cheek-bones; blowsy from drink; worn and raddled; one, here and there, like a wild fruit; and many that were bestially insensible, devoid of any sort of beauty.

They stood—as in Southern countries one may see mules or asses, harnessed to too-heavy loads of wood or stone, stand utterly unmoving, with a mute, submissive viciousness. Now and then one of them would turn half-round towards the public, her lips smiling defiantly, her eyes never resting for a moment, as though well knowing there was no place where they *could* rest. The next would seem smitten with a sort of death-like shame, but there were not many of this kind, for they were those whom the beaters had driven in for the first time. Sometimes they refused to speak. But as a rule they gave their answers in hard voices, their sullen eyes a little lowered. Then, having received the meed of justice, they shuffled, or flaunted stoically, out.

They were used to being driven, it was their common lot; a little piece of sport growing more frequent with each year that intervened between their present and that moment when some sportsman first caught sight of them and started out to bring them down. From most of them that day was now far distant, many thousand miles of pavement off, so far that it was hard work to remember it. What sport they had afforded since! And not one of all their faces seemed to show that they saw the fun that lay in their being driven-in like this. True women that they were, they took it all quite seriously, as though they knew that man had done the best for them; grateful still perhaps at the bottom of their hearts for that first moment when they came shyly towards him as he stood there holding his breath for fear they should not come; convinced that it had been their business to attract him and afford him sport; incidentally too, now, to keep themselves alive. To be harried by the beaters, and brought up here to prevent their straying from the well-stocked coverts and damaging the fields—it was the usual thing!

Beneath the brazen hardness of the most stoical there was a something in their faces that seemed to cringe ever so little to the fact they saw set forth in all the faces round, the fact that they were "game." "Game" to be allowed within certain bounds for the purpose of affording sport—a comfort and assuagement to man's primitive desire to shoot and feed on what he shoots; but when they strayed beyond those bounds, to be trapped like vermin.

No smile on all these faces showed them to be thinking of the humorous thing, that there was not a single man perhaps in all that court who had not been a sportsman in his time, and helped a little bit to bring them where they were. When they were beautiful, men had not let them beg, but had begged of them. They had given, until their looks were gone. Now that their looks were gone, they found it needful to implore men to be sportsmen. When they implored men to be sportsmen, men brought them here. How could they see the humour of this thing? It was better to be unconscious of the humour than to starve; they knew that if they did not beg men to be sportsmen, they themselves would never get enough to eat. The more sportsmen there were, the better for the "game," until the moment of black death.

So, one after another, they would walk into the dock, and take it all, each in her own fashion, very seriously.

Silently we men would watch—as one may watch rats let out of a cage to be pounced on by a terrier, their frightened restless eyes, cowed by coming death; their short frantic rush, soon ended; their tossed, limp bodies! On some of our faces was a jeering curiosity, as though we said: "We thought you would come to this!" A few faces—not used to such a show—were darkened with a kind of pity. The most were fixed, and hard, and dull, as of men looking at hurtful things they own and cannot do without. But in all of our unmoving eyes could be seen that tightening of the fibre,

that tenseness, which is the mark of sport. The beaters had well done their work, the game was driven to the gun.

It was but the finish of the hunt, the hunt that we had started, one or other of us, some fine day, the sun shining and the blood hot, wishing no harm to anyone, but just a little sport.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

SISTERS OF FEAR.

THEY are brave with the silent steadfastness which counts; for they go down into the packed ranks of those who struggle to exist respectably, without help, without hope of rest, and with no chance of gain; and they are women, past the age of youth, and, maybe, entering the youth of age, who never learned to work.

Some unexpected cause has changed their lives. Death, or a sudden poverty, misunderstandings, perhaps a wrong, have left them to fend and battle for themselves among the unskilled labourers at little things who labour with their fingers and their brain, in the Big Grey City where men game with lives, and do not count the pieces that are lost to win their stake.

Theirs is no sudden craze or make-believe which pays big fees for learning never meant to be applied, or plays at a dainty, interesting work to while away some empty morning hours, or wears a little apron of lawn, and serves expensive tea in dim-lit rooms. They do not seek their occupation as an excuse to gain release from home and see imagined Life without restraint. They work to make a home, and know the stress and welter of real life—the struggling life where credit lasts a week. But so long as they can earn the wherewithal to pay for their small wants, they are, or pretend to be, content.

This is the only glamour of their toil; for, of their necessity, they cannot choose. Therefore, they do the work which dulls the brain, or makes of their fingers tired, worn machines, or blunts their susceptibilities, or strains their eyes, for what is just, or not, enough to live upon. So, for the havoc of their ill-paid toil they cannot save.

They do not do the work they feel they must, or think they can, or hope will pass the time, for personal pleasure, profit, or applause. They work to live.

Thus, though they do not bind expensive books, working in coloured calf with costly tools, in the libraries they stand about for hours, to classify and catalogue long rows, or hunt a reference through dusty tomes, or wrestle wearily with cumbrous files of years-old newspapers, to earn the sorry pittance paid to those who gather long-forgotten facts from print. They do not draw or paint in studios, upheld by hope through headaches and despair, or self-comsoled for mediocre work by freedom, an income, and cigarettes; but in the dimness of one grimy-windowed room, they colour hundreds of merry Christmas cards, and lay them out upon the bed to dry. They do not traffic, under foreign names, in hats and clothes, and spend their time in the places of the rich, superbly dressed, as an advertisement; they make the dainty things that others sell, working with conscientious stitch, and painful, peering industry and care, at home or in the work-rooms of the shops; and by their drudgery of hand and eye they earn an extra price from those who buy and a pittance for themselves from those who sell. Nor do they photograph their friends for gain, in dainty rooms with canvas-covered walls; but in some back, ill-ventilated hutch, filled with the acrid smell of rancid paste, they mount and finish, with a frowning care, the smile, the simper, and the half-turned face; and as they correct an error in an eye to please the vanity of those who pay, they strain their sight to pay for what they need. And though they daily write a heavy count of many thousands of scribbled words, they do not know the pride of authorship, nor yet the pain of putting thoughts in print, but only the blind, anxious, driving

haste of writing names of people, streets, and towns on endless envelopes—enough to earn a wage.

For in all the various situations that they fill, they do the work which needs no special gift of mind or face or form; the work which thousands can do as well; the work which thousands wait and crave to do. And by the need and hunger of these multitudes their wage is fixed.

Thus, though a certain wondrous pride sustains them, so that they work on without talking of the future or the past, they always fear. For they know, as well as they who hire them, the worthless value of their services.

This is a knowledge they acquire soon. They know the tied-up bundles of replies which three short lines of solid type produce, the earnest requests for interviews, the stamped envelopes enclosed for a reply, the attempts at self-description, the testimonials, and the efforts at self-praise—all of them written with surpassing care. They know the thought, the doubt, the tearing-up, that go to make the final letter right; and they know the pathetic gamble of the extra stamp. They learn the blind imaginings of waiting days, which dread to leave the house—the waking hope, the morning disappointment, the hourly consolation and doubt, the dragged suspense, and the slowly-growing evening despair. They recollect the pitiful preparatory smartening up, to hide their need, which strangers never really see, the humble waiting at the office counter, the patronage of young clerks, the stare of other applicants, and their own anxious scrutiny of reappearing faces to detect what happened in that unknown private room. Nor do they easily forget the strained composure of the interview, the hopeless wondering of failure, or the awkward, stumbling agitation at success.

So, from their knowledge and imagination grows their fear—the sickening, gripping fear of going under, which clutches suddenly, or lasts for days with a haunting, elusive remembrance of something to be faced.

This lurking, shadowy consciousness of dread is always in the background of their mind. They hear it in the beggar's whining plaint, and give what they can very ill afford; they hear it in the wind and rain at night, and think of the desolation of the streets. They see it, old, grey-haired, and blasphemous, digging crooked fingers in the dustbins on the kerb, or faintly offering matches to the crowd. It stares at them from out the clean-typed page, as they tap out folios at racing speed, called up by some chance word. It dogs them as they tramp from door to door, and climb, continually, high flights of stairs, to ask rude people to subscribe to books, or have their name in a directory, or pay a premium to insure their keys. And from the corners of the streets, at night, it grins and whispers at the younger ones, so that they gulp and hurry, shuddering, home.

Their fear unconsciously for ever drives them on, so that they seem to hurry to escape—at work and as they journey to and fro. And during the moments of enforced repose, in train or omnibus, they read—not papers which remind them of life, and print long columns of requests for work, but story-books of guarded comfortable homes, and love. And in the evening, the lucky ones are they who go to bed at once and sleep—the dead sleep of exhaustion which wipes out; for at night the echo of the city's roar turns to the voices of the crowds who want.

With all the varying burdens of their fear—sickness, and accident, employers' whims, and jealousy, and youthful rivalry—they work on steadily from year to year with a pride which refuses to cry out—aloud. And only in the hunted, tired eyes, the blank, dead stare, the faded, drawn face, which shows the bone, and the shabby non-conformities of dress, do they involuntarily reveal their state.

So they keep on—working, earning, fearing—with-out hope of rescue from their thralldom. They have been forced to enter for a race where there is no winning post, only a finish, which is a very long way off. Because it is a very long way off, they fear.

WILD ST. VALENTINE.

SUN-WORSHIP, an excellent cult when reasonably followed, has suffered a sad decline in the gradual abandonment of the practice of sending valentines. There is no better warranted solar festival than that of St. Valentine, instituted, it is said, by the early Christian Church as a counterpoise to the Pagan spring festival of the Lupercal. We have lost it through the inability of civilised man to appreciate the minor crises in the great annual solar pageant that means so much to us. Possibly we shall some day get back to it through our rapidly accumulating fancy for Nature study.

A shyly held conviction that the wild things, at any rate, still observe St. Valentine's Day leads us annually to the woods or among pleasant hedgerows to observe through the joyous breasts of the birds and other creatures the oncoming of spring. This year, at any rate, we are thoroughly fortunate in a mild, still day. But for a fleecy pillow or two flying in the sky for beauty, there are no clouds to intercept the rays of our sun; there is no biting wind, as sometimes happens, to check the spring feeling with a sharp reminder of winter. There is spring in the air, spring in the sun-glancing waters, and spring in the fermentation of the soil that seems to make itself felt in an elasticity of the turf we walk on.

The woodlands are stirring with the song of birds. There is, of course, the wintry tinkle of the robin. He has been with us as a songster through all the dark days. But beyond him and above him the thrush is practising his full notes, and now dreamily, now with enthusiasm proclaiming his love of the sunshine. The blackbird flutily promises the rich melody we shall have from him in May; the hedge accentor shakes out his rapid, seemingly unfinished song; the wood-pigeon works himself into a passion of coos; and the great tit whistles, "Beat him, beat him," as though proclaiming the victory of the sun over the power of darkness. And what a handsome fellow he is, this impudent singer of victory, with his Gladstone collar thrown into unusual whiteness by the blue-black stock surmounting and dividing his saffron-yellow breast and the other colours of his raiment, well known to us all, but never staled by constant seeing. He has not yet taken his bride apart. The great tits, cole tits, and blue "nuns" are, in fact, all here together, filling the air with the drumming flutter of their wings, gemming the bare trees with their bright bodies, and agitating the fallen leaves as they pick in them for the tiny morsels that keep them alive. But even the indiscriminating eye of a human being can occasionally pick out an obvious couple in the throng.

The hidden forces of earth are responding vigorously to the lengthening days of sunshine. The hellebore has sent up towers of most vivid and tender green, with swollen peony-like buds that seem to invite annihilation by frost. The mullein, whose leaves are sprouting round the tall dry rod of last year's spike, seems far better equipped for rough fortune, being clothed in a thick felt that almost puts our best blankets into the shade. Honeysuckle is in leaf, lesser celandine extends its green daily, and the first colt's foot blossom shines like a full sun from the leafless site of last year's luxuriance. It does not need the evidence of leaves to tell us that all is well with the trees. The beeches are clean and shiny, with a health that only the presence of newly-circulating sap could give. The flowing twigs of the silver birch blush with life; while patches of red willow produce a flood of rosy warmth that makes even the birches cold. The reminder of fallow bids us turn and find that it is covered with thousands of silvery buds that promise at an early date that golden glory that wakes the humble bee and brings forth the hibernated butterfly. Scarcely bigger than a well-sized humble bee seems the feathered morsel in grey-green, black, and gold that we find here searching a blackberry tangle, so regardless of our presence that we can examine it literally at arm's length. He is the only obvious bachelor we have seen—a tiny gold-crest that may have been blown to us from Germany, and certainly will not nest within twenty miles of his present quarters.

The gold-crest was the last person met in the wood. The next sensation is that of being mobbed by a brace of peregrine falcons. Why this is high summer! With a speed exceeding that of swifts, one after another dashes down on this side or on that. Almost as soon as he is gone on the right he is up again far on the left, and coming back with the speed of an express train, to glide off at a tangent to his swoop like an arrow glancing from a tree trunk. When one is not flying at us, the other is, and for three or four minutes we are scarcely for a moment without a mottled breast or dark grey back within easy gunshot. All the time there is a high-pitched "chipping," and so constantly are the flying birds with us that we put it down to them. But at length the author of it reveals itself in a third falcon that had been sitting high up on the quarry face, and now flies off, pursued by the other two. Perhaps two males had been tilting at one another under the eyes of the fair one, and on our approach had exhibited their prowess by giving her an exhibition of man-baiting. At any rate, we may be sure that the trio will shortly be broken into a pair and an unattached falcon or tercel.

In the hedge bank there is rustling and shrill squeaking among the ground ivy. The shrew mice are settling sundry differences that are apt to become acute at this time of year. The ground is seamed with twisting, vein-like swellings—the surface runs of rutting moles. Even those dark-loving animals come as near to the sun as they dare, now that the excitement of love and rivalry begins to attack them. The patient watcher can see these veinings in process of construction, the heaving tunnel prolonging itself at an astonishing rate, and sometimes the fierce little animals breaking out into the light of day or, more often, afternoon dusk.

In the wood again, a red shadow moves among the red leaves. It is a mouse, tired of the dry foods of winter, and looking to see if perchance there is yet a sprig of salad. Not the dormouse, nor yet the vole, but the dainty red-throated wood mouse that a little later can be seen almost any day up in the hawthorn nibbling the buds almost before they are green. The squirrel is out for a sunshine frolic, the full tufts of winter in his ears, but the red coat of summer not so dimmed as the bookman would have it, nor so much as the pelt of the normal winter squirrel should be.

Yes, the world seems to be actively stirring in its sleep as we lie on a heather-clad bank and bask in the early afternoon sun, its vivifying rays piercing the conventional winter clothing, and making the face tingle with its southern message. A robin sings on a spray close by, and openly invites himself to a share of our lunch. When his crumbs have been thrown, however, he only snatches one and disappears, to return shortly bringing another robin with him. When one robin suffers another, and even brings it to the feast, we may be sure that the mellow influence of love has begun.

Contemporaries.

THE ABBÉ LOISY'S FAREWELL.

(From a Roman Catholic Correspondent.)

THE long expected volumes of the Abbé Loisy on the first three Gospels have at length appeared, and with them another little book in red covers, entitled "Plain Reflections on the Decree Lamentabili and the Encyclical Pascendi." It had been rumoured for some months that the Abbé Loisy was at work on a reply to the two Papal documents, while supervising the printing of his two large volumes, and the publication of this reply was awaited with keen curiosity. I am afraid that the learned commentary, full of admirably digested erudition as it is, will rather stand in the way of its lighter twin than otherwise. The fact is that M. Loisy the critic pushes his "historicism" so far in his study of the Gospels that there is no room left for the Catholic divine that he still claims to be. When a Catholic

denies every reality to the records of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, do what he may afterwards, he must expect to be looked upon as an outsider. Even in most Protestant denominations his explaining away the fundamental dogmas of Christianity would place him at the farthest outposts of theology. The views upheld in "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" concerning the sharp division of history and belief avail little here. One may certainly believe in spite of critical difficulties in the Gospel narratives, not so when one's contention is that those difficulties are insuperable. The theology that then naturally occurs is that of pure theism. It is greatly to be deplored that the Abbé Loisy should have chosen to make his exit by the door of what is practically Unitarianism. He will not be the only loser, and the cause of Liberal Catholicism will suffer as well.

It seems probable that the man who for nearly twenty years was the greatest Biblical scholar that Catholics could follow, is going to leave the stage on which he played so prominent a part. The concluding lines of his last article in the latest and final issue of the magazine which he had brilliantly conducted since 1894, the "Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuse," sound like a most touching adieu. I cannot refrain from quoting them, not only for the pathos they convey, but as the prettiest bit of hellenistic French that I remember reading for many years.

"Et maintenant, lecteur, je n'ose vous dire: au revoir. Tout m'invite à penser que je dois vous dire adieu. J'ai fait ce que j'ai pu, depuis douze ans, pour vous renseigner sur le mouvement des études bibliques. Je vous quitte avec regret. Vous serez, je n'en doute pas, aussi indulgent pour mon silence, aussi bienveillant pour ma mémoire, que vous l'avez été pour ces chroniques où je vous parlais en toute sincérité, persuadé que vous m'écoutez sans méfiance."

Even though he should never write another line on religious subjects, M. Loisy would leave behind him a contribution to Catholic theology that will never be forgotten. It is no exaggeration to say that his fifteen or twenty volumes embody an effort paralleled only by that of Aquinas to Christianise Aristotelism, and his influence, great as it seems, is only beginning to be felt.

Of the intrinsic value of this mass of work it is evidently too early to speak. M. Loisy himself seems convinced that many of the conclusions at which he has arrived will have to be reconsidered. His purely critical work is probably as good as that of the Germans—not better, not more original—but undoubtedly clearer. Once or twice—for instance, in his book on the Fourth Gospel and his views on the Parables—he committed himself to sweeping theories that have not even withstood a few years' trial. His religious philosophy, as set forth in his shorter works, must also appear, in many of its characteristics, tentative; yet it was certainly in the right direction. The idea at the basis of "L'Evangile et l'Eglise"—viz., the possibility for a normally developing Church to absorb all the modern critical knowledge, no matter how opposed apparently to her tradition and present belief, is sure to prove sound, and has, in fact, already been tested by weaker churches than the Roman community.

The great fault of the Abbé Loisy's written work, that which will retard its beneficent results and perhaps transfer to others the credit of them, is moral rather than intellectual. For many years the critic, harassed, no doubt, both by ill-health and nagging persecutions, has adopted a singular tone, half-way between recklessness and Olympian calmness, which is ascribed by himself and by many to his confidence in saying what he feels to be the truth, but which savours unpleasantly of Calvinistic individualism, and is probably only the blending of German confidence with a French undercurrent of sarcasm. M. Loisy never had any of the delicacy of touch in handling certain subjects which is one of the most attractive features of modern theology in the Church of England; he never would see anybody between the truths he was discovering and himself. The propriety, and even the fairness, of such an attitude can be

doubted; it is certainly not in keeping with the Christian temper as commonly understood. It is not right to shake the weak too rudely, even if they are irritating and unintelligent. I don't mean that Loisy's influence was bad. He was right on too many points, and his fearless straightforwardness was at once an example and a protection for the humbler workers behind him. But he staggered many, often without reason, and caused the authorities to look askance at his action, which, with just ordinary caution, might have been carried on unhampered. The old recklessness is more apparent than ever in the "Plain Reflections." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Abbé Loisy is right and the Pope's theologians wrong; but instead of being conscious of the fact with a painful feeling that the Church is at stake and must bear the untoward consequences, he points it out with suppressed but deeply-felt pleasure, and in his most heartless style.

From the literary point of view the present book is not equal to its predecessors. We miss the sparkling satire of "Autour d'un Petit Livre," and the depth of "L'Evangile et l'Eglise." The Abbé having been the cause and reason of the Decree Lamentabili—mostly drawn up from his works—and coming in for a good deal of the blame in the Encyclical was certainly entitled to plead *pro domo*. But the reader gets tired of the ever-recurring *Ego*, and of the method, which following the decree, sentence after sentence, is dry and uninteresting. All that M. Loisy says against the Pope's fifty or sixty anathemas he had said already when expounding the condemned theories, and the brevity which he finds necessary seems harsh and dictatorial. What he says of the fictitious character of the modernist man of straw held up to ridicule and contempt in the Encyclical is not new either, and had been forcibly expressed by Father Tyrrell, and the Italian Modernists, and even—naturally with more precaution—by Bishop Dadolle, of Dijon. The one thing that is discussed in the "Plain Reflections" with anything like fulness and power is the fallacy of the Papal assumption that Modernism is primarily philosophical and not historical. The Abbé's arguments are irrefutable. The Encyclical is more than right in saying that systems ought to arise from the facts by a natural consequence, and not come before them to throw their light, true or false, upon them. But the Roman authorities should abide by their own principles instead of giving them the lie in the next page. It is all very well to speak of genuine presentment of facts, but one ought to be at liberty to study history and state the results of one's enquiry without fearing any unpleasant consequences. Now Catholic historians and critics are duly informed that they had better not do so. They are not to swerve from the tradition of the Fathers, nor from the theories of the Schoolmen, and they are not even to discuss freely such legends as the miracle of the Santa Casa.

M. Loisy is only wrong in thinking that his old position is untenable, and that the Encyclical shows that the Church is wedded to hostility against science. If he had lived during the last six or seven years in a less absolute seclusion, he would see that the Church has imbibed enough of his old spirit of the days when he was more hopeful to make the success of his methods a certainty. One has only to come in contact with the clergy under thirty in Rome and Northern Italy, in Paris, and in numberless French dioceses, to see that the results of the Modernist campaign are already tangible everywhere. The Encyclical comes ten years too late, when the seminaries are mostly conducted by men who cannot go back to methods they regard as not only superannuated but dangerous, when books written in the judicial spirit of modern history are cheap and numerous, when what was the subject of hot debates among Catholic scholars under Pius IX. and in the first years of Leo XIII. is now a matter of course. All these young men take little interest in the emotion created among the seniors by the Encyclical, even in the resistance of the German universities. A sort of instinct rather than reasoning tells them that the battle of Modernism has already been fought and won.

W. S. T.

Letters from Abroad.

THE REVOLT IN GERMAN RADICALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is much unrest in the ranks of the Radicals of Prussia. From everywhere movements are reported which tell of discontent with the leadership of the party, or at least of displeasure with its relations to the political configuration of State and empire.

It cannot well be otherwise. Scarcely ever has a party been more the fool of—I hesitate to write fortune—than the unfortunate political entity called Prussian Radicalism. Enticed by the coaxing rhetoric of Prince Bülow, the Radicals have accepted the part of voluntary rearguard to the Governmental army at the most unpropitious moment. If the imperial finance has for some years been continuously in difficulties, the finances of Prussia were, on the contrary, for many years in the most flourishing condition. In the course of the five years from 1903 to 1907 the net revenue from State enterprises (railways, mines, &c.) alone rose from 495 to 643 millions of marks; the revenue from taxes from 258 to 320 millions of marks. There was always a handsome surplus in the Prussian Exchequer, and money was not wanting for work of recognised utility.

But this is now a thing of the past. With a fiscal policy that pushed prices higher and higher, and new imperial taxes which led the great bulk of the population to lower in several respects their standard of expenditure, we have succeeded in making the surpluses of the Prussian exchequer disappear; whilst increased expenditure for army and navy reduces the finance of the Empire to a worse plight than ever. Thus in State and Empire the order of the day is: "Put money in my purse," and the means are wanting for the most urgent reforms. For example, it is now certain that the promised increase in the salaries of the employees of the Civil Service in accordance with the increase of the necessities of life will have to be put off.

Surely a most ill-chosen moment for a Radical Party to join the retinue of a Government which, as is now quite evident, has neither the will nor the backbone to effect any Liberal reforms. Prince Bülow does not dream of changing the reactionary fiscal policy of the Empire—a policy which to a great extent has contributed to making Germany the country blessed with the greatest number of strikes. Still less is he inclined to democratise the reactionary franchise for the Prussian Diet.

As far as finances are concerned, all sorts of projects are in the air, but of those which find favour with the Government all point to higher taxation on some articles of consumption. Baron von Stengel departs from the Exchequer, but it is only the man and not the system that is to be changed. Germany is by all possible means to be made a dear country. That some luxuries of the masses are not yet as heavily taxed as elsewhere is a state of things not to be tolerated. The nation may now be wealthy enough to bear a higher impost on these luxuries; but the experience of Baron von Stengel's financial measures of 1906 shows how easily such impositions create havoc in the industries concerned. The taxation of railway tickets has led to quite an exodus from the higher railway classes to the lower ones, and what the Empire has won by the tax is not only much less than was expected from it; it is also to a great extent counterbalanced by a comparative decline in the income from the State Railways.

It may incidentally be remarked that the State has in Prussia been quite exceptionally lucky in the purchase of the railways. They were bought at a time of great commercial depression when prices were at their lowest ebb. To-day the nationalisation of any industry would cost much more if carried out by purchase on the open market instead of by expropriation. Prince Bülow is not the man for the latter course, and the influence of the upholders of the sacred rights of property in Prussia is much too strong. The fate of the Expropriation Bill in regard to estates in the Polish provinces of Prussia is a very instructive object lesson in this respect. The Bill has encountered strong opposition in the ranks of the Conservatives, and particularly the *grands seigneurs* of the Prussian House of Lords—not because they are opposed to a policy of repression, but because

they loathe giving an example of expropriation for purposes of public safety, and the Bill will either be greatly modified or, as is now whispered, withdrawn altogether. William II., a ruler of rash impulses, but sometimes very slow and hesitating execution (a kind of Gustave de Guignon in Scribe's comedy), is said to have lost all interest in the Bill.

The influence of the Lords in Prussia is also the most formidable obstacle to sound finance and a tolerable franchise in the leading State of the Empire. In the former respect their attitude in the debate on the new Sugar Convention was characteristic. Being beet producers on a large scale, and owners of, or at least partners in, the big sugar factories of the country, they made their consent to the convention dependent upon the lowering of the sugar tax—not because they are opposed to taxes on commodities of consumption they are, on the contrary, their most praised upholders—but because they are interested in the sale of sugar. And thus they took no account of the financial plight of the Government, and raised the cry, "No remission of the sugar tax, no new sugar convention." It was the Radicals who went to the help of the Government, and suggested a delay in the remission of the tax, at least till the means to make up the loss to the Exchequer could be found. With their aid the Government has obtained this measure of grace. From the standpoint of the Exchequer the Radicals may have been right, but people ask whether it was their duty to jump into the abyss when everything pointed to new taxes on the industry of the nation as the final measure for covering the deficit, and when the country was face to face with the blunt refusal of Prince Bülow to entertain the idea of a thorough reform of the Prussian Franchise.

This refusal has opened the eyes of a good many of the followers of the Radicals who hitherto believed in the wisdom of the *pro-bloc* policy of their Parliamentary leaders. There is a kind of revolt in preparation amongst the rank and file of that party. The small group of fighters round Herr Th. Barth, until quite recently regarded in their own party as a sect of seditious brawlers, and still denounced as such in some official organs of the party, are now receiving pledges of support from one town after the other. Quite a number of meetings of Radical groups have taken place during the last three weeks, and almost everywhere the declarations of Prince Bülow in regard to the franchise question have been denounced as an insult to the Liberal section of the "bloc." In many places resolutions have been voted urging the party leaders to give Prince Bülow notice.

There is a strong likelihood that this movement is going to continue. In order to get their hands free from any official encumbrance, Dr. Barth and another member of the committee of the Radical Union, Herr von Gerlach, late member for Marburg, and for many years the colleague of Dr. Fr. Naumann in the leadership of the German "Nationalsoziale," have resigned their posts as members of the committee, and, together with others, hold meetings all over the country to advocate a really Radical policy in the ranks of the Radicals—something which for generations has been unknown to most of them. And if one considers the whole state of the interior policy of Prussia and the Empire, one is bound to conclude that the agitation will this time bear fruit.

Who are the bulk of the Radicals in the country? Small traders, representatives of the manufacturing industries, commercial and technological employees, and all sorts of professional people, especially teachers. The great mass of them are sorely damaged by the present fiscal policy. They have not even, as have the wage-earners, the power of resorting to strikes in order to improve their condition. To all the employees, teachers, &c., the public and registered vote, as prescribed in the present electoral law of Prussia, means the most unbearable oppression. Prince Bülow has declared that he is not in the position to hold out any prospect of its abolition. This is indeed a slap in the face for these people, for it means the continuance of their political constraint. Hence their uneasiness in regard to the policy of their Parliamentary leaders.

It would be an exaggeration to speak of an accomplished revolt. We are, all things considered, still only in the beginning. Traditions, personal associations, and other influences keep the present leaders at the helm; nor is it, as far as I can judge, the intention of Dr. Barth and his

friends to provoke a new split of their party. They want to push it on, as I have said, to a true Radical policy. And this much has at least been achieved so far that one after the other of the official leaders begins to speak a different language from that used only four weeks ago. Whether they like it or not, whether they look upon Dr. Barth quite as Lord Salisbury once looked upon Mr. Chamberlain when he preached the doctrine of "ransom," they must now profess to be quite as disgusted as he is with Prince Bülow's declarations. The movement in their ranks is too strong to be ignored.

Nor is it confined to the small fry of teachers, clerks, and so on. It is remarkable that just that section of the Radicals which is the most connected with members of the upper middle class, viz., the Radical Union, took a much more advanced and independent attitude than the so-called populist wing. Great, too, is the discontent in the world of the cultured. Perhaps the next week already will show that a large section of the pick of the "intellectuals" is not on the side of Prince Bülow in his resistance to a thorough franchise reform in Prussia. Professor Hans Delbrueck, the teacher of some of the Hohenzollern princes, has already used strong words against the infamy of the public vote. He is not the only member of his circle who rejects it with contempt, nor is he the most Radical of them.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, February 9th, 1908.

The Drama.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE "TIMES."

THE quarrel between the "personal" and "impersonal" criticism does not rage fiercely among us, because, unlike the French, we are inclined to think all criticism rather small beer. Consequently, the extent to which a critic asserts himself a reporter of personal impressions or claims to be a characterless percipient, interests us little. Besides, it is a question of fine shades, and fine shades the English laity are ever ready to leave to the profession. All criticism must be tinged by the temperament of the writer; and the extent to which any critic has a right to assert that his remarks are "objective," must depend upon the degree to which he has attempted to discount his own peculiar individuality by collating his impressions with those of other people—a process which, if the results are to be fruitful, requires in the critic a considerable knowledge of tradition and an accurate understanding of himself. The division of critics into "personal" and "impersonal," "subjective" and "objective," is then too rigid to be useful; the distinction which enables us to classify them is that some take their own temperaments for granted, and even exploit them with an artistic interest, while others are more interested in guessing what the consensus of experienced opinion would be, and check their personal impressions accordingly. The former are only readable when they possess at once wide sensibilities and strong partialities; the latter, when they hold a clear conception of themselves and can distinguish original voices from echoes in the vague hum of general opinion. Of the second type of critic, Brunetière is perhaps the most perfect example, who thought it uncritical to praise a work of art simply because it delighted or interested him; of the first, Lemaître and Anatole France, who think it priggish and pedantic to praise for any other reason.

As in every other branch of literature, our compromising race fails to show such clear-cut examples; but among our dramatic critics "Max" clearly belongs to the impressionist school, while perhaps the critic of the "Times" keeps the most constant eye upon the traditions of the stage. The publication of the pick of his recent articles gives us an opportunity of elucidating some of the principles by which he delivers judgment.

Most of those who will read his book know already the kind of writing they will find there: logic, wit (now and then cheapened by the professional exigencies, per-

petually driving him to nudge the reader's attention), perspicuity, and swiftness of mind, which is the essence of cleverness—these are the most obvious qualities of Mr. Walkley's work. The power of "getting along," which he relishes so much in Mr. Pinero's method of telling a story on the stage, is also a characteristic of his own criticism. With an intellect and an imagination happily in accord, he is untroubled by vague perceptions; nor is he ever driven to the delicate task of disentangling the fibrous roots of an idea from the crannies of the imagination, before transplanting it to the written page. His ideas, on the contrary, are like round, clean pebbles, which he picks up and slings with considerable force straight at the forehead of the public. He is not a contemplative critic; he is not remarkably receptive; he is not a thinker of patient or wide sensibility; but he is a critic of watchful experience and definite opinions, and his readers are never vexed by the spectacle of a writer wrestling with a cloudy conception he cannot embrace.

Why, the reader will wonder, did Mr. Walkley call his collection of articles "Drama and Life"? Titles are usually rough labels; but this one is positively incongruous with the spirit of his criticism. It might have been an appropriate title for a volume of essays, say, by G. B. S. or Mr. Archer, who test the merit of drama by a constant reference to reality, and the value of a dramatic idea by its applicability to life; but such tests, in Mr. Walkley's method of criticism, are clearly second to the consideration whether or not the idea of a play is dramatic, i.e., suited to the traditions of the stage, or dramatically presented—that is to say, expressed by means of emotion and not directly through conversations or harangues. He shows himself a severe critic of Bernard Shaw for this reason. One of the cleverest pieces of criticism in the whole book is devoted to showing that the "idea-plot" of "Man and Super-Man" is not identical with "action-plot"; that the dramatist has not embodied his idea in a story, but only explained it by using his characters as mouth-pieces. Mr. Walkley starts from the proposition that "in the playhouse a dramatist's ideas are postulates not to be called in question." He evidently is not much interested in ideas for their own sakes, an observation of which the reader will find constant confirmation throughout these pages. And starting from this point of view he analyses "Man and Super-Man" as follows: "(a) Fundamental idea: the irresistible power of woman over man in carrying out the aim of nature to make her a mother. (b) Development: partly in Ann's actions, mainly in Tanner's talk. And there, in that disproportion, at once you touch a dramatic weakness of the play. The properly dramatic development would have thrown all the onus on Ann, and would have kept Tanner's mouth shut. . . . (c) Corollary of the fundamental idea: if motherhood is nature's aim, then marriage is a detail; our morality which brands motherhood minus a wedding-ring is false. Hence the false scent about Octavius's sister's baby. (d) Antithetical question suggested by the fundamental idea: is there not a male counterpart to the 'mother-woman'? Mr. Shaw hunts about. Yes, no, yes—it must be, the 'artist-man.' Hence the alleged poetic vocation of Octavius, in order that Tanner may have a cue for haranguing him about the 'artist-man' and the 'mother-woman.'" In reply it may be said that, just as Ann embodies in action the fundamental idea naturally and forcibly enough, a point which the critic is prepared to yield, so Tanner, too, by his flight and general behaviour, reflects in action this idea in addition to expounding it in talk; secondly, that there is no need whatever for Octavius to be more than an "alleged" or extremely minor poet; and lastly, that the story, or "action-plot," has a credible coherence of its own, and is undeniably an example of the generalisation which Tanner himself expounds. The objection of the critic, then, comes down to an objection to the presence on the stage of a character who is so acutely conscious of what is going forward that he can explain the point to the audience, an objection which might be levelled against Relling in "The Wild Duck,"

which is a play of model construction, or, for the matter of that, against Hamlet's discourses upon his own infirmity of purpose. The truth is that almost every play, once the central idea has been seized, can be reconstructed downwards by the method Mr. Walkley has used here, and its story made to look as though it had been "cooked." The undoubted drawback to explanatory dialogue or speechifying from the stage, is that quick-witted people prefer to work out their own conclusions, and are then robbed of the delight of discovering more and more point in the play as it goes on. Mr. Barrie in this book meets with more undiluted eulogy than any other playwright; but in spite of the absence in his work of the characteristic to which Mr. Walkley objects so strongly in the plays of Bernard Shaw, we are a little surprised to find "The Admirable Crichton" described as "donnant furieusement à penser."

In criticising Shakespearean critics who start with the assumption that the characters are historic beings, Mr. Walkley is particularly happy. If the events in the plays really happened (and this is the spirit in which many critics discuss them), then no extremity of ingenuity in accounting for them psychologically were beside the point; but if the critics remembered that Shakespeare was a playwright, they would perceive that many of the incidents which puzzle them were introduced (often in violation of natural probability) for dramatic effect, and there would be no more straining to reconcile, for instance, "Polonius's foolishness with his sage advice."

It is impossible to summarise the impression made by a collection of criticisms ranging over nearly forty plays; but the critical principles which most clearly disengage themselves from the collected work of our foremost dramatic critic are: (1) That the art of the dramatist is primarily the art of telling a story well.

(2) "That in the theatre the most trivial detail that we see outweighs the most important philosophy that we deduce."

(3) That the dramatist's ideas must be taken for granted, and that though these may be faulty the critic's business is with the way they have been used.

(4) That no play should be a very painful experience.

(5) That the dramatist must persuade you that what you are experiencing has happened, or might happen.

The last principle is the point at which "Drama" and "Life" touch each other in his method of criticism: Mr. Walkley is not a critic to be patient of silliness or inflated sentiment. For the rest, the reader will infer behind these critical principles a certain sceptical disdain for the work of philosophic artists, and a temperamental impatience of experimental or didactic realism, likely to make the critic additionally severe upon the faults to which such plays are liable.

D.

Letters to the Editor.

IS THE CHURCH THE CLERICAL PARTY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the correspondence evoked by the letter of the Vicar of Ashburton, "the Church" stands, as usual in such cases, for the Clerical Party. A vast number of those who, on any definition (even the commonest) are Churchmen, are Liberals; and not a few of the clergy, like myself, have spent a considerable part of their lives in trying to combat the inroads of clericalism. Yet, even with the best writers, "Church" almost always stands for clergy, and even for the narrower clique of the clergy by whom they not too often allow themselves to be led. This, it appears to me, is, in these discussions, the *πρώτον ψεύδος*, the source of endless error, of false judgment and wrong action.

But, taking Church to mean the Clerical Party, it must be admitted that the warning given by the Vicar of Ashburton is just, and is borne out by our recent history. The great reforms of 1832-4 had hardly got into swing when such

alarm was caused by the Appropriation Clause that the Liberal Ministry was broken up, and the Conservatives came into power; the Reform Party, though it returned, was smitten with impotence; and the just measure which dealt with the Irish Church system was delayed for thirty years. In 1885 the attempt to embody the plan of the Liberation Society in the Radical programme turned the great majority which should have ensued on the emancipation of the labourers into one so weak that Mr. Gladstone's attempt at Home Rule was hopeless. In 1895 the threat of disestablishment in Wales was one of the chief causes of the overwhelming defeat of the Liberals.

In the light of these facts I venture to ask whether it may not be worth while to consider the policy of a drastic reform of the National Church system, instead of attempting its abolition. The lay power over Church affairs, if rightly used, should be the security that English justice and common sense should rule in the most serious parts of the national life; whereas the separatist policy, which could only be enforced, if at all, by a prolonged and disintegrating struggle, would be the building up by the nation itself of a vast clericalist sect.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. FREMANTLE.

The Deanery, Ripon,
February 12th, 1908.

THE SPIRIT OF EXPENDITURE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,

"Together with the called-for increase of expenditure there grows up what may be termed a spirit of expenditure: a desire, a tendency prevailing in the country which insensibly and unconsciously, perhaps, but, really, affects the spirit of the people, the spirit of Parliament, the spirit of the Public Departments, and, perhaps, even the spirit of those whose duty it is to submit the Estimates to Parliament, and who are most specially and directly responsible for the disbursements of the State."—*Mr. Gladstone, Financial Statement, 1863.*

That spirit of expenditure, abnormal, insatiable, grows and fattens in time of war. Its unhealthy appetite remains and craves for more long after the cessation of active hostilities. To arrest its progress, to kill the unnatural craving altogether, requires the strenuous and devoted self-denial of a strong Minister of Finance. Economy is never popular save in the abstract.

To bring back the expenditure of the country to a peace basis almost baffled the genius and statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone. It was a great struggle, but he conquered in the end.

The expenditure for the year 1859 was not materially affected by war charges, but the ordinary expenditure continued to increase.

In the year 1860-1 the expenditure again rose, showing an increase in two years of £8,178,000. But this was not the real increase. Owing to the falling in of the long annuities, amounting to over two millions a year, a saving to that amount had been effected on the estimates of expenditure. The real increase, therefore, in the ordinary expenditure in the two years amounted to ten and a half millions.

The aftermath of war. This was the situation that Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to face. It was no easy matter. He declared that in those days it was more difficult to save a shilling than to spend a million. Mr. Gladstone set himself to the task of retrenchment, and by the year 1863 he had the satisfaction of making the expenditure approximate more nearly to a peace basis.

The expenditure for 1862-3 amounted to £69,300,000, as compared with an expenditure of £72,800,000 in 1860-1—a reduction of four and a half millions in two years. A gradual reduction was annually effected till the year 1865-6, when the expenditure was reduced to £65,200,000. This showed a reduction of expenditure of seven and a half millions compared with 1860-1.

In June, 1862, Mr. Stansfeld had raised the question of economy in national expenditure. His motion was defeated by 367 to 65, as against the amendment of Lord Palmerston, First Lord of the Treasury, which ultimately became the unanimous finding of the House. Its terms are interesting, having regard to the present situation.

"That this House, deeply impressed with the necessity of

economy in every department of the State, is at the same time mindful of its obligations to provide for the security of the country at home and the protection of its interests abroad, and observes with satisfaction the decrease which has already been effected in the National Expenditure, and trusts that such further diminution may be made therein as the future state of things may warrant."

A true Palmerstonian resolution, but Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer. So carefully was expenditure supervised during his period of office at the Exchequer and afterwards as first Minister of the Crown; so consuming was his passion for economy in national expenditure that for the year 1873, when Mr. Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the national expenditure only amounted to £70,714,000, or actually two millions less than the expenditure for the year 1861. It is well to recall that great financial achievement.

Once more the nation is face to face with a situation of extreme gravity, demanding the exercise of the most rigid economy. The spirit of expenditure has been running riot during a period of war, waste, and unparalleled extravagance.

If taxation is to be reduced, or an additional ten millions are to be found to start a comprehensive if not complete scheme of Old Age Pensions, the spirit of Gladstonian finance must prevail.

A fair start has been made, more considerable than is generally realised. For the year 1905 the national expenditure, including loan works expenditure, but excluding local taxation grants, amounted to £150,025,500. In 1907 it stood at £145,390,000, showing a reduction of £4,635,500. This has been accomplished after meeting the following additional charges:—

Increased contribution to National Debt	£1,500,000
Increase in Civil Services:	
Expenditure, including Education ...	1,738,000
Increase in Post Office expenditure...	1,000,000
Cunard Agreement ...	1,682,000
	<hr/>
	£5,920,000

The real reduction, therefore, amounts to over ten millions sterling.

How has this been attained? By reductions in naval and military expenditure. Taking again the year 1905, the total naval and military expenditure on a peace basis reached the huge total of £73,200,000. The expenditure for 1907 amounted to £62,110,000, showing a reduction in naval and military expenditure of eleven millions sterling. It is but fair to say that a part of that reduction was due to the saving consequent on the redistribution of the fleet, carried out by the late Government.

But the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimates that as compared with 1906, there will on March 31st of this year be a reduction of nine millions on naval and military expenditure under Liberal administration. This is a much larger reduction than even Mr. Gladstone was able to make, and should stand to the credit of the Government for righteousness in the day of political judgment.

If the reduction is large, the margin for possible economies is still greater. Excluding loan expenditure, the expenditure on the Army and Navy amounted in 1899 to 44½ millions. In 1905 it had risen to 66½ millions—an increase of twenty-two millions in six years. For the current year the estimate is £59,200,400, after deducting for comparison a million of loan expenditure carried on the Estimates of the year. That still shows an increase over 1899 of fourteen millions on current expenditure. Is this scale of expenditure necessary? Is even the reduced expenditure of 1907 justified by our present requirements? Are further reductions possible, having regard to national safety? These are the questions which Ministers in charge of the fighting services will be called upon to answer.

The Army Estimates are still open to effective diminution. It is true the ultimate cost of the new Territorial Army is likely to exceed the cost of the present Volunteer and Yeomanry services by nearly a million and a-half annually. This very increase ought to be coincident with greater economy in the gross expenditure of the Army, to an extent unforeseen by military economists. The Army Estimates will next year be relieved of a charge of £500,000,

on the completion of the supply of quick-firing guns for the Artillery. The great struggle will come on naval expenditure.

It is understood that no reductions have been made on the estimates in consequence of the recent agitation. The Minister in charge of Navy Estimates will have his work cut out for him if this is so. What the Navy Estimates are likely to be is not difficult to forecast. The Secretary to the Admiralty, when presenting the Estimates for 1907-8, took a long view of future expenditure. The explanatory statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty showed the expenditure for the year at £30,442,400, a reduction of £1,427,000 on the Estimates for 1906-7. Consequent, however, on the new policy of stopping all borrowing for new works, a sum amounting to nearly a million was added to the Estimates for the year instead of being charged as formerly to Loan Account.

The Estimate as finally adjusted therefore stood at £31,419,500, as compared with £31,869,500 for the previous year, showing a net reduction of £450,000. The Estimates for 1908-9 will bear a charge for loan expenditure and an increased charge for annuities. The amount to be spent out of money already provided by loan will be £438,000, as against £1,478,000 for the present year, a saving of over a million in loan expenditure.

It is unlikely that any considerable amount will be borne on the Estimates this year for Rosyth Naval Base.

The Navy Estimates may therefore show a total expenditure under both heads amounting to thirty-one millions.

The expenditure for 1898-9, the year before the war, including loan works charges, amounted to £25,148,000. The coming Estimates may therefore show an increase of six millions over the expenditure of 1899, and a reduction of nine millions compared with 1905, when the total expenditure on the Navy amounted to £40,283,000.

The combined expenditure on naval and military services may fairly be estimated for the coming year at fifty-nine millions. The Government is pledged to economy. It is, we believe, seriously desirous of effecting it. The whole question of economy in national expenditure is to be brought before the House of Commons.

Will a platonic resolution of the Palmerstonian type meet the situation?—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE MCCRAE.

House of Commons.

February 12th, 1908.

"THE CHURCH AND THE LIBERAL PARTY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent says: "The Church has chosen her side, and is backing it for all she knows." This is in a sense true, but whose fault is it that Churchmen are compelled to fight against the Liberal Party? There are many Churchmen who would welcome a Liberal treatment of present-day questions. With Conservative administration they have been disgusted. But when the first aim of the Government is to cripple the Church and introduce a measure which disregards every principle of Liberalism, Churchmen cannot be blamed for offering strenuous resistance. I voice the views of many Liberal Churchmen when I say that we shall use the Tory Party for the time being, if it will only help us to repel this attack, which is engineered by the Nonconformist wing of the Liberal Party. If the Government wish to force all Churchmen into the Tory ranks, they are going the right way.—Yours, &c.,

CHESHIRE INCUMBENT.

"DEAR OLD CHARLIE" AND THE CENSOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is perhaps easier to defend Mr. Redford for not licensing "Waste" than it is to understand why "Waste" should not have been licensed. Were G. B. S. in Mr. Redford's shoes, probably "Dear Old Charlie" never would see the footlights! And what then? London managers

would be in an uproar! They would so inflame the public mind with a sense of its loss that the Lord Chamberlain would be expected to tell his new Reader of Plays that he had mistaken his vocation, and must look out for another one. It may be argued, then, that Mr. Redford must take into consideration the question of morals more or less from the public's point of view, which means that of the London managers, and not from his own inclinations. That is to say, the official conscience will, if it is prudent, try to reflect the wishes of the public. In other words, the decision to license "Waste" rests with the London managers. But since the love of fair play is a British characteristic, it ought not to be difficult to rouse public opinion to recognise that either the Censor should give up passing plays like "Dear Old Charlie," or it should allow the dramatists the right to reply. At present authority is all on one side. This is unjust.—Yours, &c.,

WM. POEL.

February 11th, 1908.

THE RUSH FOR SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I see that in your issue of the 8th inst. the Secretary of the County Councils Association writes that the Small Holdings Act is being administered quite fairly by the County Councils. I fear that the Secretary is not fully informed on this important matter. You will see from the cutting I enclose (from the "Yorkshire Gazette") that the Chairman of the Executive Committee to which the question of Small Holdings in the North Riding of Yorkshire has been committed, is doing his best to prejudice the Act in the eyes of the Council and the public. In order that you may know that the comments of the "Yorkshire Gazette" are impartial, I also enclose a report of Mr. Lascelles' speech taken from the local Conservative journal, "The Yorkshire Herald."—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST E. TAYLOR.

Bannisdale, Malton,
February 10th, 1908.

[Our correspondent encloses a cutting from the "Yorkshire Gazette," which states that Mr. Lascelles "is apparently somewhat chagrined that the Small Holdings Act is the law of the land," and that he "made a distinctly hostile speech against the new Act of Parliament."—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Frome Wilkinson's letter in your last issue. He attacks me personally, only, I feel sure, because he is under a misconception of my opinions; but it seems not reasonable to attack the Land Club scheme just because my name has become quite unduly associated with it, and I have described it in a book. I hope Liberals will not be prejudiced against it. I feel confident it is a *bonâ-fide* democratic movement, and should have every encouragement, for it is moderate and practical, and also gives hope to the people.

To turn to the main point of my original letter, the position appears to me this: We have now a partially educated country democracy, who are seriously concerned in the decadence of country life, and anxious to revive it. An Act like our new land law gives them first hope, and then despair; for, though sound in principle, it is undoubtedly complicatory and dilatory.

I myself know well the complications and difficulties of modern legislation, and the question does not affect my mind in this way, but it takes heart out of many people who might support the Liberal Party, and they look then to a policy of Protection for a remedy. These undercurrents of thought do not always come before the notice of Liberal candidates or members, but they must not be ignored, for they make or unmake parties and nations.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE FORDHAM.

Paines Hill, Limpsfield,
February 12th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The difference between Mr. G. M. Harris, the Secretary of the County Councils Association, and myself probably arises from the difference of our points of view. No one recognises more readily than I do the "correctness," as diplomatists say, of the attitude of the County Councils Association, and of the officials of the County Councils throughout the country towards the Small Holdings and Allotments Act. I do not doubt that the intention is widely spread, now that the creation of small holdings is required by Act of Parliament, that information of the fact shall be given, and forms of application for land provided. In some, let us hope in many counties, the intention doubtless exists that the land asked for shall be provided also.

Mr. Harris, in his letter to you, supplies good reasons for my warning that in many counties no real interest or intention exists to provide land for the people asking for it. He states that "many members of County Councils in every part of the country expressed strong objections to the Bill during its passage through Parliament," and what, I venture to ask, is there to show that these objections have ceased to exist? The proof of the pudding lies in the eating. What are the facts? Is it not true that during fifteen years the whole of the County Councils of England and Wales succeeded in providing under eight hundred acres of land under the terms of purchase of the Small Holdings Act of 1892?

The Liberal Chairman of one County Council Small Holdings Committee told me his Committee had not met for several years, and many Councils appointed no Committee at all. The men remain the same; what is there to show that their opinions do not remain the same? Let us look the facts in the face. The land laws of England have been driving the boldest and ablest people away from the villages for over two hundred years. Are the descendants of the people who have stayed behind likely to be able by themselves to assert their independence? What does his position appear to a villager who, when he asks for land, knows that his application will come under the eyes of men who may give him in return a week's notice to give up both his work and his home? The Association of which I am chairman gets behind the fair show which may appear on the surface of official explanations of the Act by County Councils and their application forms for land. I should like your readers to see the hundreds of letters we are receiving from people all over the country on this subject. To-day the Clerk of a Parish Council in Yorkshire writes about the application form for land of his County Council: "The tenour of the circular seems to me to be most forbidding, and does not even mention that Associations may apply for small holdings." The Chairman of the Lancashire County Council is reported as saying with reference to applications for land from cockle catchers: "He did not think they were likely to do much at small holdings. It was no use taking a man back to the land who had never been there." A county magistrate writes me from Yorkshire: "The Act was talked about at a meeting of our magistrates the other day. They were very fierce against it."

I spoke last night in a small town where most of the land around is owned by three persons, all strong Conservatives, and none in favour of small holdings. It appeared to be regarded as a heroic act for any man to have the temerity to ask the County Council to provide any of the inhabitants with small holdings, especially in view of the fact that a County Councillor was one of the largest of the landowners in question, and any application would, of course, be referred to him.

All's well that ends well, and I heartily welcome any indication, of which I have received numerous ones myself, that the classes now owning and occupying the land of England are willing to comply with the requirements of the law; and I believe it is the wisest policy to assume that this is their intention. Nevertheless, the Liberal Party and Parliament are bound by every motive of justice and self-interest, having provided a law, to see that no stone is left unturned in the way of backing up, instructing, and supporting those humble, and often timid, people, who, without aid, will not dare to ask for land, or, having asked, need every encouragement and support in seeing that their request is fairly met and acceded to. The cultivable area of England and

Wales exceeds twenty-four million acres. Of this let us hope the villagers may be able to hire under the new Act, say, 1 per cent., or 240,000 acres—never forgetting that Parliament deprived their ancestors of eight million acres of common lands.

Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC IMPEY,

Chairman of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association.

Northfield, Worcestershire,

February 10th, 1908.

THE GOVERNMENT AND IRISH LIBERALS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As Ireland has always been a subject of intense interest to Liberals, it may not be amiss for an Irish Liberal to set before your readers his impressions of the general results of Liberal administration since the last election transferred the responsibility of Government from the Unionists to our own party.

To those of your readers who are not familiar with Irish matters, it is necessary to state as an axiom that a Liberal Administration in Ireland is always at a disadvantage as compared with its Tory rival, and to explain why this should be so. The causes of this inherent difficulty for the Liberal Administration are two. First, there is really no Liberal Party in Ireland, and, secondly, a Liberal Government is by the terms of its existence precluded from adopting those methods of government which come almost naturally, one might say, to the Tory Party.

To assert that there is practically no Liberal Party in Ireland may sound rather startling to many well-meaning English Liberals, who, seeing the Irish Party in Parliament voting with them on nearly every question save education, are led to believe that the mass of Irish sympathy is therefore with their party. Nevertheless, the assertion I make is in strict accordance with the facts. The majority of the Irish people are Nationalists and land reformers; their adhesion to the Liberal Party is of the most temporary character, but the great mass of the people on all the questions that interest English Liberals hold views utterly at variance with those of our party.

The absence of a Liberal Party in Ireland deprives a Liberal Administration of that sympathy and support which it should obtain from the mass of the people, from whom under a democratic system of Government it is supposed to derive its power.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the Liberal Administration has no active backing in the country. Political exigencies may for a moment render the manifestations of Nationalist hostility unadvisable, but when difficulties arise, as they must occasionally, there is no party organisation in Ireland to support and defend the administration.

On the other hand, the Tory Party can absolutely rely on the unwavering allegiance and active assistance of a well-organised party, with its newspapers, political clubs, and all the other agents of party propagandism.

As this is very obvious to us here, it ought to be equally obvious to the capable men at the head of affairs in Ireland, and one would therefore expect that these same men would be alert and anxious to do all they could to encourage the growth of an Irish Liberal Party. But unfortunately none of the official chiefs, save Mr. T. W. Russell, has ever thought of doing anything apparently to encourage the development of a Liberal Party in Ireland.

Amongst the younger Irishmen, especially in Dublin and the larger provincial towns, there is growing up a class which is seeking to break away from the traditions of the past, which reads modern literature, not merely English but also Continental, which follows the Liberal movements in Hungary, Russia, and Germany with intense interest, and tends more and more to be attracted to the Radical section of the Liberal Party.

This small but actively intelligent body of Irishmen could, I believe, by proper treatment be converted into helpful allies of our party, but no effort whatever is being made by official Liberalism to attract them to our side and to build up an Irish Liberal Party.

None of our official chiefs, save Mr. T. W. Russell, has condescended to address a meeting in Dublin. No attempt has been made to found any political club of a Liberal tendency, and lastly, no effort has been made by the judicious use of the patronage at its disposal to attract to its support the younger and more active members of the various professions, notably the Bar, that nursery of politicians, in Ireland.

On the contrary, such patronage as it has had at its disposal has been expended in a futile effort to buy off its political opponents by appointing well-recommended Tories and Unionists to offices of emolument throughout the country.

The Resident Magistracy, the Land Commission, the Local Government Service, the Inland Revenue, the Registry of Deeds, and the Board of Works, &c., have all been used, or abused, according as one looks at it, in this way.

Appointments carrying comfortable salaries ranging from £500 a year paid to Local Government Board inspectors, to £12,000 a year or more to a solicitor to the Inland Revenue, have been given to men who are the open and avowed opponents of the present Administration.

It is not necessary to give actual chapter and verse in support of these assertions, but it would be very easy to do so, and I may add that they are the subject of universal comment amongst both potential as well as actual supporters of the Liberal Party in Ireland.

The crowning blunder of the Administration has been recently the subject matter of a judicial inquiry, so it is not necessary to dwell upon it, but how any Administration could have passed over the many eligible, hard-working, daily practising Roman Catholic barristers of both the Liberal and Nationalist persuasion to select the present incumbent for the office to which he was recently appointed is simply incapable of comprehension by the ordinary man in the street.

You will gather therefore from this rough sketch that the prospects of the Liberal Party in Ireland are not encouraging just now, and they appear even less so when one remembers that Tariff Reform is rapidly coming to the front, and that nine out of every ten Irishmen are Protectionists at heart.

If an English party is ever returned to power on a Tariff Reform issue, even the claims of Home Rule will be ruthlessly thrust aside, and the mass of the people of every class and creed will force their representatives to vote for protection against foreign competition.

How very discouraging therefore is all this for everyone in Ireland who, like the present writer, can call himself

Yours, &c.,

February 11th, 1908.

AN IRISH LIBERAL.

"LUCRETIUS; EPICUREAN AND POET."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to reply briefly to my kind and appreciative reviewer of February 1st?

Acute and often profitable as his criticism is, it is rather a criticism of a book conceived in the reviewer's mind than of the one in his hand. He says, "this work is clearly intended as a scientific study." These words give a greatly mistaken impression of the book, which in fact covers a very wide field, namely, Epicurean science, psychology, ethics, and theology. Lucretius's atomic theory occupies 65 pp. out of 448 pp. The chapters on "The Birth of the World" and the parallel furnished by modern Evolution another 58 pp. (Let me say in passing that Lucretius's saying that "Nature is seen to do all things herself and entirely of her own accord without the Gods," has never been more vividly and suggestively illustrated than by the Tyndall-Martineau controversy which, my critic notwithstanding, is by no means "out of date by now." It will long outlast Haeckel.)

But the main interest of the book lies still more in its dealing with Epicurean ethics and theology. I have written from the standpoint of the Humanist, never forgetting that Epicureanism was not merely a system but a rule by which men sought to guide their lives, and in some sense a religion. In this attempt to estimate Epicureanism from a severely practical standpoint, it would be one-sided indeed

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to ignore Epicurus's attitude to "theistic" belief in its bearing on ideals of conduct.

Lucretius is not first and foremost a man of science. He craved passionately to free men from the bondage of superstition, and he found in the atomic theory a weapon to his hand. I have not attempted a scientific history of the atomic theory from its much-disputed origin in the speculations of the Ionic philosophers down to its latest development in investigations regarding "electrons" or "ions," where theory has as yet far outrun experiment. About two-thirds of the book deals with the less academic but more human interest of Lucretius's creed, ethically considered, along with an account of his times and what is known of his life. From such a standpoint Lucretius the Poet cannot fail to come to the front.

The subject of electrons might have been treated more fully. But if my critic will re-read Professor Japp's very able contribution to the book (pp. 105-6), dealing with the bearing of radium on the atomic theory, he will find that some men can express much in small space. Professor Japp says: "To chemists and physicists the essence of the atomic theory does not consist in the unchangeableness of the atoms, but in the fact that the phenomena dealt with by chemistry and physics can only be explained satisfactorily on the assumption that matter consists of discrete particles—that it is discontinuous."

It is in Lucretius's vigorous grasp of this truth and of the consequent doctrine of Law in nature that the splendid prescience of ancient science shines forth. The true modern parallel to Lucretius's atomic theory does not lie in the electrons but in the doctrine of atoms which has been evolved during the nineteenth century. That conception is one which chemistry, I imagine, will never be able to dispense with as a working hypothesis, even though the *unchangeableness* of the atom be a dogma at present demonstrably false.

Will the processes of atomic disintegration into electrons ever be brought so under control that we shall be able to utilise them as we do our ordinary methods of chemical analysis? Some chemists would say that the former process differs from the latter not in degree merely but in kind.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSON.

Edinburgh, February 8th, 1908.

"THE GERMAN CODES."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am much obliged to your contributor for his kindly and complimentary notice of my book on the German Civil War. I am not disposed to question his flattering estimate of the utility value of the work in question, but his—or your printer's—statement as to the "exchange value" may possibly frighten off a reader who might otherwise be inclined to buy the book. The price is 12s. 6d. net.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST SCHUSTER.

14, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,
February 10th, 1908.

GERMANY AND THE POWERS,

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If it is to be gathered from the great efforts which Germany is making to increase her navy, that she really expects that that force will at some not very distant time be powerful enough to master that of this country, with a view, perhaps, to its invasion, why should it be assumed that it will be for her to select the occasion for the struggle—which may be at a time when, owing to other difficulties, we may be least able to cope with her.

By the custom of nations we might put a stop to efforts, which are being made to our detriment.

When Russia had built in the Black Sea a stronghold, which could evidently only be intended for aggressive purposes, did we not, having our own (supposed) interests solely in view, destroy her fortress, as well as her navy?

Would Germany hesitate to enfeeble France, if she were not restrained from the attack by other Powers?

Acting on these lines a prescient British Government would at once send an ultimatum to Germany fixing a (low) limit to her navy, the immediate destruction of such war vessels as she possesses being the alternative to a compliance with our demand.

Thus should we avoid the necessity for that great increase of expenditure in our dockyards, which will otherwise be inevitable at the time when many millions have to be provided for old age pensions.

By such a stroke, whether limited to diplomacy, or carried to extremes, we should regain some of our lately lost prestige, for the world would see us treating an over-weening Power with that dominancy which we have so often displayed when dealing with recessive communities.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS RAM.

54, St. John's Road, Highgate Hill, N.,
February 2nd, 1908.

[Our correspondent is a little more logical than Mr. Stead, and slightly less expensive.—ED., *NATION*.]

THE EFFECTS OF A BREAD TAX.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the very interesting article on "How the People Live," which appears in your last issue, there occurs the following rather curious sentence: "Among the poorest, actually one-fifth of the total food expenditure is spent on bread and flour: a conclusive statistic condemning those who lightly justify a tax on imported corn on the ground that much stale bread is committed to the pig-sty." There seems to be a strange confusion of thought here. Nothing can justify a tax on corn, but I fail to see what the "conclusive statistic" has to do with the matter, for it only goes to show that a small tax on corn would not be of any very great importance. Something equivalent to 2s. a sack on flour would increase the expenditure of these households selected by about one per cent. That of course is no more justification for the tax than the fact that a wealthy man could afford to have his watch taken occasionally is a reason for encouraging pickpockets.

The curious thing is that your contributor appears to think one-fifth a large proportion. When the present Bread Act was brought into the House of Commons its introducer stated as the reason for its proposal that three-fourths of the population lived almost wholly on bread. Now, we see the worst paid artisans spend only one-fifth of their total food expenditure on the cheapest kind of food. Your contributor actually thinks that that shows that they are on the margin of subsistence, whereas it really demonstrates something quite different. Your contributor is probably affected by the "verge of starvation" theory, which is so dear to some people that they accept it without evidence and use it to the manifest advantage of their Protectionist enemies.—Yours, &c.,

R. SHINDLER.

61, Chancery Lane, W.C.,
February 5th, 1908.

"A WOMAN'S CHARTER."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. M. Harrison, states very forcibly the comparative powerlessness of political freedom to give happiness, and deduces therefrom the conclusion that women may spend their time and energy to better purpose than in working for their political enfranchisement. Many of us, who share her conviction and are as fully persuaded of the disappointments which accompany achievement, are unable to acquiesce in her resignation to the present condition of women's disabilities.

With Dr. Johnson we recognise—

"How small of all that human hearts endure
The part which laws or Kings can cause or cure!"

But, with the evidence of the social and political history of our country before us, it is impossible to deny that greater

possibilities of happiness and well-being have followed the extension of the franchise to all those classes that have shared it. Why should it be otherwise in the case of women? Since thousands of them bear the burdens and fulfil the duties of citizens and subjects of the State, why should the bare rights of citizenship be withheld?

It is easily admissible that the past condition of women's seclusion in the home was the happier one; but since economic evolution has thrust them into the workshop and the market-place, it is useless to pretend that they are not there. Their need makes it easy for their services to be exploited—and exploited they are in every market. Effective combination is as impossible to professional and working women to-day as it was to working men a century ago. They are pawns in the game of legislation; and weapons, as well as hostages, in the contest of capital with labour. The moral influence which women might exert is stultified by their political insignificance.

To many, therefore, it seems desirable and necessary to remove from amongst the excellences of a "man-made" political system the corrupt, and corrupting, anomaly of a State which does not disdain to tax women's earnings for its upkeep, disdaining to ascertain the woman's point of view in matters which concern her most intimately. Her livelihood, her home, her children, her personal safety and honour—it is no idle self-seeking which leads her to believe that in these "moral influence" is potent for equity only when supported by political power.

It has not been found that "moral influence" sufficed in the amelioration of other evil conditions largely due to an imperfect distribution of political influence; to endeavour to recognise it as adequate and sufficient in the case of women's disabilities is to proclaim a futile casuistry.—

Yours, &c.,

January 27th, 1908.

SUSAN CUNNINGTON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I comment briefly on Mrs. Frederic Harrison's letter? I do not think we women who want the franchise could formulate a "Charter." We have our separate interests and desires quite as much as a man politician who frames or supports any new measure or reformation. But the right to vote should be ours if we possess the same qualification as a man, and we could share his "apathetic indifference" or not, as our temperament or circumstances prompt us.

I entirely agree that the vote would not at once revolutionise everything, and I am sorry when our working sisters are told that Woman Suffrage would immediately solve their industrial problems. But this is no adequate reason for withholding our claim or deferring an act of justice.

Meantime, our militant workers should recognise that laws are not necessarily bad because made by men only. If we are all agreed that drunkenness and theft are punishable, a shout of "man-made laws" does little good in a Court of Justice. And, if we acknowledge that courtesy demands a quiet hearing for a speaker at a meeting, screams of "Votes for women!" at irrelevant moments are not only meaningless but vulgar.

To some of us women it is a matter of glad surprise how many men have recently avowed interest in our cause. Let us increase this interest in every possible constitutional way, for the franchise can only be extended to us by a "man-made" law! Let us prove by better means than disorderly outbursts our desire to share the parliamentary as well as the municipal votes of our country.

All reforms come slowly, but "Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre." Did we not read in the papers lately of a bride who said she had waited thirty years for "the Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" to pass?

"The path of half the human race is wide, long, adventurous, but never monotonous—and if women walk therein they will arrive there."—Yours, &c.,

JANET ELIZABETH LEITCH.

"SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to acknowledge that Mr. Picton was right in saying that there is no one syllabus for religious teaching? I referred to the London School Board Syllabus, which was so largely copied throughout the country as to become almost the one syllabus. In this syllabus, the Six Days' Creation and the Fall of Man are omitted. I should myself treat the "lives" of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as literal facts; but it would not lessen the value of Genesis to me if it could be proved that they never lived.

My answer to Mr. Picton's question is that I think it possible to make the "life" of Jacob valuable in teaching young children. I should certainly not put him before them for imitation in much that he did, but show that his "life" was a strange mixture of evil and good, that he did many wrong things; but I should be very careful to impress their young minds with the fact that he suffered for his wrong-doing, as we all do. I should also teach them that he was a man of faith, and lived with the fear of God before him, that he seemed conscious of God's all-seeing eyes following him, and that it was his firm belief in God and his desire for God's approval that saved him. I cannot help thinking that God judged Jacob more by what he was trying to overcome, and to be, than by what he was. "For He knoweth our frame."

I hope that most teachers in the present day have learnt to read the Old Testament (thanks to the higher critics) different from the way I was taught to read it in my youth. I thought every word was the word of God, and that all the writers were inspired alike, which they were not, and which accounts for much some of them have written that we cannot defend. The New Testament will be the chief book used in the schools. Notwithstanding the fact that there are a few things in the Old Testament difficult to understand, and that cannot be defended, we must admit that the "Bible, as a whole, is incomparably the greatest book ever written—God's book, in a sense in which no other book is or can be."

In conclusion, I should like to say that when parents and all the churches come to see and feel that they are mainly responsible for the religious teaching, they will only expect the day school teachers to give good moral lessons, as all such teachers would be competent to give. Religious teaching requires a suitable atmosphere, and can only be properly given by men and women who have a living faith in Jesus Christ, and are imbued with His Spirit.—

Yours, &c.,

JOHN EVANS.

6, Park Road, Clevedon, Somerset,
February 10th, 1908.

Poetry.

A ROYALIST IN SPRING-TIME.

LATE our land submissive lay,
Hushed and silent, sorrow-wise,
'Neath the old Protector's sway,
Winter, with his grim allies.

Roundhead Winter's rule is o'er;
Overseas in haste he's hieing;
Steps a Prince upon our shore,
Drums a-beat and standards flying.

Exiled in the south afar,
Ripe he comes for royal daring;
Blue and gold his colours are,
Sky and sun at once declaring.

Bough and brake for waving plume;
Song-birds for his courtly train;
Light and sound, and bud and bloom—
So the King comes home again.

Roundhead Winter's rule is o'er;
None, oh Spring, thy claim resist.
Now the King has come once more,
Every man's a Royalist.

W. J. CAMERON.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

AN important volume, with the title "Liberal Anglicanism," will shortly be issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate in their "Crown Theological Library." It will consist of a series of papers by some of the chief representatives of Anglican Liberalism, both lay and clerical. Only recently the Bishop of London declared that the Broad Church party in the English Church was dead. The forthcoming volume will show that it is still very much alive. Among the contributors to it will be the Master of the Temple, Professor Caldicott, Professor Burkitt of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Dr. Rashdall, Professor Percy Gardner, the Rev. A. J. Carlyle, Chaplain and Lecturer at University College, Oxford, the Rev. Hubert Handley, the Rev. R. J. Wilkinson—the translator of Professor Harnack's latest volume—and other well-known names.

* * *

IN spite of his vehement Orangeism and Unionism, and his rhetorically scornful descriptions of his political opponents, the late Colonel Sanderson was one of the most popular of members of the House of Commons. His wars with the Nationalists were rather mimic than real, and his personality, even though physically he seemed to suggest something of the "Copper Captain," was agreeable. His biography, written by Mr. Reginald Lucas, is to be published before Easter by Mr. Murray. It should prove an entertaining volume. Besides being a leading politician, he was also an enthusiastic yachtsman—he designed, built, and sailed his own boats—a keen sportsman, a clever caricaturist, an excellent *raconteur*, and, above all, a wit.

* * *

THERE seems to be something of a revival of interest in Nietzsche, if we may judge from the fact that several volumes of selections and translations from his works have been published during the last few years. As yet, however, no book giving an unbiased estimate of his philosophy as a whole has appeared in English, but possibly this want may be supplied by the translation of Dr. A. M. Mügge's "Nietzsche and his Philosophy" which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces. Dr. Mügge's book will contain a full biography of Nietzsche, a summary and exposition of his works, together with a selection of the chief criticisms, both hostile and appreciative, that have been made upon it, and a complete bibliography. There is room for a book which will give a dispassionate estimate of Nietzsche, since most of those who have hitherto written about him have been either ardent disciples or vehement opponents.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a large number of works bearing upon different aspects of the Bank of England have been published, we are still without anything in the nature of an exhaustive history of that unique institution. This gap will shortly be filled, as Messrs. P. S. King & Sons are preparing an English translation of the very full and well-informed "History of the Bank of England," by M. A. Andréadès—one of the most brilliant of the younger school of Continental economists. The book is, of course, primarily concerned with the development of the Bank of England, which it traces from its incorporation in 1694 down to the Baring crisis of 1890, and the effect of Lord Goschen's criticisms of the 1844 charter. But M. Andréadès does not neglect the influence of the Bank on general English history, and he gives a good account of the weighty part it played at the time of the English Revolution. A useful appendix gives a concise history of the relations between the Bank and the Treasury.

* * *

"THE DIARY OF DR. POLIDORI," edited by his nephew, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, which is to be published by Messrs. Brown, Langham & Co., is certain to contain some interesting references to Byron and Shelley. Dr. Polidori became secretary and physician to Byron in 1816, but returned to England the following year, though he parted with Byron

on friendly terms. In 1819 he published "The Vampire," which he attributed to Byron, and in spite of the poet's disclaimer, the work gained great celebrity on the Continent.

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AMONG Messrs. Longmans' announcements for the early spring are several works of great importance dealing with political and social history. We have already given particulars of the next instalment of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's survey of English Local Government. It is to be issued almost immediately, in two volumes, with the title "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporation Act: The Manor and the Borough." We are also to have the two final volumes of the late Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years." They deal with the history of the ten years 1871-1881, and thus complete Sir Spencer Walpole's original project of a history of England during the sixty-six years that followed the battle of Waterloo. A third announcement is that a number of lectures on "Germany in the Dark and Middle Ages," delivered by Bishop Stubbs as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, have been prepared for the press by Mr. Arthur Hassall. Dr. Stubbs's work has little charm of style or literary finish, but he is always solid and informing.

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THE object of Mr. Gordon Craig's new magazine, "The Mask," is to bring before the public many ancient and modern aspects of the Theatre's Art which have too long been disregarded and forgotten. Its aim is not to reform the theatre, but to announce a vitality which already begins to reveal itself in a beautiful and definite form based upon noble tradition. Among the contributions to the first number (which will be issued immediately) are: "A Letter to a Young Artist of the Theatre" and "The New Theatre," by Gordon Craig; "Yvette Guilbert," by Haldane Macfall; "The French Tragedy, 1689-1787," by Jean-Jacques Olivier; "A Note upon Marionettes," by Adolf Furst; and "The Dance," by Isidora Duncan. Each number will contain designs for theatres, stage scenes, costumes, masks, &c.

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THE social question excites as keen an interest in Germany at it does among ourselves. Ecclesiastical circles there are much concerned at the rise and growth of social democracy, which is an anti-religious as well as a revolutionary movement. For this the ultra-conservative attitude of the Lutheran Church is seriously to blame. A new volume will shortly be published by Pfarrer G. Traub on "The Clergy and the Social Question" (Der Pfarrer und die Sociale Frage), in which the author points out the right attitude which should be adopted by the teachers of religion in dealing with the social problems of the day. Herr Traub is a competent and experienced writer on these subjects, and the book will no doubt be a serious contribution to the literature of the social question.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. V. The Age of Louis XIV." (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)
- "The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars." Part Third. By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "The Reminiscences of Albert Pell." Edited by Thomas Mackay. (Murray. 15s.)
- "Modernism: A Record and Review." By A. L. Lilley. (Pitman. 6s. net.)
- "My Life in the Open." By W. H. Ogilvie. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "The Duchess of Padua. A Play." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border." By Katherine M. Abbott. (Putnam. 15s. net.)
- "Religion and Theology." By E. Ménégoz. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Small Holdings and Allotments Handbook." By Corrie Grant, M.P. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Earl Carrington. (Arrowsmith. 1s. net.)
- "The Nun." By René Bazin. (Nash. 6s.)
- "A History of the Jews in England." By A. M. Hyamson. (Chatto and Windus. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "La Philosophie de l'Inconnaissable." Par J. Laminne. (Paris: Dewitt. 5fr.)
- "La Crise Socialiste." Par Eugène Fournière. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Lutte Contre les Microbes." Par Dr. Etienne Burnet. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)
- "Le Port d'Attache." Roman. Par Léon de Tinseau. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy: 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.*

Nobody will quarrel with the title given to the latest volume of the Cambridge Modern History. The phrase consecrated by custom calls up a very definite picture, and it stands for a unity, at any rate, in our imagination. The editors, apologising for it in their preface, point not only to the part Louis XIV. played in the great affairs of the period, but also to the development of absolutist systems in Europe, in imitation of the great example at Versailles, which marked this generation of history. It was appropriate that the culminating stages of the power of the French monarchy should have coincided with the triumph of Peter the Great over the rivals to the Czardom and the transformation of the Elector of Brandenburg into the King of Prussia. Both those momentous events are described in this volume. Professor Bury leads up to the reforms of Peter the Great with a sketch of earlier Russian history, and the reforms themselves are discussed by Mr. Nisbet Bain. Dr. Ward writes on the origins of the Kingdom of Prussia—a phrase that conjures up before our eyes the spectacle of the most remarkable of the achievements that have been due to unremitting concentration on national aggrandisement. Even the mystical piety of the Kaiser can scarcely hallow the unspiritual proceedings of the coronation of 1701, but the House which then received its crown amid the sneers of the Great Powers has raised itself in a comparatively short time to a position of equality with the mightiest dynasties in the world.

Certainly, if any man was to give his name to this period, there was nobody to dispute the claims of Louis XIV. France was the centre of Europe, the centre of her storms and the centre of her pleasures, and who else can stand for French history, with all its aggressions and vicissitudes, during his long reign of seventy-two years? The statesmen of the first years of his reign can represent French prosperity; those of the last years of his reign can represent French adversity. Louis XIV. represents both. He saw the French monarchy in its vigour and strength, and he saw it in its decay and ruin. The history of that decline is traced by Professor Grant in a particularly interesting chapter in this volume. The French monarchy, as it was created by Richelieu and Mazarin, was the most striking example of centralised power. The two Cardinals had destroyed the great pretensions of the nobility, and, though there still remained a great mass of the débris of feudal administration and feudal justice, survivals which were only swept away by the Revolution, and perhaps could have been abolished by nothing less violent, the unification and concentration of France had been made the capital object of the persistent policy of the two singularly astute minds that had directed French politics for forty years. The first acts of Louis XIV., when he found himself his own master, went to show that he meant to push still further the policy of his predecessors. He attacked particularist abuses that Mazarin had left alone, and he co-operated with Colbert in cleansing judicial procedure of certain of its worst partialities. But the continuity of Richelieu's policy demanded conditions which were not easily satisfied. It was essential that France should have a brilliant Minister. It was essential, also, that she should have a king sagacious enough to understand the virtue of resignation. If the King had the right Minister, and was content to leave him in power, his own personal qualities ceased to

matter very much. He could combine with that one virtue of well-placed obedience a good many vices and weaknesses without inflicting any injury on the system. But Louis XIV., like George the Third, did not so conceive his rôle. He announced that he meant to be his own Minister, and he soon showed, by the zeal and industry with which he flung himself into the business of government, that he was going to be as good as his word.

The result was that the State, instead of being kept within the lines of a scientific and impersonal continuity, was exposed to risks against which Richelieu's system for arbitrary government provided no security whatever. Richelieu's system was a government not of laws but of men. Louis XIV. was not an incompetent ruler. Lord Acton called him by far the ablest man who was born in modern times on the steps of a throne. If he made some terrible mistakes he achieved some great successes. But, from the moment he began to rule his Minister instead of obeying him, it began to matter enormously what sort of man he was. The monarchy ceased to be a machine, and the play of his personal passions and character destroyed the creations of the cold and collected statesmanship of Richelieu. His natural arrogance, fed on intoxicating success, made him carry his policy of aggression to a point at which it recoiled on France and upset all the careful and deliberate diplomacy which had given France her commanding position. (It must be admitted that Colbert, as pacific Minister, deluded by his economic fallacies, shares the responsibility for the fatal invasion of Holland.) At home the consequences were not less manifest. The revocation of the edict of Nantes is the chief example. Richelieu had dealt with the religious question as a State question. When the Huguenots conspired against the State he fought them without mercy; when they ceased to be a faction and became a sect his quarrel with them was at an end. Louis XIV. was never confronted with a Huguenot sedition, and his problem was far simpler. The Huguenots were not only in his time harmless citizens; they were citizens of considerable public spirit. But in an unhappy moment for the peace of France, Louis XIV. took to virtue and Madame de Maintenon, and in the irreparable losses which followed the Revocation, the State paid its heavy price for the religious gloom which had settled on the conscience of the King and oppressed the gaiety of Versailles.

Versailles itself is perhaps the greatest monument of Louis' decadence. The compass of this volume admits only of a bare mention of that stupendous defiance of nature, prudence, and compassion. Mr. Bradby has well called it in his book a Pharaoh-like achievement, for it was built in violent despite of nature, out of the lives and substance of exhausted France, on a site which had only been meant to support a few miserable houses. Colbert did his utmost to prevent it, but the King preferred to listen to the flatteries of Louvois, and in the mighty palace which was built out of the reach of the remembered laughter of Paris, but not, as the event proved, beyond the reach of her revenges, Louis XIV. recorded for the warning of kings the isolation of the monarchy and its inevitable doom. The monarchy did not settle down into its stagnant selfishness without some warning protests. Vauban, the great soldier, published his *Dime Royale* to prove that a third of the population of France lived by begging, an act of independence for which he suffered disgrace. Fénelon inspired the young Duke of Burgundy with his own liberal but aristocratic ideas. The small-pox that carried off Burgundy with his wife and children certainly changed the history of France, for Fénelon had made him a rebel against the doctrine of Versailles that kingdoms only existed for the pleasure of kings. If he had come to the throne he would probably have tried, as Professor Grant suggests, to restore the power of the nobles. Could such

* "The Age of Louis XIV. Cambridge Modern History, Vol. V." Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.

a policy have succeeded? We cannot say. All that we know is that the form, as well as the method, of the Great Revolution were dictated by the events which had undermined that power, and that it owes its conspicuous successes to the atrophy of the leadership of the nobles. Nowhere, as M. Sorel said, was the nobility reduced to such political insignificance.

This is, of course, one great difference between France and England. The one kind of Revolution that became impossible in France was the Revolution that happened in England in 1688. Mr. Timperley describes it as a revolution initiated by the great nobles, effected by the aid of a foreign ruler, and consummated by a constitutional settlement made by country gentlemen in the House of Commons. The success of that Revolution had been made possible by the signal blunder of James the Second, whose policy had reinforced the political elements opposed to him with the religious sympathy of the nation, and had thrown away in four years all that had been gained to the Crown since the Restoration. Professor Firth shows what those powers were in 1660, while Mr. Pollock analyses in one of the most brilliant chapters in the volume the means whereby Charles emancipated himself from Parliamentary control. Mr. Pollock argues that Charles's ability in projecting a great scheme and pursuing it with tenacity, entitles him to a place among statesmen of the first rank, and he shows that however little reason Englishmen have to like his ends or his methods, the strategy which ended by making him absolute and uncontrolled King deserves the highest admiration. Fortunately James II., of whom Mr. Pollock says that he owed to the ungraciousness of his manners a wholly undeserved reputation for probity and veracity, was destitute of his brother's gifts, and he threw his country into the arms of the Whigs and William. But though the Revolution gave the country a constitutional settlement, it remained to simplify the executive machinery of government, and it is not surprising that some eyes were turned in the chaos of administration to French examples. Dr. Warner published in the "English Historical Review" last year a paper which was written by Defoe, apparently for the instruction of Harley, when he was Secretary of State in 1704. In that paper Defoe pointed out all the evils of divided and dilatory government, and urged his patron to build up a position like that once held by Richelieu and Mazarin. Such a venture, as Defoe saw, meant a breach with all English tradition. As a matter of fact, it was impossible as a permanent system of government, on account of the strength of the aristocracy. But Defoe was, of course, quite right in thinking that it was essential to simplify and concentrate English Government. He wanted to simplify it by overthrowing Cabinet Councils, which he called "modern and eccentric," and to substitute a Secretary of State powerful enough to act on his own judgment. As it happened, Government was simplified in Defoe's lifetime, only it was simplified by the consolidation of the Cabinet system which he wanted to see abolished. However, Walpole's important, though not very sublime career is only beginning in this volume.

It is only possible to touch on the main features of the new volume in a review. We may perhaps mention, in addition to the articles to which we have already drawn attention, a very interesting chapter by Lord St. Cyres on the Gallican Church, and the composite chapter on "European Science" in a century remarkable for the progress of scientific ideas. It was in 1660 that the Royal Society received its charter, and four years later Dryden, carried away in the general enthusiasm of the hour, prophesied that science would soon lead us to the extreme verge of the globe and then delight us with a better view of the moon. The disappointment of the volume is M. Faguet's chapter on French 17th century literature. The chapter was to have been written by M. Brunetière, and the distinguished critic who has taken his place has confined himself to an elegant summary of his subject. Mr. J. C. Bailey has remonstrated with his countrymen in the extremely interesting volume of essays he has just published for their neglect of French poetry. M. Faguet, we fear, must think that neglect past forgiveness and past cure. Otherwise he would have allowed himself more than seven meagre pages in which to give us his ideas on Corneille, La Fontaine, Molière, and Racine.

ANCIENT BRITAIN.*

BARELY half a century ago few antiquaries would have challenged Dr. Johnson's contention that "all that is really known of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a few pages. We can know no more than what the old writers have told us." In secular as in sacred matters, the written document was held to be the final court of appeal; the canon was closed. Hence, a couple of generations back, our school-books began with the Roman invasion, when the legions of the Empire encountered semi-barbarous tribes who fought in scythed chariots and stained their faces and limbs with the purple woad. But now the early ages of British history are entirely rewritten. The antiquary who busied himself over coins, medals, and chronicles, as the sole sources of that history, is superseded by the archæologist whose larger horizon includes the vast body of material of which the eighteenth century, and even still later times, knew nothing. The historic period merges into the dateless prehistoric, with its revelation about races compared with whom the ancient Britons are parvenus—races whose relics are not so much in their actual remains, for these, through well-ascertained causes, are very rare, as in the enormous number of rudely-shaped stone tools and weapons unearthed from old river-beds, limestone caverns, and burial-places. And the several series of implements witness to a gradual increase of skill in workmanship, pointing to successive stages of civilisation. It is with "the story of man's life in our island from the earliest times in detail" that the larger part of Dr. Rice Holmes's volume—scholarly, acute, not without streaks of humour and an element of cocksureness—is concerned. The book justifies its existence. Lord Avebury's "Prehistoric Times" covers much of the same ground, but it needs bringing up to date. The late Charles Elton's "Origins of English History," published in 1882, valuable as it is for its redaction of the scattered fragments of the diary of Pytheas, a Massilian Greek explorer of the fourth century, B.C., and for the light which it throws on customs of inheritance and superstitions, gives little space to the races and relics of the Old and New Stone Ages.

Although Dr. Holmes necessarily deals with materials as to the significance of which there is agreement, save in unessential detail, there remains a margin for speculation on several questions, the treatment of which is a test of the author's sense of proportion and of his acquaintance with facts to be used for purposes of comparison. In these fundamentals Dr. Holmes is not lacking. The obscurity which hangs round the probable time of man's arrival in north-western Europe invests with interest any evidence indicative of his presence earlier than that supplied by the implements of the Paleolithic or Ancient Stone Age. Hence controversy centres round the numerous flints found embedded in gravel patches, chiefly in Kent, deposits whose existence ante-dates present river systems. These flints, named Eoliths, are much ruder in shape than the typical palæoliths, of which, some contend, they are the prototypes, the result of man's 'prentice hand in chipping the primitive implement. If this be so (and "flints of Eolithic form have been found even in Tertiary beds in France") the antiquity of man in these parts is thrown back enormously, and consequently, with that, his origin in the Indo-Malayan region, to which evidence points as his cradle. Dr. Holmes skilfully balances the pros and cons, with a certain tilt of the beam in favour of the theory that the eoliths may not be older than the palæoliths. There we must leave it. After all, it is man as thinker more than as toolmaker that fascinates us most, and in surveying the several stages of culture Dr. Holmes gives space to consideration of the problem of man as a religious being at periods of incalculable antiquity. He finds analogies between Palæolithic man and the now extinct Tasmanian, who, at an equally low, or perhaps lower, plane, "certainly believed in a spiritual world." His remarks under this section cannot well be shortened for quotation, but one sentence gives the key to his conclusions:—

"Although the orthodox may refuse the name of religion to an animism begotten of fear and unconnected with ethics; although idealists may scoff at the conception of spiritual beings which invests them with bodily form, and ponderable, and

*"Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Caesar." By T. Rice Holmes, Litt.D. Clarendon Press. 21s. net.

mortal, albeit ethereal, substance, that animism was the seed out of which their own faith—its framework, but not its nobler part—was evolved."

Here we have the modern endorsement of shrewd old Hobbes's dictum, that "the feare of things invisible is the naturall Seed of Religion." But with the proof of mental continuity between the human and the animal, surely there is warrant for assumption that there never was a period in his evolution when man can be said to have become religious, because the elements of which religion is composed are implicit in his nearest congeners. To study his psychology apart from theirs is to misinterpret it; we thereby reject the key to knowledge of his intellectual and spiritual history. In treating of the evidence concerning the concrete forms which religion has taken, Dr. Holmes is at his best. He dissociates himself from such fatuous theories as that formulated by Sir Norman Lockyer on the origin and purpose of Stonehenge. Much nonsense had been written about the noble old pile in former days, but it was left for the astronomer just named to assert that it was built by priest astrologers who came from the East, and who designed it as a solstitial temple—that is, for observation of the length of the year by observing the rise of the sun on the longest day of the year as a key to farming operations. Despite the demolition of this fantastic theory by an Edinburgh Reviewer, its author persists in applying it to other stone circles; but it is to be hoped that Dr. Holmes has given it the "coup de grace." He mercifully refrains from comment on Sir Norman Lockyer's droll equations of Thoth with the Celtic "god of the people," Teutates, and of Balder with the Semitic "Bel," equations as groundless as Dean Swift's chaffing derivation of "ostler" from "oat-stealer." Dr. Holmes reserves his philological battery for attack on the theories of race and language which are the outcome of what he tartly calls Principal Sir John Rhys's "powerful but erratic" mind. That scholar has shown himself the readiest to acknowledge how tentative are theories on these complex subjects, and we regret that he meets with scant respect from a critic who cannot lay claim to the same erudition.

In summarising the "ethnology of the ancient Britons," Dr. Holmes focusses the evidence of the continuity of races in the survival "in greater or lesser proportion of the pre-Roman stocks." There are no unmixed peoples in Europe, and therefore no warrant for the assumption of the "undivided Aryan stock" of which he speaks. The term "Aryan" has no ethnological justification, and its use should be limited to what, on another page, is correctly called "the Aryan-speaking peoples."

No space is left for other than brief reference to the long-debated question as to the port in Gaul whence Cæsar sailed to invade this island. To this, as its place in his title implies, Dr. Holmes gives space which, some may think, is out of proportion to the importance of the problem. He cogently decides in favour of Boulogne, and there, for our part, we are willing that the matter be laid to rest. His book, written in the fitful intervals of duties making more demand on brain than on muscle, further proves the saying that the busy man has the most leisure, the use of which has complement in an index of commendable fulness.

E. C.

A MINOR "PRELUDE."

THE Poet Laureate recently mentioned, in "The Times," that motor cars, a serious nuisance in many parts, gave but little trouble in the neighbourhood of his own Manor. Even his carriage horses regarded them with high-bred disdain. This manifesto on motor cars illustrates Mr. Austin's outlook on modern life at large. High-bred disdain is his habitual mood. It must not, however, be assumed that he has been dehumanised by the many causes for vexation which he finds on a survey of the mind and manners of the time. In his latest book there are evidences that he is really ingenuous and joyous as a high-spirited child. When he forgets the vulgar world all is well. This was shown one October night which threatened frost.

"Veronica tells how the Poet, when once allowed to occupy the out-door bedroom, rising in the middle of the night to

* "The Garden That I Love." Second Series. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. Macmillan. 5s. net.

saunter in the Garden, since the full moon was smiling sweetly on every bank, suspected the intentions of that fascinating female luminary. Thereupon he carried out from his bedroom every chair that was in it, placed them round about the beds containing the most tender things, and then stretched all the newspapers he could lay his hands on in the adjoining lumber-room, then his dressing-gown, and finally his quilt, and some say the sheets over these again, and prolonged the existence of the fragile for some time."

This action, characteristic of a generous child of nature, led to a permanent good result. One day soon afterwards the housemaids were discovered in earnest argument with the Poet, "to whom, I really don't know why, they always give in at last." "Veronica, overhearing the Poet pleading in his most persuasive manner, 'Oh, but you'll let me have them!' said 'Have what?'" and "then the dreadful truth came out." The Poet wanted the dust-sheets! He did not get them, it is true; but his naughtily good intention was accomplished. Lamia had come "to the rescue." She had reminded the Poet of a certain "*première danseuse*," and had allowed him to write asking where she found "all those short but delicate gossamer flounces that satisfy the Lord Chamberlain and Censor of Plays and Morals"; and now flower coverings, made of "cunningly adjusted gauze and tiffany," "dance and swing in the wind, with all the innocence of our blameless rural life."

It is not always that the ladies and gentlemen of the Old Manor are free to think and feel and act in such unmitigated felicity. Sometimes they are in contact with fellow creatures beyond the Garden, and then opportunities for high-bred disdain become the rule. While the Poet and his companions were seated in the dining-room of a country hotel "there slowly streamed in to the other tables a number of as respectable-looking persons, mostly of the more impeccable sex, as I ever saw." These people were very awkward. It would seem that they talked but little, and uneasily, and that they did not smile at all. It was painfully obvious that they were unfamiliar with the ways of good society. Lamia wondered whether they had *all* been to church, and had to be reminded that the time was neither Sunday nor Lent. "Then let us rejoice," she cried, "though I fear that will make us rather exclusive." Next day, being "unable to meet so many well-behaved people three times a day," she had luncheon in her own room. The Poet, of course, was much less agitated; but it is recorded that he was seen to smile, behind his unfolded napkin, at "the irreproachable deportment of uncongenial British respectability."

Thus far we have explored only the fringes of the Poet's mind, no more than the thoughts which are casually stirred in it during playful or social hours. It is by his poetry and his theory thereof that we must ultimately judge a poet. There is not much poetry in the book, and only one snatch of it, the closing set of verses, is flawless; but there is much discourse on the art. The Poet is a singularly good witness. He is never in the slightest doubt as to his own mind or as to the mind and the fame, or the misfortune, of any singer. His philosophy is simplicity itself. It is, in effect, that to be popular in his lifetime a poet must be of a temperament which is in tune with the temperament of his time. If a bard is not in this sympathy he need not hope to be successful there and then.

"Though probably no writer can wholly escape the influence of the age in which he happens to live, I doubt if that influence will be of much help or advantage to him if it be not in harmony with his own temperament. The more he yields to it, unless it be congenial to him, the more he sacrifices of himself; and to be oneself, in writing or in anything else, is to give one the best chance, not of popularity, but of doing the best work, and the best sort of work, for which one is by nature endowed. The Man does not necessarily chime with the Hour."

This is consolatory doctrine. True, it puts an end to the notion that the great occasion calls forth the great man, obliges us to perceive that many a great man may be great in vain, and thus deprives us of a useful working hypothesis as to how mortal affairs are engineered by the Force that underlies phenomena; but think of the compensation for disturbance which is in view. Henceforth, no poet need die because reviewers are unkind. Does the theory explain the philosophical indifference and amused resignation which aroused the ladies of the Garden to sympathy with their Poet and scorn of the public? Does his high-bred disdain

for most aspects of the Hour spring from a feeling that he is not estimated according to merit? Although we are taken very liberally into the confidences of the ladies and gentlemen of the Garden, we must not go into these questions. There is the less need to discuss them inasmuch as they are practically answered in this amazingly frank book. "How about the sympathetic assistance given by men to intellectual women?" asked Lamia. "Is not that easily answered?" said the Poet. "Women are interested in men; men are interested in themselves." Mr. Austin's interest of this kind is sufficiently candid. Lamia had recited a lyric. "The lines are very musical," said Veronica, and the Poet agreed. "As for me," said Mr. Austin, "I thought them beautiful beyond words." Unable to ignore the fact that they were Mr. Austin's own, we ourselves felt a pang similar to that which afflicted the wayfarers in the country hotel.

A TOUR DE FORCE.*

ACROSS the burning desert, silent, solitary, bowing down at every third step to kiss the ground, the penitent of the East pursues his way to the Holy City. In a leather suit and blue spectacles, amidst a cloud of dust and roar of noise, the up-to-date pilgrim steers his automobile in the direction of Paris. Both are worshippers of a powerful and exacting deity. Whether his name be Buddha or the Advancement of Civilisation, the goal Nirvana or the offices of the "Matin," the sacrifices wrung from each are equally sublime, heroic and irrational. The Pekin-to-Paris race was noble, because it was useless, it proved nothing except its impossibility. The practical may scoff, but the idealists sympathise. We take off our hat with deepest reverence to the three devotees of the Motor God, the Prince Borghese, his chronicler, and his chauffeur.

On June 10th last, the "Itala" motor car, in company with five others, started from Pekin on its voyage through the unknown. What became of the others we do not greatly care, but the adventures of the "Itala," as set forth by the vivid and dramatic pen of Signor Barzini, absorb us irresistibly. The car develops, as the narrative progresses, a personality forcible and peculiar. At first cumbersome, intractable, a trifle *farouche*, it attains, after many desperate adventures and painful injuries, a kind of majestic apathy, a stubborn indifference to accident and disease, a cynical recklessness that is almost divine. We understand and share the devotion of Ettore, the chauffeur; an entire ignorance of mechanical engineering only heightens our agony as we read of sprained *chassis* or fractured clutch, and it is with a sigh of real regret that we say farewell on the last page, when, be-flagged and be-garlanded, we leave the "Itala" on the Boulevard Poissonière.

There is real romance in this wild adventure across two continents. From the start, witnessed by the immobile, unemotional Chinese, to the finish, amidst the frenzied embraces of an excited Parisian mob, the three travellers experienced a sensation that was wholly novel. They felt again the glamour of childhood, the joy of doing a thing that had never been done before.

"We experience the inebriation of conquest, the exaltation of triumph, and with it all a kind of astonishment, a sense of unreality, because of the strange thing this is—the running of such a race in such a country. We feel the pride of a civilisation and a race . . . the great longings of the Western soul, its strength, the true secret of all its progress, is resumed in the short word—Faster!"

These are the good moments, but there are also moments of gloom, of agitation, of physical pain, intense anxiety; long hours of endurance and fatigue. In the desert of Gobi the travellers experience the inevitable tortures of thirst and heat; their faces swell and crack, the skin blisters, bleeds—the slightest touch is unendurable. Painful and harassing in its monotony, their flight across the burning sand taught the Western minds the two great secrets of the East—its silence and its patience. Desert silence, says Signor Barzini, is like nothing else in the world. What the European understands by silence is only

the cessation of certain sounds; this was a silence positive. "I heard *nothing*. There was no vibration, no life. There was the sensation of, I know not what, fabled emptiness, of an unearthly void. . . . I felt the impression of an infinite isolation." The most cruel part of the desert is a tract about forty miles long. The way is marked by whitening bones, for few and tough are those that reach the end. All old, tired or footsore animals fall here. It is a "place of agonies"; there breathes about it an "indescribable spirit of death." Crossing this desolate region, the mind becomes torpid and inert, the soul is "drowned in an unconquerable sadness," all sensations fade away, and nought is left but the very dregs of consciousness, a stagnant strength—dull, deep, and persistent—the power of patience. Yet there were occasional enlivening incidents. Drove of squat Mongolian horses would rush towards them, stop short in amazement, and gallop off in a wild "desperada"; a herd of antelopes would flash across the horizon, mad with terror of the grey, snorting monster, who chased them with a speed as swift as their own. Strange and dreamlike was the finding of the monastery of the desert. From above a great pile of rocks and boulders the travellers suddenly espied four golden globes shining in the sun. They were the same height, symmetrically disposed, and seemed to be "balancing themselves on the crest of stormy waves." Next they perceived a broad, empty space among the boulders, and the confused image resolved itself into a fabulous and singular city. A silence covered it as deep as of the desert outside. It was a city of prayer. Into this still shrine of the ancient Lamist religion bursts the uncouth apparition of the modern motor-car. What does it seek—the interpretation of some obscure passage in the Sacred Books? No, the way to the nearest telegraph station.

At Urga the desert ends and Siberia begins. Here a warm greeting in their native language, banquets, and a committee warn the travellers of the advent of civilisation. They are regarded no longer with barbaric fear and laughter, but with reverence, interest, and affection. The Grand Lama condescends to survey them; the Governor-General requests the pleasure of a ride.

On the way to Kiakhta the car sinks abruptly in a bog, and the travellers are faced by the certainty that unless help arrives immediately their chariot will be swallowed up. But the adventures of the "Itala" read like a fairy tale; help always does arrive just at the last moment. The sudden apparition of a line of *telegas*, the strength of oxen, the kindness of Mongolian or Mujik, fifty roubles, some wooden beams, and the car is once more ready for its travels. There is no end to the perils of the way and no end to the wit, ingenuity, and courage of the travellers. At one moment the car is up to its neck in water, the next the brake is on fire; once it tumbles backwards head over heels off a broken bridge, all but crushing its riders to death. It is three times bogged, the wheel breaks twice; yet it survives always as by a miracle.

Through the vast pine forests of Siberia, dark, primordial, wolf haunted, the car puffs on. In the Province of Irkutsk they pass a great gang of men in grey uniforms working on the new railway. At first they take them for soldiers, but looking closer see that each has a chain from his waist to his feet.

"When we passed near them the grey-cloaked men halted in their work, and all of them raised their heads to look at us in silence. Then they gave us greeting, raising their caps. Half of their heads was shaven; they looked like clowns with a wig and gave one a sense of horror. We had a feeling in our hearts like the grip of an iron hand as we stood before this sad revelation, and murmured, 'The Convicts!'"

Moscow and St. Petersburg fêted the travellers luxuriantly—almost too luxuriantly for constitutions strained by long fasts and fatigue. At length Russia is left, Germany traversed in a twinkling, and the car speeds through the country of its goal. "Oh les laids!" is the spontaneous welcome of æsthetic Gaul. Black-faced, ragged, and begrimed, the crew of the "Itala" have scarcely the aspect of heroes. Paris is reached amidst cheering, clamorous, intense, and continuous.

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Mr. Frank Savile's "The Desert Venture" (Arnold, 6s.) is just what its name indicates—a story of African adventure, with Moors and negroes in it, and captured slaves and bloodshed and hairbreadth escapes. The English villain is a little too uniformly despicable, and the addition of the

heroine to the expedition strains probability a good deal; but the story goes at a stirring pace, the characters are well enough indicated, and, finally, there is one element that deepens and strengthens what might otherwise be rather a flimsy subject. The figure of Saint Serrèze, with his humane and wide ambitions, is both fine and true, and the ending which leaves him isolated upon a little oasis of civilisation, that may or may not become the germ of an empire, haunts the imagination.

If Miss Emily Pearson Finnemore, the writer of "A Brummagem Button" (Nutt, 6s.), had courage to step beyond the ordinary conventions, she might produce work of high quality. She manages to impart an atmosphere, and to give solidity to her characters. But one feels, in reading, that the development of these people is regulated, not by unswerving truthfulness, but by the necessity of conducting them along certain lines. Hardy or Gissing would have made a great book of her subject. Miss Finnemore has made a pleasant one, which nobody will denounce and nobody will remember. It may be read with impunity by the most timid, and will disturb no reader by the forcible intrusion of a new thought.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' new novel, "Broken Off" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is, to speak plainly, a fairy tale. Its persons profess to belong to modern England, but their world is quite remote from real life. Their actions, and still more their words, are all in *falsetto*. Many readers, however, prefer novels in *falsetto*, and "Broken Off" is likely enough to be popular.

In "A Charming Girl" (Greening, 6s.), Miss Esmé Stuart has found an excellent central idea upon which a diverting light comedy might be built, and has presented her central figure with considerable skill and humour. The other figures, however, are mere pasteboard; the South African War scenes are irrelevant, and Captain Norgate an excrescence that should have been ruthlessly cut out. So should the preposterous and farcical child, Tiny. The language employed is that of the half-educated school-girl, who believes "appreciate" to be a synonym of "admire." Some of the sentences are funny in their badness; for example: "His beard was darker than his hair, but there was a subtle air of hardly disguised pride about him which prevented young people from being quite at ease in his presence."

The persons of Mr. Herbert Wales's "Cynthia in the Wilderness" (Long, 6s.) have a curious code of morals. That a woman whose husband is unfaithful should consider herself free to follow his example is a defensible theory; but the woman who acts upon it, and accepts her husband's standard, has lost the right to despise him; and when she suffers her lover to visit her under her husband's roof, she descends to a level considerably lower than his. Mr. Wales's animosity towards the worthless (and admirably drawn) husband seems to have blinded him to certain inexorable laws of common honesty. Even a worm should be treated decently—not for the worm's sake so much as for our own. None of the characters in the book, however, entertain this view; and one of them murders the unhappy husband with as little remorse as though he were a black beetle.

"The Black Butterfly," by W. A. Mackenzie (Ward & Lock, 6s.), is an ingenious and successful blend of the fairy tale and the detective story. English police-officers appear in it, and princes from the regions of Ruritania, also foreign spies, a French maid, a Chinese magician able to make beautiful women out of lumps of clay, and a beautiful woman, so fashioned, whose life depends upon the lives of certain butterflies linked together in a fluttering chain around her slender neck. So skilful is the brew that few readers will stop to ask how the magician's creation came to resemble precisely a baroness who had just been murdered. Yet that likeness is the basis of the whole fantastic erection. Mr. Mackenzie's invention is quite equal to an adequate explanation, and he should have provided us with one.

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* * *

It is impossible to deal in a short space with the theory of art expounded in Professor Loewy's essay, "The Rendering of Nature in Greek Art," which Mr. John Fothergill has translated into English (Duckworth, 5s. net). The theory in its main outlines amounts to a statement that the early artists attempted to reproduce "memory pictures" of the different objects which they wished to picture. What Professor Loewy means by a "memory picture" can be best put in his own words. "We have seen numberless times a leaf, a wheel, an ear, an eye, an outstretched hand, and so on, from every point of view, but nevertheless so often as we thoughtlessly picture to ourselves a leaf, a wheel, &c., there appears in our mind only one image of each, and in the case of the objects named, the images will be those in which they show us their broadest aspect. . . . The aspect which is selected by the memory is that which shows the form with the property that differentiates it from other forms, makes it thereby most easily distinguishable, and presents it in the greatest possible clearness and completeness of its constituent parts." This theory is worked out with considerable ingenuity as an explanation of the stereotyped poses which run through nearly all primitive art. A number of illustrations help the reader to follow Professor Loewy's argument. Mr. Fothergill's task in translating the work was not easy, but he has performed it with marked success.

* * *

THE difficulties that beset the maker of an anthology are manifold, but probably when his work deals with living writers the most serious of them is the law of copyright. It is, we conclude, from this cause that Mr. Walter Jerrold's "The Book of Living Poets" (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net) leaves, among others, Mr. Meredith, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and "A. E." entirely unrepresented." Still, there are in the volume sixty-two poets to choose from, so that the reader has no serious ground for complaint, especially as among these are Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Newbolt, Mrs. Shorter, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Chesterton. In most cases Mr. Jerrold is happy in his selections, though some poets seem to have been given a disproportionate amount of space. The book, which is beautifully printed and bound, will be

welcomed by those who care for poetry, but from want of time or some other reason are unable to keep pace with the crowd of slim volumes that appear with such persistent regularity.

* * *

THE dog, who is not, in the eyes of his master, endowed with some special qualities and capacities over and above those of his kind would be difficult to discover. But such is our inordinate vanity that we account for any special intelligence in a pet by the fact of his human environment, and we reason that the wilder creatures, not having had the inestimable benefit of our social usages, are necessarily incapable of showing individual traits. The latter is a thesis that is vigorously combated by the Rev. William J. Long in his "Whose Home is in the Wilderness" (Ginn & Co., 5s. net), the latest volume of a series of nature books by this well-known American naturalist and author. His purpose, briefly, is to prove, as the result of twenty-five years' personal experiment and observation, that wild animals of the same genus and species differ from each other in their degree of mental capacity, and that human intercourse, so far from being responsible for making them clever, tends to blunt their faculties and make them dull. The set of observations recorded in the chapter entitled "Wild Folk One by One" dispose one to accept this heretical but exceedingly common-sense view. At all events, the book is a strong encouragement to the student of animal nature to put aside what he has learnt from psychologists and scientists about several phenomena that are speciously ascribed to instinct and go forth to study the animal at home. The author endows his wild beasts with names as well as mental attributes, and the names inevitably recall the Jungle Books, but otherwise there is little that is not absolutely fresh and thoughtful. It is the book of a sportsman who prefers not to kill and of a scientist who is also something of a mystic. The illustrations by Mr. Charles Copeland are sympathetic and profuse.

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MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued a useful handbook of geography, "The International Geography" (15s.), written by no fewer than seventy different authors under the general editorship of Dr. H. R. Mill. Although the book runs to over a thousand pages it is a marvel of skilful compression and the number of facts given is enormous. The contributors are all specialists, who speak with authority about the countries allotted to them. There is a good index, and short but useful bibliographies are added to each chapter. The plan of issuing a geography, written on lines similar to such works as "The Cambridge Modern History," was a good one, and it has been well carried out.

* * *

MR. ELIOT STOCK has issued a reprint of "A Brief Discourse of the Troubles at Frankfort, 1554-1558" (5s. net), as the first volume in a new series called "A Christian Library," under the general editorship of Professor Arber. The book, which is attributed to William Whittingham, Dean of Durham, throws considerable light on the early history of English Nonconformity and on the history of the English Prayer-book. Frankfort was, in the sixteenth century, a home of refuge for fugitive Protestants from every European country, and the English exiles who fled there carried with them their theological differences, which gave rise to the "troubles" related in the book. Professor Arber contributes an introduction, and also reprints the anonymous "Life of Whittingham" which Mrs. Everett Green edited for the sixth volume of the Camden Society's Miscellany in 1871.

* * *

AMONG recent new editions are a re-issue of Dom Gasquet's "The Black Death" (Bell, 6s. net), containing a short preface in which the author compares the fourteenth century epidemic with the present bubonic plague in India, and accepts the theory that it was disseminated through the agency of rat fleas; a second edition of Mr. A. C. Benson's "The Schoolmaster" (Murray, 2s. 6d. net); and a further instalment of ten volumes in "The People's Library" (Casell, 1s. net each), comprising Borrow's "Bible in Spain," De Quincey's "Opium Eater," Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and novels by Thackeray, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Lytton, Ainsworth, and Fennimore Cooper.

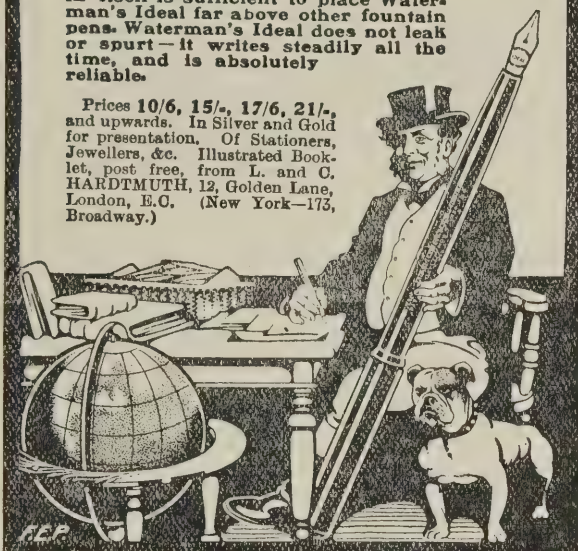
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The Week in the City.

PERHAPS the two most interesting financial events of the week are the resignation of Freiherr von Stengel and the banking crisis in Copenhagen. The former is suspended until a successor can be found; but the ugly fact is that the most skilful financier in Germany is unable to find means acceptable to the Reichstag of making up a huge deficit that is variously estimated at from ten to sixteen millions sterling. The best financial writers in Germany agree that the situation is perilous and humiliating, and it looks as if German credit will fall still further before the year is out. Well-informed City men say that the difficulties in Copenhagen and other towns within the Hamburg sphere of influence are by no means over. Danish and Swedish enterprises have been largely financed with German money; and now, owing to the monetary strain and banking difficulties of her own, Germany has had to call in her loans. It will be interesting to see how affairs progress. Obviously the plan of calling in the State to guarantee weak banks is not a very satisfactory one. In other respects the week has been rather uneventful. There has been less speculation and less investment business on the London Stock Exchange than was expected. Hopeful men were disappointed to find no change in the bank rate on Thursday. But a reduction cannot be expected so long as the revenue is being collected at the present rate. In a few weeks, when the funds are let loose, we may see a spell of really cheap money, especially if the gold begins to return from America.

DIAMOND SHARES.

A good deal of nervousness is felt about diamond shares. In the first place, the market has for a long time been very artificial, and therefore wanting in permanence. It is hardly likely that De Beers could go on for ever monopolising the supply, and so restricting it as to keep prices up at a ridiculously fancy level. The present slump is generally attributed to the sudden cessation of the American demand, and to the heavy sales of secondhand jewellery by embarrassed millionaires in New York. But another cause is no doubt the French chemical discoveries, which go to show that real diamonds absolutely indistinguishable from the natural ones can be manufactured. According to a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," the great diamond cutting industry of Amsterdam is almost at a standstill, some 5,000 artificers being out of work.

MORE BANK FAILURES.

This week has shown that the strain on banking institutions is by no means at an end. England and France seem

to be almost the only countries where banks have not been caught in the collapse of the speculative boom. "Over-loaned" has been written over the doors of many credit institutions in Europe and America. I hear that the painful process of weeding out is not yet over in New York, and that several more weak banks and trust companies will have to go. One of the largest suspensions in America was the Sovereign Bank of Canada, which had seventy-six branches. The immediate cause of suspension, says "The Financier" of New York, was the refusal of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, acting for himself and the Dresdner Bank, to make any further advances. "The sum of 500,000 dol. would have enabled the bank to continue. The present debt of the Sovereign Bank to the Morgan Interests is 2,241,000 dol. The indebtedness has been steadily growing since the reorganisation, when the loans scattered among the banks of Europe amounted to over 3,300,000 dol. As these fell due Mr. Morgan advanced the money for their payment, until he was a creditor for over 2,000,000 dol." The Danish crisis, which came to a head last week in Copenhagen, is attributed, like the Dutch crisis of last autumn, to speculation. I suspect that it may also be an echo of the Hamburg failures.

WALL STREET HUMOUR.

Although the Stock Exchanges everywhere are dull, and speculation out of fashion, the wits are as busy as ever, and perhaps more successful; for they have a larger crowd of idle fellows to amuse. Here is a recent specimen from the "Wall Street Journal":—

A rich and proud Bear walking down Wall Street was surprised to see a Bull actually occupying the sidewalk and manifesting no fear, nor stepping aside to let the Bear pass.

"What do you mean, you beggar, by getting in my way?" said the Bear angrily.

"I know very well," retorted the Bull, "that I have lost money and character by reason of my dissipations, but I have been taking the Gold Cure lately, and as soon as I regain confidence I'll give you a licking for your insolence."

The Bear pushed the Bull into the gutter, but in doing so slipped up on a piece of Easy Money.

Since this was written the gold cure and easy money have ceased to work, and American Railways have again declined. Probably an investment spread over a number of securities in this market would ultimately turn out very well. But the individual stock is risky, owing to the straits in which many of the railways are for money. The dearth of loanable capital is a disease which can only be cured by time and economy. According to New Yorkers, the business situation now lies between a rapid accumulation of reserve money in the international financial centres on the one hand, and severe industrial depression, with declining railroad earnings, on the other. These two conditions are closely related to each other. The accumulation of reserve money is largely the result of the industrial depression; but, on the other hand, it should work for the ultimate revival of trade and enterprise. Thus it is both a bear and a bull argument. Whether this revival will be early or late in arriving, depends, we are told, upon three contingencies: First, the Presidential campaign; second, the crops; and third, the attitude of the American people toward capital.

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"Such as the fellaheen, or peasantry, were when Cheops was building his pyramid, such they remained in almost all respects down to the arrival of the French."

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Elsewhere he insists that loyalty to Islam is the first of all considerations for Egyptians, and that their loyalty to the Sultan of Turkey springs solely from the fact of his being the most powerful ruler in Islam. Should a more powerful Islamic ruler arise, they would, he asserts, transfer their allegiance to him. Haji Browne's advocacy of Pan-Islamism (in no sense hostile to British interests in India) makes this statement specially noteworthy.

Such was the quiet, introspective, religious life of Egypt when Bonaparte's armada arrived off Alexandria. Already the people had shown their desire to be left alone when they besought or commanded Nelson to refrain from any intervention.

Far greater were their fears when Bonaparte landed his troops at Marabout and carried Alexandria by assault. Haji Browne then explains why the natives received with quiet scorn Bonaparte's proclamation in Arabic that he came to overthrow the Mamaluks and restore the rule of the Sultan of Turkey; that he himself was a good Moslem, having destroyed the Pope and the Knights of Malta; and that he would give them good government. He certainly hoped that the promise of overthrowing the oppressive rule of the Mamaluk military caste would allure the natives; for he had brought thousands of cockades for them to don. Haji Browne asserts that his miscalculation was the same as that of Lord Dufferin and other British administrators in and after 1882. The Egyptians in a vague and passive way desired the righting of their ills; but these they ascribed, not to the Sultan, or even to the Mamaluk chiefs, but rather to subordinate officials. Even these could obliterate any sense of hatred to them by acts of timely generosity, on which Orientals set more store than rigid justice. As for Bonaparte's promise of good government by a Dewan (Divan), it was meaningless to them; for the Dewan of Cairo was the chief source of oppression. Still worse was his assertion that all men were equal in the sight of God. This was rank blasphemy; for the Koran emphatically distinguishes between Moslems and non-Moslems. Among the former, as Haji Browne explains, there is a good deal of, at least, theoretical equality, while the latter are relegated to an inferior position. As, finally, Bonaparte gave no proof of any authorisation from the Sultan, the Egyptians regarded him as a sacrilegious imposter, and longed for his destruction by the Mamaluks. At most the oppression of the last was fitful, and whenever the storm swept by, the people settled down to the enjoyment of their usual careless and indolent existence. Haji Browne tries to prove that their lot was better than that of the average Englishman of that day. The attempt is as futile as to seek to compare the existence of a cat, occasionally troubled by dogs, with the life of a schoolboy.

It is needless to dwell on the events of the French campaign. When master of Cairo, Bonaparte sought to conciliate the populace by attending mosques on great occasions, but incidents occurred which showed that he knew nothing of the thoughts of these outwardly calm and docile people. French fussiness imposed passports for travellers, strict sanitary regulations, the registration of births, marriages, and deaths (with a fee in each case), without any visible result; but when the new ruler conferred tricolour sashes on members of his Dewan, he had them angrily rejected. Untaught by this, he sought to impose the wearing of tricolour cockades by the Cairenes as a proof of amity. The last straw was the imposition of a house-tax. By no means unfair in itself, it yet aroused to fiery resentment a people that had endured much already in the way of improvement; and a chance circumstance brought about the revolt of October 21st at Cairo and its savage repression. Thenceforth reconciliation was impossible. Haji Browne does full justice to the material and intellectual benefits conferred by Bonaparte on Egypt, and admits that the library and the laboratory opened at Cairo were generally appreciated. Not by all, it seems, for a sheikh, after stolidly witnessing all the marvels of Western science, questioned the French demonstrators as to their ability to cause him to be in two places at once; and on their reply

in the negative, expressed his contempt for such lamentably imperfect science. The author bids us beware of laughing at the sheikh, for not so long ago he saw a fine old Arab saint who was credibly affirmed to have on many occasions attended prayers at mosques far apart at the very same time. But these things belong to "Borderland" and the higher Brahminism.

On a more mundane plane, Haji Browne accumulates enough evidence to prove how complete was the severance between the French and Egyptians. He sums up the chief cause of this in the statement, on page 256, that the nations of Europe are secular bodies with secular Governments, while the Eastern peoples are essentially religious communities. The ideas of the latter on justice and mercy are far removed from those of the practical Occidentals. He admits that the Englishman's idea of justice is practical, though sometimes hard and unsympathetic, and that he does try to live up to it; while the Oriental is too apt to cherish an ideal of justice "as a standard whereby to judge the merits and failings of others, rather than as a guide of his own actions." For the most part, however, Haji Browne dwells severely on the failings of European administration in Egypt, especially on those of Frenchmen; he quotes with gusto the jingling Turkish proverb, "Franiz imansiz" ("faithless Frenchmen"). Probably this proverb grew out of the unprincipled invasion of Bonaparte, who, under the guise of recovering Egypt for the Sultan, sought to seize it for France. This it was, as the author remarks, which proved the greatest difficulty in the way of British administrators after 1882. The French occupation left comparatively few permanent traces behind, as has been shown in a British official report on Egypt in 1802, printed in "Napoleonic Studies."

Will the same be said a century hence concerning the British occupation? Haji Browne touches on the question of the durability of the work done by Britain in Egypt; but, while remorselessly pointing out its weak points and our inability to conciliate native opinion, he shows how different is our position from that of Bonaparte. The enterprise of the French General was essentially one of conquest, and civilisation was only his handmaid. Native opinion, though still largely hostile to us on religious grounds, has come to regard us as administrators rather than conquerors. "John Bull is a beast, but a just beast"; that is the opinion of the ordinary fellah. Our position was indefinitely strengthened by the Fashoda incident. The withdrawal of Colonel Marchand from the Upper Nile, exactly one hundred years from the time of Bonaparte's arrival off Alexandria, showed the Egyptians that they could no longer hope to play off France against England. Even the acrid Turkish party in Egypt began to accept the situation. The prospects, therefore, are, on the whole, hopeful; and though the author strongly holds that

"East is East, and West is West"

yet he recognises facts, and believes in the possibility of a working alliance between English administrators and the Egyptian people. The *sine qua non* of success is the recognition of the truth of Burke's warning, that a political system must be suited to man's nature as modified by his habits.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER WORK.*

It is a little difficult to tell precisely the mark at which Mr. Nelson Dawson aims in his "Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work." Written for the Connoisseurs' Library, we naturally expect to find it suited to readers who have to some extent already studied the subject. Yet the first part is taken up with a mass of elementary information such as would be common knowledge in a Board School. With the exception of some amusing extracts from ancient writers, the whole of this might be omitted without in any way lessening the value of what follows. Later, as though in apology, technical terms are used without explanation, and occasionally a considerable amount of knowledge on the part of the reader is taken for granted.

On the face of it the subject of gold and silver work in all countries and of all periods is far too large to come within the scope of a single volume, unless the author rigidly ties himself down to handbook form. And this Mr. Dawson has not done. He seems a little overwhelmed with the magnitude of his undertaking, and uncertain as to what limits he shall impose upon himself in dealing with it. The book contains subject matter enough to furnish a vast amount of interesting study, but there is some unnecessary repetition—as when two paragraphs in different parts of it are devoted to the supposed derivation of the word *sterling*—not in itself a matter of great importance, and probably to be found in any dictionary. And occasionally space is wasted in remarks which have no bearing upon the subject, and remind one of the gentle platitudes which help to fill up a youthful essay when ideas run short. There is no excuse for this kind of thing; Mr. Dawson has plenty to say and a wide knowledge of his subject, but he has a way of surrounding his opinion with a wrapping of less value to the student, and sometimes he leaves us in doubt as to what that opinion really is.

The book is illustrated with a succession of beautiful reproductions from photographs taken by the author, and on which he is greatly to be congratulated. These alone would make it worth having. The example of the several periods are well chosen and thoroughly representative; the details are clear, and a very full description is given in every case. Some of the explanations, however, are so naïve that again we wonder for what class of student the book was written. As, for instance, in describing a teapot already illustrated: "The shape is very pleasing, and suitable for its original purpose—that of making and pouring tea." And later: "Apostle spoons are so called because of the figure of an apostle which formed the termination of the handle to each spoon." Here at least are plain statements, dispersing at a blow any possible theories to the effect that teapots were originally made to hold wine or coffee; or that apostle spoons were so called because they had seal heads or rat tails.

Mr. Dawson has produced a book, valuable, if not as a volume of reference, at least as a work which is calculated to arouse our appreciation of his subject. It teaches us something, and makes us anxious to learn a great deal more. He is obviously an artist and enthusiast rather than a teacher, and is at his best in the last chapter, where he traces the reasons for the steady decadence of beauty and real artistic feeling in modern silver work. He voices very clearly the complaint of artists and collectors in all branches of art, that the present cry for cheap goods is the ruin of artistic excellence. Formerly the silversmith made his own design, knowing to a hair's breadth the possibilities of the material with which he had to deal. Afterwards he carried out the work with his own hands and in his own workshop, dwelling on every touch with infinite appreciation of its value, until the piece, in some subtle way, became instinct with human expression. Lastly, he probably carried it himself to the patron for whom it had been designed, so that he might miss none of the appreciation which was to him in great part the reward of his labour.

To-day, designs are turned out by the score by men whose business it is to do nothing else, and who probably never see the completed articles. The work passes through a dozen hands, each workman responsible only for the work he superintends, so that all individual pride in the result is next to impossible. Above all, the mechanical processes which have taken the place of the skilled hand labour impose hard and fast limitations of form and design, producing a hundred inferior articles differing not at all from each other, and all equally wanting in expression and character.

We do not, however, agree with Mr. Dawson's concluding remarks which inveigh against the copying of old designs in modern work, unless he means the fraudulent passing off of such work as genuinely old. If the old designs are both beautiful and suitable (and the book has taken much pains to impress their excellence in these respects upon us), it would surely be better frankly to educate the modern workman until he is skilful enough to reproduce them, than to collect them, keep them in cabinets, catalogue them, write of them, and admire them—and then deliberately make something different.

* "Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work." By Nelson Dawson. Methuen. 25s.

The Pick of the Publishing Season.

The following is a selection of the more interesting Books appearing in the Publisher's Spring Lists, grouped under different subject headings.

ART.

- Sandro Botticelli. By Herbert P. Horne. (Bell. Ten guineas net.)
- Miniature Series of Painters. Botticelli. By R. H. Hobart Cust. Da Vinci. By R. H. Hobart Cust. (Bell. 1s. net each.)
- Early Painters of the Netherlands. By Pol de Mont. In ten parts. Part III. (Chatto & Windus. Five guineas net.)
- The Early German Painters. From Meister Wilhelm of Cologne to Adam Elsheimer. By Max Friedländer. In 10 parts. Part II. (Chatto & Windus. Five guineas net.)
- Italian Painters of the Quattrocento and Cinquecento. By Wilhelm Bode. In 15 parts. Part II. (Chatto & Windus. Five guineas net.)
- In the Medici Series of Coloured Reproductions after the Old Masters—two new plates. Plate VII. Filippino Lippi (ascribed to). The Virgin in Adoration. (15s. net.) Plate VIII. Botticelli. The Birth of Venus. (25s. net.) (Chatto & Windus.)
- A History of Art. By Dr. Giulio Carotti. In 4 vols. (Duckworth. 5s. net each volume.)
- Madrid. An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Spanish Capital. Ed. by A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Goya. A Biography and an Appreciation. Ed. by A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Leon, Burgos, and Salamanca. An Historical and Descriptive Account. Ed. by A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza. An Historical and Descriptive Account. Ed. by A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Royal Palaces of Spain. An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Seven Principal Palaces of the Spanish Kings. Ed. by A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- A History of Engraving from its inception to the time of Thomas Bewick. By S. E. Austen. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
- The Cathedrals and Churches of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, including the Island of Gottland. By T. F. Bumpus. (Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)
- London Churches Ancient and Modern. By T. F. Bumpus. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
- The Abbeys of Great Britain. By H. Clairborne Dixon. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
- The Engraved Work of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By W. G. Rawlinson. (Macmillan. 3 vols.)
- Jewellery. By H. Clifford Smith. (Methuen. 25s. net.)
- Early Woodcut Initials. By Oscar Jennings, M.D. (Methuen. 21s. net.)
- English Costume. By George Clinch, F.G.S. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Saints in Art. By Margaret E. Tabor. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Our Lady in Art. By Mrs. H. L. Jenner. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- London: Passed and Passing. A Pictorial Record of Destroyed and Threatened Buildings. About 70 Illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher. (Pitman. One guinea net.)
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- Japanese Wood Engravings. By Professor W. Anderson. (Seeley. Cloth, 2s. net.)

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BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Garcia the Centenarian: and His Times. By M. Sterling Mackinley, M.A. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

MODERN SPANISH NOVELISTS.*

I HAVE on more than one occasion hazarded in print the opinion that the very limited acceptance gained in Europe generally by modern Spanish fiction is owing to the provincialism which is its main characteristic. The patriotism of the village spire, as the French saying runs, is, indeed, the determining factor in Spanish life generally; and it is not strange that the purely national literature should partake of this, the strongest feature in the character of the people. For the first half of the nineteenth century Spain had no purely native fiction at all, the novels that appeared having been but feeble reflections of the romantic school of French writing popularised by Dumas and his disciples. The first signs of a realistic revival in Spain came from a lady of German parentage, Mme. Böhl de Fabre (Fernan Caballero), whose works, overpraised at the time of their production, in the fifties, are now deservedly relegated to a respectful obscurity. But Fernan Caballero's stories were instinct with the ardent local patriotism which appealed to her readers. The old traditions, the folk tales, the rustic memories, the scenery of Andalusia, were all enshrined in them lovingly; and although Fernan Caballero has been followed by novelists and romancers of immensely greater power, by writers as brilliant as any other country of Europe can show in the time, they have rarely departed from the provincial example she set, except on the occasions when they have been content to work on obviously French models.

But, even though the desire of the Spanish novelists to crystallise in their pages the rapidly disappearing life of the various provinces has restricted their public outside Spain, there is so much of power, so much of deep psychological insight, in many of their works that it behoves the student of contemporary literature to make himself acquainted, even at second hand, with some of the masterpieces of modern Spanish fiction. M. Vézinet in a series of essays upon the principal works of Juan Valera, Perez Galdós, Pereda, Palacio Valdés, Pardo Bazan, Blasco Ibañez, and Echegaray, now enables the reader unacquainted with Spanish to follow the plots and philosophy of most of the outstanding Spanish novels of the last thirty years, and to appreciate the qualities which differentiate them from the work of contemporary writers of other countries. It is only by reading the essays together in the collected form now presented in the book before us that the reader to whom the original works are unknown can readily understand what are the distinguishing characteristics of modern Spanish fiction, in addition to the persistently provincial model upon which it is usually constructed. Whatever may be the human drama presented in a book by Mme. Pardo Bazan, for instance, we may almost be certain that the background will be the green, rainy valleys of Galicia; and that, like a refrain, will run through the story an undertone of Gallego-Celtic love of home and poetic resignation to toil and hardship. We know beforehand that a story by the strongest of the new generation of Spanish novelists, Blasco Ibañez, will dwell lovingly in the intervals of the fierce turmoil of his tale upon the white granges set amidst the rice fields, and riotous vegetation of the Garden of Valencia, beneath its sapphire sky. Whatever story Jose Maria Pereda may have to tell us, we can guess with confidence that he will tell us also a great deal about the life and thought of the Cantabrian highlanders. The taste of the soil, as the Spaniards say, is dear to them all, the soil upon which their early years were passed; and dreams of *mi pueblo*, some crumbling brown village upon a brown plain perhaps, or a dazzling white town set in tropical greenery, will haunt longingly the author, artist, or politician, in his brilliant Madrid prosperity, and follow the successful merchant or planter across the Atlantic to his South American home.

But provincialism, strong as it is in the Spanish novel, is mainly a question of background and accompaniment. The plots and arguments of the stories present other distinguishing peculiarities, which just as certainly mark them out as springing from a different race and environment from the novels of other European countries. M. Vézinet in his minute, and sometimes not over kind, analysis of the work of each author separately, does not attempt a general review

of the conclusions to be drawn with regard to the main tendencies of Spanish fiction. But the deductions are so clear that he who runs may read them. From the amiable opportunist, the lately deceased Juan Valera, to the fiery Republican, still very much alive, Blasco Ibañez, from the "Comendador Mendoza" of the former to the "Horda" of the latter, the story turns upon the struggle between the old and the new. It is usually the fierce contest between the fervent mysticism of Spain's religion and modern thought, between the clericalism that has held Spain so firmly and so long and the intelligence that demands freedom of thought and judgment. Such are the forceful polemical novels and plays of Perez Galdós, the Republican nonconformist, and of the Carlist Catholic, Pereda.

But the old and the new have other battlefields beyond those of religion. Modern material progress in Spain is face to face with the instinctive Conservatism and distrust of a backward people, and the fight here between old and new is bitter and cruel. Blasco Ibañez, splendidly impetuous, sets forth in his tales this phase of the contest; and Mme. Pardo Bazan, as realistic as Zola, with none of Zola's coarseness, makes her Galician heroes and heroines act the drama which tells of the struggle between love of the old land and its poverty and the new claims of modern life and prosperity in cities far away. The old morality and the new, old acres and new factories, old parchments and new money bags, these are some of the phases of the well-nigh universal theme of Spanish novelists, and in this insistence also they differ from the novelists of other lands. The types, moreover, are nearly always purely Spanish, and are not to be found elsewhere. The strange mixture in one person of exalted mysticism and practical realism is exclusively Spanish, and it is reproduced quite truly in nearly every great story of Spanish life, whereas in a novel of English life it would be utterly untrue to nature. The morality depicted in the Spanish stories, too, though perhaps as depraved as that described in French novels, is invariably covered with forms of decency. This, again, is true to Spanish life, where, however low the morality may be, an almost puritanical decorum in appearance testifies to the traditional influence of the priest in the outward conduct of society. The analysis of the works dealt with by M. Vézinet is acute, and the criticism in the main is just, though too full of limitations and qualifications; inasmuch as the French standpoint is not necessarily the only one from which a Spanish work is to be regarded, and a true and intimate acquaintance with the Spanish character is desirable for a just appreciation of works written primarily for a Spanish public. It is a pity that M. Vézinet did not include in his work some consideration of the recent novels of one of the most promising of the younger Spanish writers, Francisco Acebal, even though he had omitted his description of the three plays of Echegaray, which, indeed, hardly finds an appropriate place in a critical book on Spanish novelists. On the whole, however, M. Vézinet's book will be useful as a trustworthy guide to modern Spanish fiction.

MARTIN HUME.

In "Sidelights on Golf" (Sisley's, 3s. 6d. net), Mr. Garden G. Smith touches upon most of the aspects of the ancient and entrancing game. The touch of this practical exponent is light, but authoritative. He treats of the cheapening of championships, pokes fun at the lengthiness of putting operations, which is a recognised feature of important events; discourses eloquently and amusingly of the "waggle," and, in sketching the "duffer," makes sinister reference to the term having originally signified a cheat! His historical dissertation is welcome, and Scotsmen, who might object to being told that they did not introduce the game into England, will find comfort in the assurance that they did not owe it to the "pottering ice croquet" played by the Dutchmen. Mr. Garden Smith theorises that both the Dutch and Scottish varieties grew, independently of each other, out of a common parent—the French game "chole," or "crosse." One could have put up with a little more history. The average golfer is as ignorant of and indifferent to the history of his pastime as the cricketer is to that of his. These "Sidelights" should shed both instruction and laughter on many a club-house, since the information is sound and the "stories" are almost uniformly good.

* "Les Maîtres du Roman Espagnol Contemporain." Par F. Vézinet. Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.

A Family Chronicle, from Notes and Letters Selected by Barbarina, the Hon. Lady Grey. Edited by Mrs. John Lyster. (Murray. 12s. net.)

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Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister, we are glad to report, is recovering from his attack of influenza. During its course, the Liberal Party in Parliament has allowed itself to be fluttered unduly by an article in the "Times," suggesting that the Prime Minister may be disposed to transfer his leadership from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. It may be prudent to remember the source of these reflections, and the fact that they simply reproduce an old and discredited rumour. As a matter of fact, there is not one tittle of authority for them. They proceed from the office of the "Times," and from no Liberal quarter. The Prime Minister is probably the last person in the world to furnish the enemy with such an argument in the controversy with the House of Lords as his transference to that House, and his direction of the Ministry from such a position, would supply. It is safe to say that the idea of a Liberal peer-Premier expired thirteen years ago.

* * *

THE dispute over the Austrian railway projects in the Balkans continues, and each day has seen its scare or its official polemic. There have been rumours of Russian military preparations in the Caucasus, and though these were construed as a means of threatening the Sultan to withdraw his favours from Austria, it is more probable that they had reference to the continued encroachments of Turkey upon Persia. Viennese opinion seems to realise that Baron von Aerenthal has made a mistake in advertising his intentions so recklessly, and Russia is even assured that Austria would welcome a Danube-Adriatic line under Russian auspices. As this latter line would cross the Austrian line, and so neutralise its strategical value, it is hard to believe that this assurance is sincere. But the fact is, of course, that the short and easy Austrian line could be ready many years before the long and difficult Russian project. In the

interval the Macedonian question must be settled somehow. A semi-official article in the "Rossiya" administers a dignified and well-merited rebuke to Austria, which is accused with justice of compromising the future of reform, and destroying the unity of the Concert. The same point was made in an unusually frank *communiqué* issued by Reuter's Agency on behalf of the Foreign Office. An ill-informed rumour has suggested that Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia are forming a quadruple *entente* to control the Balkan question. Nothing, on the contrary, is more striking than the solidarity between official Italy and official Austria. France, of course, echoes the Russian view.

* * *

THE debate on Army and Navy expenditure, which will probably occur on Monday week, offers a distracting variety of resolutions and amendments. The body of Liberal members, representing, we are sure, the majority of the Parliamentary party, who desire reductions in the Estimates, have drawn up the following very moderate resolution:—

"That, in view of the continued friendly relations with foreign Powers announced in the Gracious Speech from the Throne, this House trusts that further reductions may be made in the expenditure on armaments, and effect be given to the policy of retrenchment and reform to which the Government is pledged."

This motion is obviously friendly to the Government, and we hope that at least some modification of it will be accepted by them. On the other hand, eighty-two members of the centre section of the party have memorialised the Premier, calling for "complete efficiency" in Imperial defence, and deprecating any pressure on the Government to modify the Naval Estimates. The Opposition, which earlier in the controversy coquetted with the Liberal economists, have now tabled an amendment emphasising the "paramount importance" of Imperial defence, and declaring that the House will grant all requisite supplies. The main, though not the complete, objective of all these movements will be next year's Naval Estimates. This year's Estimates, we believe, have been reduced, thanks to a special effort on the part of the Cabinet. But they will probably exhibit a net increase of £800,000 or £900,000, due largely to the higher expenditure on coal and food. This suggests Lord Brassey's point that economies ought to be effected in the *personnel* of the Navy, and in the maintenance and repairs of ships in commission.

* * *

BEHIND this considerable though not overwhelming growth, which is not balanced by a small and unreal reduction in the Army Estimates, lies the prospect of a great increase in the shipbuilding vote for 1909 to 1910. It is said that the Government will forecast such an increase should the revised shipbuilding programme of the German Government be carried out. The expansion would go on developing from year to year, and would involve a larger outlay in 1910 even than next year. It is possible, however, that communications may again be opened up with the German Government—a delicate and difficult but not impossible procedure—and that a mutual and corresponding curtailment of programmes may take place. This is the capital point of policy, at which we hope that the friends of peace and reasonable economy will aim. If on Monday week the Liberal Party is committed to a great new naval programme, the party unity is gravely qualified, while the

period both of economy and of social reform is practically closed. We look confidently to the Prime Minister and Mr. Asquith to avert such a disaster.

* * *

THE Anglo-Russian Agreement was again debated in Parliament on Monday on a motion of Lord Percy suggesting that the Convention involved a material sacrifice of British interests, and left the international situation vague. Lord Percy was milder in tone than Lord Curzon, and Mr. Balfour milder than Lord Percy. Both the Opposition leaders in the Commons definitely pledged themselves to accept the letter and the spirit of the Convention and to work it. The arguments on both sides were largely strategic, the effect of the Convention on Persian liberties being barely noticed. The main Opposition contention was that the Agreement gave Russia an equality of interest with us in Thibet and a common interest with us in Afghanistan—both novelties—and that in Persia special British interests were either undefined, such as in the Persian Gulf, or ill-guarded. Sir Edward Grey's answer was that Russia had gained so strong a foothold that we could only hope to save the remains of British interests. Generally, strategic considerations had been paramount with the Government. Our great defensive gain was that we had closed Seistan to a Russian advance on India, Russia agreeing to lay down no strategic railways in time of peace. This seemed important to Mr. Balfour, who has been much concerned about the Seistan route; while Mr. Morley described the Convention as the "most momentous" of our Asian agreements, and thought that it strengthened both Western Powers in Eastern eyes by ending a "squalid and mischievous rivalry." The Opposition declined to divide on the Percy amendment.

* * *

SWEDEN has been greatly, and we think justly, alarmed at a Russian proposal to cancel the Convention concerning the Aland Islands between France, Great Britain, and Russia, which formed part of the Treaty of Paris. This Convention bound Russia not to fortify these Baltic islands or to maintain any military establishment on them. They command Stockholm, and if fortified might bottle up the Gulf of Bothnia, and go far to make the Baltic a closed sea. Russia cannot disturb the *status quo* without the leave of France and Great Britain, and we strongly hope that we shall firmly refuse permission, for we have a national, an historic, and a naval interest in the question. It was, for instance, keenly debated in the 'thirties. Russia declares that she does not want to fortify Aland; if so, she need not disturb a treaty to which she has submitted for more than half a century. Even if she does not at once fortify, and the Convention is torn up, Sweden will be compelled to fortify Stockholm, to cut a canal from the capital to the northern coast, and to maintain a naval station and force there. England cannot lay so heavy a burden on a small and thoroughly peaceful and progressive community.

* * *

THE position in Morocco has drifted very rapidly this week in the direction which M. Jaurès foresaw. France has chosen, in obedience to a Machiavellian maxim as old as Empire itself, to support the weaker of the two candidates to the Moroccan throne. The stronger might have restored order, but the weaker must lean on foreign aid. The Bank of Morocco has accordingly decided to advance two and a-half million francs to Mulai Aziz, nominally for the police of the ports, really, one suspects, to aid him to recapture his capital and his throne. Meanwhile, three columns under General d'Amade are raiding and invading in the interior with Casa Blanca as their now distant base. Everyone has now forgotten that the French troops are still nominally avenging the murder of eight working men in

Casa Blanca. Casa Blanca itself has been ruined, and it is now the remote interior which suffers. Their object is, presumably, to hold the line by which Mulai Hafid, "the Sultan of the South," would naturally advance to Fez, the capital which proclaimed him seven weeks ago. Two of these columns were heavily engaged between the 16th and 18th, and rumour talked of a disaster. The fact, apparently, is that a column under Colonel Taupin was attacked in a defile, exhausted its ammunition, made seven bayonet charges, and was ultimately obliged to retire by a rapid march to the coast. The incident is not serious, save in so far as it commits General d'Amade to fresh exploits.

* * *

THE expedition against the Zakka Khels has advanced successfully to a point commanding the Bazar Valley and its communications are said to be secure. Its work has been to disperse small bands of "sniping" sharpshooters, and to destroy their mountain fastnesses. This it is doing with little loss, though one officer has been killed, while the ranks of the tribesmen are, say the correspondents, being thinned. We are glad to see that the troops, while they destroy forts, respect the shrines and the fruit trees of their enemy.

* * *

THE second reading of the Scottish Land Bill was carried on Tuesday by a majority of 244—the minority of 103 containing two or three Scottish Liberals, represented in the debate by Mr. Munro Ferguson (who supports the Valuation Bill) and Mr. H. J. Tennant. The social need for such a Bill was pithily stated by the Lord Advocate, who stated that two years ago more people emigrated from Scotland than from Ireland, the deserted country of the Empire, and that there were nearly three million acres of deer forest. Mr. Sinclair's main point in defence was that under it the landlord only lost arbitrary power. The machinery of the Bill could not be handed over to the County Councils, for they were not representative enough, and what has been called the "motor-car qualification," which applies to many of the larger English counties, is still more absolute in Scotland. This is a hint that the Government will not accept from the Lords amendments anglicising the measure. The English public hardly realises the remarkable depth and strong feeling of the agitation in Scotland in its favour.

* * *

THE great rating question has twice invaded the House of Commons during the week. On Tuesday Mr. Asquith—who is showing great powers of mind in the conduct of Parliamentary affairs—pronounced on a private motion for a new valuation distinguishing between site value and improved values, and for the taxation of land values. He also laid down three valuable principles for regulating Imperial aid to local administration—first, that localities must always bear some share of the burden which the Exchequer relieved; secondly, that Imperial grants should be made for national services locally administered, not for local services locally administered; thirdly, that such bribing subventions as the Agricultural Rates Act must cease.—On the following day the second reading of the Scottish Valuation Bill produced a brief debate. The Bill was properly treated as the basis of the system of taxing land values. Mr. Harold Cox practically led the Opposition with an ingenious thesis that the Bill would shift the burden from well-to-do folk, living on the outskirts of towns, to struggling people living in the centre. In what towns, we should like to know, do the work-people live in the centre? The tendency is to live on the outskirts—a tendency checked by the heavy burden of the rates thrown on houses (*i.e.*, on the building trade) and by the practical exemption of land not built upon. Mr. Bonar Law capped Mr. Cox by declaring that the economics of the Bill were the economics of the mad-house. Mr. Cox's motion, seconded by a county Liberal, Mr. Soares,

was lost by a majority of 264 votes, the Scottish Liberal and Labour members being solid in support. The argument for the rating of land values is admirably put by Mr. Crompton Llewelyn Davies in an article in Thursday's "Westminster Gazette."

* * *

THE Government did not interfere in Friday week's fruitless debate on Mr. Charles McArthur's Ecclesiastical Disorders Bill. Mr. McArthur's proposal was to set up a paid Administrative Commission, with the Bishop of the diocese attached as an unpaid Commissioner, armed with powers to inquire into illegal practices and ornaments, specified in schedules, and to act, on the Bishop's standing aside, by way of suspending or depriving recalcitrant clergy. Mr. Masterman proposed as an amendment to free the Church from State control and give it powers of self-government. Well-paid barristers, he said, of the Commission, were always left to defend indefensible things. He suggested that a policy of mutual proscription would break up the Church, which would be ruined when it was stripped of Low Churchmen, who did not believe in baptismal regeneration, Broad Churchmen who rejected the Athanasian Creed, and High Churchmen, who were lax on ritual. Generally, Labour and Liberal members rejected the coercion of Ritualists and took the line that the House of Commons could only be appealed to, not to settle Church difficulties, but to cut the connection between Church and State. Mr. Austin Taylor, however, declared that under the High Church predominance the Church was "reeling back into medievalism"; and Mr. Walsh, a Labour member, thought that disestablishment was not within half a century of practical politics. No Liberal supported the Low Church position of secular penalties for spiritual offences.

* * *

THE London County Council, under its present managers, is surely the meanest public body in the United Kingdom. On Tuesday it decided to sell the Thames steamboats, though the actual annual saving to the ratepayers of London by the abandonment of the service is only £7,700, or one-twentieth of a penny in the pound. The sums devoted to capital charges remain, and are now a purely unprofitable burden. The Moderates' argument in favour of relinquishing a public service which they had supported was that it did not pay and offered no prospect of paying. But the Woolwich Ferry does not pay, nor do the Thames bridges, which are now all free. The steamboats involved no interference with private enterprise, which had failed, and represented partly a ferry service, partly a service of health and pleasure widely spread among all classes of the London people. It also served as an advertisement of the chief beauties of the great London site.

* * *

THE Paris correspondent of the "Times" announces that the new Archbishop has condemned the two new books of the Abbé Loisy—"Simple Reflexions" and "Les Evangiles Synoptiques," which a Roman Catholic correspondent reviewed in last week's NATION, forbidding the clergy and faithful to read, print, keep, or defend them. The decree is, of course, only of local application. Meanwhile, we think it right to say that the Abbé Loisy himself repudiates the interpretation which "W. S. T." places on his exposition of doctrine and his attitude to the Roman Catholic Church. M. Loisy does not contemplate leaving the Roman Communion. His "adieu" was to the readers of an expiring review. He has arranged to continue the work thus abandoned in another Catholic review.

* * *

THE Italian Chamber, our Rome correspondent writes, is now facing a question which has agitated not only the young kingdom since its con-

stitution about forty years ago, but this country also. It is the struggle between those who favour religious teaching in the schools, and the partisans of an entirely secular education. Signor Giolitti and his Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Rava, had found one of those middle ways which are so dear to Italians, because in their Machiavellian ability they end by not solving anything. Religious teaching was to be imparted to those children whose parents asked for it, and according to the regulations decided by the municipal authorities, under whose direction the primary schools are. Both Catholics and anti-Catholics, however, are not very satisfied with this remedy: the Catholics because they observe that in the cases in which the municipality is in the hands of anti-Clericals, their regulations and the teacher who will impart the Catechism will be so anti-religious as to constitute a sacrilege; the anti-Catholics because it is in one way or another the consecration of the principle of giving religious education in the primary schools. All Catholics point to the fact that the first article of the Italian Constitution says that "the Catholic religion is the religion of the State," and that all the other cults are merely "tolerated." They therefore say that it would be a violation of the Constitution to abolish the teaching of Catholicism in the primary schools. On the other hand, the anti-Clericals maintain that the whole spirit of the Italian State is secular and unsectarian, so that it would be an offence to these principles to introduce the teaching of any religion into the schools.

* * *

THE court martial at St. Petersburg has nominally condemned General Stössel to death for his premature surrender of Port Arthur, after a siege of 240 days. The sentence will be commuted to a short term of imprisonment. The heart and brain of the defence of the fortress are now known to have resided in General Kondrachenko, and Stössel, who still wears the great Prussian order, "pour le Mérite," conferred on him by the Kaiser within a few hours of the surrender, had ample means in men and supplies for sustaining the siege at the moment when he abandoned it. The Russian soldiers fought well, but the press probably exaggerated the terrors of the siege.

* * *

SUCH an experience as a night with Moritz Moszkowski was never realised by a London audience until last Wednesday, when at Queen's Hall he personally conducted a programme entirely devoted to his works. The newer developments of musical art are for the strong. But let us give a place for those who, like Moszkowski, enjoy a realm of unrestrained fancy, full of delicious dreams. It is ten years since he appeared at a Philharmonic concert and introduced his pianoforte concerto in E major, played on Wednesday by Miss Dora Bright with infinite sympathy, ability, and charm. It is a beautiful work, abounding in grace and polish, and it is as fresh as ever. As a pianist of the highest powers, Moszkowski would know how to develop the resources of the instrument without subordinating the general design. Another special feature was the violin concerto in C major, which was composed for Sauret and made familiar to us by him. Its strong emotional character could have had no better exponent than M. Georges Enesco. The support of the Queen's Hall orchestra was not all that might have been anticipated. It is fair to assume that they missed the vigorous lead to which they have been accustomed. For Moszkowski's beat is distinctly quiet, and, perhaps, not marked enough to obtain complete unanimity, or the nice observance of light and shade for which their performances have become famous. The contribution which excited the greatest interest was the Suite for Orchestra (Op. 79), which was composed only last year.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

BRITISH foreign policy since the close of the Napoleonic wars has passed through many phases, and has been actuated by several distinct ideals. In the earlier part of the period, under the influence, first of Canning, and then of Palmerston, it sought to play a dominant part in the affairs of Europe. The ambition was by no means wholly selfish or ignoble. Inspired at first by the genius of a Conservative statesman, and taken up later by a Whig, impregnated with some national self-righteousness and tainted at times with material ambitions, veiled in specious words, it nevertheless maintained a clear conception of national purpose. It conceived England as the special guardian of freedom, and gave her a name to be greeted with acclamation among peoples "struggling to be free." At the same time it imposed on ourselves great burdens of military and naval expenditure. It threatened the peace of Europe, and kept us entangled in the vast network of Continental statesmanship. There arose against it another view of foreign policy—the view that the greatest of British interests was peace, that peace involved a policy of non-intervention, and that foreign countries must be left to work out their own salvation. Here was a second ideal perfectly consistent and intelligible in itself, somewhat materialist and selfish in outward seeming, but not so in the spirit in which it was set forth by Cobden and Bright. Those great apostles of modern Liberalism held, too narrowly no doubt, but with perfect sincerity, that freedom was the key to all the doors of progress. Force was no remedy. We could not liberate oppressed Italians or Hungarians by armed intervention. We should do better to set our own house in order, to give the world a perfect example of what free institutions might mean, and to show how they led to self-restraint in the conduct of external affairs. Was our own Constitution so perfect that we could impose it on other peoples? Was it not in any case better that they should, after our example, win freedom for themselves? And was not the source of all despotism, the bulwark of military rule and governmental absolutism, the ever-present dread of foreign complications and of war? If we wanted to spread freedom, peace was the harbinger of freedom, and if we wanted peace, non-intervention was the method of convincing foreigners of our good intentions.

The Manchester doctrine made a deep impression upon Liberal ideas, but it never wholly dominated the statesman who directed Liberal foreign policy in the palmy days of the party. Mr. Gladstone's ideal was morally simpler than that of Cobden, but in its political application more complex. From the day when he intervened in the debate on the Opium War to the day when he emerged from his retirement in extreme old age to preach the cause of the Armenians, he spent fifty years in ceaseless protest on behalf of the principle of national right and international justice. His contention was the exact antithesis of the Machiavellian view that reasons of State justified departure from private laws of honour, justice, and humanity. This was to combine into a single synthesis the best elements of the Palmerstonian tradition and of the Cobdenite criticism. Resolute in opposition to aggression and in respect for the rights of nations, he was equally clear that his country owed a duty to humanity, and could no more sit idle when outrages like those of

the Armenian massacres were being daily repeated than a man of average feeling could pass by while murder was being done on the other side of the road. In his conduct of affairs Gladstone may have made, did make, concessions to imperious colleagues, and committed himself to a share in some acts of territorial aggrandisement upon which he would not have entered of his own will. But, when all limitations are allowed for, he left his country a name in international dealings such as no nation has enjoyed before. It was in vain that party opposition attributed his most magnanimous acts of policy to cowardice. It was in vain that it sought to spread through the world the belief that what England had granted to justice had been yielded to fear. It was recognised that in Gladstone a great country had for once at the head of affairs a man who had a place for other considerations than those of national pride or material interests.

The Gladstonian tradition was never wholly lost by Lord Salisbury, who in the critical case of the Turkish Empire came late to the secret that the policy of humanity was also the policy of wisdom, and who, alike in the partition of Africa, in the Fashoda incident, and in the critical year which threatened to throw the Chinese Empire to the Powers for a general scramble, showed himself in intention a man of peace. But Lord Salisbury, though a very astute, was hardly a powerful, Foreign Minister. During his tenure of power the tide of Imperialism ran high and strong. More and more the belief grew up that German "Real-politics" contained the last word of wisdom in international affairs. It was held that the objects of foreign policy were commercial; that success was to be measured in terms of railway concessions, and that the principal business of a Foreign Secretary was to advance the interests of great financial firms and to extend the area of British trade. As to Congolese natives, or Armenian Christians, they might be left to the law of the survival of the fittest. Non-intervention was the word so far as mere justice, mere liberty, mere humanity, were concerned. But if it came to a coaling station, or a swamp in Siam, or a stretch of African desert, above all, if it was a question of a gold mine, then at once the State had positive duties, and non-intervention was buried with the ashes of Cobden. We sought no territory, of course; we only happened to have reasons for taking it if it contained anything of value. As to other nations they were wholly unscrupulous. Their agreements, as German statesmen avowed, were mere expressions of the facts of the time when the agreement was made. They were not binding, and there was no guarantee of good faith in international matters. The one thing was to arm—and to strike first.

This was the characteristic view of the Imperialistic reaction, which swept with it the bulk of the Unionists and some few Liberals. Cautiously resisted by Lord Salisbury, who retained to the last the "European" view, it was roughly handled by the facts themselves, and when Lord Lansdowne came into office a brighter day seemed to dawn. The Anglo-French Agreement closed an epoch of dangerous recriminations and mutual suspicions, and seemed to open a way to a real solution of the problems that vex humanity in Europe. The question of Macedonia was taken in hand in earnest, and it seemed as though a better public opinion, stimulated by an enlightened Minister, might revive the Gladstonian tradition. Lord Lansdowne's tenure of

office, however, was not long, and it is at present difficult to classify the work of his successor. The Liberal Party as a whole and the Prime Minister as its head are undoubtedly anxious to maintain the Liberal tradition in foreign policy, and we still hope that Sir Edward Grey may do something to preserve it. For example, they are all for reduction of armaments by mutual agreement. But so far as this country goes, one thing stands in the way of this reduction—the right of capture maintained by the British Foreign Office and Admiralty against a great portion of the civilised world. Challenged on this point, Sir Edward Grey makes a defence which, apparently, captivates the mind of the House of Commons. The gist of this defence is that the right of capture is an invaluable weapon of attack. Our Navy exists purely for defence. Therefore, it needs this weapon. This is one of those syllogisms which, when set out in cold print, seem to annihilate their own conclusions. Sir Edward Grey, conscious of rectitude, but unconscious of the guise in which he appears to foreigners, is apparently unaware that every word that he says in proof of the importance of the right of capture to us is meat and drink to the German jingo who is persuading his fellow-countrymen of the necessity of a strong navy for the defence of his commerce. He does not realise that every proof that he gives of the value of this weapon as against foreign commerce demonstrates doubly and trebly its value to foreigners as a weapon against our commerce. He leaves out of account the fact that we are an island Power dependent for our food supply on sea-borne commerce which must come straight to our ports, while any enemy that we may have would be a Continental Power, which could draw nearly every quarter of corn and bale of powder that it needs from or through neutral countries, and in ships flying neutral flags.

Let us hope that in the future Sir Edward Grey may offer us some development of the pacific side of Liberal policy. For its more active humanitarian side we have waited thus far in vain. On the Congo question we have received the valuable advice to exercise patience. In Macedonia we have seen a sensible relaxation of the vigour infused into our action by Lord Lansdowne. In the case of Persia we find small consideration of the effect of our action on Persian freedom. Do Liberals quite realise the full loss to the party of the submergence of their ideals? Do they not forget sometimes that faith and enthusiasm are, even in a faithless generation, the sole trustworthy sources of vitality in a party which has permanently against it the great forces of inertia, as well as the ill-will of a society whose timidity grows with its ever-growing wealth?

THE PRESENT DUTY OF FREE TRADERS.

THE jubilation of Tariff Reformers just now is natural enough. Mr. Balfour, "swearing he would ne'er consent" to lead a Protectionist Party, has consented, provided it is called by some other name and is only Protectionist in fact, not in intention, a dialectical distinction which troubles very little Mr. H. Chaplin and Mr. Bonar Law, who have "bagged" their bird. Better still, Tariff Reform is now firmly fastened on the organisation as the prime test of party loyalty, displacing Unionism and other moribund issues, and must be swallowed by all Parliamentary candidates on pain of

official repudiation. Best of all, whole-hoggers are beginning to win victories in the country. What wonder that the prophets of the Protectionist revival should now begin to see a rapid ripening of the seed they have been sowing for the last five years, and to count upon an early harvest? Two years or so, reckon the more sanguine politicians, will see this discredited Free Trade Government swept to perdition, and a Tariff Reform Party returned to power with a clear mandate to secure British trade against "unfair" foreign competition, to revive British agriculture, and to secure the unity and economic self-sufficiency of the Empire by firm fiscal arrangements. It seems almost churlish to subject this creation of a heated political imagination to the stern tests of prose. There will always be sanguine persons to whom the process of counting eggs will seem a sort of incantation helpful for hatching them. But if there are Free Traders whose minds are beginning to be shaken with doubts as to whether, after all, the cause of "the wicked" may not triumph, we may remind them of one or two highly relevant considerations which Mr. Bonar Law and his friends are apt to neglect.

In the first place, it is tolerably evident that, so far as Tariff Reform can claim chief credit for these recent Conservative victories, the success is due, not to any principles or stable policy of Protectionism, but to the mendacious use of certain fortuitous events unconnected with the fiscal issue. It is right to acknowledge that a few Tariff Reformers of principle have refused to make Free Trade responsible for the high price of bread or for the trade depression, with its accompanying unemployment, which is at present sweeping over the industrial world, affecting earliest and most severely those countries, like the United States and Germany, that support home industries by high protection. But the main body of Protectionists have had no scruples in working these lies for all the votes that they were worth. Here and there even a leading politician has stooped to sanction the view that an imperial preference on wheat would have stopped the rise of prices by the encouragement it would have afforded to the wheat-growers in Canada and Australasia, entirely disregarding the facts, first, that no encouragement could be given to these Colonies unless a rise of prices here had taken place; secondly, that the actual rise is due largely to the failure in harvests on the part of the very Colonies upon whose supplies we are invited to rely.

Now one of the disadvantages of staking a policy upon a falsehood is that it is likely to fail you when you need it most. A single good harvest may ruin the speciousness of the Tariff Reformers' explanation of the high price of food. They must then fall back upon their other trump card, trade depression, with its accompanying unemployment, praying that it may last long enough to enable a general election to be fought on it. Now a political party surely stands in a precarious case when its success lies in the misfortunes of its country, when its backers are dependent for their return to power upon "high prices" and "no work." For past history shows great and rapid recuperative powers in our nation. Moreover, the use of such arguments and hopes produces a most demoralising effect on the intelligence of politicians. It even affects their arithmetic. Just now it is splitting the Tariff Reformers into two sections, the old Conservative Protectionists, who are

merely concerned to reduce income-tax and keep out foreign agricultural and manufactured goods, and the new Protectionists, whose ablest organ is "The Morning Post," and whose coming leader is perhaps Lord Milner, alive to the necessity of buying the support of the working classes by pensions, a living wage, unemployed relief, and other measures of social reform. So long as Tariff Reform is in the missionary stage the essential antagonism of these two tendencies need cause no inconvenience. The old Protection does well for middle-class appeals, the new for the working-classes. Indeed, so strangely composed is the public mind that a blend of the two incongruous policies can often be quite effectively applied in the same speech to the same audience. But if the combination of bad trade and extensive advertising of quack remedies should put a Protectionist Government in office, the inherent antagonism of the two policies must out. The impossibility of creating any fiscal instrument which will at once keep out foreign goods, prevent a rise of prices of necessities, enable direct taxation to be reduced, and furnish a large new income for social reform, will be speedily made manifest. The simple rules of arithmetic are apt in the long run to assert their validity. The multiplication table will ultimately put to rout the stage army of mendacities and specious promises which at present serves to impose upon the ignorant.

But while this practical refutation and disillusionment would be certain to follow any attempt of a fiscal reform Government to materialise its airy policy, it would be as foolish as it would be unpatriotic for Liberals to leave this rake's progress to run its course unchecked. It is right for Liberals frankly to recognise that they have over-rated the security which their great victory of two years ago seemed to attest. Tariff Reform has not merely deceived the intelligence, it has even fired the imagination and touched the enthusiasm, of large numbers of politicians who have become genuine and active missionaries of the cause. It has also loosened the purse-strings of wealthy industrial interests which have followed the creed of the Pious Editor:—

"I do believe in speshul ways
Of prayin' and convertin'.
The bread comes back in many days,
And butter'd tu fur certin."

Dear food and bad trade give a chance to pernicious doctrines which could not be anticipated. Paid agents are at work throughout the length and breadth of the country, particularly in the Southern counties, addressing meetings, showering leaflets, and arguing in village taprooms. Incessant reiteration produces a slow but cumulative effect upon empty, credulous, or discontented minds. The whole art of advertisement testifies the efficacy of such specious reiterated suggestions. Unless, therefore, the Free Trade Party in this country meets argument with argument, enthusiasm with enthusiasm, leaflet with leaflet, nay, megaphone with megaphone, it cannot hope successfully to counterwork the tactics of the enemy. This truth, somewhat tardily, is making its way into the minds of responsible Liberal politicians. It is, we think, incumbent upon them to rouse the rank and file of their supporters in the country to the dangers and responsibilities which the new situation entails. Work and money are lavishly expended by the special interests which calculate that they will gain by subverting the fiscal policy upon which this country has so long and so abundantly thriven. Work and money must be ex-

pendent with the same liberality in organising the defence by those concerned to maintain the commercial welfare of the nation and the integrity of its politics, both of which they hold to be indissolubly connected with the maintenance of our policy of free imports.

THE NEW SITUATION IN EUROPE.

THE victories of Russia in Turkey a generation ago left her isolated in Europe. Her defeat in Manchuria seems only to stimulate the eagerness of European statesmen to bring her once more within the scope of their combinations. She has concluded with us in Asia a decidedly favourable bargain, and Germany seeks her co-operation in the Baltic. Russia stands ready, singularly free from prepossessions, to take advantage of these unexpected gifts of fortune. The reaction is impartially anti-European, distrusting every Power, but ready to transact with each. It tolerates the French alliance, for that alliance stands for the possibility of future loans. It leans on the German intimacy, for Kaiser and Tsar are the embodiments of the medieval spirit, and a common interest in repressing the Poles must always be a link between them.

The Anglo-Russian arrangement was for both countries an incident in the development of the ties which our French *entente* created. That is its real genesis, and Monday's debate in the Commons only served to show how difficult it is to defend it from any other standpoint. Lord Percy and Mr. Lynch had an easy task in repeating Lord Curzon's criticism—that it makes a needless sacrifice of our commercial interests in Persia. We are not impressed by its value as a guarantee of Persian independence. Nor has it altered the old antagonism at Teheran; for Russia stands behind the Shah in his struggle with the Parliament, while we, less resolutely, support the popular cause. Sir Edward Grey invites us to consider it mainly, if not exclusively, as a strategic arrangement, which has guaranteed the security of India by excluding Russian enterprise from Seistan. We hope so; all we say is that the new sense of security is in no way reflected in the establishment of the Indian army. Two new facts govern our military position in India. Of the two great military Powers in Asia, the victor is now our ally, pledged to lend us her armies in India; the defeated combatant has become our friend, pledged to respect our frontiers and to observe the inviolability of our buffer States. We have gained an ally and placated a possible enemy, and yet, despite famine, poverty, the urgency of costly reforms, and our professed zeal for the reduction of armaments, we have not ventured to disband a single battalion in India, or curtail our estimates by a lac of rupees.

At some sacrifice of trading interests, at some cost to our principles, and with no apparent gain to ourselves, we have carried out M. Delcassé's idea of isolating conservative Germany by embracing reactionary Russia. But events have taught us during the present week how contingent and local this arrangement is. For it is certainly not a regard for British interests which has induced Russia to join with Germany in planning the new Baltic arrangement. The Kaiser's strategy is fairly obvious. Russia is to be induced and Sweden coerced into signing a guarantee of the integrity of all territory that touches the Baltic. Free from anxiety there,

Germany could employ the whole of her navy in the North Sea. It is, no doubt, to this end that the two Imperial Courts have resolved to rebuild in haste, despite the state of Russia's finances, the fleet which Admiral Togo destroyed. The Kaiser in a public speech advised this policy; Russians believe that the new fleet is to be the price of his benevolent support of Tsardom in Poland. An integral part of the scheme—acknowledged in an official communiqué—is that Russia should resume the right, forbidden to her by the Convention between France, Russia, and Great Britain, attached to the Treaty of Paris, of fortifying the Aland Isles. This string of islands controls the Gulf of Bothnia, and commands the approach to Stockholm. Russia, once planted there, has the power to darken the existence of Sweden with a constant menace, and either to reduce the Swedes to subservience, or to force them into a race of armaments. If our diplomacy were to consent to the cancelling of the prohibition to fortify which we imposed after the Crimean War, it would have sacrificed a vital naval interest, and weakened, by a wanton surrender, our historic claim to be the friend of the smaller nationalities of Europe.

There is one direction, however, in which the real weakness of Russia is concealed by no diplomatic successes. The Power which is strong in Turkey is always the Power which holds in its hands the means of pressure. Austria, by her railway scheme for uniting Vienna by an all-Austrian route with Salonica, has torn up the bargain by which she maintained with Russia a dual hegemony in the Balkans. It is an undisguisedly political move. The new route has but slight commercial recommendations. It is much longer than the existing line which links Vienna with Salonica by way of Belgrade. It will serve a region where the one existing line (Uskub-Mitrovitza) can afford at present to run only three trains in a week. It is a route for military and political penetration, and nothing more. The alarm of Russia is quite justifiable, and her claim to construct a rival line from the Danube to the Adriatic, however absurd on economic grounds, is the only natural reply from a political standpoint. She will not challenge Austria directly. Instead, she is rattling her sabre in the Sultan's ears, and spreading rumours of a mobilisation in the Caucasus. Only a bureaucracy incapable of learning from experience could dream of reviving the revolution by proclaiming war, and of precipitating bankruptcy by attacking an enemy who could pay no indemnity to a victor. But this bluff, absurd as it is, may give the Sultan a welcome pretext for trading on the rivalries of the Concert. He is quite capable of pointing out to Austria that permission to survey a line, which is all he has granted yet, does not involve permission to build it. It might suit him equally well to grant both concessions. If he could double every Austro-German line in his dominions with a Russian line, he would be secure for all time against the invasion of either.

The conflict, however, is acute, and while it lasts the Concert has ceased to exist. It cannot be revived while the Powers which ought to be pressing for reforms are quarrelling for favours. We alone stand aloof, disinterested and genuinely concerned for the fate of the helpless peoples of Turkey. But the habit of making agreements at the expense of defenceless nations becomes with exercise a mania. Already the "Westminster Gazette" has hinted that Sir Edward Grey should

invite Austria and Russia to take over the government of Macedonia on Bosnian lines. We are not sure whether it means to suggest a condominium or a partition. But in either case the inference is that two Powers which have just given proof of reckless egoism are the proper custodians of the liberties of a subject race, and that we, who have nothing to gain in the shape of railways, can have no possible duty to perform. There are two main objections to this scheme. The first is that while no two races in Macedonia are agreed in their ultimate policy, all would unite to resent Austrian or Russian rule. The second is that Russia's imperial record is written in Poland, in Finland, and the Caucasus. Austria, indeed, has developed Bosnia, as any tourist can see, but she has not developed the Bosnians, or reconciled to her stay the race which fought so gallantly against her coming. Macedonia, moreover, is the key to the freedom of the Balkans. If Austria and Russia held it, Serbia and Bulgaria would become dependent enclaves of two vast Empires.

This country still holds a unique position in the Near East. We alone are universally trusted, for we alone are disinterested. So far as we have an interest, it is that of the trader who must desire the prosperity of his customers. We alone, by our sea power, have the possibility of exerting immediate pressure at Salonica or Smyrna, with no appreciable risk to ourselves. We, above all other peoples, have a direct responsibility, for we are the sons of the generation which prevented the inclusion of Macedonia in a Great Bulgaria, and handed it back to Turkish rule. We alone could with success invite the other Powers to a Conference. The "Times," in a leading article which contrasts favourably with the tone of the "Westminster Gazette," asks, without answering the question, whether we are prepared to use our prestige, our sea power, and our friendships in order to secure, if need be, by isolated action, a real reform in Macedonia. To our thinking the manner of putting the question is misleading. A real reform in Macedonia must be an international reform. Our task is to bring the other Powers into line with Lord Lansdowne's proposals for an executive European control. Of late we have made no serious effort. Every Ministerial speech has been an apology for inaction, a recitation of difficulties, an appeal to those who care about this question to remember the susceptibilities of interested Powers. That is not the language of a Minister in earnest. Gladstone would not have said, "We are not the whole conscience of Europe"; he would have roused the conscience of Europe. From the moment that the other Powers realised that the present Government regarded the fate of Macedonia as a capital question, the whole problem would assume another aspect. We have elements of public opinion on our side—the democracies of France, Italy, and Russia, the Slavs of Austria, the Socialists everywhere. Above all, we have in our hands the elements for a bargain. Our diplomacy and our capital can immensely assist the building of the railways on which Austria, Russia, and especially Germany, are intent. Let us offer to assist these schemes, if only these three Powers will withdraw their opposition to reform. Bargaining is the essence of the situation, but the one bargain which would cover us with infamy would be a transaction that sacrificed our clients in Macedonia to the appetites of two illiberal Empires.

DISORDER AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

It is possible for many Liberals to agree in the main with Mr. McArthur's description of the excesses of Ritualism in the Church of England, and yet to disagree strongly with his remedy. Even if we concede the point that force, unscrupulously and fiercely applied, is a cure for spiritual disorders in the State—and clearly, if we slay and scatter a population, as Louis XIV. slew and scattered the French Protestants, it is a cure—we doubt whether a scheme of repression borrowed from the early working of the Act of Uniformity has any validity to-day. Mr. McArthur proposes a roving Commission of barristers, fortified with schedules of illegal practices and ornaments, and armed with powers of suspension and deprivation. Such a body would find itself at once deprived of all moral authority. The suspended or deprived clergy would refuse to budge. If they were popular and single-minded men, their congregations would support them. We are not Elizabethans, and physical penalties, such as imprisonment, timidly and partially set in force, would only turn a slowly declining and rather suspected movement, now under the stigma of trying to get behind the spirit, if not the letter, of the Anglican formularies, into a living body, nourished by martyrdom. Moreover, as Mr. Masterman truly said, the Catholic movement in the English Church is not an affair of ritual only. Mass can be said in a Church as bare as a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and some of the rich accessories of High Anglican worship are mere surplage, affected and even incorrect. So far as Ritualism represents a definite belief and attitude of mind, it resides in men's hearts and intelligences, not in their symbolic garments. It must either be uprooted there, or left to live its own life.

At the same time, the interior situation in the Anglican Church, as the abortive debate on Mr. McArthur's Bill leaves it, is very far from satisfactory. It is all very well for the High Churchmen to call for liberty, and to breathe an abstract and contingent petition for Disestablishment. We doubt whether the mass of Anglican Catholics desire, with Mr. Masterman, to form a free religious communion separate from the State. Why should they? They are doing very well as it is. They have the Bishops on their side, prudent and tacit and possibly half-conscious allies in the business of de-Protestantising the Church of England. Since the close of the Palmerstonian period they have had the pick of Church patronage. Gladstone and Salisbury, closely agreed on questions and methods of Church government, took care to put the Church of England in charge, in the main, of the party with which their own religious life was most closely associated. The High Church organisations have duly improved this position of advantage. Their Low Church opponents are timid and unenlightened. Their movement radiates a certain warmth and energy, which keeps it superficially alive, and conceals its serious intellectual deficiencies. They may well hold that the kingdom has been made over to them, and that while the English dislike of coercion subsists, and also the English failure to realise that the main difference between High Anglicanism and Romanism is a quarrel about jurisdiction and a place, they have a secure as well as a goodly heritage. We shall therefore believe in the High Church desire for Disestablishment when it exists in some more sub-

stantial form than as a tactical resource against Ecclesiastical Disorders Bills. At present there is no adequate motive for it, and no sign that the leaders of the party sympathise with it.

In our opinion, the Church of England, like the Church of Rome, is in peril from a cause far more imminent and more fatal in its consequences than Disestablishment. That is the failure to speak the true heart and mind of its Founder, in their simplicity and their strength, to renew itself with the life of its age, to absorb and to transform for the purposes of its own special influence on the soul of mankind the light that streams in upon it from the world of science and thought. Both Churches must, we are afraid, be regarded as in the hands of the reaction. The Roman Church, with its more imperious political methods, is more openly and savagely at war with the spirit of the times, and when she has rid herself of Loisy, as of Dollinger and Lamennais, may be held to have broken definitely with progress, and to have reaped the full fruit of the momentous declaration of 1864. "The Church," says M. Seignobos, in his survey of the course of contemporary European history, "remains true to the absolutist tradition of sovereign power, descending from on high, and wielded by a sacred caste." But the spirit of anti-liberalism has been hardly less dominant in the Anglican Church. Barely has the Broad Church party survived the frown of two great Ministers of State, and the steady aggrandisement by them of the promoters and humbler servants of the Catholic movement. But it exists, and is beginning to grow, and on the other hand we cannot believe that the High Church movement preserves its vitality. It has had the clear incidental effect of creating a wide gulf between the Anglican clergy and a considerable mass of the laity, and between purely clerical conceptions of morals and those held by the main body of the English people, and embodied in their laws. Its attitude to the new criticism is necessarily embarrassed, for it does not know where to concede and where to stand fast. Its practical evasion of the Protestant side of Church formularies has turned the Bishops into a set of uneasy politicians, proclaiming peace where there is not even a truce. It is inconceivable that with its weak intellectual side, its appeal to the past, the High Church section can retain the younger men, especially as the Government are at last alive to the necessity of giving the Broad Church party some place in the higher direction of the Church. But it will not quit its place of power without a struggle. Itself at war with the Protestant idea, it may well lean on those formularies of the Church which seem to forbid expansion, and, with the assent of the extreme Evangelicals, it may use the Athanasian Creed against the Broad Churchmen. If the internal troubles of Anglicanism take this turn, the narrowing tendency might for a brief space succeed. But hardly for long. The vase, beautiful as it is, will some day be seen by all men to be too frail to contain the plant, and an Establishment based on compromise, but no longer contenting any one of the parties that divide its inheritance, may sink under the general impatience of compromise. That, it seems to us, will be a happy day for all parties in the Church, for it will enable them to live their own life in freedom, retaining the incomparable aesthetic value of Anglicanism, the grave and noble piety of its beautiful forms of speech and petition, but free to interpret the signs of the times and to deliver their message.

Life and Letters.

THE ARYA SAMAJ.

THE GURUKULA, NEAR HARDWAR, INDIA,

January 30th.

It was evening service, and at the hour when sunset and starlight are mingled, a few score of boys and young men were gathered round a small square pit in which a fire of sticks was burning with a yellow flame. They were dressed in long yellow and white cloths, and, sitting in rows, they chanted the ancient Vedic hymns in praise of God, with the peculiar cadences and nasal quaverings of the East. In their midst, at the edge of the pit, sat their teacher, and from time to time he ladled clarified butter into the fire, while youths from each of the other sides of the square threw in handfuls of rice and fragrant woods or herbs. Meantime the chanting never ceased, but with a concentrated vehemence all raised to the air the aged Sanscrit words, revealed to mankind at Creation, so that he might never be devoid of the holiest wisdom, but bear it with him across the mountains of ice and over the sunburnt plains to the furthest world. At the end all stood up for the final evening hymn, and then dispersed, leaving the fire burning as the symbol of man's soul and divine power and the transfiguration by purity.

It was a worship celebrated every morning and evening by all Vedic believers, whether assembled or alone. I saw it first at one of the students' homes at Lahore, where a branch of the Arya Samaj, or Aryan Society, has a school and college numbering nearly 2,000 members together. Lala Lajpat Rai sat next me, for it was to this branch that he had devoted all his labours for social and religious reform, till cases of oppression and injustice in the Punjab drove him to turn aside into politics from the real objects of the Samaj. I speak of a branch because, like most vital movements, the Samaj is divided into parties, one holding its services inside the crowded city, the other just outside the walls. Both claim to follow the doctrines of their founder, Dayanand Saraswati, who died only twenty-five years ago after a wandering life of holy poverty given up entirely to the denunciation of idols, castes, animal sacrifices, licentious rites, the multiplicity of deities, and other accretions with which frail humanity has surrounded the stern purity of the Vedic revelation. Both parties unite in rejecting idols, the seclusion or "purdah" of women, and all restrictions of caste, except such rights and obligations as are the due of character or intellect. Both unite in maintaining the unity of God, the eternal trinity of God, Soul, and Matter, and the universal wisdom revealed for all races in the Vedas. The differences are rather of temperament than of doctrine. The city party claims to be more democratic in its appeal, to be stricter in life and discipline, but at the same time freer from "purdah"; and, indeed, its women are allowed to attend Divine service in a gallery unveiled, while the women of the other party have a service to themselves, with a woman preacher. The city party has been called the Culture Section, in which name, I think, there lies a covert sneer. But it has retaliated by calling the suburban party the Vulture Section, in which the sneer is not covert, but palpably due to a backsliding from vegetarianism.

Not that the extramural party dreams of backsliding. It only aims at progress and increasing freedom, holding with other movements of religious reform that the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink. The differences have never been serious, though a few years ago there was the same kind of tender hostility as used to prevail between Newton Hall and Lamb's Conduit Street when Positivists turned their criticism from Christians to each other. But of late persecution, that great reconciler, has brought them together again, and now hardly any of the outside world are aware of a

division at all. It was the deportation of Lajpat Rai that gave the final touch to reconciliation. That a man of austere and generous life, a man without ambition or private aims, one who had given up great worldly success for the service of the poor and unlearned, should be spirited away without warning and without trial for venturing to criticise official injustice—this was the touch to kindle that fire of indignation which welds men together. The Indian Government, always timid and suspicious, has lately regarded the Samaj with special enmity, and I know a soldier of the highest character who was turned out of a Sikh regiment simply for belonging to it. Some members of the Society have taken to politics, because for the moment political questions are irresistibly attractive to generous minds. But the Society as such has no concern with politics. It is a religious body—a Universal Church—bent only on religious purification and the training of youth in accordance with Vedic rules. One can understand the opposition of orthodox Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, for in its religious propaganda the Samaj is distinctly militant. But even the Indian Government has hardly made a greater mistake than in regarding it as a centre of sedition. The true leaders of both sections—such men as Mr. Hans Raj, Principal of the Vedic College in Lahore, and Mr. Munshi Rama, Governor of the Gurukula here—have steadily set their faces against political work of any sort, and they discourage political discussion among their students. It is useless, they say, to look for the political regeneration of India while the character and intellect of the people are unregenerate. I do not agree with them, believing, as I do, that political freedom is essential for any regeneration of the national spirit. But to accuse the Samaj of political aims, to grasp, as our officials have done, at any forgery or lie which seeks to implicate the Society in sedition, are only further signs of Anglo-Indian ignorance, fixed in its isolation among a subject race. As Mr. Munshi Rama wrote in a detailed defence of the Samaj—a defence so just and reasonable that it was approved even by the "Civil and Military Gazette," the leading paper of Lahore, and perhaps the most extreme anti-Indian of all the Anglo-Indian papers:—

"It is an awful responsibility which those people undertake who try to set the Government against the Arya Samaj. A society which is trying its best to uproot some of the evils of intemperance, of impurity, of child-marriage, of polygamy, of gambling, and a host of other vices—why, it is the Arya Samajists whom you find in the foremost rank of workers in the field."

It is now six years since the writer of that protest cleared a space here in the pleasant jungle where to-day I have seen many deer and monkeys, many wild boar, the bone-strewn home of a tiger with cubs, the spoor of the huge elephant, two peacocks, and other of the delights of Eden. A few miles away the holy Ganges issues from the foot of the Himalaya into the great Indian plain. Here a quadrangle of tin-roofed buildings has been raised to be a Vedic school and future college upon lines laid down by ancient revelation. The lines are Spartan, or, at least, Platonic. The boys are admitted at eight, and parents undertake not to remove them or allow their marriage till they are twenty-five. During these sixteen years they do not go home, nor are they allowed to write letters or receive them; but their parents may visit them once a month, and do, in fact, visit them about twice a year—once at the great anniversary, which happens to be St. Patrick's day, when over 60,000 Samajists come, including many thousand women, and camp on the edge of the jungle in grass and wicker huts, now being prepared for them. The pilgrim visitors bring their own supplies, and generally stay three days, that being all of family life the boys ever know. And that is all they know of woman's society, too.

Such isolation amid this common, intermingled world is, perhaps, dangerous. It comes too near the inhuman monotony of our workhouse schools. It is likely to exaggerate the curiosity of growing men, or to produce the hesitation of bashful and secluded lives when confronted with the need for action. The entire

removal of home influence might appear harsh if we did not remember the scores of men whom we have known ruined by their parents' vulgarity or their mothers' indulgence. But even if we grant that most parents are quite unfit to bring up children, sixteen years seems too long for any boy to remain in the same place, with the same teachers and the same companions. Even the holiday excursions to historic cities of India, which are arranged by the Governor, do not sufficiently break up the one-sidedness of such a life, and think of the boy who is genuinely unfitted for school and must remain unhappy for a quarter of man's existence.

The heads of the school urge that in India home influence is almost invariably dangerous or softening. They say their only hope of preserving the boys from child-marriage, maternal ignorance, and the evil of cities lies in this monastic seclusion. In place of parents they have a few Superintendents—about one to every twenty-five of the 220 boys—who live with each class day and night, except in school hours. The greatest difficulty of the school is to find Superintendents worthy and willing, and I should have thought it impossible. The three oldest boys in the top form have rooms to themselves and no Superintendent. All sleep on plank beds, but are allowed a warm covering. All dress in yellow "dhotis" (long cotton cloths) for school-time, and white "dhotis" for play. They are allowed wooden sandals, held on by a peg between the toes, but nearly all go bare-foot, and in bare feet and legs they ride and play cricket, football, and a *swadeshi* prisoners' base. This branch of the Arya Somaj is so violently vegetarian that I am not allowed to approach the school buildings in boots of murdered leather.

The boys get up at four in the morning, and attend Divine service round the symbolic fire. They are taught to speak the truth, to practise concentrated contemplation, and to subdue passion by the "yoga" of deep breathing and holding the breath. They bathe in cold water before sunrise, they climb the jungle mountains near, and all learn swimming in the Ganges. Almost the only form of punishment is exclusion from games. The school hours run to about seven, divided into two parts, and the chief subject taught is Sanscrit. There are other ordinary subjects—arithmetic and mathematics, history, science, and English—and, unlike the Government schools, all teaching is given in the vernacular Hindi, so that the boys understand the subjects better and can cover more ground, whereas in ordinary schools the learning is continually hampered by a foreign tongue. But the chief means of education is Sanscrit, just as in my old school it was Greek. At least seven years are spent in getting that amazing grammar by heart and in learning to read the Vedas. But in all the upper forms the boys can already write and read Sanscrit as fluently as a mother tongue, and that is more than any of us ever did with Greek.

The Gurukula (the word means The Master's Home) takes no Government grant, and submits to no Government inspection; nor is it affiliated to a Government University, like the Vedic College in Lahore. The parents pay 10 rupees a month (£8 a year) for the complete education, including clothes, food, and everything. But the cost for each boy is about £15 a year, and the deficit is made up by the subscriptions of Somajists. Fifteen pounds a year is a great deal for a poverty-stricken country like India, but I wish our great public schools did not cost ten times as much.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE SCARE-MIND.

How strangely distracted is the public upon this issue of national defence! Is it possible that we have in truth two minds, one which listens to and accepts the wisdom of the great moralists and philosophers who have always taught that the true strength of a nation lies not in "the visible might of armies," but in qualities of soul, while the other sees no other helper than organised force and cunning applied to the work of

physical destruction? We can no more serve two masters here than in any other province of life. The issue is just now set in terms particularly intelligible to a business people—terms of cash. Let us approach it on this lower level, by asserting that every teacher and every preacher in the land ought, if he understood the real economic question that is involved, to cast all his influence into the scale of retrenchment upon armaments. In very fact every fresh million which goes into the services of physical force means a double loss to the cause of intellectual and moral culture for our nation. For in the same sense in which money is the sinew of war is it the sinew of education; and while we are demonstrably stronger than any of our contemplated enemies in naval force, we are as demonstrably weaker than any other great civilised power in the services of national culture. But the fact that every new "Dreadnought" involves so much starvation of the educational needs of a people just slowly struggling towards a belief in education, is not the greatest injury. It is far graver that a people which, like ours, is slowly recovering from a glut of war should be thrust back upon this false doctrine of the defence of nations.

It is no merely "sentimental" aspect of the issue that we would present. We simply ask men and women acquainted with the teaching of history to consider whether it may not be better policy for ordinary purposes of national defence to spend more money upon the cultivation of ideas than upon arms. It may be said (there will always be Englishmen to say it) that we can do both. In very truth we cannot, or what is perhaps the same thing, we shall not. For every fresh million of new faith in warships and in army corps involves so much decay of faith in ideas. Such is the inherent nature of the antagonism. For it is the belief in force even more than the use of force that winds a nation in the coils of this vicious circle. A conviction that the real success and safety of a State depends on force is a reversion to the intellectual attitude of the age of militarism from which modern industrialism was supposed to have released us. Now the intellectual attitude of militarism was bad enough in its time; it is worse now. For the most striking mental characteristic of the military mind of barbarism is its credulity. But the conditions of modern civilisation immensely aggravate this proclivity. A modern Government which puts its trust in armaments is perpetually at the mercy of the scare-mind of the multitude, exposed continually to sensational rumours and suggestions of impending woes. The fact of these scares, as distinguished from any substance which they may contain, becomes more and more a guiding factor in the actual policy of nations. So, not long ago, some of our most pacific statesmen seriously argued that we must abandon the prospect of a Channel Tunnel, not because it involved real military peril, but because it would be a recurrent source of groundless panics which would force Governments into further expenditure upon defence, and would even exasperate the feelings of the English and French peoples.

How far a yellow press is primarily responsible for the scare-mind which in this country has lately been led more and more to read all international relations in terms not of amity and co-operation but of antagonism and hate, or how far that press must rule as an expression of the mind which it feeds, is too difficult a question to attempt to settle here. There is, doubtless, an interaction of the two. But it is abundantly clear that this credulous, jumpy condition of the people, this scare-mind, is the greatest new menace to the peace of the world; it is a huge force of unreason suddenly endowed by modern conditions of swift sensational publicity with incalculable power of harm. It is by no means confined to this nation; other European nations manifest it, and the United States exhibits a more malignant form of the disease than any other country. Now it is this scare-mind, partly as an original impelling power, partly utilised by other cooler interests, that forces the pace in armaments. But its nature is such that no satiety, no sense of security, is won by any increment of force. On the contrary, the vicious circle

consists precisely in the fact that, the larger the rival armaments, the worse and the more numerous the scares.

If this is so, every further concession to the doctrines of force, every refusal to attack the true source of scares, especially upon the part of Liberals, is treason to the cause of Liberalism. For Liberals, at any rate, do not believe that the interests of nations, in commerce or ultimately in politics, are essentially opposed: the largest and clearest duty Liberalism sets before itself in history is the building, upon firm, economic, legal, and spiritual foundations, of the true Society of Nations. This being so, the way to deal with the scare-mind is not to feed it with more armaments, which serve further to inflame it, but to doctor it intelligently. The reason why the "Daily Mail" and such organs of the Press can work their havoc consists mainly in the sheer ignorance and emotional instability of their readers. When the Governments and peoples of the Continent are constantly painted as malignant foes, planning unprovoked attacks upon our territory or our trade, how should the shop-keeper, the artisan, the clerk, to whom French and German are sealed languages, who know nothing of the history of those countries, and of their mighty contributions to the thought and literature of humanity, be able to resist the appeal to his suspicion and timidity? This enemy amongst us we can only fight by building up, what we have not, a system of national education that shall set itself to extirpate that ignorance which thus breeds and feeds suspicion and hate, a widespread culture which shall bear its timely fruits in knowledge, sanity, and steadiness of judgment. A million pounds expended in teaching German, arousing our emulation by showing what Germany is doing in the sciences and in the art of government, in stirring a vital sympathy for our kinsfolk and a desire to travel and to learn by close immediate intercourse what Germany and Germans mean, would, as a mere business expenditure upon "defence" be far more profitable than laying down a "Dreadnought" and so inviting Germany to lay down another.

These considerations are so obvious as to amount to platitudes. How is it that we refuse to recognise the truth so as to act upon them? Surely the time has come for a rally of those who see that an educated nation, understanding and sympathising with her neighbours, no longer the dupe of every foolish or malicious misinterpreter, able to recognise the real underlying harmony in the interests of nations, material as well as spiritual, can afford to diminish her physical instruments of defence because she has more valid substitutes in that better knowledge and that fuller self-control which displace our perilous sensationalism by the cultivation of sensations that are "just, measured, and continuous."

THE LIGHT OF CONFLAGRATIONS.

"MAN has walked by the light of conflagrations," wrote Carlyle, "and amid the sound of falling cities: and now there is darkness, and long watching till the morning." The records of those elemental fires, the noise of that cosmic catastrophe, lie embedded in a thousand patient histories of the Napoleonic era. And yet the full story and interpretation still remain unwritten. It is so much the biggest thing that has happened to Europe, since Europe first was, it has so effectually created, after the "twilight of the gods," new heavens and a new earth, that even a hundred years afterwards we await some writer of genius who can reveal it in its ardours and purposes and ultimate meaning. The spirit of that age of marvels can, perhaps, best be understood in two books of memories, utterly different in attitude, in spirit, in response; Chateaubriand's "Outre-Tombe" and Dumas' "Memoirs." Between them—in their poles of disunity—they embrace the spirit of that madness which fell upon the French people, "whipt them into waste fields far away," drove them out singing down the great roads of Europe, and finally left them

"fatigued" after an explosion of miracle; prostrate, helpless, with but the memories to cherish, for all time, of a day when once they were furiously alive. Dumas, in the story of his father's fortunes, opens the very heart of that new French Army which, after the tragic upheaval of the Terror, had eliminated the word "impossible" from its vocabulary. One incident may be taken as typical of all. The Army of Italy lay baffled before the mountain barrier of the Maritime Alps, with the fort of Mount Cenis, defiant in its snows, guarding the passes. General Dumas determined to capture this impregnable position. He set out at night with three hundred men, whose blue uniforms and helmets he covered with their white shirts and cotton caps. They had to climb hazardous crevices, where the slightest slip meant certain death. "My children," said the giant cheerily to his soldiers, "any man who slips is a dead man. It will be useless to call for help. But any such cry may imperil the enterprise by giving the alarm. Therefore, if you find yourself falling, fall in silence." Those who slipped accepted this Homeric advice, and their bodies were heard bounding on the rocks below without a cry. When they reached the summit their egress was barred by a high stockade. "My father," says Alexandre Dumas, "thought of a better way" than climbing it; "namely, to take each man by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and throw him over the palisades." It was easily accomplished. The snow "broke the fall, and also deadened the noise." "Surprised out of their sleep," is the jolly testimony, "and seeing the French soldiers in their midst without knowing how they had come there, the Piedmontese hardly offered any resistance." Mount Cenis was taken. Such was the spirit of those ragged veterans—peasants, with a new fire in their hearts, of whom Napoleon could proudly declare after the Italian campaign: "Deprived of everything, you have managed without everything; you have won battles without cannons, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes on your feet, bivouacked without spirits, often without bread." These were the soldiers whose children were born, in De Musset's words, "to the sound of cannon"; who only perished, like Porthos on Belle Isle, because the weight they attempted to shoulder was "too heavy" for human arms; who could retort on Marmont's justification for his treachery in complaint of being too fatigued with the reproof—"And we, we too, were we not fatigued?"; who, over the dolorous cries of torture and pain on the field of Wagram could shout to the "Eaglet" that triumphant valediction, "Vive l'Empereur!"

And if Dumas can give the adventure, Chateaubriand can give the romance of it all so that in his memoirs one can hear the sound of the passing of all the old things, in the heroic, stormful birth pangs of a new world. His brother had been executed in the Terror: he himself had fought with the emigrants on the Eastern frontier; he had wandered, penniless and deserted, through the streets of London, sleeping at night in Westminster Abbey: he had seen France flood out to conquer the world, and France (for the first time) shattered by the world in arms against her. "By day," he writes in his country retreat, with the sound of the last struggle raging around him, "by day I compose pages as agitated as the events of the day: at night, while the rolling of the distant cannon dies away in my woods, I return to the silence of years that sleep in the grave, to the peace of my youngest memories. How short and narrow is a man's past beside the vast present of the nations and their immeasurable future." "I have found myself caught between two ages," he cried, "as in the conflict of two rivers." "Eye-witness that I am," he called himself "of two or three lapsed worlds." And there are few more pathetic figures in history than that of Chateaubriand by the Brussels gate at Gand on June 18th, 1815, listening to the distant sounds of Waterloo, knowing that a victory for Napoleon spelled the death of the legitimate cause which was his own, yet praying for a triumph whose alternative meant the

death of France. "Though Napoleon's success meant lifelong exile to me, the thought of my country filled my heart. My prayers were for the oppressor of France, that he might save our honour and rescue us from the dominion of the foreigner."

It is this magnificent and spacious drama—crowded with the material of laughter and tears—which Mr. Thomas Hardy has set himself to tell in "The Dynasts," now, with the publication of the third volume ("The Dynasts," Vol. III., Macmillan), offering itself for judgment as a completed work. The design, on the grand scale, is not unworthy of the subject. This "Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," certainly does not suffer from any inadequate apprehension of the crowded, tumultuous, and ever-changing arena of human destiny. Much of the blank verse unfortunately is of the baldest prose: and although the songs of the common people and the lyrical laments of the Spirits of Irony and Pity which brood over the human conflict often rise into a noble eloquence, it cannot be said with authority that Mr. Hardy has succeeded where so many predecessors have failed. He is true to the fact, he exhibits humour as well as sorrow and inquiry, he can pass from the field of battle and all its horrors to the rustics in a Dorsetshire inn, beating their mugs on the wooden table and singing of the exploits of Trafalgar. The present volume commences with the French armies streaming over the Niemen into Russia; never, for the most part, to return. It is the consummation of the world drama of a generation, the breaking of a power whose superhuman efforts had seemed able to defy alike the plans of men and the envy of the gods. But the whole description here of heroism and horror is less adequate than the "1812 Overture": for, indeed, music alone appears the suitable medium for the gathering up of such mingled emotions, of triumph and agony and regret.

And the successive scenes of this book are full of tempest and fury and flame; passing from one stricken field to another, as the star which has guided one man to the overlordship of the world pales and sinks and sickens, till finally he passes stormily forth, in the tempest of Longwood, an exile prisoner in the waste spaces of the ocean. Salamanca, Borodino, Moscow burning, the retreat and the Beresina, with a mad soldier singing wild songs in the snow—these make up the first act. The second is of the long collapse and fall; Vittoria, with the English soldiers singing of the joys of parading with the girls on Weymouth esplanade; Leipzig (the really decisive battle of the world, for after Leipzig Waterloo was an episode), where "a chaotic gloom ensues, accompanied by the rushing of a mighty wind." And then follows what is perhaps the most astonishing incidents in the most astonishing story which the sun has ever gazed upon; the lion-like struggle—successful for so long with a handful of boy conscripts and the terror of a name—for the defence of France in those winter months of invasion; the abdication; Elba; the return; the hundred days; Waterloo. Napoleon vanishes in the darkness of the night after that stupendous struggle, mocked by the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, bowed out with scarce the semblance of ironic courtesy by the "Immanent Will" which has used him for its purposes and now discards him, his work being done.

In a last scene in the Over-world—the far-off dwelling-place of the gods "above the thunder," with Europe dwindled to a picture beneath the clouds below—c Conference of those Powers which play with men's lives sums up the meaning of this mighty drama. The semi-choruses of the Pities refuse to be baffled by the seeming confusion and aimlessness of it all, demanding a faith that love and intelligence and compassion will "conquer at the last." The Ironic Spirit still mocks at such hopes from "the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing, that turns the handle of this idle show." But hope dominates at the end; and the curtain of the great drama rings down on a fine song of exultation (which has already appeared in the pages of THE NATION):—

"But a stirring thrills the air
Like the sound of joyance there,
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts
that were,
Consciousness the will informing, till it fashions all
things fair."

The plan is adequate, although the execution is deficient. No one could do justice to this tremendous time without the introduction of some such supernatural machinery, the elevation of these upheavals and slaughters as something more than a "struggle of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns." Carlyle, in a letter, revealed his plan of the history of the Revolution—"to splash down what I know in large masses of colour: that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance—which it is." In the Napoleonic tumult there were long periods of peace: four years between Marengo and Austerlitz, three (except for the "Spanish Ulcer") between Wagram and Borodino. Yet just as eating and drinking appear impossible during the Terror, so these periods of tranquillity are forgotten in the vision of the succeeding time; and day and night, seed time and harvest, are haunted always by an insistent melody, the melody of the end and the beginning of a world.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SWEET PEA.

PROFESSIONAL florists are well accustomed to the rise and fall of flowers. They have seen the zonal geranium reigning as a queen while the daffodil grew unnoticed in cottage gardens. They have seen the geranium decline and the daffodil rise to dizzy heights of favour—and the substantial price of £50 per bulb! They have seen cactus dahlias ascend and verbenas descend. But even they, with all their experience of the fluctuations in favour which alternately raise and depress flowers, have been astonished at the rapid rise of the sweet pea. A few years ago this was a little flower of three or four colours, which people grew for its fragrance, as they grew mignonette, and sweet Sultan, and stocks. It now has two or three hundred varieties, a special society all to itself, and great exhibitions in different parts of the country. Twenty years ago one might as reasonably have expected to see a flower show made up of snapdragons as one composed of sweet peas; but a July day last year saw the Royal Horticultural Hall at Vincent Square crowded with people, who had gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as from America, to see an exhibition of this now popular flower.

The remarkable point is that the most learned florist in the whole world of horticulture cannot tell you exactly how it has come about. For nearly 150 years the sweet pea stood practically still. During the next half-century fresh varieties now and then appeared, but then they suddenly began to pour out in dozens, in scores, in hundreds; and now never a year passes but thirty or forty fresh sorts appear. They are not all distinct, but it is an interesting fact that the most beautiful variations among sweet peas occurred after the great flow had been running some time, and not at the beginning of it. So wonderful are some of the new forms that the astonished florists are asking themselves whether finality has been reached even now, or whether this amazing flower has not further surprises in store.

What is the cause of the strange fecundity? It has to be remembered that the sweet pea is a comparatively old flower in this country. The first authentic record of its introduction to England relates to 1699, in which a monk named Cupani sent seeds from Sicily to a Dr. Uvedale, at Enfield. The plant raised from them had a purple, perfumed flower, and a Dutch botanical publication staggeringly described it as *Lathyrus distoplatyphyllus, hirsutus, mollis et odoratus*. Thus burdened, it is not surprising that some thirty years elapsed before a seedsman had the temerity to include it in his list. At the end of fifty years there were three forms—a white, a variegated, and the original purple; after another fifty

years a black and a scarlet had been added. Thus 100 years had only produced four varieties.

In the first seventy years of the second century things moved a little quicker, but not very much. A striped sweet pea appeared, and then a so-called yellow. (In passing, it may be noted that florists have been raising "yellow" sweet peas ever since, the main drawback to the enjoyment of which is that they are not yellow.) Presently came a variety with blue in it, but it was not wholly, or even mainly, blue; it was a white variety with a blue margin. Then came a pink, then a violet, then a carmine. But it was not until 1870, nearly 200 years after the introduction of the *Lathyrus distoplatyphyllus*, &c., that the real move began. In that year an obscure gardener named Eckford took five varieties of sweet peas and set to work at improving them. It was a momentous step for flower-lovers. Eckford "struck a vein" almost at once, and season after season for over thirty years he sent out a stream of beautiful varieties. The new floral magician did not merely create fresh colours; he doubled the size of the flowers. He gave us lovely blue, rose, pink, lavender, mauve, purple, bronze, cerise, carmine, flaked, violet, scarlet, lemon, crimson, and salmon varieties, and he gave us blossoms of finer form and greater substance than we had ever seen before.

This was good, but there was more to come. Nature might have been watching the patient labours of Eckford, and slowly maturing a resolve to outdo them, for she suddenly played a dramatic floral *coup* in the production of a sweet pea of entirely novel shape, which she produced in two gardens about the same time—the first that of Earl Spencer at Althorp Park, Northampton; the second a market garden near Cambridge. It was a happy dispensation on her part to offer one of her gifts to a member of the nobility and the other to a struggling professional. Absorbed at the chessboard of politics, it is doubtful if Lord Spencer knew anything about the happening in his garden; if he had interested himself in it he would certainly have found himself involved in a maze every whit as difficult as that of Parliamentary procedure. The "Countess Spencer" sweet pea had a waved or frilled flower; that was its peculiarity. But its colour—a brilliant pink—was very beautiful.

The floral world rose *en masse*, and demanded seed of the frilled sweet pea with pink flowers at any cost. But it did not get it. Instead, it got frilled sweet peas of all sorts of colours, and a good many that were not frilled at all. Buffetings of unhappy seedsmen! Meetings of committees! Fierce controversies in horticultural papers! The "Countess Spencer" had "flattered only to deceive." It was what cross-fertilisers term "unfixed"—that is, was freakish and sportive, refusing to settle down and produce flowers of the proper character. Even now, although florists have been struggling with it desperately for six years, it is a variety of many moods, full of charming, but most exasperating, uncertainty; adorable to the uttermost degree when soberly producing its lovely flower of the true frilled shape and of the true pink colour, but unreliable. Never was floral fair so fickle as "Countess Spencer."

Again we ask: How has it come about? What is the cause? Botanists have said that the sweet pea cannot be cross-fertilised by bees as other flowers are, because the organs are shut up in the close segments until the time for pollination is passed. The fact that it stood still for 150 years lends colour to this. Has the ingenious bee been thinking over the problem during many generations and learned how to get in at last, for instance, by splitting the calyx? Or has the change been effected by a small insect, crawling from flower? We lean to the latter view.

So cheap is the plant, so easy to grow from seed sown at this season, that flower lovers of every degree can grow it. And for many months, if cultivated in rich, moist soil, and persistently gathered from in order to prevent seeding, it keeps its beautiful butterfly battalions of bloom a-wing. The lovely and fragrant blossoms flutter like great tropical flies among their green leaves and slender tendrils, and they give us basketfuls, armfuls, of flowers for our rooms and hospital wards.

Letters from Abroad.

THE NAVAL RACE AND GERMAN FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there a real cause for a counteracting naval programme on the part of England as against the new German shipbuilding programme? This is no more a purely English question than the new German programme is a purely German question. In our days of, happily, increasing international relationship, no step taken by one country leaves the others unaffected. A more rapid increase of the German men-of-war will undoubtedly alter the proportion of German to English ships; but it is not quite in the same degree a matter of course whether the old proportion must be restored at the quickest possible rate and in the old fashion. If it belongs to the English to decide this question, a German who always has worked for the best possible relations between the two nations may be permitted to add a few observations to its discussion.

Taken by itself, the new Naval Bill of the German Government would appear to be almost, if not quite, unobjectionable. It proposes to fix the life of the great battleships at twenty years instead of twenty-five years on the naval programme settled in June, 1900, and to alter the programme accordingly, so that the number of big battleships to build for replacement in the decade from 1908 to 1917 will be seventeen instead of thirteen. Of the first-class cruisers one less will be built during this time than was foreseen by the programme of 1900. As almost everybody admits that to-day big battleships become obsolete after twenty years' life, the proposal is the less calculated to alarm Englishmen, since England, with her "Dreadnoughts," is much more ahead of Germany or any other country than she has been for many years. Altogether I am inclined to believe that this new Bill has no particular anti-English aim. The anti-English feeling has greatly subsided in Germany. It has ceased to be the sentiment of the nation, as it was at the time of the South African war. To-day it is but the affair of particular political groups. And if these groups are strong enough to make from time to time some noise in the public arena, they have ceased to make a deep impression on the mind of the general public, and their influence is bound to decline perceptibly. The faster the bill grows the more the people have to pay for the policy they uphold.

In stating this I am not driven by a desire to palliate or suppress unpleasant realities. But quite apart from the fact that for many years to come England's superiority on the sea over two, if not more, Powers is pretty surely established, and that the co-operation of France or any other of the great maritime Powers with Germany in a war against England is about the most improbable thing on earth, there is little left of the irritated feeling one encountered almost everywhere in Germany a few years ago whenever the conversation turned on England. Whatever Englishmen may think of the South African policy of the present Government, its Irish policy and its resistance to Protection, these and similar measures have at least regained for England many sympathisers amongst the democratic forces of the Continent which she had lost, and have softened much adverse criticism. An anti-democratic English Government will not make the German jingoes England's friends, whilst it is sure to alienate the sympathies of the rising democratic forces. If England wants to make moral conquests on the Continent she can only succeed by trying to justify her renown as one of the leading nations in political and social progress.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge here on the close relations of progress and finance. Directly or indirectly all measures of real progress turn to-day on finance, and bad finance means bad reform. That is what people now are taught in Germany. If the new Naval Bill can in itself be defended on technological grounds—and this is one of the reasons why men of strong Free Trade leanings and decided good feelings in regard to England, like Herr Hotheim, of the *Freisinnige Vereinigung*, have voted for it—it is sure to put a severe strain on the finance of the Empire and increase the discontent of large sections of the nation.

In spite of the increased revenue from duties and new indirect taxes, the Imperial Budget for 1908 offers, in the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herr von Stengel, in his Budget speech of November 28th, 1908, a "most un-

favourable picture." This for a good many years has been nothing exceptional. Two years ago the same Herr von Stengel described the state of the Imperial finance as "utterly deplorable." Since 1902 the Empire has laboured under increasing deficits. The Imperial Debt does not cease growing, and nobody knows when this state of things will alter. But everybody knows why the Imperial Exchequer is in such a dilemma, that Prince Bülow has the greatest difficulty in finding a successor for Herr von Stengel, who, after little more than four years, leaves his office in a worse plight than that in which he found it. Prince Bülow himself stated the facts quite candidly one day in the Reichstag. "In 1873," he said, "Imperial Army and Navy required 267 millions of marks current and 66 millions temporary expenditure. In the Budgetary year 1891-1892 the current expenditure was 756 millions, the temporary 105½ millions of marks. In eighteen years the sum wanted has doubled; but the year 1902 requires already for army and navy a round milliard of marks." (Speech of December, 1905.) In the same speech Prince Bülow made the following statement in regard to the liabilities of the Empire:—"Until 1877 free of debt, in 1905 more than 3½ milliards of Imperial debt." To-day the Imperial Debt—as apart from the debts of the single States—exceeds four milliards, and in the Budget for 1908-1909 the expenditure for army and navy sums up to no less than 1,350 millions of marks.

The interdependency of the two amounts is quite obvious. Considering that England's National Debt amounts in marks to 18 milliards, and the State Debt of France to 24 milliards, four milliards may not appear very much for a country like Germany. But it must not be forgotten that besides the Imperial Debt the different German States have their own debts, which together amount to more than 11 milliards. It is true that against these debts the States have very considerable profit-bearing assets (railways, mines, lands, &c.), which in some, as, e.g., Saxony, exceed in capital value the amount of the debt. Moreover, although the income per head of population is in Germany still below that of the population of the United Kingdom, France and some other countries, she would pretty well bear comparison with her neighbours were it not that her debt is rapidly increasing whilst other countries succeed in reducing theirs. Again, the whole financial and fiscal policy of the German Empire tends to and even aims at raising the prices of all the necessities and small luxuries of life. In pursuing this insane policy, the political and financial rulers of Germany have also succeeded in keeping the price of money—viz., the rate of interest—very high. It is now 6 per cent., against a bank-rate of 4 per cent. in England and 3 per cent. in France.

Here you have the crux of the financial straits of the Empire. There is no need to exaggerate things. It is not for want of wealth in the country that the Imperial Exchequer is nearly in the position of a bankrupt. Germany has ceased to be a poor country; her wealth is steadily increasing. Herr Dernburg, the Colonial Secretary, stated last year in one of his electoral speeches that during the last two decades the wealth of the German nation has increased by at least 30 milliards of marks, and an investigation of the movement of the income-tax in the different States will show that this was hardly far from the truth.

On November 25th, 1907, Herr von Stengel put to the Reichstag the question how it was possible that with all this increase of wealth, with trade and commerce in such a flourishing state, the Government could not settle the financial troubles of the Empire. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself gave the needed explanation when a little later on he said in the same speech: "There is one thing about which I want to destroy all doubts: the Federated Governments are not going to propose you an Imperial direct tax."

It is clear, therefore, that the finance of the Empire will in future be sustained by indirect taxation and, if possible, Imperial monopolies. It is a dogma with the present rulers and ruling classes in Germany that the direct taxes (income, property, &c., tax) will be left to the States, the taxes on land and houses to the municipalities, whilst the Empire must put up with indirect taxes. And, quite apart from the inherent injustice of the indirect taxes, this amount is enhanced in Germany by the Protectionist importation duties.

Calculated per head of population, the yield of the in-

direct taxes and importation duties of Germany amounts to less than the yield of excise and duties raised in England. But the yield to the Exchequer does not in Germany show the whole amount of the tax paid by the people. Thus, if in 1906 the yield of the duties on corn and leguminosæ was 3.55 marks per head of population, the tax paid by the mass of the consumers did not end there, for they had it also to pay into the pockets of the agriculturist. Germany imports at present of the nine millions of tons of rye it consumes in the year less than half a million of tons from abroad. Consequently not more than 25 millions of marks are paid into the Exchequer as duty on rye. But the price of rye is in Germany 50 marks—the amount of the duty—over the price of the world's market, whether it is rye produced at home or abroad, so that the tax is, in fact, 450 millions of marks. Not quite in the same proportion, it is the same thing with wheat, where out of a consumption of six millions of tons about two millions come from abroad. The real tax paid per head is three times the amount paid into the Imperial Exchequer. And so with all the other necessities and luxuries, the raw materials and auxiliary materials, which enjoy protective duties. The comparative figures of the taxes on food and luxuries in the different countries are absolutely misleading. The industrial and commercial classes, the wage-earners, and the salaried people, pay much more in Germany than is visible in the accounts of the tax-collector and the Customs officer.

At almost the same rate that Germany is becoming a wealthy country she becomes also a dear country. The index figures of the article of the consumption of the masses show from 1895 to 1906 alone an increase of 22.29 per cent. Some sections of the wage-earners have, by their unions, succeeded in raising their wages as much or perhaps more, but others have not, and all see their money increases threatened, whilst the era of cheapness belongs to the past. It is an act of daring to enhance at such a moment the price of some of the small luxuries of the masses, and this the more as a number of hitherto independent or semi-independent traders would be ruined by a new increase of the tax. No wonder that Prince Bülow has great difficulty in finding a successor for Herr von Stengel.

There is something ironical in the fact that German Protection stands in the way of the German fleet, but a fact it is. If the ruling classes of the Empire do want a navy double as strong as the present, why do they shirk paying for it in direct taxation? Well, the hothouse creation of high incomes has made life not only dearer but also much more exacting than before. Germany has also become a country of expensive enjoyments. The claims of the life of a middle-class family have enormously increased, the mushroom gentility leading the way in creating new wants, and the spendthrift is generally and naturally a miser as soon as public duties are in question.

Thus the lust for more and still bigger ships is in a high degree bridled by financial considerations. We have a deficit of several hundred millions of marks to face. The estimate of the Budget shows an expenditure of 2,750 millions and an income of only 2,162 millions of marks, which leaves a deficit of 588 millions of marks to cover. Of this 250½ millions are already assigned in the shape of a new loan to the increase of the Imperial Debt; of the remaining 327 millions some 24 millions will be put to the account of the States as so-called matricular contributions (i.e., contributions according to population), and for about 300 millions of marks new taxes or some lucrative monopoly must be found—a task all the more difficult as the all-powerful agriculturists strongly oppose any tax or monopoly that might endanger the sale of spirits.

In the face of all this there is no great probability of a considerable augmentation of the naval expenditure in the near future. Too many people are now hit by the financial difficulties of the Empire, and the number of persons who dream of a great naval adventure is too small to counterweigh the general desire for peace in this direction as well as for peace in general. The masses of the working-class democracy are united in their resistance to the insane race in armaments. Their representatives in Parliament have been outvoted, but the masses are there, and as much impregnated as ever with a sense of their mission as the guardians of peace between the nations.—Yours, &c.,

Berlin, February 16th, 1908.

ED BERNSTEIN.

The Drama.

HAMLET AND ROSMER.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, having added to our gallery of stage portraits—with the complete indifference of the critics—a highly attractive picture of Julius Cæsar, has now retired to the Kennington Theatre, where he is presenting Hamlet. At Terry's, another London theatre—by virtue of a special appeal to people with intellectual interests—a company is playing "Rosmersholm," a finished example of Ibsen's poetry and stagecraft. Let us suppose that we possessed a National Theatre under such competent direction as, for example, Mr. Granville Barker could supply. What would have happened to the three plays I have in mind? Mr. Robertson being a Shakespearian hero by natural endowment of presence, and voice, and a certain faculty for poetic suggestion, would be furnished with associates able to speak the Shakespearian line, and to suggest Shakespeare's idea of Ophelia, the King, Laertes, Polonius, and the jesting grave-diggers. The Ibsen play would be naturally presented under the same conditions, and the agent of the State, with an eye for educated and suitable talent, would have selected the best available Rebecca and Rosmer, and Kroll, and have dignified those actors by his choice. Mr. Shaw's play, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," would have been added to the *repertoire* of such an institution, because it possessed the qualities of grace, humour, and historical fancy which it was desirable to exhibit to playgoers, and to honour among artists. Let me take an instance from the other side of the water. M. Lemaître is now delivering a series of lectures in Paris on "Racine," I have no doubt to crowded audiences. The national taste for this imposing artist is not, however, confined to lectures about him. It is continually stimulated, not merely by stage representations at the Théâtre Français, but by performances, before thousands of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, in huge public halls like the Trocadéro. How many British frequenters of the theatre, in intervals of repose from a dazzling succession of merry widows and dear old Charlies, have seen a tolerable rendering of "The School for Scandal," or "She Stoops to Conquer"?

However, here we have Shakespeare and Ibsen, thrust suitably into their corners, to make room for masters of the mimetic art like Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander, and the creations that clothe the genius of these godlike men. As it happens, the old dramatist and the new are illustrated by two Scandinavian dramas, not dissimilar in subject. It is easy to think of Hamlet and Rosmer as kindred beings. Both suggest a character and a situation closely appealing to the modern mind—a personality fully endowed with feeling, just, honest, and pious (in the classical rather than the Christian sense), forced by fate and temperament to essay a task too hard for it, and doomed not only to fail, but to sow unhappiness and suffering in each step of its path. Both start badly—for they are in "the power of a distorted view of life." Both are slaves of a temperament, bound to an inheritance. Hamlet's sensitiveness opens to him the invisible world, and lures him on to a life lived for revenge, though he obviously desires in his heart to live it for affection, for friendship, for study, for refined enjoyment. Rosmer, with all the weight of the Rosmer legacy on his head, wishes to reform the great world, being all the while quite incompetent to rule the small world of his home, and to prevent two extremely loveable women from wasting their lives on him, and dying uselessly to give him peace. Both Hamlet and Rosmer are indeed such destructive beings that there is nothing finally left for their creators to do but to hurry them off the stage after they have strewn it with corpses. And both are barely conscious of their tremendous faculty for disposing of the souls and bodies of others. Everybody loves them, and yet their affection is as fatal as that of the lady for the dear gazelle.

The theme is irresistible to the artist, for it is very close to existence, and may be reasoned about and poetised about to infinity. Ibsen, it is needless to say,

reasons about it, and brings to its execution all the resources of his wonderful stagecraft. Every speech, every word, every turn of the wheel of circumstance, wind the grave-clothes more closely round Rosmer's breast. We soon see that he cannot escape; this much-deceived and much-deceiving Endymion must die, like Brand, if the world is to live. Shakespeare has no such method, no such mind. He is hardly a "subtle-soul'd psychologist." But he has a power of rendering emotion poignant, of making the voice of human misery echo to the stars, such as the cold and self-contained Ibsen never possessed. Moreover, his voice is the very voice of music; at his best he must speak magically, and his heroes and workaday beings must wring the heart-strings with every utterance. Achieving this supreme effect of poetic drama, he seems careless of the moral and intellectual problems he suggests, and is not so interested in them, or perhaps so conscious of them, as to work them out after a manner satisfying to a modern audience. What, for instance, is one to make of Hamlet? Every now and then, he is quite out of the picture, a dilettante of the stage, an amateur of letters, who is within an ace of being bored with his father's ghost as the gentleman in the Convention was bored by Robespierre's iteration concerning the Supreme Being. Therefore, the actor who italicises one side of his temperament—such as the impression which the supernatural vision makes upon him—finds it difficult to carry off these interludes of indifference or forgetfulness. Did Shakespeare mean all they imply? Or was his whole conception of the character and the situation somewhat loose, and is this ever-beautiful, wandering, fascinating, work puzzling, not because its author is too subtle for us, but because the intellectual side of his genius was less fully developed than its æsthetic quality?

Mr. Robertson's Hamlet, like Irving's greater conception of the part, attempts to impart plausibility to these difficult passages. The effect of such ingenuities is rarely satisfying. For example, the actor desires to give some immediate physical explanation of the extraordinary harshness of Hamlet's tone to Ophelia in the famous colloquy in which he denies his love and rebuffs her tender advances. Therefore he breaks the scene into two by making Hamlet suddenly discover Polonius listening behind the curtain. This, in Mr. Robertson's version, makes him suspect Ophelia as a decoy, and explains the brutality of the closing speech. There may be stage tradition behind the notion, but it strikes one as unnecessary. Hamlet is habitually brutal to Ophelia, and at time singularly coarse in address to her, and the tone and style of the colloquy are all of a piece. But there is no hint that he cherishes a slighting feeling for her, or regards her as other than the innocent "rose of May," whose beauty his hand has marred. The real difficulty is Hamlet's moral instability and inconsistent levity of tone and action. Thus Polonius's death barely affects him; there is no hint that he guessed the deadly wound his slaying of the father would inflict on the daughter he loves. In such characteristics you have the clue to the theory of Hamlet's madness, as well as in his impulsive and fitful schemes, his inattention to the purpose he has assigned himself, his easily aroused interest in the side-shows of life, which must always (one thinks) have charmed him. In this sense his mind is truly "out of tune"; and it is possible to argue that Shakespeare meant something more than to describe a sceptical and morbidly indecisive man, and wished to exhibit some such tremulous balance between reason and madness as he depicts in Lear.

Mr. Robertson is an acceptable Hamlet, not only because nature has given him a face—sensitive, studious, nobly refined—such as one likes to think Hamlet possessed, but because he has the gift of suggesting the poetic character. But Shakespeare, like Ibsen, must be played all through; no man who cares for art can be satisfied with the modern device of the single "star" shining among obscurities. If the need of our time is first the abolition of the Censorship, with its shield for nearly ever form of license that is merely vulgar, the second is a corrective of such license, in the setting up of a national standard of dramatic excellence.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

It was the wish of the late Professor Jowett that the proceeds from the sale of his works should be employed in promoting the study of Greek literature, and in a codicil to his will he expressed the hope that the translation of Aristotle's works, begun by his own rendering of the "Politics," should be proceeded with as speedily as possible. Acting in co-operation with the delegates of the Oxford University Press, the authorities of Balliol have now determined to establish a Jowett memorial in the shape of a series of translations of all the extant works of Aristotle. An English version of "The Parva Naturalia," by Professor J. I. Beare and Dr. G. R. T. Ross, has just been published, and arrangements have been made to issue several other translations. The editors of the series, Mr. J. A. Smith, of Balliol, and Mr. W. D. Ross, of Oriel, invite communications from scholars willing to undertake such of the treatises as are still unprovided with translators.

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OWING to the success of Mr. O'Connor's delightful "Peter Pan Picture Book," Messrs. Bell have decided to issue a companion volume, "The H.M.S. Pinafore Picture Book," next autumn. The story is to be written by Sir W. S. Gilbert, who will besides contribute a number of black and-white illustrations supplementary to the coloured pictures, which are to be done by Miss Alice Woodward. Mr. Barrie transformed "Peter Pan" from a story into a play. It will be interesting to see how Sir William Gilbert will carry out the reverse process. We can at least be certain that it will result in a witty and attractive book.

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IN Byron's opinion, Beau Brummell was one of the three great men of the nineteenth century, the other two being Napoleon and Byron himself. Brummell certainly deserves the foremost place in the annals of dandyism, and is a far more striking personality than men such as Wilson, Hewitt, Fielding, or Nash, who gained a similar notoriety. Captain Gronow, who writes fully about him in his entertaining "Reminiscences," says that, while at Eton, Brummell was "the best scholar, the best boatman, and the best cricketer," while the famous *mot* "Who's your fat friend?" directed against George IV. when Prince of Wales, shows that he had wit as well as audacity. "Beau Brummell and His Times," by M. Roger Boutet de Monvel—who is a relative of the famous artist—contains an excellent account of Brummell's career. An English translation, with an introductory chapter on "Dress in the Eighteenth Century," by Miss Mary Craven, is to be issued shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

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NEXT week Mr. John Lane will publish "The Rebirth of Religion," by Dr. A. S. Crapsey, an American clergyman, whose trial and expulsion for heresy by the Protestant Episcopal Church caused a great sensation in the United States last year. Dr. Crapsey contends in his coming book that the conceptions underlying current dogma in all the churches have passed away, and that they are being replaced by a spiritual religion of greater power and attractiveness. There are short discussions of such questions as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, but the greater part of the book deals with the way in which theological dogmas have obscured the essential truth of the Christian religion.

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MR. BENJAMIN KIDD has been chosen to give the "Herbert Spencer Lecture" before the University of Oxford next year. He has not yet decided on his precise subject, but it will be connected with sociology. A new and cheaper edition of his "Principles of Western Civilisation" is to be published next week.

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By an oversight four novels—"Second Selves," by Algernon Gissing; "An Empty Heritage," by Violet Tweedale; "Demos Awakes," by David Christie Murray; and "A Woman's Aye and Nay," by Lucas Cleeve—were said to be published by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co. in "The Pick of the Publishing Season" last week. The books are published by Mr. John Long, who asks us to rectify the mistake.

MR. JOSEPH CLAYTON, one of the most energetic of Socialist writers and organisers, has just completed a study of "Wat Tyler and the Peasant Revolt," which Mr. Francis Griffiths will issue this season. In some sense the book is a criticism of Professor Oman's "The Great Revolt," for although after an independent perusal of the early chronicles Mr. Clayton does not challenge any of the facts given by Professor Oman, he places them in a different perspective. A document of capital value for the history of this period is the chronicle written in medieval French, which was published by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in "The English Historical Review."

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THE current number of "The Atlantic Monthly" contains an article full of vivacious gossip about the literary lady of the eighteenth century, by Miss Agnes Repplier, a writer whose essays do not seem to have in this country the reputation which they deserve. In view of the present outcry against the moral tone of many of our lady novelists, the following passage shows how far the pendulum has swung: "In matters of morality, however, the female pen was held to be a bulwark of Great Britain. The ambition to prove that—albeit a woman—one may be on terms of literary intimacy with the seven deadly sins ('Je ne suis qu'un pauvre diable de perruquier, mais je ne crois pas en Dieu que les autres') had not yet dawned upon the feminine horizon. The literary lady accepted with enthusiasm the limitations of her sex, and turned them to practical account; she laid with them the foundation of her fame. Mrs. Montagu, an astute woman of the world, recognised in what we would now call an enfeebling propriety her most valuable asset. It sanctified her attack upon Voltaire, it enabled her to snub Dr. Johnson, and it made her, in the opinion of her friends, the natural and worthy opponent of Lord Chesterfield. . . . Mrs. Hannah More's dazzling renown rested on the same solid support." If a writer in a recent number of "The Bookman" is to be credited, the lady novelists of our own day believe that impropriety has replaced prudishness as a means of promoting a literary reputation.

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THE French Academy will witness, early next month, the unusual event of a triple election to its membership. The chairs vacant are those of André Theuriet, Sully Prudhomme, and Berthelot. Among the candidates who, following the usual custom, have paid a round of visits to the Academicians are MM. Henri de Régnier, Emile Bergerat, Richepin, Poincaré, Jean Lahor, Haraucourt, Aicard, Dorchain, and Francis Charnes. It is reported that several candidates who have more reputation in politics than in letters will also present themselves, and one or two of the French journals have protested against the political bias shown in recent elections to the Academy.

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MR. W. G. RAWLINSON, the author of "Turner's Liber Studiorum: A Description and a Catalogue," is about to issue, through Messrs. Macmillan, a comprehensive work dealing with Turner's engravings. It is to be in three volumes, and will contain line engravings on steel and copper, mezzotints, aquatints, and lithographs, as well as specimens of Turner's work in other mediums.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Memoirs of Monsieur Claude, Chief of Police under the Second Empire." Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes." By Mgr. L. Duchesne, D.D. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

"Richard Kenworthy and His Friends." By Katherine Steuart. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A Great Labour Leader: The Life of Thomas Burt, M.P." By Aaron Watson. (Brown, Langham. 15s. net.)

"Ballads and Poems." By Members of the Glasgow Ballad Club. Third Series. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)

"Child Life and Labour." By Margaret Alden, M.D. (Headley. 1s. net.)

"Come and Find Me." By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"La Rivalité Anglo-Russe au XIXe Siècle en Asie." Par Dr. Rouire. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Visages de la Vie." Poèmes. Par Emile Verhaeren. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)

"Lamennais: Sa Vie et ses Doctrines." II. Le Catholicisme Libéral. Par Charles Boutard. (Paris: Perin. 5fr.)

"Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent." Roman. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE NATION AND THE RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on Railway Nationalisation in last week's issue is written with much more knowledge and breadth of view than one is accustomed to find in opponents of the existing system, but several of the points there raised would hardly seem to have so direct a bearing on the question of the expediency of nationalisation as is suggested.

In the first place, while the fact that railways are not competitive organisations in the ordinary sense needs no stressing, it supplies in itself no argument for universal State ownership necessarily involving an entire elimination of competition. The question is whether State purchase would remedy existing evils, and for practical purposes we need not worry our heads by considering whether these evils are connected with any failure to compete on the part of the companies.

We come then to the question of rates which are alleged to favour imported traffic. The writer of the article expresses surprise that a Tariff Reformer should seem to defend such an example of dumping, but he does not explain why he—presumably a Free Trader—should be so certain that they injure the country as a whole. If the State owned the railways, the economic effect of putting a protective tax on imported commodities would be precisely the same as if the railway rates were raised to an equivalent extent. And if your State Railway Administration were to begin to help agriculture by putting up the rates charged on large consignments of foreign traffic to the level of the rates on small lots of the home-grown article, on what ground could it resist the certain demand to help agriculture more effectively by raising the import rates still further? A Tariff Reform Government might encourage the home timber trade and please a few canal companies by doubling the low rates on imported timber, but they would probably find all the Birmingham constituencies represented by Free Traders at the next General Election. I would suggest that the difficulty is not a corollary of private ownership. Railway companies obey, so far as it is understood, the existing law against discrimination of home and foreign produce. It is much to be wished that the law were clearer. The difficulty is that while we are very ready to pass laws requiring railway companies to behave reasonably in regard to this and that, when asked to explain our ideas of reasonable behaviour we are as puzzled as the unfortunate Courts compelled to administer our foggy legislation, and are too impatient to think what it is that we really want. What would the writer of the article do if he had his way?

Finally, the article surely attaches undue importance to the theoretical possibility that the State would be able to do unremunerative things with its railways for the good of the country. Such an endeavour would almost certainly do more harm than good. We Free Traders oppose the "scientific tariff" not because it is theoretically impossible to help the country as a whole by manipulating the tariff, but because the problem is so complicated that "taxation for revenue purposes only" is, in practice, a sounder principle. The problem of scientific import tariffs is simplicity itself compared with that of scientific railway tariffs. Parliament allows about double as much to be charged on ale in casks as on extract of meat. A State Railway Administration which attempted to encourage the consumption of the more nutritious and sober liquid by reversing their positions would mean well by the country, but would soon encounter financial disaster. In a country where new lines which cannot possibly pay are continually being promoted it is rather alarming to hear that a State system would play this game more vigorously. Private enterprise has built a railway up Snowden. Do the advocates of nationalisation promise us a railway up every really noble hill?—Yours, &c., R.

February 18th, 1908.

[We made no suggestion that railroad rates hostile to foreign goods should be raised, and that home produce should thus be State-assisted. The tenor of our argument was that a policy which might be unremunerative for a company concerned with early business profits might be highly remunerative for a Government concerned with the utilisation of all national resources and with the general affairs of the people.

—ED., THE NATION.]

HOUSING IN GERMAN TOWNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a letter which cannot easily be surpassed for clearness and perspicuity, Mr. Horsfall advocates, in THE NATION of January 18th, the introduction into England of the German system of town-planning. As Mr. Horsfall was kind enough to refer to my investigations on modern town-building, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a few words on the problem of development of land values in connection with the system of official town-planning.

Town extension causes land in the outskirts of a town to pass gradually through three stages of value, to which I will apply the terms—(1) agricultural land, (2) building plot, (3) housing area. Now, town-planning by official authority has the effect, I will not say of actually changing agricultural land into building plots, but of creating a *claim* to have this change recognised. The far-reaching consequences of the change will in practice first be noticed in connection with town-extension procedure. As for private property, the land, from the very moment of the establishment of a general building plan, ceases to be a mere instrument of agriculture; it is gifted with the expectation of the increased value of building ground; it passes into the sphere of land speculation.

Now, I lay stress upon the statement that speculation as such is by no means to be handicapped. Speculation in any goods which are movable and cannot be monopolised, industrial speculation in a word, is altogether indispensable in modern life. On the other hand, speculation in unbuilt-on land (such as has developed in Germany especially) is the heaviest burden which can be laid on any people. Our land speculation, as I would define it, is merely an attempt to make gain by other people's work and other people's money. Land speculation, as grown up in Germany, has two mighty levers to work with: the one is official town-planning; the other is the official system of registering and mortgaging land by public ledgers kept by the State, making it easy to overcharge the land and hand it over at a nominal price to a penniless house-owner.

Mr. Horsfall, in a few phrases which I almost envy for succinctness, has given to the English reader a description of the predominant German system of town-building and administration: wide and costly streets lined by deep blocks and covered by objectionable barrack-dwellings; nominal owners who have paid four per cent. or nothing on the fictitious value of their houses of barrack type; a system of mortgaging, making it safe to transfer the houses at an inflated price to speculating men of business; and last of all, governing bodies elected under the "three-class system," and chiefly composed of members of the class of speculating house-owners before described. Mr. Horsfall says that in a democratic country like England, such a state of things could never occur. No doubt Mr. Horsfall's statement is correct. However, in justice to German institutions, we must add that the "three-class system," at the first outset, was meant to be an eminently liberal measure; and that the predominance of house-owners in our municipal parliaments was established by no other than the great Liberal reformer, Freiherr von Stein. Using a well-known English phrase, I might say that measures have, in this case, proved stronger than men. The "measures," perhaps, were rightly meant; but they have met with the wrong men, and therefore, in most cases, have turned out all wrong. All possible means, I believe, should be used to guard English towns against a similar experience.

Town-planning, it must be said, is a mere conception, which includes many diametrically opposite systems. It depends wholly upon the executive which system is adopted. I should be trespassing too much on the forbearance of your readers if I were to enumerate in detail the different ways of planning and enforcing town-extension. Official town-planning, in a word, regulates the form and production of houses. It may enforce the five-storeyed barrack dwelling, or may exclude it. It may adhere to a "routine" system—the great favourite with red-tapeism and land speculation—or to its antithesis, the "individualising" system, which has regard to the requirements of locality, classes of population, &c. And there are other distinctions of not less consequence. Competence in town-planning is of such weight that endless mischief might be done by the adoption

of a wrong system, neglecting public interest and favouring private profit.

The aims of Mr. Horsfall are deserving of the greatest sympathy. Mr. Horsfall, no doubt, has put before the public one of the most important problems of modern town-development. But unless this movement, which any friend of municipal reform might support, is to run the risk of miscarrying, principles ought to be laid down showing to what end and extent powers of town-planning are to be created. This, of course, would be a matter of further discussion. In a few words I might say that, as fundamental, a distinction should be made between main roads and residential streets. To public authority should be given the right of planning the main roads and directing traffic. Furthermore, public authority ought to have an effective right of supervision in relation to all measures dealing with cutting up the land—private enterprise, however, retaining its initiative and independence unimpaired.

The advantages of English town-building as compared with German are cheap land and a building trade not injured and controlled by land speculators. The advantage of the German system is a large power of directing town-extension, which, however, may turn out to be either beneficial or destructive. Beyond doubt a satisfactory combination of both systems is possible, as well for Germany as for England. If the right principles be adhered to, town-planning, very far from being a dangerous experiment, will prove a great stimulus to town-extension in England and a valuable aid in the solution of certain parts of the housing question.—Yours, &c.,

RUD. EBERSTADT,
Professor.

Berlin University,
February 13th, 1908.

WHAT THE HOUSING BILL SHOULD DO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A letter in your last issue calls attention to some disabilities under which a tenant labours while nominally he is being treated fairly by the law and the landlord.

But there are still many cases in which the law distinctly bears hardly on the tenant. The United Arts Club affair is a case in point.

There is one legal disability of the tenant of which I have as yet seen no public notice. Very few tenants obtain leases, one of the clauses of which declares that in the event of the premises leased being rendered uninhabitable by fire the tenant shall not be liable for rent. Even the London County Council does not insert such a clause in its leases except at the express desire of a tenant, and the fact that the clause is not included in the ordinary printed lease drawn up for the use of L.C.C. tenants emphasises its unusualness.

It would be interesting to know whether this indicates (a) the absence of cases in which such a clause is necessary to safeguard the tenant's interests, or (b) the abrogation by landlords of their legal right to force a tenant to pay for the shelter of a roof which no longer shelters. If, indeed, the latter alternative be true, Heaven can no longer be enforcing its Alien Exclusion Act against landlords.—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C. WATSON.

Avenue House, Clifton, York.,
February 5th, 1908.

THE RUSSIAN PRIEST.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In a not unkindly article on the above, appearing in *THE NATION* on the 8th inst., it is stated that clerical marriage is a "profanation" in the Roman Church and is obligatory in the Greek Catholic Church: and the "glaring antithesis" is commented upon.

These statements seem strange; for there are numbers of married priests in communion with Rome (e.g., Uniati

priests), and recently in Russia priests, though not married, have been ordained for villages.

There is also a little sting in the tail of the article, where the Orthodox Catholic Church is characterised as "the representative of ancient Greek Paganism in Christian dress." One would fancy that Eastern Catholicity was some most degraded form of Christianity instead of being, as it is, the purest. But, be that as it may, in Russia, with its "Christian Greek Paganism," there is absent the repulsive aspect of Christianity shattered into countless fractions, sharply divided, mutually recriminating each other, and following out the Gospel in every particular except obeying it. There, at least, the sight has never been witnessed of fellow Christians murdering each other for the Love of God; or a Latimer preaching a sermon while near at hand a Prior Forest is being slowly roasted to death.

There one sees no priests prosecuted and imprisoned for wearing a decent apparel in church. There, at least, baptism is not degraded, confirmation neglected, and sacraments celebrated, as M. Khomiakoff affirms of Protestants, with rites unworthy of Christians. No sham priesthood or sham sacraments are in "Paganised Christian Russia."

There, though it may be "stagnant and inert," Christianity is a reality and religion is vital; there the wounds of Christ are still fresh; and there in the immobile air still float the divine words—uttered centuries ago—of her Founder and Master.

There may be ignorance and inertness in Russia, but the insular pride of English Christianity is absent, the self-righteousness of English Protestants is not there; and the missionaries of the Russian Church can show within the last twenty-five years more converts from heathenism to her "Greek Paganism in Christian dress" than all the religious bodies in England put together can show to be converted to their particular forms of Christianity.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. GROVES CAMPBELL.

Monte Rosa, Motcombe Road,
Bournemouth, W.
February 14th, 1908.

THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been waiting for some indignant protest by Liberals of influence, whether in Church or State, against the judge's decision in the recent trial for blasphemy. Failing such protest, allow me to urge:—

1. That the blasphemy laws are utterly out of date, and that if they were honestly enforced they would bring about the punishment of a larger number of well-known writers and speakers, whose reticence with reference to the recent trial is more prudent than courageous.

2. That as one who from the old Hall of Science days has endeavoured to maintain the Catholic faith against Atheists, I have found that these laws damage the Christian argument by enabling our opponents to state that we shelter ourselves behind the policeman, whereas free discussion is really essential to our position.

3. That the judge's "lenient" sentence, which compelled the accused to sign a declaration that he would not use "any language calculated to shock the feelings or outrage the belief of the public," is a most dangerous interference with free speech and argument. Every reformer, from our Lord Jesus Christ downwards, has shocked feelings and outraged beliefs. Ridicule is our best weapon for destroying error. The truth need never be afraid of it. This was once a Liberal commonplace. Has Liberalism become so corrupted by its establishment of religion in the State schools that it is going to prevent by law anyone from exposing the folly of the religion it has established?—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

Wavertree, St. Margaret's,
February 15th, 1908.

[We quite agree with Mr. Headlam's warning as to the serious precedent set up by the decision which he criticises. ED., *THE NATION*.]

BRITISH JOURNALISM AND THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I thought—Mr. Dell! With this gentleman—who, having left the Anglican Communion to join that of Rome, only to belittle its supreme head and to write malevolent articles in the secular Press to damage the reputation of the clergy of the religion he has selected as his own—I will have nothing whatever to do. Of Mr. Dell's charges of anti-Semitism and fanaticism I will merely say that they are wholly unfounded. I have not the smallest prejudice against the Jews as a people, and in a book which has received considerable favour from the Press, and is widely read, "The Pageant of London," I have written this sentence: "It were better for England to lose her richest colony than for a single Jesuit or Jew to be persecuted within her dominions for his religious or political opinions." But when I consider that the Jews in this country stand at 1 per cent. of the entire population, and then compare their growing preponderance in our Press and other important concerns, I feel that it is, to say the least, singular. I possess plenty of documentary evidence of the truth of my assertions concerning the overwhelming proportion of Israelitish influence on the London Press, which I may or may not publish at some future time. There are some newspaper proprietors who are mere figureheads, and, on the other hand, there are others whose names are unknown to the public, but who influence largely the political and religious policy of the papers they virtually own and control. My letter to the Catholic Union was not intended for general circulation, and therefore I am not bound to enter into further details, especially at the bidding of an avowed enemy of Catholicism, one who is held as such by the Catholic community of his country, who consider that he deserves the severest censures of their Church.

With regard to the Bill suppressing what remains of the *Loi Falloux*, I am quite as well aware as Mr. Dell that it has not as yet been endorsed by the Parliament or the Senate; but I am equally certain that, with his well-disciplined and overwhelming majority, M. Briand will take good care that the *Bloc* passes it, precisely as M. Combes ensured the passing of the Bill against the religious congregations. Indeed, in that case, when the various Orders, putting faith in the articles published in the original draft drawn up for that measure by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, applied for the authorisation therein offered them, they were refused that authorisation, against all principles of fairness and equity. I am quite aware, too, that M. Reinach is not a Minister, and, what is more, will never be one, and the only mistake made in a necessarily brief summary of a complicated matter is a printer's error, whereby M. Buisson's name appeared as Brisson, who is, as Mr. Dell says, quite another person.

I maintain, Mr. Dell to the contrary, that the actual French Government—of which he is so energetic and brilliant a champion—is antagonistic to the Christian and even to the Theistic idea, and that it is the enemy of every sort of religious development; hence its systematic persecution of the Catholic Church, the religion of the majority of Frenchmen, and its clergy—much, apparently, to the delight of Mr. Dell.

And now, having broken thus much into your valuable space, permit me to point out before I conclude a curious coincidence. The "brutal remark" to which your attention was called by Mr. B. L. Quillin, attributed to Pius X., was originally published broadcast by Mr. Dell himself in a letter he recently addressed to the "Times"! With this I take a long farewell of Mr. R. Dell, leaving him in the choice company, which so well becomes a pious "convert," of his friend M. Aristide Briand, who, in addition to his ardent desire to destroy *l'idée Chrétienne*, is now reported to have declared himself to be an apostle of "Free Love," and of M. Viviani, *l'Eteignoir*, who employs his leisure hours in the pleasing occupation of "putting out the lights of Heaven."

Meanwhile, I beg of you to rest assured that I absolutely refuse to take the least notice of Mr. Dell or of anybody else's future communications on this subject, and any body to remain,—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD DAVEY.

February 4th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I thought that Mr. Davey had already "declined further discussion" in his letter published on February 1st; but no doubt the opportunity of indulging in abuse of the French Government and myself was too tempting to be resisted. I will not follow Mr. Davey into the various irrelevant matters with which his present letter largely deals.

The issue is a simple one. Is it or is it not the fact that the English Press "is controlled, in most cases, by proprietors and even editors who are not of our race, history, or religion," and that "English journalism is now almost exclusively represented on the Continent by men of Oriental origin?"

I have given Mr. Davey a list of some of the principal proprietors of London daily papers—Mr. Walter, Lord Glenesk, Mr. Arthur Pearson, Lord Northcliffe, Sir George Newnes, Mr. Cadbury, Sir Alexander Henderson, the Messrs. Lloyd—and asked him for his evidence that they are not what they seem. He cannot produce it because, of course, it does not exist. But he now tells us that these gentlemen—or some of them—are mere figure-heads, and that their papers are "virtually" owned and controlled by mysterious beings of Jewish origin, who foregather no doubt in Masonic Lodges and are on friendly terms with Satan, like the mysterious beings who control the whole of France according to Mr. Davey's friends. Really Mr. Davey owes it to his country to unmask these crypto-proprietors, who must even now be trembling at the thought that their destiny is in his hands. Whence his hesitation to produce the "documentary evidence" that he possesses? He will not do it, he says, because he is asked by "an avowed enemy of Catholicism." The reason is scarcely convincing. On the contrary, Mr. Davey has the additional inducement of an easy triumph over an enemy of the Church. After such an exposure, the syndicate of Jews and Freemasons by which, according to a Catholic newspaper, I am employed, would probably cut off the supplies.

There must, by the way, be crypto-editors as well as crypto-proprietors, for the editors, whose names are given in "Who's Who," could hardly be described as "in most cases not of our race, history, or religion."

It would be absurd to take seriously this audacious bluff. The only serious matter is the fact that a man of Mr. W. S. Lilly's reputation should think it worth while to circulate such stuff among the members of a union composed of the *élite* of English Catholicism. That fact is symptomatic of the strange mentality which Roman Catholicism seems to produce so abundantly. One can only hope that Mr. Lilly under-rated the intelligence of the members of the Catholic Union, and wonder whether he would venture to defend Mr. Davey's theses before his fellow members of the Athenæum Club.

As to the question of the Government Education Bill now before the French Parliament, I, of course, accept Mr. Davey's explanation that "Brisson" was a misprint for "Buisson." But that explains only one of Mr. Davey's numerous mistakes in fact. He is aware now that the Bill has not become law, but he told the members of the Catholic Union that it had. He knows now that M. Théodore Reinach is not a Minister, but he said in his article that he was one. And what of his assertion that "the new law" had actually enacted a provision which has merely been proposed, and which the Government has declared that it will not accept? We are all liable to make mistakes, and Mr. Davey need not claim exemption from the common infirmity. But, when one sets up to instruct others, it is desirable first to make oneself acquainted with the facts.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, February 17th, 1908.

"A WOMAN'S CHARTER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though I do not speak in the name of Suffragettes or Suffragists, but only in my own, the answer to the question raised by Mrs. Harrison in your last issue, of whether the vote will protect women, seems to me to be obvious. "Votes," says Mrs. Harrison, "are not like the penny in the slot; the results do not come out in neatly folded packets." But if Mrs. Harrison will look back at history, she

will see that it is precisely votes, and the consequent power of getting laws passed, which has brought about the evolution of the condition of the people. Let her contrast the present condition of the labourer with that when he was *adscrip-tus glebi*—not allowed to move from the spot where he was born, made to toil for his lord in enforced labour, and deprived of all rights; till slowly but surely he overthrew medieval slavery, and the climax of the French Revolution was reached and the equality of man proclaimed. Women are going through the same phase. They also want their equality in law proclaimed.

They, too, have been legislated for without their consent, or opinion asked; their liberties, their rights, their persons have been disposed of by men, as a matter of course.

Nothing has been conceded to woman voluntarily, and every right, from the possession of her money, her person, and her children, has had to be fought inch by inch, and is not won yet. Though women have passed the same examinations as men, the university degrees of Oxford and Cambridge are denied to them. Though they pass the same examinations as men, the professions are closed to them. Though a woman may have enthusiasm and ability for public work, the means of doing it are denied her.

Woman's contribution to the State is so important that it well may be considered to be balanced by what man does. For without her co-operation it would be useless, nay, impossible, for man to build his roads and his houses, and man's empires would fall and decay without women's help. But we hope and believe that the best men see that liberty and evolution, which is the law of life, should be the law which Liberals at least should recognise as paramount. Sex tyranny seems to be the last stronghold of wrong. With the ever increasing extension of the suffrage among men, women will be in a worse position than they have ever been in if the suffrage is not soon granted to them.

The intrusion of laws into the house, into the factory, into the minutest concerns of life, delivers the interests of women bound and gagged into the hands of men. To the women who toil, to the women who are face to face with tragedy, to the women who have suddenly to face the demands of life not only for themselves, but their children, and often their husbands, these laws which are made, and are in making, render them powerless, often homeless and destitute. There is ever the great abyss which yawns for the homeless and hungry woman, but we hear of no legislation to prevent her falling into that.

But I would appeal to men to see that the State does not exist only for the strongest; the truest civilisation and the finest State would be that which gave its best protection to the physically weak, and lifted them to an equality with the strong. That would be real law and order.

Nature meant the world (so far as Nature has intentions) to belong to both men and women; and it is because women, rightly looked at, are the best asset in the State that we want the vote, because women alone know where the shoe pinches, and what is the best legislation for them.

The State is a fluid thing, ever changing and altering and making new laws, which concern us as much as men; and because this is so, we require to formulate no Charter, for our needs will be like men's, every varying, but safely protected by the vote.—Yours, &c.,

OTTILIE HANCOCK.

125, Queen's Gate, S.W.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent Miss Leitch writes in your last week's issue: "If we acknowledged that courtesy demands a quiet hearing for a speaker at a meeting, screams of 'Votes for women' at irrelevant moments are not only meaningless but vulgar." As a witness of what has happened at more than one Cabinet Minister's meeting during the autumn recess, may I be allowed to state that pertinent interjections made in the course of a speech cannot truly be called screams of "Votes for women," and that, when made by men listeners, they are almost invariably answered by the speaker. When made by a woman, however, the audience rises to its feet and breaks into tumult; abuse of the interrupter mingles with cheers in her favour; and after being handled with extreme roughness by the stewards,

often many in number, she is thrown out of the meeting. There is, as your correspondent says, a "disorderly outburst"; I only wish to point out that it is not made by the lady who interrupts the speech. I have seen a woman, who was not a Suffragist, narrowly escape the same treatment for requesting the speaker to raise his voice; I have seen a man thrown after a woman for trying to protect her. It may be asked why we interrupt at all; why we do not wait until question time. The answer to that is that we began by doing so; but our questions were ignored, whether we wrote them down or asked them verbally. On protesting against such unstatesmanlike conduct, we were then treated in the way I have described. After that, we determined that if we were to be thrown out of the meeting in any case, we would make sure of asking our question first; so we asked it during the speech instead of waiting in vain until the end of it. In this we were but following the example of the voteless men, who, in the period preceding their enfranchisement in 1867, and again in 1884, made it impossible for any Cabinet Minister, known to be opposed to the reform, to obtain a hearing.

I do not claim for the tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union that they are in themselves dignified; but I do claim that they have been carried out entirely without violence on the part of the women. And when a class of naturally peaceable, law-abiding citizens find themselves denied, and repeatedly denied, constitutional means of demanding an urgent reform, perhaps the justice of their cause will lend to its advocates a dignity that neither the violence nor the ridicule of their opponents can take from them.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN SHARP.

15, Mount Carmel Chambers,
Duke's Lane, Kensington, W.
February 16th, 1908.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE SUFFRAGISTS AND THE LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In their sometimes ingenious campaign for the vote, the women Suffragists show a calamitous capacity for finishing badly. One morning last week I was amazed in the Westminster Police Court to see how fifty of them submitted their own interests to the hustling of the prosecution. Forty-nine were convicted and departed for Holloway in sixty-three minutes from the time the first case was called. Each woman had an average of 77 seconds of British justice. Unless the Suffragists can hit upon something less sheeplike than this meek collapse, all magistrates, prosecuting solicitors, and newspaper readers, in the absence of any dispute that the defendants are vulgar brawlers, will be unable to understand that they are anything else.

On this particular day, a few said irrelevant things like: "We protest against the Government," "We want the vote," "Votes for women," and so on. Contemptuously interrupted from the Bench, the feeble phrases from the dock seemed dismal in print. Why do the otherwise clever organisers at Clement's Inn lose all their self-possession and tenacity, whenever they collide with a magistrate? Until they engage an enthusiastic solicitor to fight every case on every conceivable ground, to cross-examine the police on the exact circumstances of every arrest, to argue against the slapdash application to their conduct of legal provisions not intended to suppress political agitation, until, in short, they deny with the utmost obstinacy that they are common street nuisances, the public will believe they consider 77 seconds long enough for their hearings. And you are not going to convince the British voter that women who allow themselves to be rushed off to prison at the rate of fifty an hour have a cause that anyone need get excited about.

See the effect of these surrenders at a crucial point in the game. Two days later Mrs. Pankhurst is forbidden a ride in a vehicle from Caxton Hall. She and twelve other women are going to the Premier with a resolution. And instantly they are surrounded by some hundreds of the largest constables in London. For all the women said and the police really knew, the suffragists might have been going to buy cakes and hats in Regent Street. Probably the law's servants were not concerned greatly about their position because

they knew they would not be cross-examined about it in Court next day. When Mrs. Pankhurst, who was somewhat exhausted after her scamper from Leeds and her arduous work there, stepped from the trap, prevented from riding at her ease, she and her friends took a few steps southward. Whereupon an inspector shouted, "No procession!" And the usual hustling by the police began—but it was not as gentle as on most previous occasions. Thirteen small women, with a solid wall of constabulary chests encircling them—this was a procession then!

The fact is that there was no procession. Yet, though the police had treated the women as a political assembly prohibited from approaching Parliament, next morning in Court the prosecution was allowed by the Suffragists to proceed against them as mere rowdies whose one crime was that they dared to come outside Caxton Hall. If every woman in the "Parliament" had during the squabble, or at any time in the afternoon, left with the intention of drinking tea in Bond Street, she would have had to suffer six weeks' imprisonment in Holloway, with the authorities in such an arbitrary state of mind! This sounds like nonsense to anyone who is not intimately acquainted with truth that a hint of a Suffragist raid is enough to cause those authorities a nervous fright. The rough and ready method of dealing with Suffragists in the streets would not do if they had their solicitors to handle the police and their superiors. Why were these women arrested almost on Caxton Hall's doorstep? Was this a procession? What is the nature of a procession? Can you seriously call thirteen women with some yards separating their pairs and singles a procession? What were the instructions to each policeman? What had the women done before they were arrested? Did the police know beyond doubt that these women were going to the House of Commons? A few questions on these lines to each of the police concerned and the magisterial decisions might not have been so easy. On public and political grounds the Suffragists should battle for their liberty, and among lawyers and people who sympathise with the feminine movement there is much amazement that they should resign themselves to conviction without resistance.—Yours, &c.,

February 18th, 1908.

W. M. C.

"ENGLAND AND MR. MEREDITH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in saying about Mr. Meredith (NATION, Feb. 8th), "But the world that so honours him is the English world alone," overlooks my country. Here, in Holland, Meredith is very well known and much admired, of course, not by the public in general—neither is he, I feel sure, in England—but there is a large circle here where his books are read and highly appreciated. And this is not only so in the last years; for at least twenty years Meredith has been a familiar figure for our cultured people.—Yours, &c.,

A DUTCHMAN.

Rotterdam, February 17th, 1908.

Poetry.

THE PANTHEIST.

BRUNO, the Scholar, in his latter years,
Turned to the Church, who bade him leave his lore,
Burn his dark books, and, on her lowest floor,
Kneel, in the dry-eyed sorrow, worse than tears.
There, as the faithful pass to pray, he hears
Curses that bless. "Now, enter and adore!
God to His humblest room of grace restore,
And show thee where alone his light appears!"

But some who in the Scholar's cell had bent,
And tracked with him the Godhead everywhere,
Sighed for the fears that made him penitent,—
"Wilt thou greet God as though the altar-stair
Were His one home?" He answered: "Be content!
Strange if our eyes should miss Him *only there!*"

G. M. HORT.

Reviews.

THE RESURGENT DRAGON.*

THESE three books on China, written from different standpoints, touch kindred topics and suggest some of the changes which are now impending in North-eastern Asia. The first is written by a student of the trend in our national commerce; the second by a College President and Translator of Western text-books, who has been for many years in the service of the Chinese Government; whilst the material for the third has been gathered together by the Editorial Secretary of the China Inland Mission, who has had direct personal experience in several of the less-known provinces of the Empire. Although Mr. Sargent evidently lacks personal familiarity with the inner life of the Far East he writes a shrewd and impartial history of our commercial relations with China in the pre-Treaty days, sets forth in a series of careful statistics the ups and downs of our trade, and expounds with much clear sense our successive Treaties with the Chinese authorities and the various Conventions by which they have been defined and enlarged.

Dr. Martin's sumptuous volume gives a brief survey of the eighteen provinces, sketches the influence of the dynasties which for four thousand years have ruled China and shaped its development, and also sums up in a temper of sober hopefulness the changes which augur improvement and speedy reform. It is perhaps not Dr. Martin's fault that the paging of a series of delightful photographs often bears no relation to the letterpress. One of the poems, "Drinking by Moonlight," has already appeared in "A Cycle of Cathay." Some paragraphs are reprints not entirely rewritten, and Dr. Martin now and again plays his own Boswell by reporting smart sayings he uttered years ago in conversation with native officials, and also an after-dinner speech delivered at the Empress Dowager's birthday dinner at Hankow. He takes the Hongkong and Canton river steamer thirty or forty miles out of its course to give his readers a glimpse of Macao, and from the deck of the steamer as it is nearing the landing stage points out quail and cricket fighting on Fati! Perhaps the veteran looks upon this as a proper and playful use of the imagination. On his own ground as a scholar and a privileged friend of high officials at Peking, Dr. Martin has always much of interest and value to impart. Mr. Marshall Broomhall's book is a miniature encyclopædia or gazetteer, and brings into compact form a great mass of instructive and well-sifted facts. With the exception of three or four sections contributed by the editor himself, the chapters have been prepared by missionaries long resident in the provinces they describe. The plan of the book has its disadvantages. We are three times reminded by different contributors that the Yellow River has changed its course to the sea within living memory and also told with the same repetition that the great Yu, in his patriotic zeal as a marsh-drainer of some of the districts of Ancient China, did not once cross the threshold of his own house for three years, although he passed by the door. But such blemishes are trivial and the advantages of the arrangement far outweigh its drawbacks. The reader is brought face to face with first-hand witnesses, and touches of local colour often brighten the delineation of some of the less-known districts of the great Empire. He gets nearer to the people when he is told of the varying temperaments which mark the natives of different provinces. The Honam man is slothful and unenterprising and forms a contrast to his Hoopak neighbour south of the Yangtsze. The divergence has been crystallised in a common saying, "The Hoopak man never retires to rest till he has washed his feet, but the Honam man only washes his feet when he has to ford a river." We get a Chinese touch of worldly wisdom, with a faint suggestion of irreverent cynicism, in the Chinese comment on a group of villages which draw water through irrigation channels linked up with the

* "Anglo-Chinese Commerce." By A. J. Sargent, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

"The Awakening of China." By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

"The Chinese Empire." By Marshall Broomhall. Morgan & Scott.

Yellow River. "The people of Ningsia don't depend upon heaven for food but upon the Yellow River."

The three books all focus attention upon those new movements, the report of which now fills China as with the thunderous tumult of an upbreking ice-river. Are these ideas of national reconstruction which are now in the air auguries of beneficent and immediate change, or are they the illusive streaks of a "False Dawn"? The reformation is bound to come, but it may come less swiftly than the more sanguine watchmen imagine. The unique history of Japan is not likely to repeat itself. The Dragon yawns and shakes himself as a prelude to the great ascent, but he may encounter a few checks and drawbacks before he gets the full use of his pinions. A just and equitable method of paying the huge multitudes of officials trained under the old régime is at the root of all stable progress, and this still seems afar off. A country cannot renew itself whose magistrates must either starve or pay themselves by exactions. Perhaps the nationalisation of the immense mineral resources of some of the provinces would be the easiest way out of the impasse, although such a proposal would find little sympathy with the foreign concession-hunters. The attitude of the Mantchoo dynasty is important although not the only factor in the problem. For the time being the Empress Dowager is a progressive, and Dr. Martin seems to believe in her sincerity, but it is perhaps the sincerity of an opportunist rather than a martyr. The Pekin palaces are still crowded with eunuchs, whose secret influence over the policy of the throne is often greater than we assume. The one outstanding statesman of the Empire, Yuan Shih Kai, represents a new type, and for the present his power is immense. The abolition of the old penal code, with trial by torture, has been declared, but the new code is not yet ready for publication, and within the last two or three years the viceroy Tseng publicly drank the blood of a rebel who had been cut to pieces in the square of one of the cities of Kwengsi. For good and for evil, Pekin edicts are sometimes forgotten. Mr. Sargent recognises that in commercial questions the Central Government cannot always at once enforce its will upon the local authorities. The Chinese throne is not an irresistible absolutism. And local governments themselves have to reckon with trade and labour guilds, and with clan systems, which not only dominate the villages, but subtend all the ramifications of city life. The people are stronger than their rulers, more conspicuously so perhaps than in some of the democratic countries of the world.

But, as an offset to these difficulties, forces which promise amelioration and improvement animate the new movements. The vitality of the race is amazing. The Chinese are flowing into their own thinly settled provinces, and by thrift and enterprise making themselves paramount over the old populations. The Mantchoo remnant will be absorbed into the Chinese mass. Perhaps the recent policy of removing the bar upon marriage between Mantchoos and Chinese is a face-saving surrender to the inevitable. The abolition of the endless octroi duties, which in some cases made inter-provincial trade difficult, and all but impossible, will create free trade between the different parts of a self-sufficing empire, and the Chinaman himself may gain more by the change than the foreign merchant. The reform movement is closely bound up with the success of the new crusade against opium. The yellow giant may astonish us when he is free from this degrading bondage.

But whatever may arise out of the present ferment, China will not in any sense allow herself to become captive to the bow and sword of foreign States. In the administration of railways, in the equipment of colleges, and in the government of native churches, the foreigner will be eliminated at the earliest possible moment, and complete native control will ensue. The movement is curiously coincident throughout these three spheres of activity. A strong national temper is expressing itself on every side. Chinese confederacies for the promotion of commerce, knowledge, or religion can never be permanently governed from the outside. The missionaries have perhaps less to fear for their work from this surging tide of racial independence than other sections of the foreign communities in the East. The Chinaman is not a dreamer like the Hindoo. He will stand by the traditional interpretation of the sacred documents

of the Christian faith as he stood by the traditional interpretation of his own classics for long centuries. And he will doubtless show, as the administrator of a native church, the wisdom and sober sense he has shown in the management of his own family and municipal affairs.

CRITICS OF SOCIALISM.*

1.—MR. ARNOLD FORSTER.

Two works of hostile criticism of English Socialism published within the last few weeks deserve attention for the contrast which they present in temper and in intellectual equipment. Mr. Arnold Forster, as the occupant of a high office in the late Government, and the author of a number of educational text books upon English history and "civics," might well appear a suitable person to undertake a critical examination of the facts and tendencies comprised under the term Socialism in this country. It might have been expected that some brief account of the origin of the term as applied to the early co-operative spirit and schemes of Owen and his followers would have been given; that the survival of this earlier meaning in the Christian Socialist movement of the mid-Victorian age and even of to-day would have received due recognition; that the growing tendency for "Socialists" to rely upon public institutions and the use of politics would have been carefully traced; that the intellectual stiffening which the Marxian teaching gave to Socialistic doctrine would have been assessed; that the distinction between doctrinaire and practical Socialism, which has been of such prime importance in the English movement, would have been considered; that the three English Socialist organisations, so distinct from one another in spirit, aim, and method, would have been compared; and, finally, that the actual process of Socialisation, as expressed in the extension of public industries, public control, public support, and taxing policy, would have been concisely indicated. Such a statement of ordered fact, with judicious commentary from the pen of a practised educationalist, would have been of great service, and is essential to a study of "English Socialism of To-day."

Mr. Arnold Forster, in the set of newspaper articles he has flung into this book, makes no attempt to do any one of these things. If one may judge from certain statements in his preface, supported by strong internal evidence, he had no acquaintance with the wide literature of the subject when he determined to write these articles. His knowledge of Socialism appears to be confined to certain portions of some books and pamphlets selected for his perusal by the Secretary of the Social Democratic Federation. Although the list apparently contained publications of the Independent Labour Party and the Fabian Society, the picture here presented of English Socialism is based almost wholly upon the principles and programme of the Social Democrats and extreme statements selected from writers belonging to this section. Socialism is thus shown as a class war, in which political power or physical violence are to be employed in the seizure of the land and capital belonging to private citizens: the means of production thus seized are to be applied to public industry, in which all able-bodied citizens will be compelled to serve for a salary which will be the same for all alike, skilled or unskilled, industrious or idle, worthy or worthless. The chief immediate means to this end is the taxation "to extinction" of all rent, interest, profit, or high salaries; the repudiation of the public debt is to be accompanied by the abolition of the monarchy, the abandonment of a regular army and navy, and the dissolution of the Empire. By thus selecting his "evidence," Mr. Arnold Forster exhibits a campaign of hatred, plunder, and injustice directed to the establishment of corruption, tyranny, and inefficiency.

Why does so important a gentleman as Mr. Arnold Forster set himself to advertise and to demolish these crude revolutionary doctrines? There is nothing novel in them. For a quarter of a century this little body has been circulating this language. No serious student of politics sets any store by the Social Democratic Federation as a present or a coming force in English politics. It has sundered itself from the main stream of the English Socialist movement, as represented in Parliament and in the country.

* "English Socialism of To-day." By H. O. Arnold Forster. Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.

Most of the proposals and opinions which are here held out to reprobation would be repudiated by the vast majority even of the little minority of avowed Socialists. On the Continent, where this form of revolutionary Socialism has far wider vogue, it has been necessary to subject them to serious criticism. A dozen able French and German economists, such as Leroy-Beaulieu, Molinari, Schäffle, Menger, have done with the skill of practised intellectual surgeons the dissecting work which is so clumsily attempted here.

There is no reason to suppose that a formal Socialist policy has any future in England; if it has, that Socialist policy is grossly misrepresented by the account rendered here. We do not deny that Mr. Arnold Forster "punishes" the crude Socialist doctrines. But such work is not worth doing, and, if it were, it has already been done much better. We cannot, however, lay down the book without some allusion to the curious endeavour made to fasten certain "historical antecedents" on to English Socialism. Misled by some passages hastily culled from books by Mr. Belfort Bax, the writer produces flaming sketches of "three typical periods of Socialist activity," the Anabaptist movement of the 16th century, the French Revolution of 1793, and the Paris Commune of 1871, with the object of fastening on English Socialism of to-day the red ruin, crime, and anarchy which these tragedies contained. Now while certain doctrines, rather of Communism than of State Socialism, animated some of the actors in two of the dramas here named, the presentation of the French Revolution as a "Socialistic" movement is a feat of quite extraordinary ignorance. So far as doctrines and philosophic principles were directing influences, the Revolution was, of course, the extreme and final assertion of individualism. The chief documents of the Revolution place this beyond all question. The famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man" not only speaks of "property being an inviolable and sacred right," but expressly lays down the individual basis of property as the right "which belongs to every citizen to enjoy, and freely to dispose of his income, the price of his labour and his industry," while "no man is to be deprived of his property without his consent, save for purposes of public necessity, legally established and accompanied by just indemnity." The decree of March, 1793, "declared the penalty of death against anyone who should introduce an agrarian law or any other law subversive of territorial, commercial, or industrial property." The practice of the Revolution was consistent with this theory. In its operation no attempt whatever was made to Socialise the instruments of production, even the land being straightway parcelled out to new proprietors. If Mr. Arnold Forster, who claims to have written a History of England, has ever read any sort of history of France, what does he mean by this ridiculous attempt to foist the revolution of 1793 on to Socialism? That certain local "cahiers" of the period contain bits of Socialistic phraseology is doubtless true, but to paint Socialism into this typical display of revolutionary individualism is an act of sheer intellectual effrontery.

The real reason why this book was written is, however, not obscure, and is not particularly creditable to its author. By a certain section of the Conservative Party it has been decided that it is "good business" to fasten the charge of Socialism on to the present Government and upon active Liberals in municipal politics. If, therefore, the most extreme proposals of the most violent but least influential section of avowed Socialists can be made to represent English Socialism, and then by implication or suggestion this Socialism can be made to appear the driving force in the social reform and the financial policy of the Liberal Party—well, it may be worth while for even so important a person as Mr. Arnold Forster to risk his scholastic reputation by lending a hand in this serviceable work.

[We shall deal next week with Mr. Mallock's far more impressive book.]

A PROFESSOR OF BELLES LETTRES.*

WHEN we say that this work, within the very moderate compass of some four hundred pages, sketches the characteristics and progress of the literature which has during the last

* "The Later Nineteenth Century." By George Saintsbury, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.

half century been produced in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, and Russia, and that in the course of it its accomplished author gives us his verdicts on upwards of five hundred authors, we may form some idea of the obligations under which he has laid a grateful public. It is not, indeed, quite easy to see what end can be served by such a feat beyond creating surprise at the possibility of its accomplishment. *Tours de force* are generally more satisfactory to their performers than to anyone else, and this achievement is no exception to the rule. The Professor himself observes, with much complacency, that it is a survey which out-Pisgahs Pisgah. We should have preferred ourselves to take an analogy from the Tower of Babel. To change the figure, it may be described as a sort of literary bovril or concentrated essence of critical hotch-potch. But the Professor is a deft hand, and knows his public. What the public want now are neither facts nor details, but impressions and opinions, and it is very greatly to Professor Saintsbury's credit that, having the sagacity to discover this, he has had the good sense to take seriously what Swift, in less enlightened days, suggested ironically. Whether Professor Saintsbury resorts to the same methods in acquiring his erudition as he pursues in imparting it we cannot, of course, say, nor are we concerned to conjecture. But this we can say—that the book before us has evidently been produced in accordance with the receipt given by Swift's philosopher:—

"You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass phial hermetically sealed for one and twenty days. Then you begin your Catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quedams*, *florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great order and reducible upon notice."

To the Professor's many admirers the work will have peculiar attractiveness, as presenting the *crème de la crème* of his singularly fine and delicate discrimination, particularly as a critic, say, of such poets as Heine and of such writers as Renan. And refreshing, indeed, it is to see him striding, polymathic and polyglottic, through every country in Europe, as much at home in the literatures of Germany, Russia, Poland, and Denmark as he is in that of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, and England. We have referred to Babel. With what a contemptuous smile must such linguistic omniscience as is here revealed confront the curse which has impeded so many scholars! It is perhaps to be regretted that Professor Saintsbury has not tempered his omniscience with a little more regard for the graces of style, and that he so frequently favours us with such passages as the following:—

"Take 'Les Orientales' and any piece of the late M. Verlaine's latest, or of the youngest living French contributor to *Vers et Prose* who is not merely trying to *embêter* or *épater* his reader—take instances at any reasonable stage-distance between—and just as in the case of 'Claribel' and the latest English verse (with the same proviso), the common agreement will emerge at once, when you compare the one set with a piece of Delille's, or even of J. B. Rousseau's, the other with a piece of any eighteenth century English poet—even Thomson, even Gray—except Blake."

We like, too, the mingled urbanity, lucidity, and grace of the following:—

"You can be a classical believer, sentimentalist, optimist, fantast (this most difficultly but possibly) a romantic infidel, cynic, pessimist, and (this most difficultly but possibly) scientific person. It is the riding that does it."

How refined, too, is the accent here:—

"Ungallant critics have sometimes assimilated French writings to French women, and have said that with unsurpassed neatness, skill in presenting themselves, *adroit savoir faire* in company, genius for dress, practical shrewdness, and so forth, the more witching charms of feature and expression are not uncommonly common in the whole of Gaul."

This, it may be added, is said in the "criticism" of M. Renan, who fares as such a writer would be likely to fare with the master of a style which is not exactly that of the author of the "Vie de Jésus."

But what we like most in Professor Saintsbury are such felicities as the following. Of Flaubert it is observed that he "does not keep a milk-walk for babes," of Maupassant that his writings are too often smirched with "the Naturalist preference of fie-fie subjects," or, again, "the brilliant artificialities, nor quite, quite that neither, of George Alfred Laurence." But enough.

What useful end such a book as this can possibly serve we cannot so much as conjecture. To those who are not in the secret of the concoction of volumes like these it may have the effect which Goldsmith tells us his schoolmaster's argument with the parson had on the bystanders:—

"And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

And some readers may conclude that the creation of such an impression is one of the ends at which the book aims. If this indeed be the case, we would exhort Professor Saintsbury, not only for his own credit, but in consideration of higher interests, to mend his ambition. Such paltry vanity is likely to be more expensive to the publishers than to the writers of such books. Professor Saintsbury's ambition might, we would suggest, profitably and legitimately take the form of a little more attention to expression and style. As it is, there will be some danger that a time may come when his writings will serve the same purpose in rhetoric as the Helots in ancient Sparta served in moral instruction.

ANNALS OF AN ETON HOUSE.*

No one who reads this work from the point of view of the educationist rather than the Etonian can help coming to the conclusion that it is probably the best book which has ever been written about Eton, and one of the best books ever written about Public School education. Our great public boarding schools are a mystery unto many. They are difficult to understand by anyone who has not been in the thick of them. No Blue Books, no statistics can give us a correct idea of them. The manner in which they work out in practice is very different from the presentation of the theories on which they are founded. They are full of anomalies. Like the English Constitution, their strength lies not in their laws but in their conventions.

A striking example is given in the work before us. The Evans family was temporarily incapacitated by illness from taking its usual share in the management of the house. It was suggested that one of the younger masters should be called in to keep order. This was rejected, and the government of the establishment was left to the boys themselves. The result was most successful. Everyone was on his honour to behave well, and due subordination was observed. The interregnum passed off without a hitch. This is characteristic of Eton. Some thirty years ago two boys went abroad with a tutor; one of them was certainly only in jackets. In a German town they discovered that the tutor was in the habit of getting drunk. They consulted together what should be done, and at last sent for the tutor, gave him a severe admonition, and told him that if it occurred again they would dismiss him. At Dresden it did occur again, whereupon they dismissed the tutor. One of them entered at a Gymnasium and donned the blue cap of a Saxon public schoolboy. The other engaged a fresh tutor and went on with him. It often occurred to the present writer, when he was a master at Eton, to consider what would happen if all the masters were suddenly to die from some unforeseen calamity. The school would certainly not break up, only a small proportion of the boys would go home. The captain would communicate with the Governing Body that, unfortunately, all their masters were dead, and that the sixth form was carrying on the school as usual, except that absences and Chapels were substituted for lessons. Order reigned at Eton, but it was desirable that a new Head Master be sent to them as soon as possible.

This self-governing side of Eton which is the real reason why it has produced so many men fitted to sustain the burden of Empire is well brought out in this book. This capacity springs, of course, partly from the English character and partly from the English home, but it found in

William Evans and his gifted daughters congenial spirits who thoroughly understood the situation, and who gave the spirit of self-government full scope to operate. But there are other lessons which the book has to teach to a wider circle. The House was emphatically a home, and no one who has not experienced the labour of keeping a boarding house can have any idea of the minute care, the devotion, the affection which is required before such a task can be fulfilled with success. Such qualities Jane Evans possessed in the highest degree, and the author of the book in his sympathetic and reverent portraiture of a character whom he loved and of a system which he admired was, perhaps, not aware of the lesson which he was teaching to all those who undertake the duty of education.

One of the most striking parts of the book is the space given to athletics. It seems as if the one object of the house was to win cups, and the one distinction of a member of the house was the position which he occupied in the house games. Much of this is due to the personality of the writer. He has undoubtedly a keen interest in games, and he gives to them the importance which he feels himself, but it may be questioned whether the athletic worship of our public schools has not proceeded beyond all reasonable limits, whether, indeed, it may not be regarded as a national calamity. The importance of a sound mind in a sound body cannot be overrated, and fifty years ago the physical side may have been too little considered at Eton and other public schools. Certainly in those days the feeding was very bad and the comforts scanty, but in our days the time of a boy is spent not in playing games but in seeing them played. Major Parry tells us that during the time he chronicles the name of the lower boy cups was changed to junior cups, and we are informed that this was done because promising young athletes used purposely to fail in trials in order that they might be eligible to take part in these competitions. Some panegyrists of Eton give their favourite school away. From the perusal of one book, evidently written by a sincere admirer, the average reader would conclude that the two main preoccupations of an Eton boy's life, besides his athletic distinctions, but depending on them, was the possession of a cane, or a number of canes, with which he might beat certain specified serfs who were subject to his jurisdiction, and the ownership of a large variety of parti-coloured garments which could only be worn in special ways, and on special occasions.

It was not in gratitude for influences of this kind that Marquis Wellesley elected to be buried in the College Chapel. It was, as he tells us in his epitaph, because Eton had been to him the stimulus to high endeavour, a nursing mother who taught him to scale the heights of Empire and to succeed in a noble ambition. Wellington never said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. His brother did say that India had been governed by the lessons that he had learned in that seminary of heroes. The friendship of Gladstone and Arthur Hallam, their breakfasting together every day alternately in their respective houses, makes sacred the Long Walk through which they frugally conveyed their bread and butter to each other's rooms. They never wore a blazer, or carried a cane, but they are among the glories of the school.

Still Eton remains Eton, and will be itself whether Warre or Lyttelton control its destinies. Bismarck once said that the Germans could not imitate England in certain branches of self-government because England was full of "Royal existences" which were lacking in his own country. It is the function of Eton to foster these Royal existences; they make her what she is, and she suffers them to grow up as their destiny demands. What country but our own can produce a Viceroy of India, a man clothed for a short space with more power than any Sovereign in the world, and yet ready to lay it aside when the time has come and return to the ranks of ordinary life? In any other country he would either become overbearing in office or dangerous in retreat. The book before us shows how these men are formed at school, and also on what principles a boarding house can be successfully governed, and on behalf of all those who are interested in the scientific examination of educational problems we thank Major Gambier Parry for the work which he has so admirably accomplished.

B.

* "Annals of an Eton House." By Major Gambier Parry. Murray 12s. 6d. net.

THE SOUL OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

"THE Island Pharisees" is a study rather than a story. It reveals Mr. Galsworthy's genius in its strongest and weakest elements. The strength is there unchallengeably, in a magical power of phrasing, a cold and merciless analysis of contemporary life, the summary, in a paragraph or a sentence, of whole kingdoms of the human soul. The weakness is exhibited in a certain deficiency of detachment, which exhibits the author not only judging but condemning; rejoicing in his condemnations; standing aside and taking his readers by the arm and saying: "Thus—and thus." It is the quality of preaching which (it is said) no English novelist can ever quite elude; Mr. Galsworthy wishes to make the audience wince; he wishes to declare to them, "This is you—and you," and to see them protest and tremble and deny. The "revised edition" is dedicated "to Constance Garnett in gratitude for her translation of Turgenev's works"; and Turgenev is undoubtedly the master, here, as in most serious modern fiction. But the air of utterly impersonal and uncritical detachment of "Fathers and Sons," or "Virgin Soil," is lacking in this attack upon the English complacency, which is never free entirely from bitterness, and sometimes breaks out into caricature. Mr. Galsworthy, in some of his later work—notably in many of his sketches for THE NATION—has managed to achieve the more difficult form of an art which explains, without affirming or denying.

The story here is of the slightest. Shelton, a healthy Englishman of ample means and no necessary occupation, has fallen in love with, and become engaged to, Antonia Dennant, a pretty, healthy, sport-loving English girl. During the months of waiting between engagement and marriage he examines various phases of life in London and the provinces. He is excited to questioning and resentment by the ironical smiles and comments of a foreigner, a chance acquaintance in a third-class carriage; who, having rejected everything, swallowed "all the formulas," has gained the whole world. He wanders desolately from the stuffy oppression of the club to the stuffy oppression of an artistic and literary gathering; and thence to the dusty futility of the philanthropic attempt to elevate the lower classes by chess and coffee and bagatelle. He notes the well-fed, bullet-headed, jovial crowds in the streets, the wives and husbands who have settled down to a routine of affection, the wives and husbands who have settled down to a routine of dull hatred and acceptance. The complacency of it all, its satisfaction, its order, its absence of high purpose and adventure, haunts him like a nightmare. He essays the countryside with no better result. He stays a night with a lonely vicar; he beholds a warder guarding the huge convict prison—symbol of the collapse of Christianity in practical affairs. He walks the English roads with an energetic Indian civilian, who is very content to run the machine, without caring to inquire whether the machine is worth running at all. Finally, in the atmosphere of the English country house, serene and dominant and triumphantly content, he realises that he is not of this company. Some disturbing madness has come upon him, which compels him to inquire, where other men are content to enjoy. He troubles Antonia with his suggestions and his queries. She breaks off the marriage. At the end after some protest—for he is really in love with her—he is satisfied to acquiesce.

Upon such a thin thread of narrative as this Mr. Galsworthy is able to hang incidents grave and diverting, introducing the various characters which make up the life of modern England. "Pharisees" is a misnomer. They have got far beyond the stage of the Pharisees. They are the children's children of those rather crude exponents of complacency and pride. These people reveal no ostentatious complacency and pride. Their attitude is rather one of acceptance. It is not that they thank God that they are not as other men are: it is that they can imagine no conceivable readjustment of the universe which could make other men even as themselves; or themselves, different. They are enterprising, but they shun adventure: they are kind, with no real possibility of sympathy. Enormous shut doors separate them from the real world: and they bend the world to their desires. "Doubts don't help you," says Antonia to Shelton; "how can you get any good from doubts? The

thing is to win victories." "Victories?" replies Shelton. "I'd rather understand than conquer." But the "Island Race" has preferred to conquer rather than to understand. And wisdom is justified of all her children.

Once or twice, indeed, Mr. Galsworthy is willing to suggest that perhaps the choice is not so mad a one after all. The ironical foreigner who prefers to resist, beg, cringe, and criticise, presents a figure not wholly heroic. He has fallen back on facts: he has sucked the salt and rind of life: he has deliberately contracted himself out of the universe of make-believe which he sees encompassing the people amongst whom his lot is cast. He enjoys his weakness and his laughter: the machine moves on; doing the work of the world. And these people, as he sees them—with their blindness to real issues, their carefully tended gardens, and the gates so severely padlocked which guard the pathways to waste spaces outside, may perhaps after all have but learnt the lesson of mental compromise in a world of frantic possibilities. The garden must be cultivated: cultivated, even if the sun which so pleasantly encourages its flowers to pass into kindly fruit is in reality a furious furnace of incredible fury; and the earth, of which this garden is a tiny segment, running along an illimitable inane towards no intelligible goal. "Spirit ruins you," declares the little foreign barber, condemned always to shave paupers in the cellars of a Rowton lodging-house. "In this world what you want is to have no spirit." The drôle Irish actor dies drunk in squalor, all because he has something in him "which will not accept things as they are, believing always that they should be better." "When he was no longer capable of active revolution, he made it by getting drunk. At the last this was his only way of protesting against society. And occasionally, from the heart of the mechanical routine, there comes evidence that understanding is there—that understanding is possible: that not grossness or obtuseness or selfishness, as in the first hasty verdict, but the deliberate determination *not* to face the realities, is the real motive power which keeps the system from falling into decay. For if the realities are faced, the bottom falls out of the world; and man, naked, shivering, and alone, is suddenly left confronting defenceless the fire and the darkness." So Shelton finds his uncle, a shrewd, insensitive man of business, criticising the modern uncensored drama. "'What's right for the French and Russians, Dick,' he said, 'is wrong for us. When we begin to be *real* we only really begin to be false.'" 'Isn't life bad enough already?' he asks. "It suddenly struck Shelton that, for all his smile, his uncle's face had a look of crucifixion. He stood there very straight, his eyes haunting his nephew's face; there seemed to Shelton a touching muddle in his optimism—a muddle of tenderness and of intolerance, of truth and second-handedness. Like the lion above him, he seemed to be defying Life to make him look at her."

It works: that is its justification; this gospel of the Second Best, which substitutes a placid friendliness for love's high ardour, and prettiness for beauty, and a compromise of cruelty and kindness for social justice, and a standard of convention for the compelling demands of a religion. It is assailed in scornfulness and bitterness and passion, by the advocates of these various flaming emotions; by the religious prophets who demand sincerity; by the social prophets who cry for equality and compassion; by the artists who wish to challenge the unveiled Truth; by the Great Lovers who are outraged by this ignoble treatment of the "Lord of Life of terrible aspect." But the thing swings forward, indifferent or but politely tolerant of the clamour; because its peoples know that the secure second-best is a wiser choice (for them), than the hazards of an effort towards a doubtful larger attainment. And Mr. Galsworthy (with a touch of genius) can reveal this acceptance not only in those who have attained but in those who have collapsed in the bleak regions of the Abyss. Resting on a seat in the park, with no other place of refuge, Shelton finds an aged gentleman of seventy-two, an ex-butler, exultant in the fact that although "sellin' papers is not what I been accustomed to," yet "the 'Westminster,' they tell me that's one of the more respectable of the evenin' papers." "'Barrin' my cough and my rupture and this 'ere affliction'—he passed his hand over his face—'I've nothing to complain of; everybody has somethink, it seems.'" His only regret is that

* "The Island Pharisees." By John Galsworthy. Revised edition. William Heinemann. 6s.

with his somewhat exiguous income he has been compelled to associate with "low fellows." "So long as I can keep myself," he said again, "I shan't need no workhouse nor lose respectability."

The "Island Pharisees," in its mixture of strength, deliberation of purpose, perfection of detail, transparent sincerity, is a book which stands distinct and clear as a work of conspicuous power.

A BUDGET OF FRENCH CRITICISM.

ALTHOUGH Sénancour is far inferior to Chateaubriand as an artist, and has little of the magic of style that delights us in "René" or in the best pages of the "Génie du Christianisme," he is in some ways a better representative of the *mal du siècle*, the literary pessimism of the beginning of the nineteenth century. For one thing, he was more sincere. His melancholy and disillusion represent exactly what he felt, and as we read him we are never led to believe that his sadness is in any degree assumed or treated as material from which excellent literary effects are to be produced. In his search for a faith, too, he was far more in earnest. He never rested, as Chateaubriand was content to do, in the half acceptance of a belief which satisfied the emotions, but left the intellect untouched. M. Joachim Merlant's study, "Sénancour: Sa vie, son œuvre, son influence" (Fischbacher, 7 fr. 50) is chiefly concerned with Sénancour as a religious thinker, and too much stress is laid upon the "Libres Méditations" as supporting M. Merlant's contention that their author was "fundamentally in belief as in method, a liberal Protestant." Sénancour was decidedly anti-Catholic. He had, as M. Merlant says, "a concentrated antipathy for ultra-pious people, for Chateaubriand, who believed with a flood of tears, and for Werther, who believed because he saw some lighted tapers, and a horror of every compromise between the imagination and the intellect." But his own position was nearer to pantheism than to even the most liberal type of Protestantism. The book by which he lives is "Obermann," in its own way as remarkable a self-portrait as Rousseau's "Confessions." It has never been widely read, but, as M. Merlant shows, through the impression it made on Sainte-Beuve and George Sand, it has had a marked influence upon French literature. In this country its name at least is familiar as having inspired Matthew Arnold's fine stanzas

* * *

M. CH.-M. DES GRANGES has done an excellent piece of work in "Le Romantisme et La Critique: La Presse Littéraire sous la Restauration, 1815-1830" (Société du Mercure de France, 7 fr. 50). With the object of showing "how literary works are prepared, how they are born, how they die, and why some among them discover day by day a new faculty of adaptation to a new environment," he has gone through the journals contemporary with the beginning of the romantic movement, first giving a brief account of the policy of each paper, and then a selection of the most significant critical notices printed at the time. By this means he enables us to enter in some degree into the spirit of the period, for although the work of the greatest critics may be familiar, what they wrote is "less representative of public opinion, at a certain date, than what has been said by critics of the second rank, who think and speak like the mass of their contemporaries." A glance through these judgments of a past age, when classic and romantic belaboured each other so lustily, is full of interest; but it should also make the critics of our own day feel less confident of the permanence of their verdicts. Indeed, M. Des Granges holds that no critical judgment can be final. The true method, he says, is "resolutely to abandon the sophism which consists in setting ourselves up as judges of the judgments of others, and in believing that we of to-day are in possession of a sort of absolute truth concerning the works of the men of a past age. Our actual judgments are quite as subjective as those of the author's contemporaries. We, in our turn, represent only a moment in a series which will continue after us. We should for that reason refrain from seeking in previous verdicts the justification of our own ideas or the elements of a childish polemic. We must

take these judgments as uttered at a certain period and set a value on them as uttered at that period. However strange they may appear to us, we must accustom ourselves to record them in their integrity instead of retaining only detached formulas taken from them which, precisely because they agree with our present view, are likely to have lost their true meaning." M. Des Granges has hit upon a good idea, and his book should prove of great use as a study in comparative criticism.

* * *

Taine, said Lord Acton in one of his letters to Mary Gladstone, fancied that to show the horrors of the Revolution was a good argument against democracy. The "Origines de la France Contemporaine" has certainly stirred up a great amount of controversy, but up to the present it was generally assumed that at least the facts upon which that work is based could be trusted. M. A. Aulard, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on the history of the Revolution, has just published a course of lectures delivered in the Sorbonne during the year 1905-1906, "Taine Historien de la Revolution française" (Colin, 3 fr. 50), in which he goes through the whole work chapter by chapter, verifying the references and testing the authorities on which Taine relied. The result is not unlike some of the famous attacks made on Froude by Freeman. "One can say," he says, "after a careful and unprejudiced verification, that in this book an exact reference, an exact transcription of a text, an exact statement, is the exception. Inaccuracies, grave, insignificant, innocent, or prejudiced, are everywhere, or almost everywhere." In his criticism of Taine's account of Robespierre and of the Committee of Public Safety, M. Aulard is particularly deadly, but all through the book he convicts his author of the grossest inaccuracies. "He has mutilated the facts with an even more systematic audacity than he has mutilated the documents." In addition to these positive faults, Taine is also charged with a great many negative ones. "His omissions are perhaps even more grave than his errors. Almost all the most authentic and the richest sources of the history of the public feeling, which is Taine's real subject, have escaped him. His documentary basis, in spite of a wealth of references, is incomplete and inadequate, although he imagined and said that he had read and seen all there was to read and see. If we pass from documentary evidence properly so called, and from the immediate use that Taine makes of his sources, if we pass on from these to general results, to historical judgments, to the conclusions of all sorts that he draws from them, we perceive that even had he avoided all possible mistakes in scholarship, he would none the less have given us a false, and I may say, an unhistorical idea of the French Revolution." Yet in spite of these criticisms, M. Aulard believes Taine to be thoroughly honest in his views. Taine could never believe that there were two sides to a question, and when an inconvenient fact presented itself he either ignored it, or minimised its importance. He was, besides, ambitious of literary fame. "He loved literary fame; he seems to have loved it more than anything else. His chief aim—although perhaps he himself did not realise it—was to astonish the reader, to compel the reader's admiration. Although he announces that he is going to write a history in a sort of scientific form, it is a literary form that he employs, using as his materials whatever comes in his way. His animation, sometimes ingenious and always ardent, inspires him with brilliant and admirable passages. There are antitheses, surprises, highly coloured descriptions. Indeed, there is quite a pyrotechnic display. Historical truth is, at every moment, sacrificed to the necessities of art."

* * *

THE articles collected in M. Maurice Souriau's volume, "Moralistes et Poètes" (Vuibert et Nony, 3 fr. 50), are, he tells us, "conceived in a purely scientific spirit," and in an interesting preface he urges that all literary criticism which is not scientific is worthless. The critic who puts anything of his own personality into his work, who does not rid himself completely of the prejudices of his personality and of his environment, is no true critic. "A study on Pascal, on Bossuet, or on Voltaire will not be a scientific one unless at the end of the book the reader is incapable of deciding whether the critic is Jansenist or Molinist, Catholic or Protestant, believer or sceptic." If this be admitted it must be confessed that there never has been a true critic, but luckily

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M. Souriau is better than he promises. After this formidable opening he gives us some very readable and quite humanly prejudiced essays on "The Jansenism of Pascal's 'Pensées,'" "Lamartine's Versification," "Casimir Delavigne's Novels," "Alfred de Vigny and Romanticism," and "M. René Bazin and the Social Novel." M. Souriau points out the large part played by Catholicism in M. Bazin's fiction, but he combats the view which labels that author a mere entertainer for fashionable drawing-rooms, and holds that both "Donatienne" and "Le Guide de l'Empereur" have great artistic beauty. Indeed, no better refutation of M. Souriau's theory need be sought than this essay, which is a warm and unscientific appreciation of M. Bazin's art.

* * *

A NUMBER of letters written by Maurice de Guérin to Barbey-d'Aurévilly, which appeared some years ago in "La Quinzaine," have just been issued in a tiny volume by Messrs. Sanset et Cie, with the title "Lettres à J. Barbey-d'Aurévilly" (lfr.). They add little to our knowledge of Maurice de Guérin's uneventful life, but, as might be expected, they are beautifully written examples of that felicity in finding expressions to describe nature—particularly inanimate nature—which marks all that he wrote, and won the admiration of such judges as Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold. The little volume will be prized by all who care for beautiful French prose.

The Week in the City.

THE past week has been quite uneventful. The strong position of the Bank and the increasing probability of easy money have helped to keep Consols firm, in spite of rather poor revenue returns and bad Budget prospects. Home Railways have been dull, in view of declining trade and the shipbuilding crisis in the North. The severity of the economic crisis in America is shown by the armies of unemployed, and gloom rules in the American Railway market, where people look forward to another era of receiverships for many of the weaker lines.

CHEAPER FOOD AND CHICAGO.

By far the best sign of the times, from the standpoint of industry and commerce, is the fall in the price of wheat, which, in the opinion of good judges, is likely to be permanent and progressive. So long as the working classes have dear food they have less to spend on secondary necessities. Hence a lower demand for clothes, boots, &c. The situation has been saved by the grand Argentine crop—an awkward situation for the Preferential school of Imperialists who want the country to rely upon supplies from Canada, India, and Australia. I read in the American papers that the collapse of the recent efforts to create a bull market in wheat at Chicago is held to prove that wheat is "a world proposition," and that therefore operators there, no matter how keen in judgment or how strong financially, cannot safely work against forces that govern the markets of the outside world. The inference is that the wheat stock is too large to be controlled by North America, and that prices cannot be forced up this year.

"The actual amount of wheat unloaded by the bulls was 15,000,000 bushels, of which Mr. James A. Patten held 7,000,000 bushels, which were sold in two lots—5,000,000 early in January from \$1.07 down to \$1.05, and the remaining 2,000,000 at \$1.04 down to \$1.02. The Bartlett-Frazier and George W. Patten line was believed to aggregate 7,500,000 bushels, about equally divided; it was sold from \$1.02 down to 96 cents. The loss was an average of 4 to 5 cents a bushel." The "New York Evening Post" adds that "none of these operators has ever been in the wheat trade prominently until last year, when they 'made killings' on the green-bug scare in May. But their latest efforts resulted in a good percentage of the profits of last spring being put back into the market."

RUSSIAN CREDIT.

Investors in Russian bonds must be feeling very nervous about Russian credit. If the Government could be induced to reduce their annual bill for armaments for a few years the country could be rehabilitated and the finances put on to a 4 per cent. basis. But one fears there is too much incompetence and corruption in St. Petersburg to allow of that.

According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, the Government actually favours an expenditure of 200 millions sterling in the next ten years on the building of a new navy. It is to be hoped that the French banks will have the sense to refuse to allow anything of the sort. If they permit it Russian affairs will go from bad to worse, till they end in bankruptcy and ruin.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The annual report of the Southern Pacific Railroad for the fiscal year ended June 30th is a belated document, and, though by far the most favourable statement ever published by the company, it had no effect on the market. Last year the price of the stock varied between 99 and 65. It is now round about 70, at which price it yields about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., if the last year's dividends can be kept up. But can they in view of the great reaction in trade in the United States? When Harriman acquired control of the line, early in 1901, the gross earnings were 70 million dollars. Under his rule practically all surplus earnings over and above fixed charges were invested in the improvement of the line for five years. At the end of 1906 dividends of 5 per cent. began to be distributed, and this was raised to 6 per cent. last year, when the gross earnings rose to \$130,000,000, the surplus, after the 6 per cent. dividend was paid, being 14½ million dollars, comparing with a surplus of 6½ million dollars in 1900.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S REPORT.

The report of the Chartered Company suggests some queer reflections upon the success with which the late Mr. Rhodes and his friends (the Cosmopolitan Empire Builders) imposed upon British investors. There is no doubt that Imperial sentiment helped enormous numbers of foolish people to believe what Mr. Rhodes wished them to believe—that Chartered shares, instead of standing at 7 or 8, would gradually rise to heights beyond the dreams of human avarice. Yet, in point of fact, the Chartered Company, with its shares selling for 14 or 15 shillings, is nearer to paying (though probably still far enough away) than ever it was before. The report, belated, as usual, for the year ending March 31st, 1907, shows that the production of gold, silver, and coal still rises steadily. The directors state that there is hope for cotton and tobacco, and that "the agricultural outlook in Southern Rhodesia has never been brighter." On the other hand, the best that can be said for the guaranteed railways is that "during the current financial year it is estimated that the deficit will have reached its maximum, and that the total obligation of the Company during the year will be about £300,000."

Not long ago the directors of the Company paid a visit to the land of the Colossus and made inquiries into the following questions:—

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- (e) The continuation and extension of the policy of making advances to farmers and miners.
- (f) The organisation of production and distribution of agricultural and other products.
- (g) The facilities for transport, particularly in regard to through rates to the coast for all Rhodesian products.
- (h) The introduction of Rhodesian products to over-sea markets.
- (i) The advertisement of Rhodesia and its opportunities.

They arrived, they say, at the conclusion that the time has come for "a vigorous policy of development upon broad lines," and accordingly recommended that "the Company shall concur in all the above directions." This is rather a large order, especially when there is no Mr. Rhodes to bait the hook. However, the Board asks for the immediate subscription of a modest million. They propose that the million new shares be offered to the shareholders immediately for subscription at par *pro rata* to their present holdings, and that the subscribers of these shares be given options to take up two million additional shares at par, on the basis of an option of one additional share up to March 31st, 1901, and over a second share up to March 31st, 1912, in respect of each share now subscribed. The plea is regarded as ingenious, but the shareholders may decline to throw good money after bad.

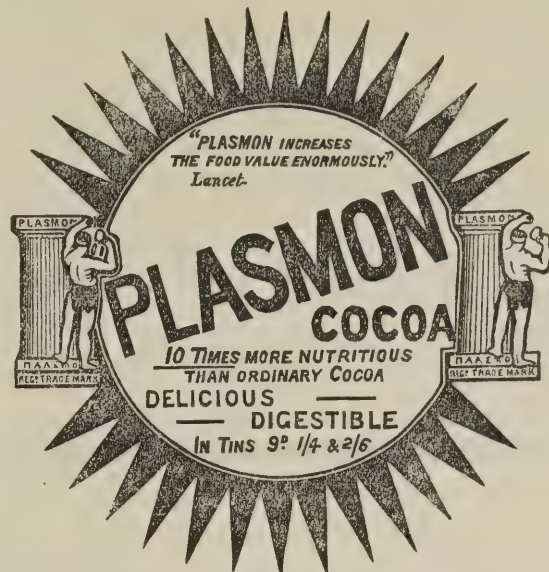
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Diary of the Week.

THE Licensing Bill was introduced on Thursday by Mr. Asquith, in a speech exhibiting powers of expounding and illuminating a subject of great complexity which no contemporary British statesman possesses. His audience included the Primate and Lord Peel, the venerable founder of the new temperance movement of which this measure is the crown. We deal fully elsewhere with the intricate machinery of the Bill and its main effect and purpose. Its capital provision is the setting up of a time limit on licences of fourteen years, which will require a sinking fund of five and a-half per cent. on their capital value. Within the compensation period, licences are to be gradually reduced by about one-third, the proportion to population being practically 1 in 750 in towns and 1 in 400 in the country districts. Under Mr. Asquith's scheme of allotting the compensation fund, the amount paid to the owner will be reduced and that paid to the publican substantially increased. Its general control will be vested in a Central Commission. The Bill regulates the conduct of public-houses in many directions. Sunday opening, outside London, is cut down by one hour, and the *bonâ-fide* traveller must extend his journey from three to six hours. Clubs are also brought under control. They are to be annually licensed, and whether in the East End or the West are to be subject to the visits of inspectors in plain clothes. The licensing authorities are to have new powers in the way of excluding children from public-houses, shutting public-houses on election days, and regulating the employment of barmaids.

* * *

THE Bill, which is the boldest measure of social reform which the Government has proposed, was threatened with rooted opposition by Mr. Balfour, to whom property is a fetish, irrespective of its character or of public rights. The scheme of compensation might reduce men

to beggary, and what the Government called insurance he called robbery. The general scheme of the Bill was calculated to transfer drinking from public-houses to clubs, so that the cause of personal temperance would not be served by it. On the other hand, the opinion of nearly all sections of the Liberal, Labour, and Temperance Parties (save, perhaps, one section of the friends of the local veto) was strongly favourable, Lord Peel giving the measure his benediction. The representatives of the trade use high language, declaring that the Bill means "ruin," "robbery," and practical extinction to their business. "Many brewing companies will be ruined," was Mr. Gretton's comment.

* * *

THE Education Bill was introduced by Mr. McKenna on Monday, in a speech of singular clearness and compactness. It consists of six clauses, and establishes one type only of public schools to which rate aid may be given. This school is subject to full public control, is free of all religious tests for its teachers, and may provide only such elementary Christian teaching as is laid down in the London County Council's syllabus, a document drawn up by Churchmen and Nonconformists, and approved by at least two Primates of the Anglican Church. In single school areas this will be the only school admitted, but the public authority will only use a voluntary school building for five days in the week, and will hand it over to the trustees for Saturday and Sunday, properly cleaned, warmed, and lighted, for religious instruction. In areas where there is a choice of schools there may be contracting out by the trustees of denominational institutions, and in that case rate aid is withheld. But while the municipality refuses rates, the State will increase its grant up to 47s. per child, while insisting on educational efficiency. This means that the Exchequer provides an additional £1,400,000 a year for the relief both of Voluntary schools and of the rates. The average cost of maintenance is about £3 per child, and as the Voluntary schools may impose fees, a charge of threepence per child would relieve them of all but three or four shillings per head. This is not a heavy price to pay for retaining the full denominational atmosphere.

* * *

THE reception of the Bill—which, be it remembered, is partly financial in form—has been mixed. The Nonconformists undoubtedly welcome it more warmly than Mr. Birrell's measure, and the secretary of the passive resisters announces that it will end their movement. The teachers, a powerful element, welcome the creation of a national system and the abolition of tests, but declare against contracting out. This is mainly the attitude of the Labour party, who, also, favour the secular solution. Moderate Churchmen are inclined to welcome it as providing, in Canon Henson's words, "the honest teaching of fundamental Christianity." The Irish Catholics are silent, figuring out its financial result, and hoping for slightly better terms. The extreme High Churchmen, who reject "fundamental Christianity" as "poisonous," and are anxious to speak for Anglicanism as a whole, declare that the measure, in the words of Lord Hugh Cecil, condemns the Church schools to "torment" or "sudden death." Finally, Mr. Balfour, who is a politician and has a rival settlement, declares that the Bill deals an equal blow to education and to the Church of England, and that he has nothing good to say for it. But this is a formula of Mr. Balfour's applied, with slight varieties of tone and phrasing, to all Govern-

ment measures. His vehement speech was coldly received by the Tariff Reformers who desire the Bill to pass so that it may make way for Tariff Reform, just as Mr. Balfour desires (among other reasons) to destroy it in order to block the way to that change. But the Tory Leader controls the Lords, and, quite unconstitutionally, means to press, partly for personal, partly for tactical reasons, for a second rejection of an educational compromise.

* * *

THE Army and Navy Estimates have been issued, and the Government have also indicated their attitude to the Murray Macdonald motion by asking the House to support them in "such economies of naval and military expenditure as are consistent with the adequate defence of his Majesty's dominions"—a formula which seems to us to be carefully stripped of all meaning. The Army Estimates, which are the less important, show a nominal reduction of £300,000, which is balanced by the failure to add in the sum of £350,000 for the payment of the debts of the old Volunteer corps. This has been provided by a supplementary estimate, though it is part of the bill for setting up the Territorial Army. The Naval Estimates show an increase of £900,000, the total sum asked for the two war services being £59,778,000. The increases in the Naval Estimates are due mainly to the growth in the cost of maintaining the fleet, of its coal bills, and of securing the safety of its supplies of cordite. The shipbuilding vote is down by over half a million. The provision for repairs—£700,000—is enormous, and shows how mighty an Armada is now kept in being. The programme of new construction is fairly large, and the Admiralty point to a full extension next year and in future years in proportion to the programme of foreign Powers. They also declare that existing standards of strength, which, we presume, mean the two-power standard, are to be maintained. There are to be laid down a "Dreadnought," an "Invincible," six fast protective cruisers, sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of submarines. Rosyth, the new anti-German naval base, is to be proceeded with, but the initial cost will not be great.

* * *

THIS has been an eventful week in the history of the Congo question, both here and in Belgium. In Belgium the path had apparently been made smooth for annexation of the Congo by King Leopold's "concessions" with regard to the administration and finances of the Crown Domain; differences sprang up at the beginning of the week between him and M. Schollaert's Ministry. The disagreement was acute, and M. Schollaert is said to have threatened resignation, but as that would probably have meant a dissolution—the last thing King Leopold would desire—the Prime Minister gained his point and the King abandoned his demands. What those demands were is not yet known, but they are suspected, naturally enough, to include the provision of a large sum of money and freedom to use it at his will. Possibly the King has repented of his weakness with regard to the Crown Domain, and would take back what he has given. Certainly the Belgian Government and Press have set great store on his concessions on that point, and the Ministry could not venture to surrender its hard-won gains. One utterance in the "Indépendance Belge" is notable; it urges the necessity of hurrying on the annexation on the ground that once public opinion in this country is faced with an accomplished fact the anti-Congo agitation will subside. That is not true, but it is certainly important that the British Government should make our demands and intentions quite clear to the Belgian Ministry before the fact becomes accomplished.

* * *

WE deal elsewhere with the change in Macedonian policy announced by Sir Edward Grey on

Tuesday. The language of our statesmen on the second humanitarian interest in current affairs—the Congo State—was not less firm and encouraging. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Lansdowne were practically agreed. For the time British action is in abeyance, awaiting the terms on which the Belgian Government announces the transfer of Congo Administration to the nation. If this transaction carries with it full Parliamentary control, with the termination of forced labour, the separation of trading and administration, and the reasonable use of the taxes for the benefit of the people, our interest, which is not material, ceases. If, on the other hand, the Congo State remains an offence to Europe, it will not be recognised as international, and public feeling here may find free expression. Sir Edward dwelt significantly on American sympathy. Belgian opinion is said to be extremely sensitive and irritated, but this can hardly apply to the enlightened Parliamentary and national groups.

* * *

MR. MORLEY has done more than he promised in the Indian frontier expedition. Whether a frontier expedition against the Zakka Khels was necessary or not was never the important question here; on so wild a frontier much has to be taken on trust. But what did matter very much was that the expedition should not by accident or design disturb the settlement which followed the last great war. Happily, there have been no accidents; and Mr. Morley has taken good care that military zeal should not outrun political prudence. There seems good hope that the expedition will presently be withdrawn, before the tribesmen have had time to unlearn their lesson. That so speedy a conclusion will not be universally popular is likely enough; though we have no means of judging how far the "forward" school of frontier policy has recovered its strength. Lord Kitchener was supposed to be in sympathy with it when first he went to India, but contact with the facts may have caused him to change his mind. But whether the opposition was strong or weak, the "politicals" are to be congratulated on having got their way. There will be no more talk for a while of sanatoriums in the Maidan, nor are the Pathan watchdogs to be muzzled because they occasionally snap at their keepers.

* * *

THE new Portuguese Cabinet is in a very awkward dilemma. According to Reuter, the sentiment of the country is Republican and if the elections were free an overwhelming Republican majority is assured in the next Cortes. Senhor Franco brought the late king to his death and the monarchy into disrepute by his unconstitutional régime; and the new Cabinet wisely decided that the only hope for the young king was to revert to Parliamentary Government. Yet Parliament itself is likely to be "unsound," and the assassination of the king has so stirred popular feeling that it is unsafe to rely on ballot-stuffing to secure a Parliament in a better frame of mind. The Cabinet has decided in the meantime to withhold "constituent rights" from the members elected until the Upper House has agreed with any proposals that it may make for a change of constitution. The dodge may give the Government time to prove that the Monarchy is not the real obstacle to thorough-going reform. But Senhor Machado at any rate does not believe in its power to use the opportunity. He predicts the speedy bankruptcy of the Monarchist faction, followed by a Republican triumph, which, however, is to be secured by purely political methods.

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THE Polish Expropriation Bill, one of the most barbarous measures ever proposed to a modern legislature, has passed the Prussian House of Lords by 143 votes to 111. The Government, by dint of private and public pressure on a most unwilling House, has secured the main structure of the Bill, with some exceptions in favour of Church

and charitable property. Prince Bülow defended it in language more appropriate to the sixteenth than to the twentieth century, his speech being an apology for the cynical neo-Bismarckianism for which he stands. The German "sense of law and justice" must not prevail against the State's primal duty of self-preservation. He quoted a characteristic saying of his master's, "that neither in peace nor in war could a nation which is fighting for its existence follow ordinary rules of conduct." The State could exercise its emergency rights in its day of peril. This is the language of all egotists, public and private. But it destroys the moral power of the State, and will be quoted to justify both insurrection and revolutionary Socialism.

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AN economic step of great importance, which we have previously discussed in detail, was taken on Friday week, when the House of Commons read the Sweated Industries Bill a second time without a division, and almost without an opposing voice, and referred it to a Select Committee. Mr. Toulmin's Bill establishes a minimum wage for certain "sweated" industries—i.e., where wages are low and outworkers employed—to be fixed by Wages Boards, consisting of employers and employed, with a chairman appointed, if necessary, by the Home Secretary. The scale of payment is to be very flexible. The employments to be first brought under the Act are tailoring, shirt-making, and dress-making; others may be added by schedule. Factory inspectors are to enforce the rate, and imprisonment may follow breaches of the law. Mr. Lyttelton approved the measure as in the line of Truck Acts and the protection by law of children and women workers, and people too poor and miserable to help themselves. The Home Secretary also pointed out that the State already set up rates of wages through the machinery which he requires employers to furnish it with particulars. Why not apply the same process to the sweating system, which was a stain on morals, society, and religion? He reserved opinion on certain clauses of the Bill, but approved its reference to a Select Committee.

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THOUGH the Italian Senate inflicted the lightest sentence within its power upon Signor Nasi, and ensured his early release by including his detention during the trial in his eleven months' imprisonment, there seems to be a general movement, more especially in the southern half of Italy, to press for an immediate pardon, and a petition to the King to that effect is said to have received a large number of signatures in the Chamber. Even his most ardent apologists do not deny that Signor Nasi was guilty of using large sums of public money during his term as Minister for his own political aggrandisement, but they urge in his favour that, unlike many others who have escaped punishment, he left office not a penny the richer for his peculations. The Sicilians, who are ever ready to pick a quarrel with the authorities on the mainland, and who at one time—not unnaturally perhaps as the chief beneficiaries—spoke openly of an insurrection if the ex-Minister was condemned, are at present holding their hands, and nothing more than a few insignificant demonstrations have occurred. But it is clearly on the cards that Signor Nasi's disgrace will not be of long duration.

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THE Home Secretary replied on Tuesday to the deputation of British dramatists who ask for the abolition or the qualification of the dramatic censorship. The authors were represented by Mr. Barrie, Mr. Pinero, and Sir William Gilbert. Sir William suggested that the authors' complaint was not against the Censor as an individual—a statement which we do not endorse, for the criticism of Mr. Redford's judgment is very serious—but against his office as being "arbitrary" and "irresponsible." Sir William proposed

to set up a court of appeal against decisions of the Examiner of Plays to which objection was taken, this court to consist of three members, one appointed by the author, one by the Lord Chancellor, and the third by a variety of methods. We think this tribunal much too trivial and obscure. If the Censorship should be retained at all, it should surely be vested either in a representative body, like the County or Town Council, or in a committee with literary and artistic authority behind it, or in a mere police official, dealing only with offences against public decency. If we are to deal with compromises, these would be preferable to Sir William Gilbert's plan. Mr. Gladstone said suggestively that the question of what limitation should be imposed on the dramatic presentation of the dark side of life "went to the depths of human nature," and promised to report fully to the Prime Minister.

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THE Poor Law reorganisation scheme which the Local Government Committee has presented to the London County Council takes us but a little way along the road of reform. Broadly speaking, all that is proposed is to transfer the central Poor Law administration to the County Council, and the local administration to the Borough Councils. The great questions of complete rates, equalisation, and central financial control are left untouched. Whilst destroying the existing Poor Law bodies, the Moderates would preserve all their vices and anomalies. There would only be two Poor Law districts less than now, and each would levy its Poor Law rate with no more central assistance and control than at present exists. As it stands the scheme is not worth the trouble that would be involved in putting it into operation. If, and when, the plan is placed before the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws as a serious proposal for the settlement of a great problem, the London County Council Progressives should find an opportunity of demonstrating how far it falls short of the real demands of the situation.

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LORD ROSEBERY, and the equally sprightly Lord Camperdown, have between them organised a rather elaborate Caledonian jest at the expense of the Scottish Land Bill. Pending its passage to the Lords, they have set up an Anglicised measure, which, as it repeats all the features of the English Land Bill that the landlords and the more Conservative county councils are inclined to sterilise, shows that the landlord party are hostile to any large extension of small holdings. The Bill would greatly complicate the Scottish machinery. Lord Rosebery, whose part in politics is that of the Duke of Argyll during the later Gladstone Ministries, gave delighted support to Lord Camperdown's measure, which will not, of course, secure six Liberal votes in the House of Commons. The Government, through Lord Crewe, practically treated the introduction of the measure as an act of discourtesy. This is almost too severe. The Camperdown Bill affects nothing in politics; it merely exhibits Lord Rosebery in a new and amusing pose.

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THE series of cricket matches between England and Australia have ended in a decisive victory for the Commonwealth, which has won four games out of five. The English eleven, young and crippled by many accidents to its players, have shown very small power of fighting a hard battle in the second innings. On this occasion they failed to make 278 runs on a good wicket, and were beaten by 49. Apart from fortune, the balance of which was heavy against the English team, the result was due, first, to the want of nerve and stability in the English eleven; and, secondly, to their imitation of the dull Australian method of batting without its coolness and grip. English batsmen excel in the brilliant, not the cautious, game.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SECOND EDUCATIONAL COMPROMISE.

WHATEVER criticism may justly be passed on Mr. McKenna's attempt to solve the education problem, the attack delivered in the second half of Mr. Balfour's speech will be dismissed by all impartial and moderate men. Mr. Balfour's love of dialectics leads him at times into singularly unfair and unstatesmanlike criticisms of his opponents, and the education question, which always stirs his feeling in a remarkable degree, is the field in which his casuistry finds its opportunity for exercise in a particularly exasperating form. We may, indeed, suspect that domestic tactics come in to reinforce Mr. Balfour's dialectics, and that the Conservative leader's desire to keep the educational controversy on the political field is in harmony with his inclination to keep Tariff Reform off it. But we will allow that he is opposed root and branch to the principles to which Liberals are pledged. The trouble is that when a Liberal statesman, be it Mr. Birrell or Mr. McKenna, seeks to apply these principles with some tenderness for the special interests over which Mr. Balfour watches, he turns and rends him for inconsistency. His complaint is that by continuing State aid to non-provided schools, the Government will violate their election pledges. If every concession were to be met in this spirit, compromise would disappear from politics, and the educational controversy, in particular, would assume a bitterness which would make the exasperation of the past six years seem sweet by comparison. If Mr. Balfour wants to prove that it is impossible to meet the views of those for whom he speaks, he has gone far to succeed. But he will be well advised to bear in mind, in his turn, that if he succeeds in wrecking this Bill, the controversy will not perish. Neither the Nonconformists, nor the large neutral party who are bent on securing public control and freedom from religious tests, will acquiesce in the present system, and every rejection of a compromise makes a more uncompromising solution necessary. British Nonconformity is not to be extinguished by Mr. Balfour; but extinguished it will be if the Act of 1902 stands unchanged on the Statute Book.

As compared with Mr. Birrell's Bill, that of Mr. McKenna is an advance in thoroughness. It settles the question in the rural, single-school districts, where it is most acute, in favour of undenominationalism and complete public control. But it leaves the question still open in the urban districts. Where no choice of schools is possible, it ensures that the one school available shall be under full public control, and not under that of any religious denomination. Where a choice is possible, it ensures that there shall always be a public and undenominational school within reach of every child. But it also proposes to continue and increase the State subsidy, while withdrawing the local subsidy to denominational schools in urban areas, so that parents who prefer it may obtain this form of teaching for their children. It thus meets the objection of principle which has been raised to the Act of 1902 by Nonconformists, without destroying the work done by Anglicans and Catholics in the schools of the large towns.

The price paid for this concession to sectarianism is the re-introduction of a cleavage into the system of

public elementary education. In place of schools uniformly maintained out of the rates and taxes, together and alike subject, though in different degrees, to the local authority, we shall once again have two sets of schools clearly distinguished. One will be public schools in the fullest sense of the term; the other will be schools privately owned and managed, but maintained principally by State aid, and required to conform to a standard of efficiency prescribed by the Government. If the two sets were to be of anything like equal size, this objection would be fatal to the proposal. It would be condemned not merely by denominationalists, but by the small, though authoritative, body of men who look on the whole question mainly from the point of view of educational efficiency, and who have probably exerted a far more decisive influence on the fate of Education Bills, both those that have succeeded and those that have failed, than is generally recognised.

As it is, clear-minded educationalists will recognise that the Bill has two sides. So far as the greater number of denominational schools are concerned, it will, if passed, perform a great service. It will clear them of an administrative difficulty—nine-tenths of it a fictitious difficulty—for good and all. On the other side, it will leave a certain number of schools in the towns at a financial disadvantage. The future of these schools will depend on the swing of the party pendulum. If Mr. Balfour returns to power he will devote what energies he has over from the construction of a "scientific tariff," and the proof that it is not "Protective," to the provision of ways and means for encouraging his pet form of education. We shall hear once again of the "intolerable strain." We shall have the controversies of the 'nineties revived, and the end will be—not, we imagine, any second attempt to impose denominational education on the rates—but additional Government grants which will virtually relieve private owners of the duty of private subscription. If, on the other hand, a Liberal administration continues to hold office, it will maintain the demand for private effort in response to the privilege conferred. If we are to judge by past experience, the private effort will not be forthcoming, and the schools will pass by degrees to the educational authority. Some, indeed, may survive by charging a relatively high fee and appealing to the social exclusiveness so dear to Englishmen of all ranks and all creeds. If this line were generally taken, and an average fee of threepence a week were charged, the denominational schools would only need a contribution of about three shillings per child from their supporters—not a grievous burden. But such schools are likely to be a minority, and might, in any case, claim, if they succeed on these lines, to be filling a certain function of their own in the educational system.

These are roughly the pros and cons which the educationalist will consider. But governing his final verdict is one other very important question. What is the alternative? In answering this question, he cannot consider educational efficiency alone. He has to look at the political possibilities. A secular solution, the most logical and equitable of all, is not as yet within the region of practical politics. The present law will never be accepted by Nonconformists, and though they may be beaten again and again, the educational system will never be stable until their legitimate grievances have been met. There remain two courses. The first is consistent undenominationalism, involving the destruction of all that remains of the voluntary system. This would

make for educational efficiency, but would leave a rankling sense of injustice in the minds of Churchmen and Catholics. It would be no more stable than the present law. The final alternative is some kind of compromise. Mr. Birrell tried what, if the paradox be allowed, was compromise pushed to an extreme. It was tepidly approved by his friends, and its moderation abated nothing of episcopal violence. Mr. McKenna offers something which is still a compromise. His proposal does appeal to Nonconformists, and therefore has a force behind it which Mr. Birrell's lacked. Will the concessions that it offers mitigate any of the elements of opposition? Do the Irish Catholics, for example, consider that they can assure themselves of any permanent settlement on better terms? Or again, if they dislike "contracting out," can they come forward with any practical proposal for an allocation of a portion of the education rates which would clearly place the burden of maintaining Catholic schools on Catholic shoulders, and so meet the fundamental objection of Nonconformists to the existing law? We do not suppose that Mr. McKenna or anyone else is wedded to the idea of contracting out. It is at best a makeshift, and is tolerable only as an exception, which time will make still more exceptional. But unless denominationalists can find some method of fairly meeting their adversaries on the point of principle, they cannot on this occasion expect to receive the concessions of detail made so lavishly two years ago. If they elect to fight, they will have to stand or fall with the general political fortunes of Liberalism, which from this time forward may be taken as resolute on one point—to secure access to unsectarian schools, publicly controlled and staffed, and working without reference to religious tests, as the right of every child.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE ESTIMATES.

THE efforts of the economists, inside the Government and out of it, have produced an effect—not a dramatic or determining effect—on the Army and Navy Estimates. Together these exhibit a net increase of £600,000, in place of the much larger augmentation which the full demands of the Services would have entailed. The success, limited as it is, should encourage those who realise that there is nothing sacrosanct in the demands of experts any more than in the requests of average mortals. They ask for more than they think they can get; the Government replies to them with a statement of what it can afford, and of what it thinks politically wise and safe to grant. Even as they stand, the Estimates bear no true characteristics of economy in warlike expenditure. In a period when the world has been swept clear of serious dangers for us, and when we have alliances or understandings with all the Naval Powers but one, the Government demands a provision of nearly sixty millions for the two warlike services, nearly twenty millions more than was required in the year before the South African war, and nearly twenty-five millions more than the last Liberal Government asked for in its last year of office. The small reduction of £300,000 on the Army Budget is not even a real one, for it has only been obtained by diverting from it part of the cost of setting the new territorial scheme on its feet. Yet Mr. Haldane's memorandum points the way to further and considerable saving, if the cost of the new organisation can be kept within reasonable bounds. The chief source of such economies as have

been effected lies in the reduction of the South African garrison by one cavalry regiment and four battalions of infantry. The linked battalion system still suffers from the surplus of battalions on external service over those retained at home. What need is there to retain the South African garrison at a strength far greater than that at which it stood before the war, when the political problem was unsettled, and two white Governments subsisted which the prevailing party at home insisted on treating as hostile? The South African service is costly, it is unpopular with the troops, and it is utterly superfluous now that the Government has achieved its great political purpose of creating a free Dominion, fitted, save for the invention of the necessary constitutional machinery, to pass into the stage of complete self-union and self-government that Australia and Canada have reached. On Mr. Haldane's own showing, the concentration of the Army at home and its withdrawal from self-governing colonies, with large European populations, are in the line of all recent developments. The Select Committee of 1861 recommended these changes of system, and Gladstone strongly endorsed them. Free communities are self-defending communities. The Colonies have the Navy, and they want no more, or little more, for their control of interior questions is complete. In particular it is most desirable that South Africa should not consider that she has a free call on British troops for the forcible settlement of the native problem.

The progressive reduction in Army expenditure remains, therefore, a capital object of the Liberal Party, and it will be necessary to see to it that savings on the first line are not eaten up by the growing cost of the second. The reduction of naval expenditure is not less imperative. In themselves the Navy Estimates tell little. As we anticipated, the shipbuilding vote shows a slight decrease; the increase is in the cost of coal, and in items which show that the personnel is unduly large, and that too many ships are left in commission. As a matter of fact, the vote for new construction does not advance with great mass or rapidity. The growth is in the subsidiary votes, which indicate the sustenance of a great body of men in active service and the maintenance and repair of a vast number of ships. But these are the outworks of the subject. The political heart of it lies in the character of the vote for new construction and in the Admiralty's declaration of future intentions. This year we build two "Dreadnoughts," or, as we choose to call them, one "Dreadnought" and one "Invincible." We must not talk of the construction of these monster ships, which will probably reach, or even exceed, 20,000 tons, as if it were a trifling fact. It means the resumption of the new race in "Dreadnoughts," coming, as it does, close on the heels of one of the most tremendous spurts in battleship building which even our Navy has ever known. We also build six fast cruisers, which will, we suppose, be turbine boats, small in size and remarkable for speed. Their object is clear. They are not meant for line of battle; they are commerce destroyers, laid down in pursuit of our decision to retain the right of capture at sea, and thus to render inevitable an incalculable rebutting expenditure on the part of every other Power possessing a large mercantile marine. At the same time, we do proclaim again, in tentative language, the doctrine both of Lord Goschen and of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that our future expenditure is contingent—that any additional expenditure on construction next year will depend upon the

"additions made to their naval force by foreign Powers." A phrase of this kind may be fruitful or barren, or even mischievous, precisely as it is worked out by us in policy, and interpreted abroad by the Admiralty at which it is obviously, though, we think, somewhat improperly, aimed. A tactless approach to Germany might ruin everything, and commit the two nations to a long, direct contest of armaments which would become extremely perilous to peace as it approached the point when, by the facile arts of the scare-mongers, it would be possible to show that our enormous superiority in naval force was being diminished. On the other hand, a relaxation of the anti-German tendencies of our foreign policy in Asia and elsewhere, or a modification of our attitude on commerce-destruction or a quiet arrangement on relative naval strength, or one or two of these palliating instruments together, might set the relations of the two Empires on a secure basis of mutual understanding and even friendship. Germany and England have never had a good material cause of quarrel; the provoking elements have been largely temper and jealousy at large. It is the writers, not the sailors, who have largely poisoned the Anglo-German situation. The statesmen have simply been driven to find the material equivalents for a vicious, but really pointless, war of words.

There is another advantage. The peace agitation in this country has held up the hands of the men who demanded an instant British *riposte* to the revised German shipbuilding programme, itself a rather late imitation of the English example, and of the following American and French departures. As soon as there was time to reflect, it was seen that whatever we might think it necessary to do against actual floating "Dreadnoughts," it was senseless to begin building against paper ones. It was clear that we could rest while the strength of our fleet was as four to one to that of Germany, and while it appeared that we should be relatively stronger in 1909 than in 1908, and in 1910 than in 1909. And it was seen, too, that the German programme was without political malice, that it was one of the innumerable instances of the incessant drive forward of the race in armaments, propelled by science, and by the nervousness of modern statesmen. So there has been a pause, the Government happily realising that the naval scare was unreal, that no force of reason or serious national concern was behind it. But the pause may not last long. Germany should know that this moment of appeasement is a golden one, and that we cannot always hold back our Jingoism and faint-hearts, any more than she can hold back hers. We cannot see how she or we can be hurt by an arrangement which would save so much English and German money, provided that she can reap some advantage in an improved political relationship with Great Britain. She has strong motives for responding to a reasonable British offer. Her financial situation is much worse than ours; the drain of the war services on her people is more serious; the political dangers of Big Navyism are greater. The real difficulty is that Germany can say truthfully, as she says to-day, that she is not looking simply at the British Navy, as our Jingoism are looking at her fleet, and that, for example, she has reason to be disturbed by the startling growth of the American Navy, on which it suits them to turn a blind eye. And a second difficulty is that we will insist on an enormous and unnecessary preponderance of naval strength. The problem, therefore, is not simple, but we

believe that it is soluble; and while this belief remains, every kind of moral force in this country should be exerted in Parliament next week to ensure that no step on the road to war with Germany shall be taken without the consent of the Liberal Party. The Macdonald motion is most moderate; it is, we think, the minimum of what a really vital and sincere party can demand. The Government offer an alternative form of words which begs the question. National safety is not in peril; the wise accord of civilised and Christian nations is.

HOPE FOR MACEDONIA.

Of all the personalities in English politics there is none more difficult to read than Sir Edward Grey. His speeches on certain questions which involve a humanitarian issue have for two years filled those who follow them closely with a feeling little removed from despair. But, suddenly, at a moment of grave crisis in Macedonia, he has made a weighty and considered utterance, which almost obliterates the recollection of his hesitations and timidities, his aloofness and apparent unconcern. Was he waiting all the while for the crisis, or has he caught fire at last from the enthusiasm of others? The explanation, we suspect, is simpler. Neither temperament nor opportunity had hitherto directed him to this problem. In the last Parliament he never intervened in the frequent debates which Mr. Bryce used to wage with Lord Percy. When he came into office, his speeches suggested indifference or even conscious want of sympathy, where in fact there was only a lack of knowledge. It was because he did not know how great a part Lord Lansdowne had played in the Concert, that his first speech in 1906 relegated the whole duty of initiative and suggestion to Austria and Russia. The same explanation may, perhaps, cover his still more unfortunate speech in June, 1907, to the Archbishop's deputation—a speech in which he repudiated the idea of an executive control by Europeans, and even remonstrated with the Balkan Committee for putting forward a suggestion to which British diplomacy stood committed in 1905. But at length the logic of facts and the growing gravity of the crisis have forced on his mind the conclusions at which others arrived three or four years ago. He is now working, publicly and decisively, for the solution by executive control which he rejected a year ago; he has abandoned the attitude of passive observation with which he was at first content, and he has even propounded, though in a tentative form, a much larger scheme for concentrating authority in the hands of a governor independent of the Porte. It is a welcome evolution, and just because it is so unexpected, it may have a peculiarly salutary effect upon the dispositions of the other Powers.

Sir Edward Grey has enunciated very clearly the simple principle that the time has gone past for little remedies. We should have said that that time had been past for many years—certainly since 1902, when the epoch of insurrection on a large scale began. It is his merit to have seen now what Austria and Russia ought to have seen then. If the ruling class had wanted to be reformed, and if the subject races would have lain down while their masters were being reformed, the plan of renovating Macedonia by inspectors and advisers and instructors might have succeeded. We went to Egypt to give advice, but we went alone and with an army

behind us. The Concert has failed in Macedonia simply because its agents have never been in a position to issue a command. Sir Edward Grey, looking first to the most urgent evil, proposed some weeks ago that the gendarmerie officers, who at present are mere inspectors, should be put at the head of mobile columns, and charged to hunt down the bands. That was a good suggestion, yet we are not sure that the most urgent problem was necessarily the first to tackle. There are two ways of curing anarchy, by mere police work, and by political appeasement. In so far as the bands are mere factitious instruments of invasion, organised beyond the frontier, composed of mercenary foreigners and subject to no native opinion, they must be met by brute force, as one meets an invading army. This force the Turks will never spontaneously apply, for they thrive by the feuds of the Christians. But in so far as the bands are the product of a genuine protest, and consist of native outlaws driven to despair by oppression, this is not the humanest or the simplest method of appeasement. A political solution, which told the peasants that their fate was at last in the hands of civilised men, would cause these native bands to dissolve of their own motion. At present the peasantry are on the side of these bands. Give them a Government they can trust, and in a few weeks Europe would have before it only the relatively simple task of checking pure brigandage and stopping unwelcome foreign invaders.

To this ideal, the scheme which Sir Edward Grey outlined on Tuesday approximates closely. He sketched it a little vaguely, but we gather that he is ready to revive all the points of the Lansdowne programme—the reduction of the army, the investiture of all the agents of Europe with executive powers, and the elimination of direct interference from Constantinople by the nomination of an independent and irremovable Governor. In these simple phrases lie, we believe, an adequate solution. They mean in the first place the coming of confidence, where at present there is an authority which no one trusts; in the second place, efficiency in the financial, judicial, and police services, and, finally, the disappearance of the element of intrigue. There is good material even among the civilian Mohammedan officials in Macedonia, particularly when they are Albanians by race or modern men by education. But at present the centralisation is so extreme, and the fear of espionage so paralysing, that a good official seldom dares to be himself. Remove the Governor, and, by implication, all his subordinates, from the influence of the telegraph wire which clicks incessantly between his office and the Palace in Constantinople, and the whole atmosphere of administration would be changed. The essential is that a man's promotion shall depend on the opinion of civilised superiors and not on the report of a Palace spy. Lord Lansdowne originally stipulated that the independent Governor should be a Christian. Sir Edward Grey has been well advised to remove that qualification. In Turkey there are not Moslems and Christians. There are Moslems on the one hand, and Greeks and Slavs, Catholics, Exarchists and Patriarchists on the other. It would be impossible to name a native Christian whose race or religion would not make him anathema to some considerable section of the Macedonian population. He would, moreover, be drawn of necessity from the ranks of those who have renounced patriotism and self-respect, and become the creatures of a despotism which their

better nature despises. But it is possible still to find an upright Mohammedan in the Turkish service, if care be taken to seek him outside the circle of Court influence. But however happy the choice, it is essential that the Governor shall subordinate himself to his European advisers.

Sir Edward Grey gave no hint of the means by which he proposes to realise this plan—a plan, we must remember, which has stood in one form or another for four years as the declared policy of this country. If he merely launches it as a suggestion, and commends it, with no better title than its own reasonableness, to the notice of the Powers, we doubt if it will fare better than it did in 1903 or 1905. In the rivalries and ambitions of the Concert pure reasonableness plays a small part. The calculations of most of the Powers are governed by Imperial interests, and not by a disinterested view of what is best for the Macedonians. To one of them at least every scheme is judged by the effect it will have on the claim of that Power to be the pillar of Islam. To others, one fears, the ruling thought is to allow the anarchy to continue, until one day Europe in mere despair allows them to occupy or annex the depopulated country. To men engaged in "real" politics, it is necessary to offer some "real" advantage, which means an advantage for themselves. A Gladstone in a council-chamber of Stolypins and Bülow and Aehrenthals would seem a vain babbler—until he mentioned the Fleet. But if one rejects the heroic expedients of last century, one must be prepared with modern weapons. Ultimately the success of this plan depends on our ability to win friends for it by a process of barter. That was the method by which we induced France to recognise our position in Egypt, and Russia to respect our strategical interests round India. If we mean to attain any end which we really consider capital, it is by this method we proceed. In the tangle of interests, commercial and political, which make the politics of the Near East, it ought to be possible to find the material of a bargain. Bosnia is not yet legally Austrian territory; the Bagdad railways halts for lack of capital. If a really large solution of the Turkish problem is contemplated—and nothing less would be adequate—these are some of the counters in the game. Bargains have often disposed before now of the liberties of a race; they are as apt a method to secure them.

THE LICENSING BILL AND ITS PURPOSE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Government Licensing Bill on Thursday afternoon in a speech which not only illustrated the power of luminous exposition in which he has no equal in the House of Commons, but also his complete grasp of a complicated and difficult subject. The Bill so closely follows the main lines of policy which have been repeatedly advocated in these columns that we can scarcely do otherwise than give it a cordial welcome. And we believe that both the principles on which it is founded and the way in which it gives expression to them will commend themselves to the judgment of the large majority of thoughtful and disinterested students of the difficult social problem with which it attempts to deal. Starting from the assumption, embodied in four centuries of our licensing legislation, that the regulation of the sale of liquor can mitigate the moral and social evils of drunkenness and

the economic loss to the nation through excessive drinking, it provides for the ultimate attainment by the State of the freedom, which in practice it does not now possess, to regulate that sale without regard to any other considerations than the welfare of its subjects. It also provides, during the transitional period which must elapse before this freedom is reached, for a very considerable reduction of the present admittedly excessive facilities for obtaining liquor, and for a large increase of local control over the conditions under which it may be sold.

The cardinal principle of the Bill is, of course, the enactment of a time limit on the expiration of which all on-licences for the sale of liquor will terminate. At the end of that period the State will resume possession of the monopoly value with which it ought never to have parted. The time limit fixed by the Bill is fourteen years. It is longer than that which Temperance Reformers generally have demanded, but we do not consider that any shorter period would be practicable, or, on large grounds of State policy, desirable. It is both just and politic to deal considerably with the great and widely diffused financial interests which have grown up on the double expectation, based upon the past practice of licensing administrators, that an annual licence, once granted, would, in the great majority of cases, be renewed, and that the privileges which it conferred would not be widely granted to other competitors. To provide a sinking fund which will replace the selling value of a licence at the end of fourteen years will require, on a four per cent. basis, the setting aside annually of nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital value to be replaced. Taking that value in the case of the on-licences in England and Wales as £100,000,000, it means that a sum of five and a-half millions must be set aside annually. This is five times the amount of the present compensation levy. It is equal to an addition of about thirteen per cent. to the public burdens imposed on liquor. But it will leave liquor to bear substantially less public charges per gallon of alcohol consumed than it bears in the United States. And the extra charge will probably only amount to about five per cent. on the annual turnover of the trade done in public houses. On the whole, the time limit strikes us as a reasonable proposal which will not cause any grave embarrassment to well-managed concerns, though it will doubtless be serious in its effect on companies which were over-capitalised on their flotation, or which have recklessly bought up tied houses at prices beyond their real value.

The Bill makes important alterations in the principles and in the method of assessing compensation for the extinction of licences. That compensation is to be in future the actuarial value, at the time of the refusal of the licence, of an annuity equal to the annual value of the licence for the unexpired portion of the time limit. The annual value of the licence is to be the difference between the property tax assessment of the licensed premises, and the annual value which, in the opinion of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, they will bear when unlicensed. The effect of these provisions will be at once to reduce, probably, by more than one-third, the extravagant amount of compensation which owners of tied houses have received since Mr. Justice Kennedy's judgment, and as the years of the time limit run on the compensation will correspondingly diminish. In addition, however, to this compensation payable to the owners of the property, the actual

licence holder, who has fared very badly under Mr. Balfour's Bill, will receive such compensation as the Commissioners of Inland Revenue may consider adequate for his loss of trade. The compensation levy is made national and compulsory and its administration is taken out of the hands of Quarter Sessions and vested in three Licensing Commissioners for the whole country. The Bill deals with the problem of licence reduction during the time limit in a very drastic fashion. The power of the local Justices, taken away by Mr. Balfour's Act, is restored. They are to be compelled to submit to the Commissioners schemes for gradual reduction, which, varying with the density of the population, and allowing for the special needs of business centres and watering-places, will at the end of fourteen years bring down the number of licences to something like that recommended by the minority report of Lord Peel's Commission—1 in 750 in towns and 1 in 400 in country districts. This is only one of several instances in which the Bill carries out the recommendations of the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons. The effect of these provisions will be ultimately to reduce the number of on-licences in England and Wales from 95,000 to 65,000. Hotels and *bonâ-fide* restaurants are exempted from some of these provisions.

It would be impossible within the space of a leading article to deal with the many and valuable reforms in licensing administration which the Bill contains. It reduces the hours for selling liquor on Sundays to three and renders entire Sunday-closing possible if the licensing authority so decide. It gives power to the local Justices to impose conditions on the granting of licences, and in particular to restrict the employment of women and children on licensed premises, and to keep children from visiting them at all. It gives the local electorate the power, by a bare majority, to veto the granting of new licences, on or off, during the time limit. The principle of popular control is thus recognised, but the machinery for giving effect to it at the end of the time limit is left undetermined. We trust that the text of the Bill on this point will safeguard the Government scheme against possible misrepresentations. Ministers cannot mean to give a bare majority at the end of the time limit the power of prohibition, and they should be extremely careful not to leave their opponents any excuse for saying that such is their intention. The Bill abolishes the appeal to Quarter Sessions on the refusal of a licence on non-compensation grounds in towns of over 25,000 inhabitants and sets up an autonomous tribunal within the Borough for the hearing of such appeals. In compensation cases the right of refusal is everywhere vested in the local Justices, subject to the financial control of the Licensing Commission. All new off-licences are brought within the monopoly value provisions of the Act of 1904, and these provisions are amended and strengthened.

Clubs are to be registered every year, and a right to object to their registration on the ground that they are merely drinking clubs, or on any of the grounds on which a club may be struck off the register under the Act of 1902 is given to any member of the public. A superior officer of police in plain clothes specially authorised by a Superintendent of Police, or a Superintendent himself, may enter and inspect any registered club. Mr. Asquith was less

ample and clear in the exposition of his method of dealing with Clubs than when dealing with some other parts of the Bill. On the whole, this strikes us as the weakest and least effective part of the Government scheme. The number of clubs now registered is only about 7,000. It may be impossible to deal very drastically with them. What is much more important, both in the interests of the public and in justice to the licence holder, is that the indefinite multiplication of clubs shall be prevented; otherwise the whole object of the Government's policy of reducing licences may be defeated. We believe that by the institution of a double check, a legal and an economic one, this disaster may be avoided. The licensing of new clubs should be in the unfettered discretion of the Licensing authority, and they should also be subject to a substantial licence duty.

The Bill is a comprehensive, and must necessarily be a lengthy, measure. Its machinery is not rigid; it may be subject here and there to easing should the total strain seem to be unnecessarily severe. Mr. Asquith has opened the way to reasonable, though not, of course, to destructive, amendment. For the rest we predict that the measure will be greeted with much quiet satisfaction by those who are at present engaged in the work of licensing administration. It frees their hands, enlarges their powers, and gives them considerable liberty of initiative and experiment. The introduction of such a Bill is an act of high political and moral courage. It will bring Ministers little support from the man in the street. It may cost them two or three bye-elections during the next few months and some seats at the General Election. Many forces of property and privilege will be arrayed against it. It will have to encounter not merely the hostility of the trade, but the nervous fears of the timid investor. All the more earnestly should those who realise the magnitude of the evils it attempts to mitigate set themselves to work to secure its passage into law. Its complex machinery is only the concrete expression of a determined and carefully thought out purpose to weaken a habit which is impairing the industrial efficiency and lowering the manhood of Englishmen. And its authors may, therefore, rightly claim for it, not the grudging approval, but the warm and enthusiastic support, of public-spirited citizens. At any rate there should be nothing halting in the welcome it receives from those who have learned to see in the waste and ruin of human character through intemperance an even profounder tragedy than the squalor and the poverty which it brings in its train.

Life and Letters.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

THE poetry of the Bible is essentially expressed in symbol. That is why its appeal increases with the passage of the years. The Hebrews rarely, if ever, visualised. Visualisation, as modern psychologists have demonstrated, is largely the prerogative of children. Almost all children see things with the inward eye in sharp-cut form and distinct colours. This faculty of interior sight is preserved by some—by the painters, by those of secure artistic perception—to the end of their days. But in the majority it vanishes with the transformation from the child world into the adult world. That transforma-

tion is not (as in the old theory) an insensible development of a gradual growth. It is the deliberate death of one world, the birth of another. Children attempt to make visions of the prophetic and apocalyptic literature of the Bible. The apparatus breaks in their hands. They are baffled and disappointed. Artists have essayed the same task, and found the results grotesque. You cannot draw on paper (as Blake has demonstrated) one whose "hair was like wool," sitting in the midst of seven candlesticks, "holding in his right hand seven stars," "out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword." You cannot set to definite outline and colour a mystical and restless imagery which associates with words of transcendent import flashing appearances of light and splendour and shadow. The Middle Age was a Child Age, vanishing as childhood vanishes, with the birth of the world of to-day. The Middle Age made desperate attempts to convert the Apocalypse into a definite panorama of things seen. The result is a failure: whether in Angelico's heaven or in Botticelli's hell. Rossetti, a child of the Italian fourteenth century, straying homeless between Chelsea and Blackfriars, confessed that his favourite reading was the Revelation of St. John. But the Heaven over whose golden bar the "Blessed Damozel" leant, with its adorable yellow-haired maidens and its pleasant houses and gardens, was something timid and emasculated in comparison with the tremendous, almost inarticulate, suggestions of the original documents. Professor Wernle, a German theologian of painstaking erudition and scanty humour, has recently expressed his disgust with these barbaric visions of jewels and gold, this cube (as he calls it) suspended in mid-air, with beasts full of eyes inside and out, and armies which still fiercely delight in war. Yet to the old, amongst whom visualisation has largely passed into symbolism, the Apocalypse is always the favourite book of the Bible. And in all the confused centuries, where each generation of humanity has flared and faded, the heart's longing for some attainment inexpressible in exact reasoning has found its satisfaction in these stupendous visions of light and sound and motion: in the conception of a city whose streets are pure gold like transparent glass, whose foundations are garnished with jasper and jacinth and emerald: every one of whose several gates is one pearl: in the midst of whose streets is a Tree of Life, bearing all manner of fruit: "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

It is the poetry of symbolism which thus ultimately conquers, and this poetry has become associated with a tradition which hangs upon certain great words with imperishable associations. "Star," "glory," "everlasting joy," "as the voice of many waters," "the sound of the millstone," "the light of the candle"—a thousand other expressions which in themselves may be almost unmeaning, have come to enjoy significance through the reverberation of the suggestion which they immediately awaken. For these suggestions are not merely carved on every building and incorporated into every literature: they have become part of the very blood and sinew of the corporate tradition which has made the inherited life of the people. That is why (for example) the great novelists fall back, in their moments of supreme expression, upon the Bible simile and quotation, which complete almost all the greatest passages of English literature. And the ultimate impression is of something said for all time—fitting and complete. In the "School for Saints," the little disreputable attorney, whose one reputable element is his devotion to his religion, is being taunted by its opponents with its obvious approaching destruction. "What of this?" he is asked, "and of this?" as he is taken through Europe and exhibited the nations in arms against the Church. "How do I answer?" he asks, in a sudden flash of inward fire. "And the multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her and distress her, shall become as a dream, as a watch in the night." In

"Westward Ho," the tired band of wanderers in the South American forests, searching for the El Dorado, are arrested at the last by the testimony of the old fighter and mystic. "I have long had a voice within which saith," he declared, "'Salvation Yeo, thou shalt never behold the Golden City which is on earth, where heathens worship sun and moon and the hosts of heaven: be content therefore to see that Golden City which is above, where is neither sun nor moon, but the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof.'" And in one of the familiar scenes in English literature—on the return of Henry Esmond from the wars—Thackeray uses the poetry of the same reverberating memories. "To-day, Henry, in the anthem when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—they that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy: and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him'; I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

Beyond this symbolism and these associations the poetry of the Bible abides as the first and also final presentation of the great elemental emotions. The reader apprehends often, as with a sudden shock of surprise, that the essentials of human nature remain entirely unaltered by all the vicissitudes of progress and of time. Across the rise and fall of nations, over the feverish life of generations whose bodily atoms have resolved themselves into dust and thin air, there sounds the unchanging music of love, and loss, and longing. It is in a remote legend of a Moabite and a Hebrew, with uncouth names, and no distinction of fame or lineage, preserved—a torn fragment, as if by accident—that men and women find to-day the perfect expression of an undying affection—"Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me from thee." It is in a fierce record of tribal warfare, containing revolting elements of cunning and barbaric vengeance, that there is set the most musical of all laments of human friendship—the living over the dead—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women." An undated, anonymous drama composed in the desert, and full of its wide spaces and questionings, to-day provides the absolute expression of a challenge whose influence no wealth, or civilisation, or complexity of fortune has in the least degree modified—"As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

This splendid and spacious literature has been vitiated for many at the present by the desire to twist every verse into edification and make every argument support a cause. With a fuller emancipation its variety, its solemnity, its sublimity will be more fully appreciated. It contains passages of the boldest scepticism: impeachments of the beneficence of the Deity as fierce as in any Swinburnian chorus. "Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thy hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?" asks Job defiantly of a Providence whose wisdom is to him as inconspicuous as its goodness. It contains the proclamation of an Agnosticism more ultimate and searching than any of its somewhat sloppy modern revivals: the reply of the Cosmic Spirit from the huge unreason of unintelligible forces to man's pitiful complaint—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" A piece of Eastern decorative and sensuous love poetry in praise of one that "looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners," is set adjacent to a piece of

shattering Eastern pessimism, crying like the wailing wind in a deserted city—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The story passes from the wanderings of shepherds and wayfarers in the dim childhood of the world, through the gradual building of a rich and complex society: to its prosperity, its testing time, its moral decay, its irretrievable fall, "because it knew not the time of its visitation." And the whole is set in a more majestic background of the eternities even than the vast shadowy destinies and spirits of the northern mythology: from a Spirit of Life at the beginning moving on the face of darkness, to a city at the end where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun," because within it is neither night nor sadness, but only the splendour of an unfading dawn.

A DICTATOR OF PORTUGAL.

A FEW leagues South-West of Coimbra, lies the village of Soure, where in 1699 was born Portugal's greatest Minister, if not greatest man, Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho. South of Soure is Pombal, on the border of the beautiful pine forests of Leiria; and here, as Marquis de Pombal, Carvalho died in 1782. In his bed, too; a pretty good achievement, considering that his worst enemy then shared the throne as King Consort. He was disgraced and banished from Lisbon, and, it is said, spent his last years very devoutly. But there was some hitch about his burial after death, and for a generation or two his body lay above ground, as neglected as the dead trunk of a rotten tree. During the Peninsular War there was a slight skirmish here between our men and the French, in which the 1st Hussars and the 16th Light Dragoons shone. We drove out the French, and rescued six stripped women whom, with a brutality very typical of the period, they had locked up in a house, after firing it. But though we made acquaintance also with Pombal's castle on its green hill-lock, we seem to have overlooked the late Marquis's body. Portugal herself was so busy, indeed, that it was not until 1862 that she realised the wrong done to her great regenerator. Then his remains were made the subject of a Bill in Parliament—he was to rest at last in a mausoleum, built at the public expense. His caustic spirit might fairly have retorted that by that time he was very well as he was. It would have been in keeping with his comment on the people's ingratitude in scooping out his medallion from the great statue group in Lisbon's Praça do Comercio after his disgrace. All he said was: "It was not a very good likeness."

Good likeness or bad, Pombal's effigy had to return to the Praça. That vast mass of bronze commemorated the restoration of Lisbon after the great earthquake of 1755, and without him it were indeed a lying trophy. One wonders to this day what Lisbon and Portugal would be if a weaker man than he had been Dictator at the time. That ten-minutes' convulsion upheaved the kingdom, besides the capital. Beyond doubt, an immense amount of gold and gold's worth disappeared into the bowels of earth. One estimate is £536,360,000, which is absurd. A twentieth of that were bad enough for Portugal, then two centuries past her prime. The King is said to have lost £4,000,000 in diamonds alone. That might be, and no one except himself the better or worse for it. But the general loss, in nerves and hard cash, was unquestionably appalling, and if Pombal had not set up gibbets among the smoking ruins and hung thieves by the hundred over the bodies of the tens of thousands crushed in Lisbon's collapse, anarchy might easily have established itself. The Most Faithful King Joseph was encouraged to pray to his heart's content for the nation's recovery; but Pombal worked. Lisbon's resurrection was due to him. That majestic Praça do Comercio, and the regular streets out of it (though narrow for our age), are a proud monument to his memory, whatever might have befallen his dust.

He was physically a huge man, made larger by the spacious wig with which fashion covered his head. Something of an adventurer for the first half of his life,

he looked right and left for the best ladder to climb. He found two ladders, the Church and a second wife. At forty he was in London as Portugal's envoy-extraordinary, much smitten with us as a nation, and profoundly fascinated by Sir Robert Walpole's statesmanship. But this didn't prevent him, by and by, doing his utmost to loosen our hold upon the port wine trade. The very keynote of his financial policy when he was in undisturbed power, was the support of home industries. Long before the great exhibition of 1851, Pombal devised little exhibitions of the same kind. Merchants and manufacturers were invited to collective shows of their goods, which were all to be home made. Anyone wearing foreign stuffs might have them torn from his back. Worse still, metal buttons, from Birmingham or anywhere beyond the kingdom, were liable to be broken in pieces by the common hangman. A school for commerce was established in Lisbon, and the cry of "Portugal for the Portuguese" in all matters of profit was accepted with great eagerness. The Dictator was particularly anxious that the country should be self-supporting in corn. Subtle calculations having proved that in this respect the supply was some fifteen days short in the 365, vines were stubbed up and wheat sown instead, for the deficiency. To protect the purity of the port wine, he ordered all elder trees within five leagues of the Upper Doure to be cut down—a noble mandate for British palates. The people scarcely at first approved of these and such interferences with their own ways, but the surrender of the royal monopoly in tobacco, and the general broadening of the farmer's opportunities, soon consoled them. Carvalho's iron hand and iron will thus reached to the bleakest corners of Traz-os-Montes, and swayed the new Lisbon simultaneously. Even to this day his Protectionist policy has left such a mark that in South Portugal three-fourths of the people exist altogether on local or national products, aided, of course, considerably by their climate.

Like most strong men, Carvalho had strong antagonisms. It was by Jesuit help and his second wife (Countess Daun, related to the great marshal), that he became a personage at court, but no sooner was he established than he began to get rid of the ladder. He turned up his cuffs and went for the Jesuits on both sides of the Atlantic. Ungrateful it might be, but it was magnificent as policy. The conspiracy of the Duke d'Aveiro played into his hands in this matter, and it was not for want of trying that he failed to bring down his other great antagonist, as a confederate in this still mystifying tragedy—Dom Pedro, King Joseph's younger brother, the enemy who survived and struck home at him at last. This affair faintly resembles the horrible murder of Dom Carlos and his son. King Joseph was accustomed to pay nightly visits to a certain beautiful young Marchioness de Tavora and one night his coach was fired upon by three or four men. The King received a slug in the arm and for his part would have preferred to hush everything up. But Carvalho saw with other eyes. He ferreted out his interpretation of the plot, and haled up the Duke d'Aveiro, the Tavora family, and certain Jesuits. At the trial enough was proved to bring d'Aveiro and the Tavoras to the scaffold. But the king would not let Carvalho convince him that his own brother was at the root of the attempt. Such a crime was incredible to the Most Faithful monarch, even though it was the only quite plausible explanation of the conduct of the others. D'Aveiro was broken on the wheel by the Tagus, and then, like the Tavoras, burnt and thrown into the river. Only the young Marchioness of Tavora was spared, and in 1794 she was still alive—old, ugly, deaf, and scorned by those who remembered her past.

The Jesuits' turn followed. Nothing shows Carvalho's power more than his ability to crush these mighty men, in opposition to the king's own instincts and prejudices. He did it with superb daring; packed them into ships and despatched them to Civita Vecchia, deeply to the Pope's embarrassment and indignation. In a year or two none remained in Portugal out of prison. Ostensibly, of course, the d'Aveiro plot was a pretext for their condemnation. They had, it was said (presumably

in Dom Pedro's interest) assured the Tavoras in the confessional box that it was no sin, or only a venial one, to kill the king. Carvalho's vengeance completed itself, ignobly enough, in the public strangling, in 1761, of Malagrida, the chief of these Jesuit associates. This poor old degenerate was convicted of heresy and monstrous blasphemies. The evidence at his trial shows him merely to have been mad. But it was Carvalho's policy to make a clean sweep of his enemies at any cost, and so he was strangled and burnt in the Rocio. The nobility went to the show as to a bull-fight.

For sixteen years longer Carvalho held the reins of Portugal, without a rival, and Portugal flourished in her own reduced way. Dom Pedro, his enemy, nursed his resentment so long in vain that it seemed to weaken, like most passions, with age. Though he was the king's brother and son-in-law, he was no match for this persistent, crafty, and supremely able administrator of the country. King Joseph sat comfortably in the hollow of Carvalho's hand to the day of his death in 1777. Even then it cannot be said that the great Dictator suffered much. He was a very old man, heavy with earthly honours, and grown rather insensitive to earthly shocks. The king consort might have urged Dona Maria to bring Pombal (he had been marquis since 1770) to judgment on any suitable plea and take off his head. Instead of that the old statesman was escorted by the royal guard to the little village of Pombal, with its old castle on the green hill in the middle of the hollow, and he was commanded to stay there. And there he stayed, indifferent, as we have seen, to the brief change of public opinion about him and that trivial insult to his bronze figure in the Praco do Comercio, and, as history tells us, engaged with his devotions until he died, in 1782. To-day his country forgives him everything for the sake of his strength.

THE INSECT RAIDER.

THE plagues that visit man the mighty are much in his mind, but he pays less heed to the plagues which attack plants and animals, and the inconceivably numerous small organisms, insects or fungi, that do this work. Yet recent science has closely investigated the character and habits of these plague spreaders. For example, it has found that the life of the plague insect is very short, lasting only a few weeks or months, and rarely exceeding a year. Many kinds of insects exhibit several generations in one year, and one pest, the cockchafer, is somewhat exceptional in living for three, four, or five years, so that on the Continent cockchafer-years recur at these intervals. Then again, plague-causing insects are very prolific. For instance, the familiar Nun moth may lay more than two hundred and fifty eggs in one season. But this number sinks into insignificance beside the generations derived in one year from a couple of our bark-beetles, whose descendants would represent millions, were they all to survive. And these prolific individuals are sterile in comparison with the queen of a South African white ant, which day after day may unceasingly pump forth eggs at the rate of sixty to the minute, or more than 85,000 to the day. The Gypsy moth was accidentally introduced into the United States in 1868-9. Ten years later the insect had become a local pest, and when twenty years had passed, its caterpillars covered the trees and paths, even invading the houses, over a considerable area of country. In 1890 began the costly war waged against the Gypsy moth, which had extended its ravages over fifty square miles of country. By annual grants, commencing at 50,000 dollars, and arising to 200,000, the Gypsy moth's advance was fought over hundreds of square miles. More striking still is the history of the devastation wrought by the Nun moth in Germany and Russia. In 1853-8 Eastern Prussia and adjoining Russia suffered a visitation of inconceivable numbers of this moth. Within a few years it and its successors, the bark-beetles, destroyed 7,000 square miles of forest. In 1856 the wind blowing over Livonia carried out to sea a swarm, which, when cast back on the shore, produced a bank of corpses nearly fifty miles in length, six feet in width,

and six inches in height. During a later plague in Germany, a small butterfly net was held up for less than two minutes, and in that short time there flew into it 506 Nun moths! These statistics explain how it comes about that a plague once started cannot be stopped, but must run its course.

Plague-causing insects having such boundless powers of multiplication, one naturally asks:—"Why are plagues not universal?" rather than "Why do plagues occur?" The answer is that the death-rate of the insect (or rather organism) vastly exceeds the survival-rate. This becomes clear when one remembers that year after year the number of individuals of any common insect remains fairly constant, though liable to slight irregular fluctuations, and to larger apparent variations due to the fact that the flying insect is obvious only at certain seasons of the year. Thus, if two individual insects be directly responsible in one year for a hundred eggs, and consequently for a hundred offspring, the death-rate is ninety-eight per cent. In the following year (at the same season) they will still be represented by two individuals only. Even if the modest estimate of progeny of one hundred for each two insects be adopted, the saving of the life of two additional individuals in the hundred would involve a doubling of the population, while the destruction of one additional insect would imply a halving. Very slight changes in the death-rate cause disproportionately great ones in the population.

What are the causes of this ceaseless massacre of insects? The checks are either active or passive. Actively destructive agencies are weather and climate, or hostile animals, and pathogenic fungi and bacteria. Passively hostile factors are the want of appropriate food, and of means of defence.

Most obvious are the effects of climate and weather. Cold climate, wet weather soaking the soil and bringing down flying insects, unseasonable extremes of cold weather, storms of wind—all these help to keep down the numbers, the first by decreasing the generations in a year, and the others by active destruction. Yet in comparison with the checks provided by weather, the regular rôle of slaughter played by animals in murdering insects is far greater. Fish, frogs, lizards, insectivorous birds and beasts, join in the murders. But the insect often finds his deadliest foes in his own class; such as predacious dragon-flies, snake-flies, lacewings, carnivorous beetles including lady-birds, the wily larvæ of hover-flies, robber-flies, and the "solitary" robber-wasps which, after paralysing their victims, carry them off to their nests. Belonging to an entirely different type of insect-destroyer are the parasitic tachina-flies, and the ichneumon-flies which, with the aid of their needle-like ovipositors, place eggs in or on the larvæ of other insects. At least fifty per cent. of the caterpillars and pupæ of certain kinds are often infected in ichneumon-flies: while a single species of caterpillar may be preyed on by many kinds of parasitic ichneumon-flies. They have a mysterious power of discovering their prey; for example, one large species can "spot" a saw-fly larva hidden by an inch of solid wood. The ichneumon bores with its long needle through bark and wood of the infected tree, unerringly strikes the slender tunnel in which the burrowing larva lies, and there deposits its lethal egg. Thus perfectly are insects designated to kill out their fellows.

It is man's knowledge of this adaptability which serves him, and pointed the means of saving the fruit industry of California from the ravages of the "cottony-scale." This Australian insect was introduced into California, where it found rich stores of easily available food on the fruit-trees, a favourable climate, and a haven of refuge from its Australian foes. The staggering spread of the insect, and the failure to cope with it, threatened the economic existence of Californian orchards. But salvation followed the introduction of Australian ladybirds, accustomed in their own homes to prey upon the cottony-scale. The climate suited them, and they at once began to live solely on the Australian scale-insect. In a one-sided battle victory fell to the ladybirds, advancing calmly to the front and soon stamping out the leprous fruit disease.

But what of the passive check of insect plagues?

Here there is action and reaction. Pure forests or orchards, wide expanses of gardens and fields, supply great masses of uniform food, and thus set up one of the conditions in which the plague-creators flourish. And then when the attack destroys the crops, the destroyer, if he happens to be a specialist in his diet, is stamped out, until the same crop is replaced by man or by Nature. In horticulture man does more than destroy the passive check by isolation. He makes his plants more vulnerable. Wild plants are protected against native animals not only mechanically, by the help of spines, a hard and often siliceous skeleton, or microscopic needles, but also chemically by tannin, aromatic and bitter bodies, or acid substances, which are distasteful or poisonous. But man, breeding and planting for his own sake, eliminates these repellent and protective characters, and thus lays cultivated plants peculiarly open to assault. The susceptibility of a plant may also be increased by its misfortunes. Trees parched by drought, scorched by fire, with their roots injured by fungus, or their shoots attacked by Nun moth, are much more liable to insect raids, especially those conducted by bark-beetles. So that healthiness is in itself a check to insect foes.

Indeed, it is man's ignorance of the laws of insect life which is his chief trouble. It is by knowledge and co-operative effort that pests may be mitigated or prevented. Therefore his great weapon is continuous research into the physical conditions affecting the life and the life-histories of noxious insects and fungi, and of the animals favouring or obstructing their insatiable life. Yet how many economic fungologists and entomologists does the State maintain? Is there more than one for the whole United Kingdom? There are scores in Germany and in the United States.

Present-Day Problems.

MR. MORLEY AND INDIAN REFORM.

THERE appears to be some confusion in the public mind as regards the important constitutional reforms contemplated by Mr. Morley. In India, especially, the view taken is unduly pessimistic. No doubt there is reasonable ground for anxiety, and even alarm. For the scheme set forth in the Simla "Circular," of August 24 last, is, as regards some of its main features, directly contrary to the wishes and hopes of Indian reformers; so that some of them have given way to despair, condemning the whole scheme as worse than useless, and denying that it contains even the germs of anything good. They think that, under the guise of a Council of Notables, it is intended to create an Indian House of Lords; and, on the pretext of expansion, to eliminate from the Legislative Councils the elements of independence and progress. These suspicions are not ill-founded, so far as Simla is concerned. But where these Indian critics have fallen into error is when they have hastily assumed that Mr. Morley is committed to this scheme, and even that he is its originator. A consideration of the facts will show that this assumption is erroneous; that the scheme originated at Simla, and nowhere else; and that Mr. Morley maintains a judicial attitude towards it, keeping the ultimate decision in his own hands. A reference to the history of the case will show that the general principles laid down by Mr. Morley as regards the Council of Notables point less to a House of Lords than to the Indian National Congress, which for the last twenty years has sought to act as the interpreter between the rulers and the ruled; and that, as regards the expansion of the Legislative Councils, he has said nothing incompatible with a development that would give a fair and full representation to all that is independent and progressive in the Indian community. To make the matter clearer, I propose briefly to show what reforms Mr. Morley originally "adumbrated," to use his own phrase; what Simla has suggested; and what may still be done to make the reforms acceptable to the Indian people.

A. Adumbration.—In his speech on the Indian Budget, on June 5, 1907, Mr. Morley adumbrated certain proposals for a move in advance, including (1) the establishment of a Council of Notables; and (2) the expansion of the Legislative Councils in India. With regard to the Council of Notables, he observed that in 1877 Lord Lytton set up a Council of this kind, but it was a complete failure. The Council now proposed "would have a much wider scope." It "would be called together from time to time for the double purpose of eliciting independent opinion and diffusing what is really the most important thing of all—correct information as to the actions and intentions of the Government." In other words, it was to act as an interpreter between the rulers and the ruled; and to have "a much wider scope" than an hereditary Chamber.

B. Suggestion.—Such being the general objects of Mr. Morley's proposed move forward, it was left to the Viceroy in Council to suggest a scheme by which these objects should be carried out. And in the "Circular" from Simla of August 24, 1907, a scheme is set forth in considerable detail. Instead of a single "Council of Notables," indicated by Mr. Morley, they propose an "Imperial Advisory Council" for the Viceroy, and a "Provincial Advisory Council" for each of the provincial governments. This is clearly a move in the right direction. It is when the composition of these Councils comes in that Simla goes wrong. The Imperial Advisory Council, as proposed, is to consist of about sixty members, appointed by the Viceroy, including about twenty ruling chiefs and a certain number of territorial magnates. The suggested composition of the Provincial Advisory Councils is less definite; but the Imperial Councillors belonging to the Province are to form the nucleus of each Provincial Council, to whom are to be added representatives of "the smaller landholders, industry, commerce, capital, and the professional classes." Next as regards the expansion of the Legislative Councils. Briefly stated, the Imperial Legislative Council is to consist of fifty-four members, including the Viceroy. They are made up as follows:—Eight ex-officio members, including the Executive Council; twenty additional nominated officials; one ruling chief, nominated by the Viceroy; two members elected by the Chambers of Commerce of Calcutta and Bombay; seven elected by the non-official members of Provincial Legislative Councils; seven by nobles and great land-owners; two by Mohammedans; four non-officials nominated by the Viceroy to represent minorities or special interests, not less than two to be Mohammedans; and two experts nominated by the Viceroy. As regards the Provincial Legislative Councils, it is left to the local governments to determine how many seats are to be filled by elected representatives; and an elaborate system is suggested under which, in substitution of the existing simple franchise, the electoral power will be given, according to race, caste, and religion, to classes and groups formed at the discretion of the authorities. A consideration of these particulars fully justifies the misgivings of the reformers. The saving clause is that these proposals are declared to be "entirely provisional and suggestive." So there is still room for repentance.

C. Realisation.—Such being the adumbration of Mr. Morley, and such being the suggestion of Simla, how will the project of reform materialise? The process by which the ultimate decision will be reached has been clearly stated by Mr. Morley in his speech on Dr. Rutherford's amendment on the Address. That amendment condemned the "present proposals of the Government of India as being inadequate to allay the existing and growing discontent" in India; and Mr. Morley said:—

"I will repeat what I said in the debate on the Indian Budget as to how the case stands. The Government of India sent over to the India Office their proposals—their various schemes for Advisory Councils, and so forth. We at the India Office subjected them to a careful scrutiny and laborious examination. As a result of this careful scrutiny and examination, they were sent back to the Government of India, with the request that they would submit them to discussion in various quarters. The instruction to the Government of India was that by the end of March, the India Office was to hear what the general view was at which the Government of India had

themselves arrived upon all these plans, complexities, and important variations. We wanted to know what they would tell us. It will be for us to consider how far the report so arrived at, how far these proposals, ripened by Indian opinion, carried out the policy which His Majesty's Government had in view. Surely that is a reasonable and simple way of proceeding."

To me it appears most reasonable and simple. Mr. Morley has not expressed approval of any part or portion of the Simla scheme. What he did by his telegram of August 23, 1907, was to authorise the Government of India to consult local governments, and to invite public opinion on the whole subject; thus giving Indian reformers the opportunity not only of criticising the Simla proposals, but of submitting alternative proposals for carrying out the objects in view; and allowing them six good months to do this; the six months including the session of the Indian National Congress, which is always held at Christmas time. The final decision he reserved for himself. The test will be whether or not the proposals carry out the policy of His Majesty's Government—that is, a policy of progressive and sympathetic reform. By this test proposals must stand or fall.

As regards the spirit in which this policy will be applied to India we have the declarations of Mr. Morley in 1906 in his speech on the Indian Budget. Speaking of the claims of Indian reformers, he said:—

"I do not see or hear demands for violent or startling new departures. What I do see is a stage reached in the gradual and inevitable working out of Indian policy, which makes it wise and in the natural order of things that we should advance with a firm, courageous, and intrepid step, some paces further on the path of continuous, rational improvement in the Indian system of Government. . . . You cannot go on narrowly on the old lines. We should be untrue to all the traditions of this Parliament, and to those who from time to time, and from generation to generation, have been the leaders of the Liberal Party, if we were to show ourselves afraid of facing and recognising the new spirit with candour and consideration."

And he added:—

"I only want the House to know that we are in earnest in the direction I have indicated."

Now as to practical action. There is, I believe, a pithy Sanskrit saying, "Ta Ga," equivalent to our proverb that we should strike when the iron is hot; and I strongly urged my Indian friends that, at the Indian National Congress, they should concentrate themselves on this project of constitutional reform, focussing Indian public opinion; not only denouncing the defects of the Simla proposals, but submitting to the Viceroy, on behalf of the Congress, a well-considered scheme which would satisfy Mr. Morley's conditions, and be a real step in national progress. Such an authoritative representation could not have failed to influence the Government of India in making their further report to England, and it would have served as the basis of the pleadings when the case comes on for hearing and final decision in the court of the Secretary of State.

Unfortunately such a course was not pursued. But this only makes it the more necessary that the case for the people of India should, during the next two months, be clearly and effectually placed before the Secretary of State, the two Houses of Parliament, and the British public. And for this purpose it is indispensable that India should send to England accredited representatives, men of weight and experience. English friends will, of course, do their best. And, so far as general principles are concerned, it will not be difficult to show that the Simla proposals, as they now stand, must fail when tried by the standard set up by Mr. Morley. Whereas he calls for progress, these proposals spell retrogression; whereas he desires expansion, these proposals involve contraction; whereas the forward movement, recognised and welcomed by Mr. Morley, is the work of the educated and independent classes, the effect of the proposals would be to exclude the "intellectuals" from the positions of public influence which they now occupy. These general considerations are self-evident. But, at the same time, it is absolutely essential that here, at the seat of power, the facts should be stated at first hand, and Indian feelings and aspirations effectually voiced by Indians trusted and duly accredited by their fellow countrymen.

W. WEDDERBURN.

Science.

THE NEW BOTANY.

NOR so very many years ago botany, always regarded as a study eminently suitable for young ladies, consisted for the most part in carefully collecting, drying, and naming wild plants, which were then neatly fastened to sheets of paper. A botany book was essentially a catalogue of flora, rendered suitable for the young by a judicious intermixture of texts or verses of poetry; a good botanist was one who knew a large number of plants. After a time, however, this method went out of fashion, and the real botanist was he who was most intimately acquainted with the details of plant structure. Under this régime the name of the plant greatly diminished in importance, and we were taught to speak only of "types"; of these selected types the structure was studied *ad nauseam*, but it was essential that they should be both dead and pickled. Flowers, the only interesting parts to the older systematists, we were taught to abandon to the poets and the young ladies, as having on the whole a distinctly unscientific appearance. Only such parts as could be described by terms like prosenchyma, parenchyma, and so forth were of genuine scientific value. This method, so well adapted to the needs of the examiner, is still with us, but there are abundant signs of a coming change; we are beginning to learn to look at the plant, no less than at the animal, as a living creature, and as interesting because alive. The study of function, of the relations of organism to one another and to their surroundings, this is in essence modern botany.

Every shift of standpoint in the scientific world means a change in terminology, means the use of words which to the outsider are apt to seem mere foolish *argot*. The sociologist may, however, perhaps derive some satisfaction from the discovery that the latest botanical slang is the use of the word "association," which is constantly on our lips and in our papers. The exact significance is interesting. We know that if, geologically speaking, the present condition of things is but of yesterday, yet from the standpoint of existing species it has been of age-long duration. Space is limited, reproduction is rapid, how may the fittest survive? First, no doubt, by the ruthless extirpation of rivals, the method perhaps over-emphasised in the early days of the Darwinian theory; and second, by the method of co-operation, of mutual adjustment. For example, in the woods in many parts of Britain the ground in spring is carpeted with the wild hyacinth or bluebell. Recently a study of the life conditions of these plants in a particular wood has been undertaken, and it was found that although in spring it seems as if the hyacinth alone formed the undergrowth, yet, in point of fact, it shared the ground with bracken fern and creeping soft grass. The older school would say at once that hyacinth, fern, and grass are competitors and enemies, each striving to oust the other from its share of space, light, and food. But the detailed investigation showed that this was not so, that there seemed to be very little rivalry in the case. The grass is shallow-rooted, and contents itself with the surface layer of leaf-mould and vegetable earth, the presence of its roots in this layer being probably a direct advantage to the deeper-rooted plants below. The next layer of the soil, a sandy loam in the case investigated, was occupied by the roots and root-stocks of the bracken, while below, in the clay, the roots of the bluebell make their home. Further, these roots have a very curious contractile mechanism, which always forces them deeper into the earth as time goes on. Grass, bracken, and bluebell, therefore, form what we call an "association"; that is, a group of plants adapted to similar external conditions, and able to live together because of this common fitness, and because they can mutually adapt themselves to one another. Between the three species mentioned, competition in the strict sense does not exist, and probably all thrive better for their association.

Investigations now going on are greatly increasing the number of such associations, and are showing us that the old catalogue method of describing also the flora of a locality is wholly wrong, it is not the species which is the unit, but the group, the association. In course of time we shall doubtless be able to classify all the chief associations, and even now considerable progress has been made. We know that special groups of plants live on heather moors, on mountain pastures, in hedgerows, in oak woods, and so on.

But the method is doing something more than this for us. An association is a group of plants having a common fitness for some particular set of external conditions, conditions which in the general case can be analysed into factors of soil and factors of climate. Of the two, the climatic factors seem in the general case to be less important than the soil factors. Now, the soil is determined for the most part by the characters of the underlying rocks, and the characters either of soil or of rocks can only be investigated by specially trained observers, with a considerable amount of apparatus, while almost everyone can learn rapidly to recognise the commoner plants. If, then, the new school of botanists can draw up lists of associations characteristic of all the main types of soil, we may all learn to recognise the different kinds by the presence of particular groups of plants. For example, there is evidence that ash-woods, the ash being associated with certain subordinate plants, tends to occur on limestone wherever this rock occurs at a comparatively low level, that is within the tree limit. If, then, we find a part of Great Britain where the gullies are filled with ash, while the uplands are grass-covered, we can generally conclude that the rocks of this region are limestone.

Again, heather will not as a rule grow over limestone, and therefore the uplands of the Pennine range are mostly grass-covered, while the schists and gneisses of the Highlands of Scotland are heather-clad. But everyone who knows the hilly parts of Yorkshire and Westmorland has seen the unexpected appearance of heather in regions where most of the land is covered with the scanty limestone pasture. The reason is that wherever a deposit of glacial clay lies over the limestone, and thus checks the naturally free drainage, peat tends to accumulate, and in the peat the heather finds a suitable growing-place. The difference between the extensive heather moors of the Scottish Highlands and the mountain pastures of the hilly parts of Westmorland have produced enormous sociological differences in the history of the two regions, and similar differences may be discerned in many other regions. That these differences are ultimately due to the geological structure, and that therefore geology, to a large extent, determines the history and development of a country, is a point that the geologists have always emphasised, but that the geological differences may be deduced from the plant covering is a new point, and one of great importance. We have already pointed out that the lesson of the plant-covering is more easily read than that of the rocks, and one should notice that, except in the relatively rare cases where the rocks are bare, it is the plant-covering which forms the most obvious difference between the regions of the earth's surface. An obvious objection is, of course, that in an old country like Britain the natural plant-covering has been destroyed over a great part of the area, which is mostly covered by cultivated plants. But the botanists have not ignored this fact, and they are showing that the particular types of cultivated plants are intimately related to rock structure and to climate, and that also in many regions the fact that certain tracts of land are capable of cultivation shows that the soil is of a particular nature. In brief, the new botany is lending already invaluable aid to the rational study of geography. Already a number of beautiful vegetation maps have been constructed, on the basis of plant associations, and, in Scotland especially, where the conditions are relatively simple, such maps give a striking picture both of the natural covering and of the underlying rocks. Theoretically, a map should convey to the trained observer a picture of the actual country which it represents, and the students of plant associations are bringing our maps nearer and nearer this ideal.

The Drama.

THE PRIMITIVES.

I do not think that it is possible for an English playgoer to do full justice to the company of Sicilian players who are now filling the Shaftesbury Theatre. Even if by nature he is not too reserved, his experience will have spoiled him. He is unaccustomed to see anything so fresh, so elemental; his stage world is laden with faded sentiment, with heavy artifices, contrived so as to give him false ideas even of the very limited life with which it is concerned. When the subject is sensual, as in "Dear Old Charlie," the treatment is simply unfeeling. When the material is romantic, as in Mr. Max Pemberton's play about Kronstadt and English governesses, the handling of it is ridiculous.

The Sicilians have little to do with this kind of existence. They dress like moderns—even like moderns from Whitechapel, who, indeed, derive both their trousers (and a little of their vocabulary) from the Spanish sources to which the Sicilians go—and they talk Sicilian *argot*. But they seem to belong to a younger world than ours, even though they come from a society still visibly linked to an older civilisation, and though their most characteristic drama connects itself in the mind's eye with a famous classical theme. As you watch them, you find yourself feeling about them as you would feel about children—namely that whatever the characters they represent do, be it bad or good, comes from the heart, and is the unforced, the inevitable, expression of their minds and beliefs. Their whole surroundings are childlike, and seem to excite in them joy, or sorrow, or anger, or desire as quickly and inevitably as those emotions affect the passionate, capricious, uncontrollable society of boys and girls. Literature now and then gives you this effect of life; but not even brilliant studies of the wild primitive nature, such as Hawthorne's Donatello, yield so powerful an impression as the stage talk and action of these players. As against the fully civilised man, who conceals his emotions—from fear, prudence, shyness, self-respect, or self-consciousness, these remarkable artists shew you men and women who conceal nothing, who, like Shylock's Jew, really bleed when they are pricked, laugh when they are tickled, revenge when they are wronged.

An especially pleasing result of this kind of art is that the Sicilian company play together as no London company plays. One artist, if not as important as another, is as serious and as absorbed as his neighbour. I see that some critics are dissatisfied with the behaviour of the crowd. I cannot imagine anything more vivid and animated, more suggestive of human relationships. All the action goes with a swing. The crowd laugh, scream, dance, pray, as if they were one. When they weep they wipe their eyes, men and women alike; when they kiss, they kiss with simple over-flowing delight. The slightest action is made significant, so that a girl, carrying a bundle at the back of the stage, pauses to throw a nod and a smile at a group of women in the foreground busy with the family linen, and thus makes her appearance, though it is only for a moment of time, an event in the drama, an addition to its colour and movement. This is especially agreeable, because it gives the true impression about the life of the poor. That life, both on its darker and its brighter side, is lived in common, contrasting strongly with the isolation of the well-to-do classes, who unite, as a rule, for interests, but are divided into select groupings by social choice and habit. By such means the artistic effect is greatly enhanced. On the London stage the minor characters are ruthlessly sacrificed to the star, and become, for the most part, mere drudges in his service, embroidery to his splendour. But each artist among the Sicilians seems to feel that he has an important and dignified part to fill.

Another unwonted sensation which the Sicilian company afford is the sincerity of their method. The subject of "Malia," the play which I have seen, is that of the "Hippolytus," though less dreadful—that of a

woman filled with a perverted love, against her will, against all the pieties of life, against her own rational affection for the man of her choice. I find the scene in which Madame Aguglia depicts the breaking of this storm in the bosom rather grossly described by some of the critics. I did not find it revolting, in the sense in which it shocks the sensitive souls who received "Dear Old Charlie" without a tremor. It was clear that Madame Aguglia was acting what her friends take her frenzy to mean—a form of diabolic possession, and not merely a love ecstasy. This is the intention and continuous suggestion of the play. It is in keeping with its main idea, and is clearly indicated in the title, "Malia," or "Witchcraft." It is understood in Iana's frantic appeals to the Virgin, her agonised bendings and writhings before the Madonna's picture, her gabbled prayers, her voice hoarse and strained with emotion. It reveals itself in a flood of blasphemy, when the girl is borne before the sacred image in the pageant of the Immaculate Conception, ending in the physical contortions of an epileptic fit. Very violent and primitive no doubt. But devils are not supposed to come in and go forth without a rending and tearing of the mortal flesh that they inhabit. Iana is "possessed," as Phædra is possessed, allowing for the difference between a sophisticated conception and a picture of a child of nature. She can show a healthy feeling for her accepted lover, as the lawless feeling begins to subside. Coarse and rough such work may be called. But it is honest, and it is in keeping with the accessories of the play, which suggest the dualism of the popular religion among the Southern Latins, the struggle between the un pitying gods of the pagan underworld, and the kindlier deities of the new faith.

It is, however, the humanity of these Italian players which is so refreshing. They talk with their hands, like all Southerners; but our actors have much to learn from them in the conduct of a drama of vivid action. Ease never deserts them. They are always dignified and in earnest, always full of their business. All the bye-comedy—the adoration of the Virgin, the cunning and superstitious seriousness of the pedlar with the sacred medal—is admirable. The result is, as I have said, that, splendid and powerful as is the dramatic equipment of a great artist, like Signor Grasso—one of the greatest I have ever seen—the audience loses the artificial distinction between one player and another, which the vanity of our actor-managers imposes, and perceives the effort of the entire company in unity and due subordination. Thus the dramatic illusion is almost perfect, and the emotional effect is singularly intense. It is obtained by adopting true, simple, natural methods of interpretation instead of those false, complicated, unnatural means that prevail on our stage.

M.

Poetry.

LOOKING EASTWARDS.

THE sacred bell of high Fiesole
Called the Etruscan ghosts to speech with me.
Evening, whom one might picture as a maid
With burning eyes and limbs of Southern shade,
Slept on the plain, and gave her soul to dreams.
I heard a thousand little secret streams,
As though the hill were laughing: that one hour
The Earth lay calm and open, like a flower.
But I was lonely when the night winds came,
And feared the ghosts that called me by my name.
Not they could weave a memory with mine,
And store it for dark years, when aged wine
Brings to old men their olden thoughts again.
I must still wander: wandering is sweet pain.
Far, far away some brown mysterious priest
Holds the arcana of the timeless East,
And further yet are isles where I would be,
Poised like red lilies on the Austral sea.

JAMES FLECKER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

A PROMISING work on military history to be published by Mr. John Lane is "Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon," by Dr. J. Holland Rose and Mr. A. M. Broadley. The career of Dumouriez is full of interest. Carlyle calls him "one of Heaven's Swiss," and M. Sorel's verdict that for him "the Revolution was not the regeneration of humanity but a career," is a harsh but on the whole just estimate of his character. Imprisoned in the Bastille by Louis XV., he became the principal director of the Jacobin Club, but accepted office from Louis XVI. Later he served under the Directory with brilliant success, until, hearing that he had come under suspicion, he deserted to the Austrians, and in 1804 took refuge in England. He frequently gave advice to the British Government on military affairs, and drew up a scheme of defence against invasion, portions of which are still preserved in the Record Office. The coming work is based on Dumouriez's holograph copy of the whole project, which was recovered by chance some years ago in London. It will also deal with other projects of national defence, and unpublished letters by George III., Pitt, Nelson, and Dumouriez himself will be included.

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BUCKLE described the union of the French with the English intellect as "by far the most important fact in the history of the eighteenth century." The visits made to England by such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau played a great part in promoting an intellectual understanding between the two countries, and Professor Churton Collins's book, "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England," which will be issued by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is certain to throw fresh light on the way in which English ideas influenced those three writers of genius. Mr. Morley points out that Voltairism may be said to have begun from the flight of its founder to England, and M. Joseph Texte declares that Rousseau's greatest work was in part an imitation of Richardson's "Clarissa," while another French critic describes Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois" as a eulogy of the British Constitution. In a previous book Professor Collins dealt with Voltaire's visit to England, and he has since accumulated much fresh material, including some hitherto unpublished matter.

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THE announcement that Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish "Fights Forgotten: The History of some of the Chief English and American Prize-Fights," by John Sayers, calls to mind an anecdote told by Mr. Birrell in his charming essay on George Borrow. "A gentle lady," he says, "bred amongst the Quakers, a hater of physical force, with eyes brimful of mercy, was lately heard to say, in heightened tones, at a dinner table, where the subject of momentary conversation was a late prize-fight: 'Oh! pity was it that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them.' 'Amongst whom?' inquired her immediate neighbour. 'Amongst the bruisers of England,' was the terrific rejoinder." Those who share this admiration for the heroic days of English pugilism will enjoy reading "Fights Forgotten," since it deals with such champions of the ring as Bendigo, Sayers, Belcher, the Game Chicken, Jackson, Slavin, and three others who are thus described by Borrow: "Can the rolls of English aristocracy," he says, in a famous passage, "exhibit names belonging to more noble, more heroic men than those who were called respectively—Pearce, Cribb, and Spring?"

* * *

A VOLUME of "Essays Political and Biographical," by the late Sir Spencer Walpole, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Among the subjects treated are "The History of the Cabinet," "The Causes of the American Civil War," "Sidney, Earl of Godolphin," "Lord Halifax," "Lord Granville," "Madame de Lieven," "George Crabbe," "Frank Buckland," and "The Dining Societies of London." The book will contain a memoir written by Sir Spencer Walpole's daughter, Mrs. Francis Holland.

AMONG Mr. Edward Arnold's spring announcements is a new book. "From Their Point of View," by Miss Martha Loane. Miss Loane's former volumes, "The Queen's Poor," and "The Next Street but One," showed great power of understanding and interpreting the mental outlook and ideas of the poorer classes both in town and country, so that her coming book will be read with interest. The same publishers announce a new and cheaper edition of "Turkey in Europe," containing additional chapters and notes which deal with recent events. In particular, there is a discussion of the probable effect of the railways now in contemplation. In this edition Sir Charles Eliot's name will appear for the first time instead of "Odysseus" upon the title-page.

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THE development of German sea-power, "past, present, and prospective," is the subject of "The Admiralty of the Atlantic," by Mr. P. Hislam, which Messrs. Longmans are to publish early this season. The book is said to contain authentic details of works which Germany intends to carry out on her North Sea Coast, and such questions as the best means of counteracting German maritime ambitions and the future development of British shipbuilding policy are also discussed. The volume comes at an opportune moment since the questions raised by Mr. Hislam are among the gravest of present international problems.

* * *

NEXT month Mr. Murray will issue a very full and carefully prepared biography of Catherine of Bragança, in which the author, Miss L. C. Davidson, attempts to clear that unhappy queen from some of the misrepresentations that have clouded her memory. The Court life of Charles II. is described from original sources, and such notorious personages as Nell Gwynn, Louise de Querouaille, and the Duchess of Cleveland figure largely in Miss Davidson's pages.

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OUR spring announcement number was issued a little early, and two or three publishers had not completed their lists in time for insertion. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's books for the season include "My Father: An Aberdeenshire Minister, 1812-1891," by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, which, considering Dr. Nicoll's great powers of style and analysis, should be very interesting; "The Tragedy of Korea," by Angus Hamilton; "Unforegone Conclusions," by Lady Gordon; "Holland Sketches," by Edward Penfield; "A Journey into the Occult," by Beckles Willson; "Little Rivers," by Henry Van Dyke; several volumes in "The Useful Knowledge Library," "The Great Artists Series," and "The Thin Paper Classics;" and novels by John Oxenham, Harold Begbie, S. R. Crockett, Frank T. Bullen, W. Pett Ridge, Charles Garvice, and others.

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AMONG the more interesting of the books to be issued by Messrs. Constable are "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells; "The North-West Passage," by Ronald Amundsen; "My School and My Gospel" by Sir Herbert von Herkomer; "A History of the Volunteer Forces," by Cecil Sebag Montefiore; "Elizabethan Drama," by Felix E. Schelling; "A Short History of Engraving and Etching," by A. M. Hind; "The Later Years of Catherine de Medici," by Edith Sichel; and "Portuguese Architecture," by W. Crum Watson. The same firm will publish novels by Mary Johnston, Howard Pease, Robert W. Chambers, John Ayscough, Constance Smedley, and Ellen Glasgow.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "Memoirs of Eight Parliaments." By Henry W. Lucy. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham." By Philip Gibbs. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
- "Fynes Moryson's Travels." (Maclehose, 4 vols. 50s. net.)
- "Fifty Years of Modern Painting: Corot to Sargent." By J. E. Pythian. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Wycliffe and the Lollards." By J. C. Carrick. The World's Epoch-makers. (T. & T. Clark. 3s. net.)
- "Joseph Redorn." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "Les Légendes Epiques: Recherches sur la Formation des Chansons de Geste." I.—Le Cycle de Guillaume d'Orange. Par J. Bédier. (Paris: Champion. 8 fr.)
- "La Jeune Italie et la Jeune Europe." Lettres inédites de Joseph Mazzini à Louise-Amédée Melegari. (Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Madame de Montespan et la Légende des Poisons." Par Jean Lemoine. (Paris: Leclerc. 10 fr.)
- "Fille de Reine," Roman. Par Louis Letaing. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

Art.

BEAUTIES AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE International Society has organised an Exhibition of Fair Women pictures at the New Gallery, but if anyone expects a feast of feminine loveliness, he or she will be disappointed. As a matter of fact, nobody who is acquainted with the character of the exhibitions of the International will expect anything of the kind. The Society is composed of very modern painters; and the very modern painter does not aim at beauty, or at least not at the kind of beauty that is readily understood. There are, indeed, a few pictures of fair women at the New Gallery, which are in accordance with established notions of attractiveness in women. But the majority provoke a very different sensation from, let us say, a gallery of Gainsboroughs. The visitor should make up his mind to this, for otherwise he will find only irony in the title of fair women, as it applies to three-quarters of the exhibits. Having made up his mind that it is not to be taken literally, he may reasonably expect some pleasure from his visit, provided that he will put himself in sympathy with the ambitions of the exhibitors. What the modern painter aims at is a decorous arrangement in colour, a skilful juxtaposition of tones, a composition in which the lines fall harmoniously. What he thinks in is terms of colour and line and form; and what he thinks of is not the beauty of his subject but the beauties of his craft. The spectator must, to a large extent, be disposed to think with him, or he had better stay away.

It is true that the fair women here are not entirely the creations of members of the International or even of living artists. Half the interest, indeed, of the Exhibition may be found in the works of dead masters. There are four by the late G. F. Watts, including the life-size "Hon. Mrs. Wyndham"; two mistily mysterious portrait studies by Eugène Carrière; a "Lady at the Piano," by Alfred Stevens, as wondrously wrought to a finish as a Sandys, and a gem of the same painter's skill, the recumbent "Lady in White." Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti, and Ford Madox Brown are all represented by minor examples, and from the brush of Arthur Melville comes a strong example of his Japanese phase—"The White Piano," a canvas loaded with deep colour and as flat as his mature water-colour work was full of the suggestion of modelling. A famous Millais portrait, that of Mrs. James Stern, is one of three more or less important examples of that painter's solid finished craftsmanship; though we cannot help remembering with greater affection the Millais of the black and white drawings, as he is recalled to us by a few drawings in the South Room. Here, also, are some dainty specimens of Whistler, Du Maurier, and Ingres. Of the two large pictures by Charles Furse, "The Lilac Gown," wholly delectable in colour, is to be preferred to the other, "Portrait of a Woman," who might be described as tallness topped by livid, heavy-eyed tragedy—the tragedy, may be, of a woman who was once fair. A greater rarity is the little and early picture by Corot of "A Young Lady Playing the Mandoline"; a dry, scholarly essay this, but not without charm. Very interesting, too, is the "Portrait of Madame Hélène C.," by Monticelli, with its faint far-away flavour of Rembrandt in the liquid golden-brown tones. It is a beautiful and also rather pathetic example of an impetuous and erratic master, marking, as it were, a pause in the midst of a riotous production of *fêtes galantes*, a sudden seriousness, or effort at seriousness, among much that, if gorgeous beyond one's dreams, is hasty and insincere. Even here there are symptoms of hurry in the execution; the work lacks the incomparable unity achieved by the great Dutch master; the dignity is a little less dignified. Monticelli's capacity for taking pains did not carry him to the end of the road that a truly great picture has to traverse in its making. His works are priceless for the delight they give as treasures of the colour house. No one could so easily command an instantaneous advantage over the senses. But few artists in the front rank were less capable of converting that advantage into a victory.

These past masters, however, are only the flotsam that has floated into the sea of art represented by the moderns, and to follow them further would be to drift away from the main purpose, which is the consideration of this Exhibi-

tion as a collection of fair women. It is a little difficult not to drift. The character and interest of the pictures, apart from their subjects, are so many and so various. Again occurs the question of what constitutes a fair woman in Art, and why. There are works here by brilliant young painters of the New English Art Club, and others, which suggest that beauty is really ugliness decked out in the fripperies of a technical skill, and that a music-hall posture is the incarnation of grace. This is hardly the place to deal with these aesthetic paradoxes; but if one may be allowed a personal preference, the fantastic ladies in Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations to "Salome," with their suggestion of the infernal, have greater claims to be considered fair than the realistic hoydens of Mr. Orpen and Mr. John. The fairness of the former may be of a wholly evil kind, but it is at least a perceptible quality. It may be even repulsive, but repulsiveness, carried to extremes, as in the British bull dog, may provoke a perverted aesthetic pleasure. We do not suggest that the New English Art Club should go to even plainer models in the hopes of making their paradoxes truths, for such a course would be disastrous. We are merely speaking of the scheme of the present exhibition as a beauty show; and to such a scheme the Beardsley illustrations, irrespective of their abstract beauty of line, their moral or immoral qualities, are better fitted than more material representations.

Putting aside slatterns in colour and female devils in black and white, we may discover some of the other beauties of this art of the New Gallery. Mr. Sargent has painted some of the prettiest of Society women, and no fewer than five important works in oil and four in charcoal represent his talent. The largest is the group "Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane," which was so recently seen at the Academy that no further word is necessary. The five portraits and portrait studies by Mr. W. Nicholson are less familiar, and constitute a welcome feature of the Exhibition. His subjects are handsome; they possess an aristocratic self-possession, rather reminiscent of old Spain; and his treatment has a refinement, even a reverence, that is wholly absent from Mr. Sargent's. It would be unjust to say that if a woman's fairness can survive Mr. Sargent's treatment, it can survive anything, but the test—to the untutored eye which, after all, is the eye a portrait painter has to consider most—is severe. MM. Besnard and Blanche are the principal modernists of the French School; but the *flair* of their productions, their prodigious inventiveness, their glitter and sparkle, grow dim besides two unpretentious half-length portraits by Fantin Latour. For in these a serene beauty of craftsmanship is wedded to the introspective faculty that probes a subject to its inner depths. Of the two the portrait of Miss Budget is the warmer scheme; the unknown "Portrait de Femme," middle-class, middle-aged, has the cool beauty of the twilight. But both share equally the artist's finest achievement, the perfect fitness of the means to the subject, an aesthetic beauty in itself. In the latter especially the colour exactly expresses the sentiment, that of youth with the bloom just dimmed, of strength with its exuberant energy just gone, of beauty with the sparkle off its surface, leaving bare and clear the beauty of the soul, the solid, satisfying beauty. No pampered Society woman this, but one whose hands have done useful work. Note their artful and loving painting, with the light falling as gently upon them as it ever fell on the petals of the artist's well-loved flowers.

We had forgotten Mr. Harrington Mann, whose vivacious picture of Mrs. Evelyn Thaw is one of the sensations, and Renoir, whose famous "Portrait de Madame M.," is a somewhat faded glory of the Exhibition, but retains its simple sincerity. There is also Bonnat's "Portrait de Madame Edouard Kann," less beautiful than elegant in its stately Orientalism; French portraiture tends always to regard elegance as beauty. Carolus Duran has two canvasses, the earlier of which, a "Portrait de Madame Henri Fouquié," was painted back in the 'seventies, and carries a striking likeness to Bonnat's work. And there are other works, Italian, French, English, which can boast of few technical beauties and no human ones, which offer us for the *élan* of femininity the fascination of a bootjack, which have escaped the slime of insipidity to fall into the slough of brutality. But there is not a great deal to find fault with, after one has found the title "Fair Women" a misnomer.

Letters to the Editor.

ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that there is a fundamental mistake underlying all the speeches and projects of the debate of the 14th inst. in the House of Commons. It is this—that the Church is a body separate from the rest of mankind, and occupied primarily with public worship. Would anyone imagine, from reading the debate, that the Founder of the Church never said a single word to his followers about public worship? Yet such is the fact. And now we find the representatives of the Christian nation debating about the details of public worship, and assuming that this is the primary, if not the sole, *ratio essendi* of the Church. What, I ask, was really primary in the Master's teaching? Certainly goodness, justice, and beneficence. The faith which He claimed as due to Himself was the trust of men associated for these purposes in a leader who was the highest example and inspirer of these virtues. Public worship comes in as a help to this faith; but as soon as it is dissociated from the ethical contents of this allegiance to the Just One, as it was very notably in the recent debate, it becomes nugatory. A hundred sayings of Christ may be quoted in which the saying of "Lord, Lord," is contrasted with justice and beneficence.

What follows? Why, certainly this—that the primary object of the Church is to carry out measures of justice and beneficence, and that all who have to do with Church affairs should hold it rigorously to these objects. To tell me, therefore, that the nation has nothing to do with Church affairs is to tell me that it has nothing to do with justice and beneficence. But I maintain that the whole object of national government is precisely this—to carry into effect these great practical principles. This is the teaching of the Prayer Book, which makes "righteousness and holiness of life," and not ecclesiastical ceremonies, to be the true worship of God. It is also the meaning of the Royal or National Supremacy—namely, that the real moral needs of the nation must always stand first, and ecclesiastical details be subordinate to them.

If this be admitted, then there is no absurdity in the fact that men who differ on the details of public worship or of Christian thought should have their part in ruling the Church or judging its course. Moreover, the tendency of ecclesiastical teaching has of late years set steadily towards the promotion of social justice and well-being. Also, the justice and beneficence and raising of the poor, which is primary in Christianity, has been the object of our legislation, especially in the view of the Liberal Party; and it is clear that the measures by which this legislation is enforced need Christian principle for their support. I think I see symptoms that the next great wave of religious development will be one which will tend, not to the separation of the sacred and the secular, but to the blending of them into unity; and that, not so much by rigorous discipline as by the convictions of the ministers of religion and their respect for the feelings of others, in order that the nation may be at one in the promotion of Christian righteousness and social good.—Yours, &c.

W. H. FREMANTLE.

The Deanery, Ripon, February 21st, 1908.

METHODS OF PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I call your attention to the enclosed leaflet, "Socialism is Atheism," with reference to your last week's review of Mr. Arnold Forster's "English Socialism of To-day"? You say: "By a certain section of the Conservative Party it has been decided that it is 'good business' to fasten the charge of Socialism on to the present Government." The next step is to identify Socialism with Atheism, and by so doing to declare every supporter of the present Government to be an avowed enemy of God.

This is how it is done. The Primrose League holds meetings in Church-rooms, with the open support of the clergy. These meetings are followed by a house-to-house distribution of leaflets. (The sheaf containing this one was

left at my door by a choir-boy.) This is quite enough to give the guarantee of the Church in the opinion of villagers.

Does the Church really desire the next election (local or general) to divide orthodox sheep from heretical goats? Are "Atheist!" and "Believer!" (with appropriate adjectives) to be bandied between *neighbours* who hold different opinions as to the nationalisation of railroads?

What does the Church care? What does the Conservative Party care? It is "good business."—Yours, &c.

D. C. PEDDER.

Applegarth, Ogbourne St. George,
Marlborough,

February 24th, 1908.

LIBERAL DEFEATS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I suggest that the explanation of the recent Liberal defeats is to be found in Socialism and the Hull declaration?

The average elector of to-day is own child of his ancestor in the days of the French Revolution. Tell him that Socialism and Liberalism are poles asunder, and he says, "Well, but the Tories are a bit farther off still," and it is that "bit farther off" that counts in the polling booth. His view would certainly be strengthened if he read the articles in *THE NATION* over the initials "J. A. H.," who evidently agrees with the statement reiterated at every Tory meeting, viz., that the difference between Liberalism and the views of Mr. Victor Grayson is one merely of degree and not of kind.

May I offer the following short remarks on "J. A. H.'s" last article?

1. "J. A. H." fails to perceive that, once concede a wage beyond the economic value of the labour as a moral right and not as a charity on the part of the State, you cannot stop at any particular figure, but give away the whole case against Socialism.

2. As regards the percentage of unemployable among the unemployed, "J. A. H." ignores all authoritative experience: that staunch Liberal, Sir Hugh Bell's actual experience gives one employable to 106 unemployable (I quote from memory).

3. He strangely regards all members of a trades union as *ipso facto* employable.

4. He suggests differentiation of wages under certain circumstances in favour of married men with families: call it charity and I find no fault.

5. The silence of *THE NATION* and "J. A. H." on John Burns is eloquent. I write this because I am loth to see the history of the early part of last century repeat itself and the hands of the clock put back.—Yours, &c.,

A YORKSHIRE LIBERAL.

Yorkshire, February 10th, 1908.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND VOTES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A large meeting of women, convened by the Women's Liberal Federation, recently passed a resolution calling upon the Government to bring in at all events a small measure of women's franchise during the present Parliament, and the same course was urged on Mr. Asquith a few days later by the deputation from the National Union of Suffrage Societies. These requests and the tactics of the "Suffragettes" all seem to be based on the assumption that it is the duty of the Liberal Government to carry out this reform at once. Writing as a Liberal woman, who believes that the woman taxpayer and ratepayer has every right to exercise the franchise, may I utter a protest against this view? My personal opinion is that the abolition of plural voting and of the lodger vote (the latter either by means of a revised "occupation" franchise or the establishment of adult suffrage) would be desirable preliminaries. But apart from this, who are pledged to the reform? The Government? Assuredly not. We know and have known for months that the Cabinet are not agreed even on the abstract principle. Government pledges are to be found, if anywhere, in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at the

Albert Hall in December, 1905, and in the election addresses of the present Ministry. In them we find promises (not yet all fulfilled) of educational reform, land reform, temperance reform, the maintenance of Free Trade, reduced expenditure, old age pensions—but of women's suffrage not one word. At the General Election the militant section of the Suffrage Party attacked several members of the present Government on the point, and they received no pledge. In any case, says the Suffragist, a majority of members of the House of Commons (belonging to all parties) are pledged to the reform. To what are they pledged? Not to force the Government to take up the question. In many cases the promise was to vote for a Suffrage Bill, presumably a private Bill, if introduced. In the same way many are "pledged" to Disestablishment, many to Home Rule, some to anti-vaccination, others to anti-vivisection. In this case also, the election address is a fair guide. It is a generous estimate to say that out of all the Liberal members at Westminster, ten made women's suffrage a prominent feature in their programme. As to the electorate, it would indeed be a delicate mathematical operation to determine what precise proportion of the votes cast for either Free Traders or Tariff Reformers were influenced in either direction by the hope or fear of feminine enfranchisement.

But Governments have brought forward, and will again bring forward, measures to which they are not definitely pledged. Are women of all classes so unanimously earnest for the franchise that a Government must add this reform to their already formidable list?

Some months ago a well-known supporter of Women's Suffrage declared that, though she had always been a Liberal, she was "a woman before she was a Liberal," and that if the present Government would not introduce a Bill, she would work for any party which took up her cause. As I read her speech I was at once reminded of the answer given shortly before by a tutor at a woman's college when asked to sign the petition of women graduates to the Premier: "No, I am strongly in favour of the suffrage, but I am a Liberal before I am a woman, and I want the Government to carry out their programme of reforms, without being worried over one to which they are not pledged." It is my strong impression, based upon a certain amount of experience in political work, that the large majority of women Liberals in the country are "Liberals before they are women," and do not wish to play for their own hand against the Government. Party loyalty does not mean to them slavish adherence to political formulæ, but the support of a party whose past record and present aims, both in administration and legislation, they believe are best calculated to advance the good of the whole nation, including men, women, and children of all classes and conditions. Many journalists, it seems, do not know that the secession of a number of Women's Liberal Associations from the Federation some years ago was largely due to the action of the Executive in making Women's Suffrage a test question at elections. As a result, the Women's National Liberal Association was formed, which leaves local branches and individual members free to act as they think best in this particular matter, though probably the majority are in favour of the suffrage. Among the branches of the Federation, too, are many members who, while willing to join any association which works for Liberalism, are by no means enthusiastic over the election test. As to Conservative women among my acquaintance, fully fifty per cent. are opposed to the reform, and some of their leading speakers and workers have openly declared against it—one with the confession that she is "fully satisfied with her own illimitable capacities for usefulness."

As to the deep-seated discontent which, we are told, exists among the mass of working women, it is so deep-seated as to be almost inarticulate. Out of all the millions of Englishwomen, less than 200,000 have signed suffrage petitions in the last few years. (The Chartist petition of 1848 had 2,000,000 genuine signatures, and yet the working classes had to wait for their Reform Bill till 1866.) I believe that the distinctly political women's associations will do more to create an effective demand for the vote than the suffrage societies. Any woman whose genuine interest in political and social reforms makes her desire to give expression to her views by means of the franchise, is a far

more valuable adherent to the cause than one who has been excited by vague talk about the rights and wrongs of her sex and its superiority to the mere man.

Thus any Government which at the present time passed a Women's Suffrage Bill would be committing the dangerous experiment of enfranchising a large majority of uninformed and indifferent women at the demand of a small minority of earnest agitators. This, perhaps, would not be a serious matter if ignorance and indifference meant abstention from voting, but all who know anything of party organisation must feel assured that most of these enfranchised women would be brought to the poll at the next election, and that all the inducements of influence, private generosity, and what Professor Sidgwick once called "dishonest demagoguery" (not necessarily dishonest in intention or confined to any one party), would be brought to bear on their votes.

I need not dwell on the question of redistribution, which must necessarily follow such a measure, or on the difficulties connected with married women's qualifications. Nor, again, is the good or evil of such a reform here under consideration. Probably the result in either direction would be far less marked than advocates or opponents suppose. I merely wish to put this question to Liberal women throughout the country: Is it in accordance with political wisdom to enfranchise an indifferent majority at the demand of an earnest minority, or in accordance with political morality to introduce a sweeping change which has never been submitted to the judgment of the present electorate?—Yours, &c.,

WOMAN LIBERAL.

February 25th, 1908.

THE CRUX IN "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In "Notes and Queries," of April 20th last, Mr. Morton Luce drew attention to a possible source of the much-canvassed lines in "The Tempest," III., 1:—

"I forget;
Most busy, least when I do it."

which he found in Ovid, "Fasti," IV., 433-4:—

"Proeda puellares animos prolecat inanis,
Et non sentitur sedulitate labor."

Dr. Furness, in his Variorum edition of the play, gives another citation, which was noted as far back as 1851 by an anonymous writer, namely, the famous saying of Scipio Africanus: "Nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus," occurring in Cicero, "De Officiis," III., 1; and this, perhaps, may be held to approach nearer to the spirit of Shakespeare's thought than does Ovid's description of the desultory services undertaken by Persephone's female companions at her behest.

Quite recently, however, I chanced to come upon a passage which presents a still closer parallel, to my thinking; so close, indeed, as to suggest the probability of Shakespeare having had the Latin original actually in view. It is in Terence, "Heauton Timorumenos," 394-400, the pertinent portion of which I will make bold to put in italics.

BACCHIS.—Hoc beneficio utrique ab utrisque vero devincimini,
Ut nunquam ulla amoris vestra incidere possit calamitas.

ANTIPHILA.—Nescio alias: me quidem semper scio fecisse sedulo,
Ut ex illius commodo meum compararem commodum.

CLINIA.—Ah,
Ergo, mea Antiphila, tu nunc sola reducem me in patriam facis:
Nam dum abs te absum, omnes mihi labores fuisse quos cepi leves,
Protes quam tui carendum quod erat.

The elder Colman long ago in his scholarly translation of Terence, took occasion to comment on certain passages where he was of opinion Shakespeare was indebted for sundry speeches in "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Othello," &c., and expressed his conviction that they were imitated directly from the Latin text, a belief that is shared by so recent an authority as Mr. Churton Collins, though the latter admits there was more than one English version at the time, which might have been laid under contribution by the poet. In the present case, as will be seen, the general similarity between the Athenian lovers, Clinia and Antiphila, and the Italian pair, Ferdinand and Miranda, is sufficiently obvious to give one pause;

while the courtesan Bacchis serves as a becoming but convenient foil to enhance the spirituality of Antiphila's nature.

I imagine there is very little doubt at the present day as to the putative content of this evergreen Shakespearean crux: a very good summing-up is given in the *Furness Variorum*, where the editor, with great show of reason, decides that "it" refers back to "forget." Whether "busy least (lest)" or "busiliest" be adopted is still apparently a point of some debate. Professor Collins favours the latter (*Studies in Shakespeare*, c. viii.), which form, by the way, *Furness* demonstrates was first proposed in 1853 by the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, and not by the Scotsman Bullock, as is generally supposed. A better example of the emphatic superlative than "easiliest" ("Cymbeline," iv., 2), to which it has been compared, is Mark Antony's phrase, "the most unkindest cut of all," in "Julius Cæsar." This last shows the proposed emendation to be fully justified on linguistic grounds.—Yours, &c.,

N. W. HILL.

New York,
February 11th, 1908.

"ENGLAND AND MR. MEREDITH."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I gladly accept "A Dutchman's" correction. What he says about the popularity of Mr. Meredith in literary circles in Holland is the exception that proves my rule that his popularity is an English one. The Dutch, set at the meeting-place of Germany, France, and England, enrich their own national life by an intimate knowledge of what is best in their three neighbours; and by nature and tradition it comes to them to understand what is best in England almost, if not altogether, as well as the English themselves.—Yours, &c.,

G. M. TREVELYAN.

2, Cheyne Gardens, S.W.,
February 21st, 1908.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. John Bright, in dealing on one occasion with the religious difficulty in primary education, used the following pertinent words: "In the middle classes we do not ask what religion a boy or girl is to be taught when they go to school. Why should we be so desperately anxious about the religious teaching of the working classes?"

Though a Tory and a Churchman, I commend this quotation to the disputants in the education controversy of to-day, as pointing to an inconsistency in conduct and in argument, from which they would seem to be no freer than were those whom Mr. Bright rebuked.—Yours, &c.,

W. G. H. G.

The Temple,
February 26th, 1908.

THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The two chief reasons for the absence of numerous protests against the late prosecution for blasphemy appear to me (1) the vulgarity of the impugned words, and (2) the lenity of the Judge. In the "Freethinker" case, a quarter of a century ago, the impugned illustrations were also vulgar, but the Judge was very severe; in fact, the defendants were actually refused bail! Of course, it is absurd and impracticable, if the defendant intends to continue his propaganda, for him to be bound over not to say anything offensive to conventionally religious people. In practice, however, it is hardly likely one would be so foolish as to prosecute him or anyone else who confined himself in public to the use of ordinary conventional language. In priest-ridden countries such propagandists would no doubt incur the danger of mob violence, against which law is of small avail.

Surely the existing common law—to say nothing of statutory—would meet the case of persons using gross and provocative language in public. If so, the real basis for the blasphemy laws is swept away. It is worse than idle nowadays to defend orthodoxy. It is, intellectually speaking, as dead as the proverbial doornail. Its futile and

obsolete defence, whether in pulpits or law courts, only further damages it, and the sooner thinking people, including our legislators, recognise that fact the better for everybody.

What concerns Mr. Stewart D. Headlam and similar earnest men is that the body of ancient Hebrew and Greek literature, termed the Bible, which for so many centuries has been looked upon as sacred, should no longer be a sort of fetish, but used with knowledge and discrimination, with a view to influencing conduct and character. He sees how his desire is apt to be defeated by such unwise prosecutions.

The Germans have a saying about emptying the baby out with the bath-water; and something like this follows when biblical critics of a plain and downright order are sent to gaol. Sympathisers are raised up who compendiously reject both the book and its supporters *en bloc*. And it is not easy to refute or rebuke them when they aver that religion has very largely become a business, young men "going into it" much as they do into law, medicine, or other callings.

When an attack is to be made by zealots or tyrants on freedom they usually select some more or less humble and obscure person. What they crave for is to establish precedents.

Now, as of old, the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

February 24th.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It was with mixed feelings that I read Mr. Headlam's letter on this subject. It is a pleasant, if somewhat novel, experience for an infidel to find himself thanking a militant upholder of the "Catholic faith" for his vigorous plea in favour of free speech. The pleasure is sadly marred by the reflection that the defence should have been left to such a quarter. Mr. Headlam was not the only one who waited "for some indignant protest by Liberals of influence." That he waited in vain seems to me one of the most striking proofs of the strength of that present-day reaction, against which you, Sir, usually so forcibly contend. I may add that one "indignant protest" was sent by a Liberal of no influence to the editor of the "Morning Post," but needless to say, did not achieve publicity.—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Gerrards Cross,
February 26th, 1908.

"A BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS" AND "THE DOUGLAS CAUSE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As the writer who reviewed my "Story of a Beautiful Duchess" in your paper has challenged some of my conclusions with regard to the famous "Douglas Cause," I shall be obliged if you will permit me to reply. When he contradicts my statement that Archibald Douglas was "brought from Westminster School" to his uncle's funeral he forgets that the boy was sent first to Rugby and then to Westminster, and was at the latter school when the old Duke of Douglas died. [See "The Douglas Book," II., 526.] Although a partisan of "the Defender," he objects to the evidence heard in France. "Probably none of it would be admitted in a modern court," he says. "Certainly none of it was conclusive, and the credibility of every one of these unseen witnesses was doubtful in the extreme." Yet he forgets that this evidence was given before a properly constituted Commission, appointed by the Scottish Court of Session, and overlooks the fact that but for the testimony of one of these "unseen witnesses"—Pierre Michel Menager—the Hamiltons must have won their case. The obsolete argument—of which your critic appears to approve—that Archibald Douglas ought not to have been dislodged, because he was "acknowledged by both parents," involves the most flagrant *petitio principii*, and if admitted would render the adoption of a supposititious child an easy crime to accomplish. Indeed, it would have insured the success both of the Kinnaird and Tichborne impostures.

In the "Athenæum" of January 11th I have replied at full length to the objection that Lady Jane Douglas-Stewart would not have "burdened herself with twins when one child

was sufficient." It should be borne in mind that she was playing for a heavy stake, and, like Christian in the allegory, would struggle bravely with her heavy burden in the hope of gaining an exceeding great reward. Then why should she be deterred from adopting a foreign child because she was imbued with a high sense of family pride? *Mulier finis familiae*, the head of her house had cast her out, and her rightful inheritance was destined to pass to an alien branch. In one way only could she regain her position. In spite of this pride of hers, she married a scapegrace adventurer, and when half Scotland suspected her of a heinous crime she made no attempt to prove her innocence.

Naturally, many of her partisans declared that one of the children resembled his alleged father, just as many of the Hamilton adherents denied the likeness. This matter, however, is capable of proof even in these days. There is a fine portrait of Archibald Douglas, by Gainsborough, at present on view at Burlington House. I believe that there are no less than three portraits of Lady Jane at Douglas and Bothwell Castles. There is also a picture of Sir John Stewart of Grandtully, and, probably, one also of his eldest son, who succeeded him in the baronetcy. No doubt the Duke of Douglas was painted by some eminent artist. Let those who insist upon the argument advanced by Lord Mansfield attempt to demonstrate this family likeness by reproducing all these portraits in one volume. As far as I have been able to ascertain, Archibald Douglas did not resemble Sir John Stewart in the slightest degree. The former had a low forehead, a thick nose and lips, and black eyes; the latter had a high forehead, a thin nose and lips, and blue eyes.

Hitherto the "Douglas Cause" has been obscured by a mass of legend. It is, I think, however, now acknowledged that Lord Mansfield's conduct throughout was that of a manifest partisan; indeed, his verdict seems to have been influenced by the same sort of misapprehension which caused him to decide that Chevalier D'Eon was a woman. Pierre Michel Menager—the principal witness on the Douglas side—was subsequently imprisoned for perjury in a similar cause in France, being concerned, as I have shown, in the celebrated affair of the Comte de Morangies. Sir John Stewart—the claimant's own father—was proved to be, as a reviewer of my book in the "Pall Mall Gazette" has well described him, "the prince of lying witnesses," and Archibald Douglas succeeded in persuading the court to "serve him heir" through the means of certain letters purporting to come from the doctor who brought him into the world, but which were shown to be absolute forgeries.

I am ready to admit that opinion in Scotland applauded the verdict, but this was because of the high character of the first Baron Douglas, as your reviewer in his able criticism of my book has pointed out; but we must remember that David Hume and Adam Smith were on the side of the Hamiltons, and that the Court of Session, which contained many lawyers as capable as Lords Camden and Mansfield, decided that Lady Jane was guilty of fraud.—Yours, &c.,

HORACE BLEACKLEY.

Fox Oak, Hersham, Surrey,
February 20th, 1908.

THE BOY AND GIRL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been for some years on a committee of a boy and girl school belonging to the "Society of Friends," and one sees the advantages (which you have named) of the two sexes being taught together. As you say, the manliness of the boys and the womanliness of the girls is improved by this association. The committee of the school have reports every year of the children who have left, until they reach twenty-one, and bad reports are very rare, which no doubt is due to the natural life they lived when boys and girls, which engendered a mutual understanding. That it must result in immorality is absurd; the fact is, it has an opposite effect, as shyness and awkwardness disappear, and, as you say, "The possibility of friendship is realised betimes, and in common studies girls and boys learn the meaning of disinterested companionship." I am quite convinced this is the right way of educating our children, and hope it will not be long before it is universal.—Yours, &c.,

J. P.

February 22nd, 1908.

Reviews.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.*

EXPLORATION in the old romantic sense of the word is no more possible to-day than conquest as Cortes understood it. Save, perhaps, at the South Pole the world never again will thrill at the thought of a new continent. The great rivers have all been churned by a stern-wheel, and even Ruwenzori has been climbed. There are still in Africa virgin forests, untraversed tributary streams, but there is no longer a region which lacks somewhere in its centre a white man's post. The very giants of the Soudan have seen the inside of Khartoum gaol and the dwarfs made a spectacle in a London music-hall. Llassa holds no mystery, and the okapi has been stuffed. The work of exploration which still remains to be done is the careful labour of the surveyor, who goes with the theodolite and plane-table over the tracks cut out by more empirical pioneers, and the exact classification of the naturalist, who rejoices to find a new mouse or a strange thrush, where his predecessors surprised the lion.

It is in the main this work of the gleaner which Lieutenant Boyd Alexander records in his fascinating record of a three years' journey "From the Niger to the Nile." Everywhere he traversed territory which Europeans have subjected, and the permanent "posts" of British, French, German, and Belgian administrators were the stages of his journey. Yet one may doubt whether any of the pioneers faced graver perils or displayed more of the daring, the perseverance, and the tact which make a great traveller. Of three officers who started out on the long trek from Nigeria to the Soudan, only one survived to chronicle their common work. Malaria and black-water fever dogged their tracks, starvation was sometimes a possibility, the route of the expedition lay for the most part over rivers never navigated before, and the shooting of cataracts seems to have been its favourite method of locomotion. The more savage tribes, even in British territory, were often menacing and hostile, and more than once the expedition had to face a rain of poisoned arrows. More trying were the tests of mere patience and endurance involved in river journeys where the rate of progress up stream was often no more than two miles a day, in the strange navigation of Lake Chad, where a path had often to be forced through mud or cut through reeds, above all, in such humdrum but heart-breaking work as the transport of steel boats overland in sections, when six weeks would be consumed in the conquest of a stretch of fifteen miles. Mr. Alexander tells his tale simply and with soldierly modesty, but the barest record of such feats cannot conceal their moral value. The romance of the "Anabasis" is told in stadia and parasangs, and the heroism of such a journey as this becomes on paper an affair of miles and hours.

Mr. Alexander's main interest lay in zoology. He traversed a continent accumulating the skins of little birds, tabulating the species of river fish, and counting it a triumph when he had found a large rat with a white belly, or christened a new coney with the name of a friend. To the general reader much of his best and most permanent work, both topographical and zoological, seems in consequence somewhat erudite and remote. But he has a gift of literary description rare in men of action, and there are pages of delicate and nervous English which record with a magic that sometimes recalls "Eothen," the wizardry of an African sunset, the emotional significance of a clear night of stars, the cruelty of a Saharan wind, and the tropical passions of the hail or rain. His observations on the natives are always interesting and valuable. One realises from the first the attraction of a singularly humane and kindly personality. There is something typical of the best strain in English blood, in the spectacle of these three men, keen sportsmen, punctual disciplinarians, formidable soldiers, trekking over a continent collecting an odd assortment of animal pets, and winning the devotion of their "boys" so completely that the same natives followed them with scarcely a murmur through peril and labour and disease from the Niger to the Nile. The story of African travel has too often been a tale of rapine and slaughter. But this unique ex-

*"From the Niger to the Nile." By Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. Arnold. 2 vols. 36s. net.

pedition used its firearms only once against a human foe, and that was to rescue a caravan of Mecca pilgrims from a great squadron of pillaging desert raiders. So reluctant, indeed, was the expedition to abuse the advantage which firearms gave it that when attacked by an ill-disposed mountain tribe in Northern Nigeria, they refrained from firing, and charged instead in close formation into the arrows, relying (as it happened, successfully) solely upon the moral impression created by their serried ranks and fearless advance. On another occasion when Mr. Alexander, turning suddenly round near a hostile Dinka village, found its chief in the act of firing a poisoned arrow at his back, he simply advanced and signalled to the man to withdraw. He was obeyed. Nine men in ten would have drawn their revolvers, and many would have burned the offending village. A man who could wield such an ascendancy as this over the natives undoubtedly understands them. Mr. Alexander clearly knows them well, and likes them, without idealising them. He travelled through countless tribes, whose origin and appearance and mode of life he briefly describes. But, unfortunately for the general reader, his concern was rather with birds than with men, and like most practical administrators in primitive countries, he seems to have only a slight interest in anthropology, and tells us little about the laws, customs, and myths of these primitive tribes.

The varieties of culture and social structure to be encountered on such a journey as this are so bewildering, that it is hard to remember that they are really contemporary and contiguous. At the end of the scale are the Buduma of Lake Chad, a naked race of fishermen, who compete with the storks and the pelicans for their food, build only bee-hive huts of grass, fly at the approach of a stranger, and are so poor that they maim the greater number of their male children to effect an economy of life. At the other end are such tribes as the Shua and Fulani, wanderers at some remote period from the Nile valley, who are good Mohammedans, dress with taste and elaboration, and practise an architecture which seems to be reminiscent of ancient Egypt. The plains belong to these settled and semi-civilised agricultural races; the hills to wild and unintelligent tribes, which seem to be only nominally human. It is the more advanced peoples of the plain who in Nigeria have taken most kindly to British rule; the hill tribes are still angry, suspicious, hostile, and sometimes, apparently, quite unaware of the nature of the white man's resources. Mr. Alexander is not concerned to discuss problems of administration. But the impression which one derives is of the golden age of colonial penetration. The white population is as yet almost entirely official, and the taint of greed and the lust of exploitation have not yet penetrated to the remote interior. The white men are evidently most carefully selected, and a high ideal of self-restraint and generous service rules among them. They are still an aristocratic caste without private interests, and *noblesse oblige*. One reads of industrial schools for liberated slave children, established not by missionaries but by soldiers or doctors, to give meaning and an occupation to the lonely life of an isolated post. The more predatory tribes and the stronger chiefs doubtless regret the loss of their license to pillage and oppress; the less warlike tribes and the weaker chiefs are said to be grateful for the advent of peace and for the security of trade and life. The one serious problem is that which everywhere faces the white man in Africa—the difficulty of checking the corruption and rapacity of native interpreters and the more brutal passions of native soldiers who abuse the respect which their office inspires, to pillage in the name of their white masters. The chief lesson on which Mr. Alexander insists is the duty of learning the language of the country—the only means by which a white administrator can emancipate himself from unscrupulous native agents and interpreters.

CRITICS OF SOCIALISM.*

II.—MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

IN striking contrast with the slap-dash puerilities of Mr. Arnold Forster stands the able, well-organised assault of Mr. W. H. Mallock upon the Socialist position. By far the closest criticism that has appeared in the English lan-

guage, this book, consisting of lectures recently delivered in America, marks a considerable advance in subtlety of reasoning upon his two earlier works which entered the same ground of controversy. Following to some extent the radical distinction made by M. Tarde, the great French sociologist, between creative and imitative activities, Mr. Mallock bases his criticism upon the fundamental difference between ability (mainly consisting of directive energy) and labour. "Labour, from the most ordinary up to the rarest kind, is the mind or the brain of one man affecting that man's own hands, and the single task on which his hands happen to be engaged. The directive faculties are the mind or the brain of one man simultaneously affecting the hands of any number of other men, and through their hands the simultaneous tasks of all of them, no matter how various these tasks may be" (p. 31). Marx and the older formulators of "scientific" Socialism, borrowing their error from Smith and Ricardo, virtually ignored this distinction, treating labour as the sole producer of wealth, and claiming for labour the whole of its product. Modern Socialism, as represented in its intellectual leaders, has tended to a formal recognition of ability as a factor of production, and of the necessity of taking account of it in the Socialistic system of industry. But, according to Mr. Mallock, no adequate realisation exists of the supremely important fact that in modern industry "ability" is the sole creator of progress and of the increase of wealth. Whereas the worker of to-day is, either as an individual or as a co-operative unit, very little more productive than was his ancestor in the days before machinery, modern modes of industry afford vast play to the abilities of thinkers, inventors, financiers, organisers, and speculators. The truly creative faculties of these little groups of able men have made virtually the entire increase. Any Socialistic scheme, therefore, which deprives them of any large share of the incomes and the property which they thus make by their intelligent effort—assailing by high taxation, removing from private enterprise the industries in which this ability works, or crippling profitable industries by State interference—must undermine the sources of industrial prosperity in this or any country.

Socialism will not be able to discover the best ability, as competition now discovers it, will not be able to secure for it the full authority it requires for its productive functioning, and will be unwilling to furnish adequate incentives to procure its use in the public service. Such is the economic kernel of a criticism which has a good deal of force in its application to many actual experiments in State or municipal Socialism, and which, when addressed to the classes that believe themselves to contain a practical monopoly of ability, is most convincing.

Mr. Mallock is indisputably right in urging that the central problem for State Socialism is psychological. It is to find and apply the proper incentives to the wills of the various classes of producers, and particularly to the inventive and directive classes. Theoretic Socialists will doubtless urge against him what they will consider the deeper criticism that, by his statement of the problem, he has denied, without disproving, their principle that all production is a social process and value a social product, and that his attempt to ear-mark each portion of a product as due to the exertion of some individual is an essentially illicit process. But, without arguing this somewhat abstruse question, one may ask Mr. Mallock why he should suppose that it is essential to State Socialism to deny to inventors, organisers, and directors of industry adequate motives of personal gain? It is not necessary to rely overmuch upon the "joy in creative work," or the instinct of benevolence, or other non-selfish motives which might survive or grow under Socialism. If one were to analyse a little more closely than Mr. Mallock has done, the complexities of motive which can operate upon the thinker, the inventor, the capitalist, the manager, and other officials, one would find great waste under the existing system; and it is not obvious that an intelligent Socialism (if such a thing could emerge) would refuse to apply certain selfish motives more effectively than now. It is not obvious, for instance, that scientific ability might not be better utilised for technical improvements under a system where the actual inventor was able to submit his idea to a public expert rather than to a business man whose interest may be to steal the idea, to

* "A Critical Examination of Socialism." By W. H. Mallock. Murray. 6s.

suppress it, or both. Society at present, it may be argued, fails to discover or to make provision for most of her potential thinkers, inventors, and even her organisers. But could the State do better? As a practical criticism against the efficacy of most Socialistic proposals, there is much force in the view that public administration tends to become mechanical and to resist reform. This, in our judgment, is a final objection against the general Socialistic scheme; but it is no sufficient argument against the actual "Socialism of to-day," which consists in taking over and working by the State such industries as are not and cannot be genuinely competitive, or which, left in private hands, generate conditions dangerous to large classes of workers or to the general public.

It is, after all, of little value to discuss the advisability of "Socialising all the instruments of production." Such a proposal is not likely to be entertained by the majority of this or any other people, notwithstanding the large nominally "Socialistic" vote in Germany and elsewhere. If a nation ever did come to the point of making a single wholesale proposal of this kind, the preceding process of moral and intellectual change must be so great as to invalidate all tests of practicability based on existing human nature. The real Socialism is piece-meal and opportunist, and it will not be stayed, nor ought it, by any of the considerations Mr. Mallock so skilfully adduces. The businesses of fighting, letter carrying, street cleaning, &c., have possibly suffered in some elements of technical efficiency and progress by being Socialised. But nobody believes that by converting these from private into public enterprises a net loss of social efficiency and progress has been sustained. Quite the contrary. It pays society to economise its ability and energy by Socialising the relatively routine and basic industries.

But the real vulnerability of Mr. Mallock's defence of vested interests consists in his assumptions that free competition actually prevails in the most profitable sorts of industries; and that even elsewhere competition so operates as to give to men of ability the payments strictly necessary to evoke their best efforts. There is no treatment of such important facts as the economic rent of land, the high profits of protected or other non-competing businesses, and other large incomes based upon artificial advantages of opportunity. Mr. Mallock insists that the whole increase of wealth in modern times belongs by right to the few able men who have made it. But he never explains why the present industrial system should even tend to distribute this wealth in proportion to this productivity, and in one passage in his final chapter he virtually gives away his case by recognising that ability must "in its own interests" make over to labour a large share of the increase of wealth. His words here are most significant:—

"The ideal state of social equilibrium would be reached when this share was such that any further augmentation of it would enfeeble the action of ability by depriving it of its necessary stimulus, and by thus diminishing the amount of the total product, would make the share of the labourers less than it was before."

All that the more reflecting Socialist demands is such changes in the industrial and fiscal policy of the State as shall satisfy this condition, removing those elements of unearned income which supply no stimulus to their recipients, and claiming them as a social income. In some cases this social income can be got by taxation, in other cases it is better to convert a private into a public monopoly. But though Mr. Mallock's arguments have not the destructive value he thinks, his book deserves the close attention of all who are Socialists, or favour social reforms conducted by the State. It is the best current statement of the essential features of the anti-Socialist position.

MID-VICTORIAN.*

It is easily read between the lines that the anonymous author of "Leaves from a Life" is a daughter of the aged artist who, born in 1819, painted prodigiously in the mid-Victorian days, and was recently received in audience by King Edward. The lady herself informs us that she was born in 1848, and these are her recollections of the fifties, sixties, and seventies. They make an entertaining volume, rather ill-

* "Leaves from a Life." Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

written, and—as we shall presently have to show—marred by a little uncharitableness and some errors of taste.

In 1852 the family went to live at Pembridge Villas, Bayswater, and

"up that long flight of steps, glassed in for us when we began to go to parties, has passed every notable in England, from the late Queen Victoria, the present King and Queen, and all the princes and princesses, to what we prized still more . . . all the literary, artistic, and musical celebrities of the mid and later Victorian era."

Queen Victoria was a sitter at Pembridge Villas in those far-off days, and the door was opened for her by a pretty and vivacious young aunt of the author, disguised as a parlourmaid. Another visitor, who came unwillingly at the skirts of his mother, is described as a "little ruffian." The gentleman is now the German Emperor. "Handsome Prince Louis of Hesse" brought his equerry, for whom, in the course of a sitting, "Papa suggested a seat." "He vill schtaand," said the Prince.

Celebrities, literary, artistic, and theatrical, throng the scene. Dickens, the author did not like, and she lets us know it, though perhaps the remark is unimportant that—

"for me at any rate, all Charles Dickens' pathos rings untrue, and all his bits of 'goody-goody' moralising suggest to me that they were written with his tongue in his cheek."

It will be perceived thus early that the author's gifts as a memoirist include no particular delicacy of style. R. L. Stevenson she met on several occasions.

"But I was never lucky in my meetings with R. L. S. . . and whenever I met him at Bournemouth Stevenson was ill, or had been ill, or was going to be; and I never was anything but depressed by his presence at the Taylors', though perhaps I should be ashamed of even saying such a thing."

Mr. Hardy is more fortunate—

"A name to be written in gold, to be placed next to Shakespeare's, and to be honoured as the grandest writer of the time."

There is a charming sketch of Browning, but it was hardly nice to say of his son, after the father had hoped for him a career as painter and sculptor, "as far as I know, he has never become famous in either." On Mr. Alfred Austin there are several pages of depreciation, and an idiosyncratic touch is this:—"Mr. Austin was then engaged in novel-writing; he wrote three, but not one was a success." It is foolishness to speak of Matthew Arnold, when his face was in repose, as "quite the ugliest man I ever saw in my life." Not only had Arnold (who was a bit of a dandy) a fine and powerful head, he had even a severe, intellectual beauty of countenance. Many years ago the writer of these lines faced him during the four hours' tedium of a Lord Mayor's banquet, and mentally likened him to Doré's neophyte among the unspiritual monks.

Trollope, Bret Harte, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Stanley (not mentioned by name), Dean Farrar, Henry Taylor, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Riddell, Sala, and Edmund Yates make appearances in one chapter or another. Bret Harte had an awkward encounter in the drawing-room with Sala, whom he wanted to shoot on sight. Sala took a cab home. A note on Farrar runs thus:—

"Long years after the Harrow days, the Farrars stayed close by my home, and I asked him to preach in our church; he did so, and most beautifully, to a sparse congregation of rustics and provincials, who could not think what he was talking about, and gaped in his face. I never again asked any celebrity to preach to those people, and never told them when one or the other came my way and looked me up."

"Punch" inspires the author with some of her liveliest pages. Du Maurier sketched her in it, and many readers will welcome her description of the singing of that genius of the many gifts.

"He would sit down to the piano, and in a moment the room would be full of divine melody, not loud, not declamatory, but music in the fullest sense of the word . . . and I have heard a sudden hush come over a large assembly should he sing, albeit he liked best a small audience, and one he knew really loved to hear his tender *trainante* voice."

Shirley Brooks "had the delightful habit of telling us his jokes before they appeared in 'Punch'; and when he became editor in 1870 . . . he used to show us the coming number on the Sunday, before the public could have it on Wednesday." Of John Leech—

"All I recollect are his pictures, his rollicking good humour when there were no organs about, and the agony he endured when they came and ground at his front door, secure in the fact that he must pay them to move on."

Now and then we meet an art critic, and there is then a very natural rustle of the skirts. "Papa," however "never read any criticisms, good, bad, or indifferent," and was therefore able without bitterness of soul to give evidence for Ruskin in the case in which Whistler gained damages of a farthing.

The chapters on artists and picture-dealers are, as might be expected, intimate and racy. Leighton, the handsomest of men in the floridest of styles, was "Cupid." Millais—

"often came to Pembridge Villas late for a game of whist, and the nature of the points played for, as well as some canny Scotch characteristics he displayed, gained for him the sobriquet of 'Sixpenny Jack'."

The subacid humour of this, seldom far to seek, spices the book. It glances indifferently at family, friends, and acquaintances. What "my father's domestic arrangements" are or were none of us need seek to know; and the innuendo that follows on page 339, since it concerns no one among the reading public, should be removed. One or two other domestic references, interesting to nobody by whom the book will be borrowed, will probably give pain to some. For the pages on the late Rev. E. Ker Gray and the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew there is not the vestige of an excuse; they are in the worst possible taste.

In its literary style the book is a finished model of the slipshod. An example or two shall suffice. In one of the lesser gems grammar gets the snub direct: "Pearls before swine was not in it." A simple puzzle as to meaning is this: "One has but to resemble the British public of Rudyard Kipling's 'pay, pay, pay' doggerel to have anything described or extolled that one desires." Another: "Mr. Bellew began life in India as an Indian chaplain, where his children were born; but his wife left him lamenting with someone else." Who was left lamenting with whom? As an example, scarcely surpassable, of the way how not to construct a sentence, take this:—

"Now Mr. Cass sleeps by his beloved church, close to the altar, near to the splendid little inner chapel he discovered and restored, and to the pulpit he restored too, and to which excellent object I gave the proceeds of articles I wrote on Burford."

It would have been a venial sin to deduct a shilling for Dr. Morris's "Elements of Grammar."

Compare with the foregoing Stevenson's magical few lines on Burford in his "Gossip on Romance"—the Stevenson who bored this lady.

A NOVEL OF PROPAGANDA.*

THE "novel with a purpose" is always, rightly, a little suspect, the purpose, obvious and pronounced, playing the part of a governess resolved that her "little charges" shall illustrate to all the world her high and proper aim. And as a "model child" is one whose springs of spontaneity have been weakened, so a picture of life constructed to prove a thesis is one in which nature, similarly, is repressed and comes off second best. In "The Nun" the hidden purpose peeps forth so clearly as to defeat M. Bazin's intention of enlisting his readers' sympathy against the French Government's policy of shutting up the convents and expelling the nuns. Since persecution is odious, we ought to feel revolted and shocked when the five nuns of St. Hildegarde are driven out of their home in Lyons, when their school is closed by the police, and when nothing is left them but to become "secularised" and struggle in the indifferent world to earn their bread. In fact, we feel half sorry and half glad, but, curiously, it is not the tyrannical action of the State that moves our anger, but the priestly policy that has brought it about. M. René Bazin has not been unaware of the danger he runs of being told that the fault lies with the Catholic Church, and in his portrait of Canon Le Suet, Monsieur le Supérieur, the timid and compromising Head, he endeavours to anticipate our criticism and apportion the blame. But by doing this he does not attain his end.

The story opens with a description of the life led by the five nuns—Sisters Justine, Danielle, Léonide, Edwige, and Pascale—in their daily work of teaching and training children within the convent, and in their ministrations in the poorer quarter of labouring Lyons. Their characters contrast well, but we are early aware that we are being pre-

sented to a group of model women who symbolise too effectively the forces of duty, love, obedience, mercy, and chastity. We are made to feel too decidedly that the busy world of Lyons that surrounds this little group united in their spiritual perfection is a hotbed of suffering, of evil passions, of vanity, and of struggle. And immediately, with human capriciousness, we decline to sympathise with the nuns, and we secretly desire that the wicked world shall open its jaws and swallow the five Sisters up! It is very wrong, of course, to range one's self on the side of the oppressors against the people of saintly life; but is it, in fact, all René Bazin's fault. The Convent, in his story, plays the part of the conscientious governess who has trained up her "model children" to an unnatural pitch of perfection, and we cannot help wishing to get the governess out of the way and see what are the dormant forces of nature underlying his nuns' cloistered virtues. And it is especially in his exposition of the tragedy of Sister Pascale that M. René Bazin's purpose defeats his art.

Sister Pascale, a girl of twenty-three, with her anxious and timid temperament, sensitive heart, and her dread of man's love, has had from her childhood a "convent vocation." She feels that in the nunnery she will have "the safeguard of examples of the rule of regular obligatory prayer," and to "save her soul" she leaves her old father, Mouvand, a master weaver, who, religious by nature, consents to her "leading the right life," and she enters the Convent of St. Hildegarde. But, first, to give themselves a little holiday, the father and daughter go on a visit to Nûnes, to stay with their relatives the Prayous, and it so happens that Jules Prayou, the handsome young blackguard, is the type incarnate of all the forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil that Pascale is seeking to shelter herself from. When the reader has reached this point the author's purpose is unrolled before him like a map. We know that that old Mouvand will have to die, we know that the nuns of St. Hildegarde will be ejected and driven away from Lyons by heartless State officials, and we foresee that the innocent dove, Pascale, will flutter into the wolfish jaws of Jules Prayou. It is the destined demonstration of the proposition that the author, as a good Catholic, has set up before him. And the expected happens. When the Mother Superior, as the fatal hour approaches, asks Pascale whether she will be "spiritually safe" with her relatives the Prayous, the young nun feels that a thought of perilous pleasure is within her, and that "she had already yielded to its temptation when she had made her vague and evasive answer." But she does not confess that she is prevaricating, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the dovelike virtue which is only safe within the walls of a convent, the virtue which is guarded by the love of the four saintly Sisters, must be destined to seek out and straightway succumb to masculine viciousness. Is the State responsible for Pascale's seduction and death, even if the closing of the Convent of St. Hildegarde directly leads to it?

Yet this is what M. René Bazin's art would have us believe. Pascale becomes Prayou's mistress, and in a few short months is driven on to the streets to earn money for her "souteneur." In desperation, she is in the act of flight when her brutal and cowardly lover overtakes her and kills her with a knife-thrust. Pascale is buried by the four Sisters, who come together again over her grave, where, we are told, they pray "for those who, willing all the evil or not, whether cruel or only ignorant of heavenly and divine and charitable things, had brought about disaster and had reached their ends." And if we do not feel contrite, it is because we are conscious that by Pascale's death M. René Bazin has, too, "reached his ends," and because we feel that the Catholic Church is sacrificing Pascale as a pawn in the long-drawn-out game it is still playing against the French State. How does it come about that the Catholics of Lyons are so lukewarm that the Convent is closed with scarcely a murmur, and that the working people "often looked at the Sisters as though they hated them madly"? Is it because the Vatican cares little about its obscure servants and every thing about its temporal power, and that the harvest of this policy is hatred?

But, in fact, it is a pity that M. Bazin's "purpose" should have got the better of his art, for there is considerable power shown in the picture of the unhappy Pascale's subjection to the sinister Jules Prayou. In the sketch of this

* "The Nun." By René Bazin. Everleigh Nash. 6s.

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Cleverly done, also, are the little pictures of the French homes to which the Sisters Justine, Danielle, Léonide, and Edwige retire, after they are "secularised." The author has the comparatively rare faculty of bringing before us a person in a few strokes, as we see in the portraits of the two priests, Canon Le Suet and the Abbé Monechal; it is, therefore, all the more a pity that his "purpose" should obtrude and weaken the whole illusion of his picture of life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

FAMILY diaries are usually tedious reading for those outside the immediate circle of the writers, but the notes and letters selected by the late Lady Grey, and now published under the title of "A Family Chronicle" (Murray, 12s. net), is an exception. The book contains the recollections of three generations of talented women, Lady Dacre, her daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, and her grand-daughter, Lady Grey. Lady Dacre, though now forgotten, was something of a celebrity in the early part of the last century. She wrote verses, was an artist of some distinction, had a tragedy in five acts performed at Drury Lane, and was also a leader in social life. Her letters are bright and vivacious, and among her correspondents of whom we get glimpses in this volume were Sydney Smith, his brother, Bobus, Miss Mitford, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Kemble, Bulwer Lytton, and Mrs. Norton. Particularly interesting are the letters of Bobus Smith, whom many of his friends thought to be the intellectual superior of his famous brother. His indolence, however, prevented him from making his mark, and he survives, if at all, only by two or three witty sayings. Mrs. Norton impressed Lady Dacre as being "too splendidly, magnificently, furiously beautiful. . . . I never saw anything so tormentingly beautiful. One is attracted by her consummate beauty, one is repelled by her odious manner." A story of Lady Holland is too good to leave unmentioned. Once when she was staying at Lord Radnor's, by way of shortening her stay Lord Radnor decided to have Sunday evening prayers. Lady Holland professed to be delighted, and when Lord Radnor ended by saying the Lord's Prayer, she remarked, "I liked that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it—it is a very nice one—pray, whose is it?" There is an excellent description of Queen Victoria's coronation in a letter by Mrs. Sullivan to her son.

In telling the story of Mary Robinson, Mr. Stanley V. Makower has adopted the indefensible plan of combining fact with fiction. He tells us in a note that while "Perdita: A Romance in Biography" (Hutchinson, 16s. net) is for the most part made up of scenes, conversations, and incidents which are historically true, he has not hesitated to employ "the resources of fiction to complete the significance of his material." A book compiled in this manner runs a risk of suffering from the defects of both biography and fiction without having the merits of either form. It is high praise for Mr. Makower that in spite of the faults of his method he has given us a readable volume which is also a useful contribution to our knowledge of Mary Robinson. The author is rightly severe on Tom Robinson, whose shameful neglect of his wife is without excuse, and he paints a lurid picture of the life of such men as Lyttelton and George Robert Fitzgerald—the latter scoundrel's amazing career is well worth the attention of some writer in search of a subject—whose attentions caused Mary Robinson so much distress. On the other hand, the conduct of George IV., who played "Florizel" to Mary Robinson's "Perdita," and then brutally deserted her, might well have been more severely censured. We should also have welcomed a fuller account of Mary Robinson's literary work which, if almost worthless in itself, throws some light on the amusingly extravagant body who called themselves the Della Cruscan school of poetry. It is impossible to read Mr. Makower's pages without having one's pity stirred for the pathetic fate of the beautiful and gifted woman, abandoned by the royal lover whose baseness she never admitted, and at last overwhelmed by so terrible a misfortune.

* * *

THE fascinating, if capricious, personality of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, his relations with Wagner, his tragic fate, and the mystery surrounding his death, could hardly fail to supply a theme upon which the professional biographer should employ his art. One of the latest signs of this interest is "Ludwig the Second, King of Bavaria" (Sonnen-schein, 7s. 6d.), by Madame Clara Tschudi, a Norwegian lady who has already given us half a dozen romances of crowned heads. Her account of Ludwig rests in part upon "personal reminiscences from a visit of length to Munich and on verbal information from German friends who spent their summers in Hohenschwangau in the 'seventies and eighties'; but it contains nothing of importance that has not been previously known about the subject. On the other hand, by carefully piecing together a number of trifling details, she presents a vivid picture of Ludwig's surroundings and career—a career as filled with tragedy and romance as any in the pages of history. Indeed, the terrible doom of insanity, that curse of the Wittelsbachs, slowly but relentless falling upon the gifted young King, and quenching his gay irresponsibility, makes the story of his life almost like a Greek tragedy. The picture of the mad King, alone, at midnight pacing the great hall of his palace lit up by 20,000 candles, is one to haunt the memory. Although he brought his country to the verge of ruin by his extravagances, he never entirely lost popularity, and the attempt made by the peasantry, who disbelieved his insanity, to rescue him, together with the arrest of the Commissioners who had him in custody, seems so like a romance as to be almost incredible. It is for the intelligent patronage which he gave to Wagner that Ludwig's name will be remembered. Early in life he recognised the great composer's genius, and although political intrigue caused a severance between the two friends, Ludwig often visited Wagner in Switzerland, and it was partly through his help that the composer's dream of an Opera House at Bayreuth was realised.

* * *

ANYBODY who has derived his ideas of musical criticism from the notices in the daily papers or the explanatory descriptions which it is the fashion to append to concert programmes, will find Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow's "Great Musicians" (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net) an original and refreshing book. The author knows his musical history, writes eloquently, and at times epigrammatically, and is careful to avoid the fatal error of being too technical. Like Mr. Julian Hill's companion volume on "Great English Poets," this one is not merely a succession of little biographies; the biographies, in fact, are only so many points in a framework on which is hung a clever study of musical

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evolution. Mr. Oldmeadow begins with the sixteenth century, with Orlandus Lassus and Palestrina, and ends with Handel and Bach, and in each case gives a clear synthesis of the character of the composer's genius. There is an excellent account of Purcell. Better still are the two introductory chapters, headed "The Great Unknown" and "The Unceasing Chant." In these he sketches the slow and painful progress of musical theory from the Middle Ages onward, emphasising the debt that we owe to the earliest composers, pointing out their disability in lacking the tangible medium of expression possessed by sculptors and painters, and consequently the slowness of musical development; and ascribing the elaborate triumph of modern notation to the centuries spent in groping after truth by these early and laborious workers. His defence of the Church chant, the oldest of all musical forms, against the charge of being of antiquarian rather than musical interest, should appeal to everybody who has come under the subtly emotional spell of Gregorians. Of Mr. Oldmeadow's appreciations those of Purcell and Bach are, perhaps, the more just and discriminating, but all are sufficiently thoughtful to make one regret that they stop short of Beethoven and the moderns. The thirty-two illustrations, which vary in their degrees of appropriateness, include portraits of Sully, Rameau, Purcell, Handel and Bach.

* * *

"THE DIARIES OF EDWARD PEASE, THE FATHER OF ENGLISH RAILWAYS" (Headley Bros., 7s. 6d.), date only from 1838, when their author was seventy-one, but his great-grandson, Sir Alfred Pease, contributes an introduction which gives a capital account of his earlier life. We are told little that is supplementary to Smiles's "Life of George Stephenson" about Pease's association with Stephenson and the founding of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. But Pease claims our interest apart from his share in railway development. His clear-sighted and forceful personality is seen in these diaries, which help us to understand the Quakerism of the earlier half of the nineteenth century. Some of his scruples seem surprising enough to us to-day. Thus he speaks of tea-making at an entertainment for mechanics as "unfeminine vulgarity," he "deeply regrets" that a band should be allowed to perform at a flower show held in his cousin's grounds, and he opposes his son's projected entrance into Parliament. The strong vein of piety which runs through the diaries, combined with the light they throw upon the endeavours of the Society of Friends to abolish slavery and promote a better understanding among nations, raise the book above the level of most private diaries. Sir Alfred Pease has done well to publish this memorial of a remarkable man.

The Week in the City.

THE shipbuilding dispute seems to have been terminated happily, thanks in a large measure to the adroitness of the President of the Board of Trade, to whom the whole nation ought to be profoundly grateful. The Laing failure, however, has turned out very seriously, and I hear that one big bank has lost £120,000. The situation is bad enough without strikes or lock-outs, though our industries are far better off than those of the United States or Germany. It is clear, meanwhile, that the wild speculation of the last year or two and the tremendous break in prices have produced a very uncomfortable situation. No sooner is one banking crisis hushed up or smoothed away, than difficulties crop up somewhere else, or break out again in an old spot. From Bradford, Roubaix, and Germany, reports come of troubles that have befallen those who bought wool in Australia last autumn, just before the fall in wool values took place. Heavy losses have occurred. Then again, cotton merchants in Manchester have been hard hit by failures in Egypt, and this week the Stock Exchanges have been recording sharp losses in Egyptian bank shares. Japanese bonds have been depressed by rumours of a financial crisis in Tokio; and though this is denied, there can be no doubt that things are bad in Japan; and the Japanese Government, even after abandoning several millions of projected expenditure on armaments, still finds it difficult to make both ends meet. On the other hand, Consols keep pretty firm,

and the City still counts on a return to easy money towards the end of next month. But that does not necessarily mean a general rise of prices.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S MEETING.

The working capital of the company in cash and liquid assets is running very low; but Mr. Rochfort Maguire, at the Chartered meeting on Wednesday, made an effort to adopt a cheerful view of the situation and to encourage the shareholders to take a speculative interest in the new issue. He said the company had now fulfilled its imperial mission and would henceforth attend strictly to business with a view to paying dividends to its shareholders. There are three black spots. The first is that neither the home Government nor any of the South African Colonies can afford, even if they were inclined, to assist the Chartered Company; and if they did they would not do anything for the shareholders. Secondly, the railways have been dreadfully unsuccessful and show no signs of improvement. Thirdly, Rhodesia does not attract colonists. Whether anything can be done to people the country by an alliance with the Salvation Army remains to be seen. Assuming that there is an off-chance of Rhodesian prospects brightening in a year or two one must confess that the scheme is a clever one; and Mr. Maguire's exposition of it was received with loud applause. He argues that the reason why Chartered shares are so low is that people doubt whether sufficient funds can be raised to enable the company to get through the work of development and to meet railway and other obligations until both ends meet. But if financial security could be made certain there would be a substantial rise in the shares. The directors, therefore, promise that they will not go to allotment unless £900,000 is subscribed. Here I quote Mr. Maguire's words:—

"Now, you will understand the importance I attach to the undertaking that no allotment of shares will be made unless £900,000 be subscribed. I venture to say that, in applying for these shares, you will run no risk at all, because you can only obtain the shares under conditions which secure the establishment of the financial position of the Company, and, by so putting an end to present uncertainties, appreciate the value of your property and the price of your shares. Consider our proposals as a whole. We offer you shares at par, and for each share you take you have a right—mind, a right, no obligation at all, but a right which you can keep or dispose of as you please—a right to subscribe and call for one share at par at any moment for two years, and a right to subscribe and call for a further share at par at any moment for four years—rights which you can exercise whatever the price of shares may be, and which may be of great value. Further, you need not be afraid that your money will be swallowed up in ineffectual efforts to meet the Company's requirements, because, as I have just said, it will only be taken under circumstances which make the future of the Company assured, that is under circumstances which will not only enhance the value of the rights you are receiving, but add, we believe, in a very substantial manner to the value of your present shareholding. You may well ask, and, no doubt, do ask, whether, if you respond to our proposals, demands will cease—in other words, whether we consider the capital account will be closed. In our judgment, the answer to this question is—Yes!"

The general opinion is that the Chartered shareholders, who must be a very speculative lot, will be taken by this offer.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN NEW YORK.

The gloomy telegraphic reports about the trade depression in the United States are fully confirmed by a perusal of the more accurate American newspapers. Thus according to the "Bulletin" of the New York State Labour Department, the ninety-two labour unions of New York city making returns for December reported that of 66,120 members 22,267, or 34·2 per cent., were unemployed, and in the case of 90 per cent. of these the reason was actual lack of work. This compared with 12·8 per cent. in December, 1906, and 6·7 per cent. in 1905. Another authority, "Charities," put the total number of union labourers out of work at 90,000, or about one-third of the entire membership of the unions; and, in addition, there were at least 30,000 idle persons classed as vagrants. According to the "Bulletin" of the Labour Department, the tobacco industry has the largest proportion of workers unemployed—nearly 83 per cent.! In the clothing industry the ratio was 53·7 per cent., and in building trades 45 per cent. In woodworking the percentage of unemployed was 29·3, in metals and machinery 28·9, and in transportation 27·3. This, according to "Bradstreets," a commercial weekly of high standing, is the highest record of unemployment from lack of work since the panic year 1893.

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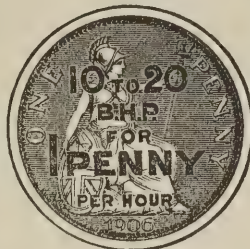
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE "Times" of this (Friday) morning has been guilty of the outrage of publishing the following letter:

UNDER WHICH KING?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—I consider it my duty to ask you to draw the attention of the public to a matter of grave importance.

It has come to my knowledge that his Majesty the German Emperor has recently addressed a letter to Lord Tweedmouth on the subject of British and German naval policy, and it is affirmed that this letter amounts to an attempt to influence, in German interests, the Minister responsible for our Navy Estimates.

The letter is undoubtedly authentic, and a reply to it has been despatched.

In these circumstances, and as the matter has become an open secret owing to the number of persons to whom it has, most unwisely and unfortunately, been made known, I venture to urge that the letter in question, together with the reply, should be laid before Parliament without delay. I am, &c.,

YOUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

March 4th.

* * *

In its leading columns the "Times" declares that it is in a position to confirm the statement of its correspondent that a letter has been addressed by the German Emperor to Lord Tweedmouth "on the subject of British and German naval policy." It suggests that the Kaiser has been

"interfering in our domestic affairs by secret appeals to the head of a department on which the national safety depends." It implies that Lord Tweedmouth ought to be shocked at the Kaiser's "implied estimate of his patriotism and his fidelity to his trust." It demands publication of the letter, and has the assurance to add that it hopes "for the credit of British statesmanship it will not be said that the letter is private." Finally, it accuses the Kaiser of attempting by this means to "make it more easy for German preparations to overtake our own."

* * *

An action of this character comes well and fitly from the journal which went near to destroying a political opponent through the weapons of a forger. There is no need to discuss the character of the communication to which the "Times" refers. An evening journal states that Lord Tweedmouth has denied that it contains the slightest reference to the Navy Estimates. It was, of course, of a private nature, and there is a special cruelty and meanness in characterising a communication which was never intended to see the light, which cannot possibly be disclosed, and in which, to put things at their worst, some familiar phrase might be made to bear a meaning remote from the author's mind. The Kaiser's temperament is well known. He is a frank, impulsive speaker and writer. But it is notorious that he has for many months laboured to improve the political relationships between Great Britain and Germany. We utterly disbelieve that he has done so in the way of improper interference. He might, indeed, have complained of such a statement as that recently made in a somewhat notorious letter that he would be glad to hear of Sir John Fisher's resignation. He may have hinted—we strongly hope that he has hinted—at the chance of arrangement and accommodation on naval expenditure. In such a letter there would not only have been no impropriety, but an act of goodwill and good sense, to which the people of this country would, if they knew of it, extend a warm welcome.

* * *

WE are now informed that the letter bore no such construction as the article in the "Times" imputes. But we hope that some questions will be immediately addressed to Ministers concerning it. The "Times" is no longer an organ of first-rate importance in this country, but in Germany it has a character for influence far beyond its true status here. For this reason, the communication will be assumed to have some Ministerial direction behind it; and this, we imagine, will be denied with all the emphasis which Ministers can command. Beyond this, Lord Tweedmouth must be asked to explain how a strictly private letter can have been made known, as the "Times" asserts, to many persons. Who showed it about? Who communicated it, or, as we now know, misrepresented it, to the "Times"? Lord Tweedmouth, as the person to whom the letter was addressed, will be asked for full and strict explanations on this point. We entirely disbelieve the sugges-

tion that it has been submitted to the Cabinet, or is even known by them as a body; and we are quite certain that the publication will miss its perverted purpose of embittering the relations between the two countries.

* * *

THE King paid the Prime Minister a very special compliment by visiting him at Downing Street on Wednesday, and staying for nearly an hour. This graceful act, which was not required by a necessity of State, was a pleasant example of the relationship existing between the King and a Minister for whom, on personal grounds, he has shown a peculiar regard. As for the Prime Minister's recovery, though it is slow, we are glad to believe that it is steady.

* * *

MR. MURRAY MACDONALD's motion in favour of the "further reduction" of expenditure on the Army and Navy was negatived on Monday by 320 votes to 73, the Government proposing, as an alternative, a practical vote of confidence in itself. The debate was useful, the feeling on the Ministerial side being clearly with Mr. Macdonald. Sir John Brunner held the House with a broad and powerful argument for European peace, which an old and close observer declared to be comparable to an oration of John Bright. Mr. Asquith's defence was on moderate lines. He claimed for the Government a reduction in the cost of the Army and Navy of over 5½ millions as compared with 1905-6, and of 2½ millions as compared with 1906-7. He admitted the importance of the system of peaceful contracts and understandings on which we had entered, said that there was an approach to "mutual understanding" with Germany, and admitted that her naval scheme was witnessed here "without suspicion or apprehension." These words have been received with great friendliness in Germany, where a hint of a naval arrangement has been held out. Our own naval policy, said the Chancellor, was "purely defensive," and there was no need to build against paper programmes—a valuable hint. But the command of the sea was "a matter of life and death to us," and we must be secure against any "reasonable combination." Mr. Balfour did not quarrel with the Estimates as they stood, but insisted on the maintenance of the "two-Power standard," which he did not define, but which really means a two-German standard. He insisted that there was no "inter-dependence" between policy and armaments, and that treaties and processes of arbitration were no substitutes for fleets and armies. This cynical view was rejected by Mr. Haldane, who, though depreciating sole reliance on treaties, said that they "made a profound change for the better." He also refused to accept Mr. Balfour's amendment insisting on the definite maintenance of the two-Power standard, and it was not put to the House.

* * *

BOMB attempts have been made during the last few days on the Shah and the Argentine President. The attempt on the Shah was followed by one upon his intimate friend, the hated ex-prefect, Wesir Maksuss. Both these outrages were the work of secret societies, one of whose members told the "Berliner Tageblatt's" correspondent that it was not desired to kill the Shah, but to frighten him into abdication. His secret intrigues made peace impossible. The situation in the Argentine is very similar to that in Portugal, under the Franco régime. The President, Dr. Figueroa Alenta, was elected two years ago, under the auspices of the Mitrists, one of the two great political cliques—the other is the Ugartists—but last September, on the occasion of the trouble in the province of Corrientes, he revealed his design to break the old parties, and, with the aid of a personal following, to rule autocratically. The parties in Parliament replied by refusing to vote the Budget, so that Parliament should not be prorogued, and the President be free to make the elections next March. The Pre-

sident, thereupon, broke the Constitution by dissolving the Chambers, and putting into force the previous year's Budget. Very bitter attacks are being made upon him, and it is likely enough that the first attempt at assassination may be followed by others. Argentine parties are rapacious and self-seeking; but, with the Portuguese example before us, it would be absurd to expect a political reformation to be forced through, in violation of the Constitution, by a politician whose credentials have not been tested.

* * *

THE situation in Morocco is moving rapidly to a crisis. M. Clemenceau has recovered from the fright in which the coldness of the Chamber put him, and which induced him to suggest a pause to General d'Amade, a recommendation to which the General replied by hanging on another murderous engagement. It has been decided to increase the French forces by 4,000 men, and General Lyautey advises that both Casa Blanca and Bu Reshid, which commands the road to Fez, should be fortified and connected by rail, a scheme which indicates the desire for a permanent occupation. No attempt is to be made to conceal that the operations are now aimed against Mulai Hafid, "to put his legions once for all *hors de combat*," as the "Times" correspondent phrases it. General Lyautey and M. Regnault have been sent to investigate the situation at Casa Blanca and on the Morocco-Algerian frontier, preliminary, probably, to the recall of General d'Amade, and the speeding up of events. It is possible that the Cabinet has in view the striking of a heavy blow, to be followed by the closing down of operations, for French public opinion is growing still more uneasy, and on Sunday an enthusiastic meeting of 5,000 persons, addressed by M. Jaurès, condemned the Government. This dissatisfaction is shared by all who have business relations with Morocco; and the "Manchester Guardian" has been printing numerous letters from merchants, suggesting organised agitation against French action. It is time that our Foreign Office gave some friendly advice to the French Government.

* * *

THE Zakka Khel expedition has ended so speedily and successfully that everyone may congratulate Sir James Willcocks and Colonel Roos-Keppel on the result. The two brigades of mixed British and Indian troops were concentrated upon the Bazar Valley with rapid secrecy, assisted by the proximity of the mountaineers' home to our base at Jamrud and Peshawar, from which it is not more than a day's march into the hills southwest of the Khyber Pass. Peace has been arranged on the satisfactory basis of common responsibility, shared among the other Afridi tribes, for the good behaviour of the Zakka Khels, always the *enfants terribles* of the frontier; and it is as pleasant as surprising to hear that, after this arrangement, our force was withdrawn without the usual assault upon the rearguard.

* * *

BUT, after all, we believe, the real victory rests with Mr. Morley, who has succeeded in withstanding the pressure of military "experts," and refused to allow the expedition to develop into a "big show" upon the frontier. There were plenty of authorities, both at home and in India, to urge that a punishment of "raid and scuttle" has no lasting effect; and it is well known in the Indian Army that the highest authority of all has long wished to extend full British occupation and permanent administration up to the Durand line itself. From the point of view of the highest strategy, it is not a question of keeping the hill-tribes from depredation, but of holding the five passes so as to be able to advance without the smallest delay to our ultimate position of defence, which would certainly include Kandahar, and might extend as far north as the Hindu Khoosh. To carry out this strategic policy at the present moment would indeed be to stultify whatever advantage our

Agreement with Russia may contain, and yet we cannot doubt that Mr. Morley needed all his resolution to limit our movements to the punishment of a single tribe.

* * *

SIR JOSEPH LEESE carried on Wednesday a motion declaring that the rise in the price of bread was due to natural causes only and could only have been aggravated by an import duty. The object of the motion was to stamp out the silly charge, on which, nevertheless, two elections were largely won, that the rise was the fault of the Government. It was caused, as Sir Joseph showed, by a falling off last year in the world's wheat production of forty-seven million quarters. The crops of India, Australia, and Canada, were all short, and a further fall was stayed by a bumper harvest in Argentina. So that under Preferential Protection, in place of a penny rise in the price of the four-pound loaf, we should probably have had famine prices. Mr. Goulding, the Protectionist organiser, moved an amendment of a directly protective character, for which ninety members, including Mr. Balfour, voted. It called for a "rearrangement" of food duties so as to "encourage" British agriculture, that is to say, to raise food prices at the cost of the British consumer; to give a Preference to the Colonies, that is to say, to raise them at the cost of the British farmer and the consumer; and to "advantage" the consumer, without raising prices either in favour of the British farmer or the Colonial grower! Even Mr. Balfour found this muddle-headed proposition beyond him and sat silent.

* * *

In the course of the debate, Colonel Seely brought out the interesting confession from members of the Opposition that they were prepared to tax corn, though not bread. The "Westminster Gazette," quoting M. Yves Guyot, points out usefully that when the French tax on corn was opposed, the Protectionist Minister, Méline, exempted bread. Thereupon French bakers started bakeries on the Belgian frontier and sent their cheaper bread into France. An equal tax was then imposed on imported bread. In closing the debate, Mr. Lloyd-George showed that the lower price of French bread, which was still dearer by a penny on the four-pound loaf than it is here, had been caused by an exceptionally good harvest, which covered the entire French demand and so stopped automatically all foreign imports. But, as Mr. George said, people could not live for nineteen years without bread in the hope of having a good harvest in the twentieth year.

* * *

THE bye-election at Hastings resulted in the return of Mr. du Cros, the son of the resigning member, by 1,018 votes, against the Unionist majority of 413 at the General Election. A semi-fashionable seaside borough is not precisely the place in which to fight the social issues raised by the Licensing Bill, and the constituency has been sustained for the Messieurs du Cros by influences which are rather social than political. Mr. Robert Harcourt tells the usual story of the absence of Liberal organisation. This is the more serious as the last two years have witnessed the growth of Tariff Reform, and a very powerful and conspicuous spread of Socialism. The popular strength of this latter movement is indicated by the fact that Mr. Victor Grayson has just been elected, in an informal *plébiscite*, the "favourite member" for Yorkshire, with a majority of 7,000 over the next candidate, a Unionist. It will be specially necessary to organise a great propaganda in support of the Licensing Bill, in answer to that which has already been started by the liquor trade. Such a propaganda should be practical and simple, and should include the house to house methods which have been adopted both by Tariff Reformers and by Socialists. For example, means should be taken to inform publicans of the fact that under Mr. Asquith's scheme they are for the first time admitted to a share in the compensation fund.

THE Free Church Council has held a series of brilliant meetings at Southport. It has, of course, passed strong resolutions in favour of the Education and Licensing Bills, both unanimously. The outstanding feature of the Conference was the address by Mr. Henderson, the new chairman of the Labour Party in Parliament, and a Free Churchman. Mr. Henderson insisted that the Labour Party was not anti-religious or anti-Christian, though, like all parties, it contained men who did not accept Christianity. Its general tendency was to create a humanity in harmony with the Divine economy. The debate showed some conflict of opinion. But the balance inclined to sympathy with labour, and the general tone of the Conference showed, the "Manchester Guardian" declares, a development of Free Church interest in problems of citizenship.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY's speech has considerably cleared the way for the conversion of the Congo State into a Belgian Colony, under adequate Parliamentary control. Of course, the King's supporters, popularly known as the "Congophiles," denounce the White-Book as a "diplomatic pamphlet," insist that Belgium must be left to settle the condition of annexation undisturbed by "British pressure," and vow that conferences such as that reported between the Belgian Ambassador and Sir Arthur Hardinge shall stop short of negotiation as to the terms which the British Government will approve. But it is recognised by some Liberals that this "British pressure" is really exerted in aid of the Belgian nation against the King—the attacks on whom have of late been almost beyond belief—and one provincial paper broadly hints that Sir Edward Grey's speech is a blessing in disguise. Behind all this, however, there is a general disposition to accept the situation, reflected in the revised terms published yesterday. The Crown domain is to be made over to Belgium, with the King's properties, valued at £600,000, in the South of France. The State will take over the great building schemes at Laeken, Tervuereu, and Ostend, on the completion of which the King has set his heart. Besides annuities to Prince Albert and Princess Clementine, the King is to receive £2,000,000 in the next fifteen years for "philanthropic and scientific purposes" connected with the Congo. The State will get the King's shares in two monopolist companies, and, therefore, a voice in their control. The Colonial Budget is to be voted by the Belgian Parliament, and there are express guarantees of the protection of native rights. Meanwhile the "Congophobes" are pressing for a postponement, on the twofold ground that the elections next May will indicate the feeling of the electorate, and that it is not yet definitely known what liabilities the annexation will entail on the Belgian State.

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Two peers of some celebrity have died during the week, Lord Hemphill and Lord Linlithgow. Lord Hemphill, who, had he been a little younger, would have been Lord Chancellor of Ireland, lived well into the eighties, and was perhaps the last surviving member of Irish Nationalists of the Liberal school of Isaac Butt. He was a stout, indeed indefatigable, Parliamentary advocate of Home Rule, and was a very fair lawyer. He had a passion for politics, into which he carried a winning sweetness of character and temperament. When seated, his head and figure suggested an odd resemblance to that of Gladstone.—Lord Linlithgow, better known as Lord Hopetoun, who died on Saturday, will be remembered in history as the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, and a former Secretary for Scotland. Both honours were briefly worn. Lord Hopetoun's tact, good nature, and love of sport made him a favourite with the rather difficult Australian public, but the salary attached to the Governor-Generalship was inadequate, and he resigned it on that ground.

Politics and Affairs.

THE UNTRODDEN FIELD IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is a year ago since your enterprise was launched. During the weeks that are gone, *THE NATION* has maintained a position of sober but unflinching Radicalism, and has steadily acquired a true political significance. The period has been highly favourable to the discussion of large basic questions, and not unfavourable to the progress of social thought. When a Liberal and Radical administration is actually in being, when adventurous and extensive legislative proposals are being canvassed and debated in the country and in Parliament, when any proposal for reform, however utopian, is received with a measure of sympathy and interest, all parties and all persons are forced to turn their minds to these dominant domestic topics. Even the most conservative of mankind are compelled to address themselves to purely social issues. The more active, earnest, or embittered the opponents of Liberal and reconstructive ideas become, the more they are constrained to descend into an arena which *we* have smoothed and sanded, and engage with weapons and upon ground of which *we* have made the choice. The consequences of this concentration of many different and conflicting forces upon home questions, far reaching and to some extent incalculable, as they would in any case be, become all the more striking in contrast with the period of foreign and colonial activity to which they have succeeded. They comprise a complete change in political values, in the point of view from which public men judge and are themselves judged, and in the style and language of Parliamentary debate and party tactics.

This considerable revolution has been intimately connected with Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal propaganda. Until the year 1903, the whole enormous force of the Conservative Party had been continuously exerted in allaying discontent among the masses of the people, in counselling patience, and in extolling the established system of society. Conservative working-men were exhorted to contrast the good conditions prevailing in Great Britain with the evils of foreign lands, to compare the standards of wages and comfort with those of forty or fifty years ago, and to seek relief from any hardships and restrictions incidental to their daily life in the contemplation of the glittering spectacle of Imperial power beyond the seas. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, had been accustomed to dwell on the reverse of the medal, and to urge with varying success the sufferings and injustices of the poor. The irruption of the Tariff Campaign produced automatically a violent shifting, amounting relatively almost to a reversal of these positions. The Conservative Party, through all its organs and from all its platforms, began to raise the cry of discontent and fundamental change. The very forces which had previously restrained, now became a vehement forward impulse. The poor were reminded of their sufferings. The mass of the nation were urged into active protest. On all sides we heard it proclaimed by persons of high rank or substantial wealth, that England was being ruined, that the rewards of industry were unevenly and unfairly distributed, that unemployment was rife and increasing, and that nothing short of an economic revolution would repair the social balance.

In its first beginnings, the defence of Free Trade

naturally took the form of correcting extravagant assertions, made with the object of showing that British trade was actually or relatively in decline; and Liberal speakers were everywhere occupied in presenting long files of reassuring statistics to anxious and inquiring crowds. In the upshot, a good many people have made up their minds, among other things, that British producers have no difficulty, in spite of hostile tariffs, in placing their exports; that British consumers and producers alike enjoy the advantage of a rich and varied home market, over which a moderate range of prices prevails; that fluctuations of enterprise and employment are less frequent and less violent than in the great Protected States; and that, after making all conceivable allowances for dissimilarity in conditions, the general standards of life and labour in the British Isles are improving and not inferior. But although the imminent danger, as it seemed, of a reversion to a Protective Tariff imposed this task, and although the facts established are true and salutary, the defensive rôle of moderator was not congenial to a democratic and Radical Party, and cannot but be out of harmony with its essential character. This discordance, inevitable though it was, transient as it has been, was in itself sufficient to carry Socialism from the regions of obscure philosophy to a permanent place in actual politics.

In proportion as the peril of reaction into a capitalist tariff became more remote, the progressive forces were able again to resume their forward march. The strange perversion of Tory politics still continues, and the influence of wealth is daily exerted to prove—and with great success—how uneven is its distribution. But Radicalism is back again in the collar. The forces grouped around the present Administration, and upon which it depends, are now strong enough, if boldly commanded, not only to ward off the dangers of Protection, but at the same time to urge forward the social march. And no one who serves the cause of progress need regret the assistance which its traditional opponents, from whatever motives, are now giving it. Unexpected and unnatural as the pressure of Tory-voiced discontent may be, it is susceptible of a useful and effective application to the purposes of social reconstruction. The blow which was aimed to throw, and nearly threw, the democratic engine off the line, has in glancing become itself a contributory impulse, and never before was the available driving power so great, and the available resisting power so inert. Now, if ever, is the time.

While these curious changes have been occupying the attention of the party world, a not less important modification has been consummated in the internal conception of the Liberal Party. It has not abandoned in any respect its historic championship of Liberty, in all its forms under every sky; but it has become acutely conscious of the fact that political freedom, however precious, is utterly incomplete without a measure at least of social and economic independence. This realisation is not confined to our islands. It is taking hold of men's minds as it never has before, in every popularly governed State. All over the world the lines of cleavage are ceasing to be purely political, and are becoming social and economic. The present majority in the House of Commons is pervaded by a social spirit, which is all the more lively and earnest because it has yet to find clear-cut and logical formularies of articulate expression. A great body of opinion is slowly moving forward, conscious of possessing in its midst a vital truth, conscious, too, of

the almost superhuman difficulty of affording to it any definition at once sufficiently comprehensive and precise. It is for this reason that no hard and fast line can be drawn between the varied elements which constitute the strength of the present Government upon any ground of political theory. No true classification can be made in the abstract between Liberals and Radicals, or between Radicals and Labour representatives. It is only when confronted with some concrete fact that clear decisions can be taken. And hitherto most of the issues that have arisen have only served to demonstrate the general solidarity.

It is in such a situation, party and national, that the movement towards a Minimum Standard may well take conscious form. It is a mood rather than a policy; but it is a mood which makes it easy to perceive the correlation of many various sets of ideas, and to refer all sorts of isolated acts of legislation to one central and common test. Two clear lines of advance open before us: corrective, by asserting the just precedence of public interests over private interests; and constructive, by supplying the patent inadequacy of existing social machinery. It is this latter work which has lately attracted an increasing measure of attention throughout the country.

Science, physical and political alike, revolts at the disorganisation which glares at us in so many aspects of modern life. We see the curse of unregulated casual employment steadily rotting the under side of the labour market. We see the riddles of unemployment and underemployment quite unsolved. There are mighty trades which openly assert the necessity of a labour surplus—"on hand" in the streets and round the dock gates—for the ordinary commercial convenience of their business. And they practise what they preach. There are political philosophers who complacently resign themselves to the doctrine of the *residuum*. There are other industries which prey upon the future. Swarms of youths, snatched from school at the period in life when training should be most careful and discipline most exacting, are flung into a precocious manhood, and squander their most precious years in erratic occupations, which not only afford no career for them in after life, but sap and demoralise that character without which no career can be discovered or pursued. Thousands of children grow up not nourished sufficiently to make them effective citizens, or even to derive benefit from the existing educational arrangements. Thousands of boys are exploited in depressing men's wages, and are discharged when they demand such wages for themselves. The military obligations of foreign nations take two or three years from the life of every man, and ought thereby to give the dwellers in this island a mastery in peaceful craftsmanship over the whole world. All this inestimable advantage runs thriftlessly to waste. The army system is itself to a very large extent a pauperising machine, nicely calculated to take the best years from the lives of its servants with the minimum obligation to the State.

It is false and base to say that these evils, and others like them, too many here to set forth, are inherent in the nature of things, that their remedy is beyond the wit of man, that experiment is foolhardy, that all is for the best in "Merrie England." No one will believe it any more. That incredulity is one of the most noteworthy features in the evolution of public opinion to-day. The nation, which is greater than either party, demands the application of drastic cor-

rective and curative processes, and will crown with confidence and honour any party which has the strength and wisdom necessary for that noble crusade.

We are already in battle on more than one point in this large field. The Licensing Bill comes to grips not only with the excessive consumption of strong drink, but with the unwarranted assertions of private interest. The Trade Disputes Act is a charter to Trades Unionism, and to all the social insurance that Trades Unionism involves. The Land Acts, some passed, others on the anvil, open to the people a new sphere for enterprise and exertion, and tend to afford a healthy stability to the Commonwealth.

But the future offers larger hopes and sterner labours. We have to contemplate the serious undertaking by the State of the elimination of casual employment through the agency of Labour Exchanges, and the scientific treatment, in every conceivable classification, of any unabsorbed *residuum* that may exist. The House of Commons has unanimously approved the institution of Wages Boards in certain notoriously "sweated" industries," and this principle may be found capable of almost indefinite extension in those industries which employ parasitically underpaid labour. We have to seek, whether through the acquisition of the railways or canals, or by the development of certain national industries like Afforestation, the means of counterbalancing the natural fluctuations of world trade. We have by an altogether unprecedented expansion in technical colleges and continuation schools, to train our youth in the skill of the hand, as well as in arts and letters, and to give them a far greater degree of discipline in mind and body. We have to make that provision for the aged which compassion demands and policy approves.

It is certain that as we enter upon these untrodden fields of British politics we shall need the aid of every moral and religious force which is alive in England to-day. Sacrifices will be required from every class in the population; the rich must contribute in money and the poor in service, if their children are to tread a gentler path towards a fairer goal. A fiscal system which prudently but increasingly imposes the necessary burdens of the State upon unearned wealth will not only be found capable of providing the funds which will be needed, but will also stimulate enterprise and production. And thus from many quarters we may work towards the establishment of that Minimum Standard below which competition cannot be allowed, but above which it may continue healthy and free, to vivify and fertilise the world.

It is because the influence of THE NATION may be powerful to aid and further these causes, that I send you my good wishes and congratulations to-day.—I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

THE JOINING OF THE BATTLE.

THE hubbub raised by the introduction of the Licensing Bill was not unexpected, and it would be foolish to imagine that it will evaporate in smoke and vapour. A struggle for the control by the State of the greatest trust monopoly which this country has ever seen is a struggle for life or death. There may have been much in the contention of the faint-hearted that this was a weight too heavy

even for the present Progressive majority in England, or that other social subjects demanded a primary attention, or that the present and immediate guardianship of Free Trade necessitated the abandonment of such high enterprises as these, until the menace of Protection was altogether overpast. All these were considerations of caution, to delay the joining of the battle. But once the battle is joined, such caution becomes an ally of the enemy. It is impossible to fight in half-hearted fashion, or to withdraw after a few inglorious skirmishes. He is already throwing all his forces—horse, foot, artillery—into the combat. It is a fight to a finish. From to-day it is recognised that either the progressive parties will reassert the control by the people of the drink monopoly, or the drink monopoly will smash the progressive parties. Every by-election will be fiercely fought for the next few months, in the main, on this question; and many will be lost. We have never under-estimated the power of the public-house in political affairs. We are warned by our opponents of the dolorous record of past Temperance Bills, and of those Governments which have taken up, perhaps too light-heartedly, various temperance policies. That history was familiar to the promoters of the present measure. No solitary Liberal Member of Parliament, or party organiser, imagines in his wildest dreams that temperance legislation is a political asset in the constituencies. Not one, if the sole consideration was the retaining of votes and the maintenance of power, but recognises that it would be better left alone. If to-day the choice has been determined, and the whole line moves forward to the encounter, it is because there is universal acceptance of the absolute necessity of the control; for the present, in the encouragement of temperance and the breaking of the enshackling bonds of a great monopoly; in the future, for the regaining of a freedom in which may be elaborated one of the greatest of all social reforms. This is only another way of saying that a great moral struggle confronts the nation, and that if the Government is to win, it must appeal to the whole body of the people with weight and with power, with arguments fully setting out the case for control and liberation, with reliance on all helpful social agents and forces, with determination to stir the conscience and awake the reason, to dramatise and popularise the issue.

For control and liberation are the keystones of the measure. Other temperance reforms in the past have too consistently approached the question from the side of the working-man, allowing those who do not desire the public-house to vote down those who do. And in consequence they have always laid themselves under the imputation—in the constituencies—of establishing class legislation: of helping the wealthy and the middle classes “to rob the poor man of his beer.” This reform boldly attacks the drink monopoly as a whole. There is a big reduction scheme. There is a time-limit. All else, although crowded with regulations and adjustments long overdue, is subordinate to this large framework of reform. The details of the reduction scheme may be varied in response to legitimate criticism. The duration of the time-limit may be subjected to the “haggling of the market.” These are minor points of controversy. The fixed and guiding stars, in adjustment to which the Bill must finally emerge from the tumult, if the forces of progress are not to suffer an overwhelming defeat, are visible just in these two ultimate ideals. There is to be a great and progressive reduction in the number of

to-day's excessively redundant licences, in the reduction of a competition which stimulates drinking far in excess of its social and benevolent utility. There is to be a definite moment when the complete control of a monopoly which the State has always in theory asserted, but which in practice has been allowed gradually to slip out of its hands, will once more be restored to it in unfettered freedom.

The Licensing Bill thus legislates, in the main, for the next generation; and legislation for the future is never so attractive as legislation for the present. “What has posterity done for us,” it has been asked, “that we should do so much for posterity?” Yet it is only by such gradual preparation for future successes that progress can steadily advance. The present is strewn with complexities and injustices which were established just in that lack of foresight by a people caring only for the day, and indifferent to the morrow. So that now we struggle for betterment of cities which ought never to have been built, debts which should never have been accumulated, burdens laid by the dead hand upon the living. If a generation ago this “time-limit” had been established in law, we might at the present be re-establishing the liberty which will be the inheritance of our successors. We do not desire the binding of these successors by resolutions passed in the present Bill. These resolutions cannot consist of more than a pious opinion; for what Parliament can establish, Parliament can undo. We cannot foresee how and in what direction public opinion will have matured in the fourteen years' interval. It may then be determined upon complete Prohibition (although the hypothesis is a little fantastic); or upon some form of local veto; or on disinterested management; or on municipal public-houses; or on a high-licence system; or even (though once again the hypothesis is fantastic) upon that free sale of liquor which Mr. Gladstone once thought would solve the whole question. Which, if any of these systems, or whatever combinations of these systems, may be possible at the end of the period of waiting, will be decided by the ripening of public opinion in the intervening time. And that process of education may find a new stimulus and inspiration in the knowledge that freedom, if delayed, is, in the end, assured.

Outside and beyond this vital issue, the new Licensing Bill, with its lengthy parts, schedules, and clauses, contains much of very great advantage to social reform. There is obviously, in some of its provisions, scope for bargaining. A Liberal Government, in face of the House of Lords, is always under the dismal necessity of modifying its legislation, with the knowledge of impending mischief; in apprehension of an unfriendly partner which, if he is given a coat, will demand a cloak also, and if offered company for a mile, will insist on twain. One of the outstanding features of the Bill is the enormously increased power given to the local licensing justices, who can practically impose almost any conditions to accompany the renewal of licences. Some of these obligations might well be embodied in a universal statute; notably those permitting the exclusion of children from drinking bars, and those which allow the closing of public-houses upon election days. The Bill is a challenge and an appeal. It is a challenge, elaborated not without courage, to a monopoly interest so secure in its dominance over the electoral machinery of popular government as to have treated all warnings

and Commissions and programmes and organisations embodying this policy with utter contempt and indifference. It is an appeal, not only to all the reforming elements of the nation, social, humanitarian, religious; but also to a vast body of moderate opinion which has no special interest in the liquor question or the ravages of intemperance, but which does stand for the control by the people of any monopoly (whatever its nature) which has become the master, instead of being the servant, of the State. The struggle, if fierce and desperate, is at least inspiring, for it moves through the region of large issues; and towards no uncertain goal.

POLICY AND ARMAMENTS.

THERE are reasons, apart from specific declarations of policy by the Government, why the friends of peace may feel a sensible satisfaction with the debate on the Army and Navy Estimates. In the first place, the prevailing sense of the Liberal Party in Parliament was unmistakably with the Macdonald motion. Mr. Asquith must have realised this when he found that even his very moderate and dexterously balanced speech in defence of the Estimates fell coldly on the ears of his friends. In the second place, the issue was made fairly clear. Obscured by questions of detail, the conflict between the militarist and the non-militarist attitude did appear, and was powerfully sustained by speakers like Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. Simon, and Sir John Brunner on the one side, and Mr. Balfour on the other. What is the point of conflict? Mr. Balfour, the most finished Degenerate in our politics, set it in the sharpest outline when he denied that there was any vital "interdependence" between "armaments and policy," and declared that "fleets and armies were the only expedient known in this world by which those who desire to maintain their independence can maintain it in spite of the fluctuating movements of human passion." We doubt whether even statesmen of Mr. Balfour's materialist school will accept the theory, which does injustice to his own foreign policy quite as much as to that of his successor, that national existence can "only" be maintained by fleets and armies. It is obviously sustained by other than purely material forces—by international commerce, by mutual interests, by common good-will, such as asserts the independence of small States like Holland and Switzerland. These ties, again, are continually being weakened or strengthened by moral considerations, which clearly react on armaments. On what, after all, does the strength of the fleet depend? On theories as to the good-will or the ill-will of various Powers and groups of powers. A few short years ago we were building ships against France and Russia combined. To-day not even the Navy League really thinks it necessary to build against France. The United States was put out of the field of action by another pacific movement of the popular mind, both here and in America. Finally, the Anglo-Russian controversy has lost its sting, and its special point of peril on the Indian frontier. As the result of these and other political changes in our foreign relationships, the whole distribution of the fleet, in European, in American, and in Far Eastern waters, has been changed. We do, indeed, maintain the

two-Power standard. But even that mechanical formula, which will hardly survive the battering it received in the debate, and the Government's refusal to make it the point of division, has been rationalised and reduced, both by Sir Edward Grey and by Mr. Asquith, so as to mean that we must maintain a fleet able to meet any "probable combination" against us. Or take another illustration of the way in which policy directly influences armaments. Either, as Mr. J. M. Robertson put it, an enemy's fleet can seriously damage our seafaring commerce, or it can but slightly affect it. If the latter theory be true, we are maintaining a vast fleet of swift armed cruisers to small purpose. If the former, we can restore safety to our mercantile, marine, and so cut down the cost of the fleet by millions, by consenting to abolish the right of capture. The truth is that policy and armaments react at every point. Three-parts of the new anti-German direction of the British Navy is an effect of suggestion, accompanied by persistent newspaper sensationalism. Are we told that statesmen are helpless against such influences? The action of statesmen overthrew or sterilised such forces in the case of France; it conquered them under Mr. Balfour's unimaginative but not aggressive rule, when the Russian fleet fired on our fishing-boats; and it is beginning to mitigate the vehement distrust of Germany, which is responsible for Rosyth, and for the race in "Dreadnoughts."

We see, indeed, how unreal is the present naval and military position when we are met by Mr. Asquith's admission that Germany's naval extension was natural to a nation "more and more dependent for food and raw materials upon oversea supplies, and with an extending maritime commerce which they were bound to protect." "Bound to protect" against whom? Our Navy is merely "defensive," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer. So are all the Navies. So are all the Armies. So say all the statesmen of all the countries. Whence then, with a more or less settled Europe, divided among powerful centralised Powers unable greatly to add to their material possessions, comes the need for these enormous armaments? Why, in particular, do we want many millions more for armaments than we wanted in 1899, when a wave of hatred of England, due to moral more than material reasons, swept over Europe? Largely because the new prepossession about the wickedness of Germany has followed on the heels of the old prepossession about the malice of America, and the still older obsession about France. This, in turn, crystallises on both sides of the North Sea in so many more battleships, cruisers, naval stations, docks, and guns, so that, as Captain Mahan said, in the search for ever greater power and speed in battleships, we open up "an unending programme, which causes unending increase of expense." As against the real insanity of such a process, it is not mere "economies" of administration that are sought by the friends of peace. They desire to stimulate the obstinate rationality of the more serious and instructed classes among the peoples against the statesmen who maintain and perpetuate the race of armaments, and even, like Mr. Balfour, have the effrontery to deny the possibility of staying it.

As for the Naval Estimates, we all know that the real controversy is postponed till next year, and that, in spite of the blinding language of officials like Mr. Edmund Robertson—who contrived in a single sentence to mis-state the position of this journal, and to misrep-

sent his own estimates—we lay down only two monster vessels this year, because our experts have in mind the laying down of four or five "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" in 1909, and an equal or even greater number in succeeding years. On this point the Government will succeed with their followers and with the country precisely as they reduce these claims and maintain the true and vital connection between "policy" and "armaments." There is no question of national safety. Mr. Archibald Hurd, a consistent advocate of a powerful Navy, states in the current "Nineteenth Century" what will be our relative naval position at the end of 1911, as against an impossible and absurd combination of France and Germany. In modern battleships we shall have a superiority of 17 per cent. in tons displacement, of 2'12 per cent. in the number of vessels; in modern armoured cruisers we shall have a superiority of 48'7 per cent. in tons displacement, of 22'5 per cent. in the number of ships; in officers and men, a superiority of 23'8 per cent. Thus, even if we are to defy reason in order to retain so obsolete a measurement as the two-Power standard, we need not affront arithmetic and pretend that we are in danger of falling below it. We do not take fanatical grounds; a powerful fleet is indispensable to us, and some regard must, no doubt, be had to Continental programmes, which happily encounter their own enemies at home. But we have to follow the historical lines of British defensive policy, which, when they were moderate, produced moderation in others, and since they have become extravagant, are, by force of imitation, upsetting half the Budgets of Europe.

THE OBSTACLE TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE poverty of the abstract arguments against Woman's Suffrage has been strikingly illustrated by the discussions on Mr. Stanger's Bill. Apart from the tactics of the Suffragettes, there is absolutely nothing new to be heard from opponents, and really, if the obstreperousness of a handful of women is no reason for hurrying on the change, still less is it an adequate ground for denying votes to an entire sex. Man does not strengthen his claim to be regarded as the more logical sex when he makes use of the fact that one or two women have chained themselves to the railings in Downing Street as an argument that admission to public affairs must demoralise womanhood. The truth is that, whether on the question of method or of principle, the claim of women to the vote is met on precisely the same ground as the claim of any unenfranchised class of men. Do they confine themselves to quiet argument and reasonable discussion? They are told that it is an academic issue, which may be decided when other matters are out of the way. Do they begin to demonstrate in the streets? They are told that they are a disorderly crew, to whom nothing can be conceded until quiet is restored. Those who remember 1867 and 1884 will recollect very similar arguments against the enfranchisement of the working-class. Either they broke the Hyde Park railings, which proved that they were a mob of Anarchists, whose admission to political power would mean red ruin and the breaking up of laws; or they did not break any railings, which proved that they cared nothing about the vote. Similarly it was shown in the old days that working-men knew nothing about politics; that their natural sphere was the workshop; that they were open to corruption; all of which went to show that the extension of the franchise would be of little political effect. At the same time, it was contended that they were numerically the majority, and that to enfranchise them was to hand over the government of the country to a single class.

All these arguments come out of the daily mill of controversy, as by a mechanical fatality, in relation to the suffrage for women. Women, we are told, know

nothing about politics; their natural sphere is the wash-tub, or possibly, by a complimentary variation, the pedestal; they will be corrupt and open to intimidation—all of which shows that politically they will be an almost negligible power. At the same time, statistics are quoted illustrating what the census impolitely terms "the excess of females." Women are a majority; they are pictured as banding together to impose an iron rule on men, and we are gravely threatened with civil war as the result looming behind Mr. Stanger's Bill. The unprejudiced critic will, we think, leave these arguments to neutralise one another. There is 5 per cent. of truth in most of them, just as there was 5 per cent. of truth in most of the arguments against the extension of the masculine suffrage; just as there is 5 per cent. of truth in every argument of the kind against the extension of rights to an unfree class of a subject race. But in essentials all these arguments are arguments against the whole democratic idea, and if this idea, with all its defects, and after all its disappointments, has played a great and beneficent part in modern history, we shall want something more solid to resist its logical extension. In particular it is of the essence of this idea that the State is not based, as Mr. Cathcart Wason airily maintained, on force, but rather that force is based on the State, as itself the embodiment of ethical conceptions. The State uses force; but the essence of a Liberal or democratic constitution is to provide that such force shall only be set in motion by the general consent, obtained after full and free discussion. Why the judgment of women should not be called into play in such discussion is not apparent. To urge that they do not risk their lives in battle for their country, as a very few men do, is perhaps as relevant as to contend that men do not risk their lives in bringing children into the world, as the majority of women do—and that with a calmness in the long anticipation of which masculine courage is rarely capable. To urge that women differ from men is as true as it was to argue that the working-class differed from the educated. But that this difference is one that so gravely affects their power of judging their own interests as to render those interests safer in the keeping of others, is a contention which was rightly dismissed by Liberals in the one case, and will be dismissed by them in the other.

We hold, then, that the suffrage is a logical consequence of recognised Liberal principles, and is bound to come in time if Liberalism survives. If we have gone once again over the old ground of the broad argument on the question, it is because many Liberals have been naturally, but we think unduly, influenced by the extravagances of the "Suffragettes." But while the justice and the logic of the women's cause are irrefutable, we have to recognise that theirs is only one among a number of causes equally just, and in some cases more pressing. The function of this Parliament is to prove that organic social reform is compatible with Free Trade and Liberal principles. It has to deal with problems of education, temperance, unemployment, and poverty, which have piled themselves up through twenty years of reaction. These were the questions before the electors in 1906, and they are questions which every year's delay makes more difficult, while every year that sees them unsettled means so much more of misery unrelieved by hope for great masses of the people. The question of the suffrage, on the other hand, was not brought with any prominence before the electorate. It could not be dealt with unless it had had a foremost place among the subjects under discussion at a General Election, and there is no reason for giving it the preference which its advocates demand over the reform of the male electoral basis. The present electoral laws disfranchise large numbers of men, and give plural votes to a minority. No single one of the general reasons which we accept in favour of women's franchise goes to show that their enfranchisement must precede the rectification of these laws. The two kinds of injustice stand on the same footing, and the order in which they are redressed is a matter

of convenience. It is perfectly natural that militant Suffragists should take a different view. Their concern, like that of every political section in contemporary politics, is to press for their particular reform, regardless of a broad consideration of the interests of the democratic cause. But those of them who hold out hopes that the suffrage will bring speedy alleviation to women-workers are, we fear, destined to a tragic disappointment. They might learn a lesson from the littleness of the results which twenty-three years of the suffrage have brought to the agricultural labourer. The effects of the suffrage will, we believe, be good in the end, as is the way with things that are just in themselves. But they will be very slow and largely indirect. The most important probably will be no special measure for the relief of any class of women operatives, but rather the indirect and gradual action on the general status of women, an action which will take a generation to complete itself, but for the beginning of which we cannot claim "urgency."

Life and Letters.

THE CAREFUL MAN.

HE came on one side of farmer stock who had married farmer stock since the invasion of the Saxons, and on the other side of county families who had married county families since the Norman conquest. He was born where the Town ended and country life began, educated at a Public School, and his father was a Judge.

Being designed for a profession he had adopted it, keeping himself in hand, so as not to be unpleasantly professional. For, since the time when he was wheeled in perambulators, he had never wanted to do anything too much. He had so completely seen the other side of being wheeled in perambulators that he had ever afterwards been loth to put himself in a position which made it needful for him to act with all his heart. His organs were, in fact, remarkably adjusted. He had not too much head, nor too much heart. He had not too much appetite, but he had appetite enough. When asked at lunch of which sweet he would partake, he would answer: "A little of both, thanks"; for nothing seemed to him in life so great a pity as to take one thing to the exclusion of another. This was why, after he had been Conservative from the age of one to thirty, something told him to become a Liberal; and when he had been a Liberal for ten years, to consider about going back again.

His attitude to women was a guarded one. It was repugnant to him to have too much wife, and yet not wife enough was also very painful; and so he had devised a way out of his embarrassment by saying to himself: "We two are only married to the extent that we desire to be; we will do exactly as we like." And he found that by thinking this, and getting his wife, who was a clever woman, to say she thought it too, he remained extremely faithful. With regard to children, it had no doubt been difficult, for—after a year or two—to have children and not to have them had been found impossible. In this dilemma he had considered very seriously what course he should adopt, and having carefully weighed the pros and cons had discovered them to be so very equal that he could come to no conclusion. In consequence of this he had two children; after which he found no difficulty in not wanting to have more.

The question of his residence had occasioned him some pain; for, supposing that he lived in Town he missed the country, and supposing that he resided in the country he missed the Town. He therefore lived a little in both Town and country; so regulating things that when in London he wanted to be out, and when out of London he wanted to be in; which kept him healthy.

A moderate meat diet gave him a hankering after other diets, making him a vegetarian in theory, so that he was in accord with either school. He drank wine at

times, at times he drank no wine; he smoked a cigarette after each meal—no more, because it made him sick.

His feeling about money was that he ought to have enough, in order to have no feeling about money; and, to attain this vacuum, he mechanically restrained his wants, still more his wife's—for, not being so beautifully adjusted as himself, when she wanted things, she wanted them.

In matters of religion he would not commit himself to any definite opinions. If asked whether he thought there were a future life, he would say: "I see no reason to believe there is; on the other hand, I see no object in believing that there isn't; there may be, or there may not be; or, again, there may be a future life for some, no future life for others—a little of both, perhaps." Dogma of any sort, of course, he found offensive—you were committed by it, and to be committed was both repulsive and absurd.

Once or twice only in his life had he seriously felt careless, and these were on occasions when he found his carefulness was threatened by some person or event that tried to tie him down.

There was in him a sort of terror of being bound to anything; and when he was returned to Parliament, which happened after he was forty, he felt a natural uneasiness. Was he committed; if so, what was he committed to? Could he still get down on either side; and suppose he did get down, could he at once get up again? And he was happy when he found he could.

It was remarkable how national he was.

Yet he was not entirely conscious of his importance to the State, not recognising perhaps sufficiently how many other men were like him in every walk of life—not recognising that he was, in truth, the solid centre of the nation's pudding.

There was a word that he had early learned to spell; it started with a C, the second letter was an O, the third an M, the fourth a P, the fifth an R, the sixth an O, the seventh an M, the eighth an I, the ninth an S, the last an E. Once learnt, soon after he escaped from perambulators, that word was never more forgot. He took it to his office, he took it to his Church, he took it into bed with him at nights. And now that he had become a public man he took it to the House. But, having a regard, a veneration, for the figure of John Bull—that Myth who never modified his views, but held on fast to his ideals in spite of all the dogs of war—he preferred, whenever he was forced to act, to say that he had acted on his principles—and so, in truth, he had, for the deepest of his principles was the intimate belief that there was no such thing as principle.

This it was that gave him his pre-eminence in politics, for, seated in the very centre of the Seesaw, being the first to feel and answer to, he was the least affected by, its motion. By shifting just a little, and instinctively, he kept the whole machine together, having all the time a quiet contempt for the two ends that would keep swinging to the skies or bumping smartly on the ground. Nothing could be done without him in that House, because he was so plentiful; and very little with him.

He had a sense of humour, and devoted it to seeing all the fun there was in "cranks," and in extravagance of every kind. Never was he more amused than when he saw a person really give himself to anything; he would sit, sometimes with his hat on and sometimes with it off, watching with a quiet smile to see the beggar bump; and the bigger the bump was, the funnier he found it! For such as smiled at careful men he had a feeling that you could not take them seriously; it was their little joke, and not a very good one; and especially he wondered how people could be found foolish enough to place these persons in an Institution where care was of the essence of the atmosphere. Confident, however, that their want of care would soon undo them, he did not trouble much.

Phrases such as: "There is no middle policy," sometimes carried him away for quite five minutes; but he invariably came back in time to find there was. It had, in fact, long been a fixed and firm belief with him that he could make omelettes without breaking eggs, and

though he clearly made no omelettes, on the other hand he broke no eggs. Nor did he ever fracture his belief that he was just about to make an omelette. And after all an omelette, even if you made it, what did it amount to? There it was! You ate it, and had to make another! Better far to fix an omelette in your mind, and keep it there unmade. But discussion on the omelette's composition he was always ready to encourage; and, sitting with his eye cocked at the ingredients, he would talk them over very carefully, and now and then break off a sprig of parsley, so that the omelette really did advance—but not too fast. Sometimes he was even known to contemplate the omelette all the night, but this he only did because he was so very much afraid that if he left it somebody would cook the thing; and he would go home in the early morning to his wife, complaining rather bitterly that with a little care all this excessive cooking in the House might be avoided.

Take him for all in all, he was not original in mind, and yet he was no flunkey, serving mortal masters—he served a nobler one than they—the great god Opportunity. But it was not safe to tell him this, for though there was no reason in the world why he should dislike its being known that he acted in accordance with his nature, somehow he did not like it. This was, no doubt, an instance of his care.

Hardly any social measure could be brought to his attention with which he did not feel a certain meed of sympathy. If, for instance, somebody proposed that the Army should be levied by conscription he would give a careful nod, and wait, because he knew that, as soon as someone else proposed that the Army should be entirely voluntary, this would also meet with his approval; or, again, if it were suggested that children should be made less hungry out of the public rates, he approved, but not too much, because he felt that to approve too much would interfere with his approval of the plan that they should not be fed out of the public rates. "A little bit of both," would be his thought, and by this masterly decision, which was often called his common sense, he infallibly secured possession to the children of a little bit of neither; but, as he very justly said, to grant the first was too progressive; to grant the second, retrograde. And so with every other measure.

His leaders on both sides had learned from long experience the daintiness of his digestion; how very sensitive it was to motion, how, if jolted, it revolted; and so they did not try too hard to jolt it now, for they naturally hated to be cast into the air. They appreciated, too, his sterling worth—without him they felt the country would improve too fast.

And they would look at him. With his eyelids just a trifle lowered, but his eyes a little anxious, with his lips pinched in, and yet half-smiling, in an overcoat of medium weight, put on or taken off according to the weather, he sat, not very often opening his mouth. Behind his grey and unobtrusive figure they saw the masses of grey, unobtrusive, careful men, and a little shiver would run down their spines.

Too often had they awakened from their dreams and seen him sitting there, under a tall grey tower with a clock that faced all ways, bench upon bench, row after row, by day, by night, one eye of him on one side, and one eye on the other, and his nose between them in the middle.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"THE SEASON."

ONCE again the effort is beginning which never has an end. It has been the theme of continuous, caustic criticism from the novelist, the satirist, the cynic. It has never been rationally defended, and those who are the most impetuous in its service are the first, in an occasional cool hour, to protest the futility of it all. Of all the variations of man's astonishing activities that the sun looks down upon, this thing surely must excite to "any observer somewhere in the region of the fixed stars" the most unforced and inextinguishable laughter. Its protagonists have expended some half of the year in tranquillity and quiet places—in rural England, in high

Swiss mountain valleys—anywhere in which the too exasperated material of the human mind can be nursed back into some semblance of sanity. They gather, from the four winds, into the tumult of the capital, to occupy the remaining half of the year in deliberate tearing the fabric of that mind to pieces in an orgie of human intercourse. It is effort directed at the highest pressure, with no interspaces of silence in which to learn, to suffer, or to enjoy. It is the effort of those few who are dominantly successful in a race where the majority are content with existence and endurance, to exhibit the magnitude of that success in a transitory experience of too violently accelerated life. For these months nobody is ever alone; nobody ever pauses to think; no one ever attempts to understand. All quick and novel sensations are pressed into the service of an ever more insistent demand for new things. Parliament pays its tribute, in a labyrinth of dining-rooms and a famous terrace, which is an annexe—as the Empire is an annexe—to the activities of this restless vitality. What passes for British Art in a Royal Academy and other less depressing exhibitions of decay; the Opera, dragging European singers to stimulate an audience numbed by the whirl of circumstance; any unexpected appeal, a decadent French play, actors from an earlier, simpler, passionate South, an audacious novel or two, a passing scandal, serve to stimulate and infuse the concoction with some lambent vitality. But, for the most part, it is talk—talk—talk—talk at luncheon and tea and dinner; talk at huge, undignified crowded receptions, where each tiny talk is disturbed by the consciousness of each that his neighbour is desirous of talk to others; talk at dances and at gatherings, far into the night; with the morning devoted to preparations for further gatherings for talk in the days to come. It is talk usually vapid, sometimes clever, occasionally sincere; of a society desirous of being interested, more often find-itself bored, filled with a resolute conviction that it must play the game; that this is the game to be played, that it must be played resolutely to the end. Elemental real things occasionally intrude: marriages, and those unexpected deaths which refuse to postpone themselves to a more convenient out-of-season. What does it all mean? No one knows. What does it all come to? Again, no one knows. To many it stands for the inevitable, as the factory life is inevitable to some, the field drudgery to others. Many it excites and stimulates with a consciousness of power in human intercourse and the subtle sensation of rejoicing in a crowd. To the few alone it presents the appearance of a complicated machine, which has escaped the dominating control of all human volition, and is progressing furiously towards no intelligible goal; of some black windmill, with gigantic, revolving wings, rotating untended under the huge spaces of night.

It is not illuminated by high ardours. It is not disfigured by great crimes. The accepted criticism of its "smartness," its vulgarity, its selfishness, is based upon a biased reading of values. There are those who are pushing to get in as there are those who are pushing to get out; there are egotisms here as in all human energies; revolts which drive their victims outside the accepted standards; reactions which find expression in a petulance or a despair. But neither to-day nor to-morrow will this strange and bewildered turmoil stand for anything conformable to the record of various pleasure-loving societies, which from time to time have lived and flourished and died. But if its viciousness be but the palest reflection of its previous parallels, its activities and devotions are similarly set in grey. It has none of the delirium of passionate pleasures which accompanied the decline and fall of Rome; but it has little of the large utterance, and magnificence of artistic display, the consciousness of occupying a great arena in the world's affairs which speaks from every day's record of that long autumn of decay. It has few of those feverish and almost unintelligible lusts and cruelties which make the story of the Early Renaissance in Italy like the memory of evil dreams. But, on the other hand, it will neither stamp upon the stone and marble of its dwell-

ing-places, nor store up upon the walls of its cities and opulent houses, nor write in the unforgettable life-history of its men and women that harvest of an artistic glory and a new, rich individual experience which makes that Renaissance appear as one of the wonder-ages of the world. To-day, here, in London, it plays and trifles with large forces which, if it once understood them, it would flee from in terror and dismay. Its social and philanthropic enterprises are fairly ample; it bestows considerable sums on public and private charities, shepherding its friends into drawing-room meetings to listen to some attractive speaker—an actor, a Labour Member, a professional humorist—pleading for pity to the poor. It discusses the possibility of social upheavals in that dim, silent, encompassing life in which all its activities are embedded—the incalculable, mechanical populations which set the society that matters in the midst of a rude and multitudinous society that does not count. It plays in good humour with light schemes of Social Reform; wondering, like the pleasant salons of Paris in the new age of gold before the Revolution, whither events are tending; convinced, as these salons also were convinced that nothing can alter the effectual standards of its world. It plays with religion; listening to the agreeable discourses of one popular preacher, urging kindness and charity and toleration to all men; amused at the violence of another, denouncing all its works and ways; a little disturbed by a third, feeling the sudden intrusion of the cold hand of a universe in which all these standards are unknown. "Sydney Smith talking," wrote Carlyle in his diary, "other persons prating, jargonizing. To me, through these thin cobwebs, Death and Eternity sat glaring." Only in an occasional solitary hour, in that magic twilight of a London June evening, or in the early flare of a dim dawn over the sleeping city, do such disturbing visitants tear the silence with a sudden cry.

It is the aggregation of clever, agreeable, lovable people, whose material wants are satisfied by the labour of unknown workers in all the world, trying with a desperate seriousness to make something of a life spared the effort of wage-earning, and very fearful of being left alone. It is built up and maintained in an artificial, and probably a transitory, security, which has never been extended in the world's history for longer than a few generations. To-day it is commencing the conflict; in a few months' time it will retire, exhausted, having completed—not unsuccessfully, and in some cases with some honour—that queer enterprise of random activity which is called a London Season. So it will continue with each until each drops out, if uncomplaining a little fatigued, and the fresh recruits take the place of the deserters and the dead. Charles Lamb would "often weep in the Strand for fulness of joy at so much life." Tennyson confessed that in the heart of all this eager, impetuous crowd, demanding so pitifully the correct thing and the new thing, he was impressed always by the hazardous and transitory nature of it all. So soon would this vitality and exuberance be all suddenly extinguished in silence; all "*Mane floreat, et transeat: vespere decidat. Et custodia in nocte*"—"as a watch in the night."

SPRING IN INDIA.

BARODA, FEBRUARY 7th.

THE mango trees are all in bloom, and the air full of their smell. It has just the touch of turpentine in it that makes the mango fruit so nice, and is so refreshing in an English room that has been spring-cleaned with furniture polish. The mango bloom is the Indian "may"—the sign that spring has come indeed, and that is why all the great Sirdars, or landowners, of the State were gathered in the palace hall at nine o'clock this morning, and sat in thick rows of white-clad figures, with Mahratta turbans of red and gold on their heads, and curved swords glittering across their knees. The Maharajah had summoned them in *darbar*, to celebrate the festival of Vasantha, or the Spring, and on the inlaid pavement below their seats a nautch-girl from Madras danced without ceasing, to the inspiring noise of three

or four pipes and a little drum. All the instruments sounded their peculiar notes together, but apparently with random independence, though the girl seemed to know what varied emotions they would express. For she danced forward with gestures that she felt to be suited to some imperceptible motive, her jewels flashing, and the heavy gold of her sash swinging over her knees. Then, having reached her limit of advance towards the empty throne, she walked quietly backwards, softly clapping her little brown hands to some imperceptible time.

Suddenly from the palace garden came the sound of the little old guns which the British Government allows Native Rulers to retain for saluting purposes, or to batter the mud walls of an occasional village, as evidence of their regal power. To the roar of this artillery the Maharajah entered, and, keeping step at his side, came the British Resident, conspicuous in civilisation's clothing. Behind them, stiff with scarlet and gold, stalked the British officers of a regiment quartered upon the State by the terms of an ancient treaty. Passing up the pavement between the rows of Sirdars, the Maharajah took his seat upon the purple velvet sofa, having the British Resident side by side upon his right, while the British officers settled into the topmost chairs, like a patch of poppies in a daisy field. All the time the pipes and drum never ceased, and the dancing-girl continued to advance and retire with various embellishments.

Attendants appeared, bearing garlands and silver sprinklers, and trim little bunches of flowers tightly tied up. The heaviest garland was selected for the British Resident, and he bent his comely head submissively to receive it on his neck. It was made of white jasmine, picked out with silver "fairy rain," such as beautifies our Christmas-trees. He was also presented with a tight bunch of flowers, and lavishly sprinkled with scent from the silver vessels. Similar but smaller garlands were then placed round the necks of the British officers; similar but smaller bunches were presented to them, and they were sprinkled with scent, but less lavishly, as became their inferior position in the representation of Britain's might. When the most junior subaltern had been sprinkled, the Maharajah and the Resident rose, and the British contingent marched out of the hall, the garlands flopping against their thighs, as when of old Greek bulls went adorned for sacrifice.

So the rulers departed, and again the feeble old guns did their utmost to voice the honours due to Imperial grandeur. Then the Maharajah returned to his sofa, and a sigh of relief appeared to pass through the hall. I thought I could even hear it from behind the carved shutters of the gallery, where ladies stood watching in seclusion, like the ladies behind the grill of our House. The attendants again bore garlands, bouquets, and sprinklers into the hall. The Maharajah was garlanded first, and then his son, the heir to the sofa, who received his honours with a superior smile that told of Oxford's contamination. The most peculiar part of the ceremony came next, when silver plates were brought in, heaped high with vermilion powder and with yellow, to represent the fertilising dust of flowers in spring, and this dust was thrown in handfuls over the Maharajah and his heir, and then over each Sirdar in turn.

Suddenly the white chests of all that loyal assembly blazed with patches of scarlet and gamboge, while pipes and drum pursued their own wild will, and the dancing-girl danced up seductively. Then the Maharajah rose, and the whole assembly followed him from the hall. The climax had been reached, and the ceremony of spring was over, except that for the rest of the day the street boys rejoiced in "all the fun of the fair," throwing red and yellow powder over the passers-by. And if they mixed a little oil with the powder, the passer-by will recall the flowers that bloom in the spring whenever he puts these clothes on again.

You would suppose that such a ceremony was but the childish consolation of some wretched prince, whom we allow to retain on sufferance the pomps and vanities of barbaric splendour, just as an idiot heir is allowed a rocking-horse and wooden sword by his trustees. And

that is partly true. It is in the spirit of interested trustees for idiot children that the British Government gives the Maharajah that artillery to play with, and arms his handful of troops with ancient muzzle-loaders, that I had despaired of ever seeing in use. An ordinary and enfeebled ruler might thus solace himself with pretty shows for a life of miserable impotence, just as Napoleon's son played at soldiers in the Austrian palaces. Such is the end of most of those who are born to rule our Native States. Fantastic palaces in every street, marble courts where fountains play all the summer, bedizened elephants in lordly rows, bejewelled girls beyond the dreams of Solomon, studs of horses ceaselessly neighing, changes of golden clothes for every hour of the day and night, heaps of golden coins piled high in treasuries, drink deep as wells, exquisite foods selected from Paris to Siam—oh, but to be weak is miserable!

But the ruler of Baroda has the strength that conquers power out of weakness. Brought up among the temptations of princes, cheated with the mockeries of authority, distrusted as seditious for the very excellence of his reforms, he has raised his little State of some two million souls to become the most advanced and best administered district of India, with the possible exception of Mysore. I know the worst that can be said against him. His land-tax is rather above the average of British India, but at all events his entire income of just under £1,000,000 a year, is spent in the country itself, and does not go to cherish annuitants in Cheltenham or Whitehall. Like the English aristocracy, he is fond of building more houses than one man needs to live in. Like the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Kruger, he displays an exaggerated solicitude in providing for members of his family, beyond the requirements of laudable thrift. And, worst fault of all, he has been sometimes suspected of imitating the Anglo-Indian authorities in favouring Europeans at the cost of fully qualified Indians. On one occasion also, I believe, he conducted a punitive expedition, on almost British lines, against some troublesome villagers. I know all this is said, and much of it is very likely true, for even in a hovel it is difficult to live above reproach. But I have also heard that in the foolish Durbar at Delhi, when other Native Rulers salaamed and prostrated themselves to earth, the Maharajah of Baroda went up to Lord Curzon like a man, and shook him heartily by the hand; and I think that story as likely to be true as the others.

It is now over twenty-five years since he entered upon his power, after a few years of tutelage under the British Government, which had deposed his predecessor for overstepping the latitude granted to Native Rulers in everything but politics. In that quarter-century, by the help of carefully chosen Ministers, such as Romesh Chandra Dutt, he has realised reforms in government and daily life that are continually called impossible by ourselves. Throughout his whole State he has absolutely separated the judicial from the executive functions—a reform that we have acknowledged for years to be essential for India, but are boggling over still. He has restored the ancient village Panchayat, or local government, by the men whom villagers can trust, whereas, in our passion for rigid and centralised power, we have almost destroyed the last vestige of this national training in self-government.

After a careful experiment for fourteen years in one district, he has now made primary education compulsory and universal throughout his State. Whereas in British India the Government expenditure upon primary education, I believe, still stands at about £200,000, or considerably less than £1 per thousand of the population, in Baroda the proportion is about £1 to every fifty-five, and the State counts more educated girls, for its size, than any other part of India. The latest step in constitutional reform has been the admission of genuinely elected members into the Legislative Council, which is to meet this year for the first time in its more democratic form. Such reforms as the Indian Government has hitherto proposed for its Legislative Councils, are only intended to frustrate what shadow of democratic principle exists in them now.

But it is much harder to change a social custom than to legislate, and the Maharajah's greatest triumphs lie

in the prevention of child-marriages, the emancipation of ladies from the "purdah," or curtained life of India, and the breaking-down of caste barriers. In all this he has been aided by the encouragement and example of his Maharani, who has stood by his side like one of the heroic queens of Mahratta history. In all India I suppose there is not another man and woman who have done more for the happiness and advancement of their people, or done more to disprove the common Anglo-Indian charge that Indians are incapable of carrying out even their own reforms. For their very success they are suspected and maligned by officials, who have not the courage to imitate their methods. But when official torpor and private malignity have said their worst, the Maharajah and his queen remain among the royal souls of India. They have once more established the old Roman paradox that it is possible to follow virtue even in a palace, and there is something almost Aurelian in their proud service to the Commonwealth.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

A SHAKER OF THINGS.*

THE creator of Zarathustra has one quality which, his philosophy apart, should recommend him even to the unphilosophical reader; he is a master of style. His German is that of Henry Suso and of Luther, picturesque, direct, incisive: a child could not mistake his meaning; a lapidary might envy the clear-cut precision of thought and phrase. And it loses little in translation.

"Say where is justice to be found, which is love with seeing eyes."

"Convictions are prisons."

"All unuttered truths become poisonous."

"Thoughts which come on doves' feet rule the world."

Or, again,

"All good things laugh."

"The way—existeth not."

"Valuing is creating."

"Only where there are graves are there resurrections."

The perfection of form is French, rather than German or English; La Rochefoucauld, with a flavour of Montaigne.

In a democratic age Nietzsche was no democrat; in a world of convention he ran full tilt against the most cherished principles and prejudices of his fellow men. Whether they really entertained these principles and prejudices is another matter: at any rate they thought they entertained them, and were not a little satisfied with themselves for doing so: he outraged at once their convictions and their self-esteem:—

"Sin—a Jewish invention."

"Salvation of the soul means, in plain words, the world revolves round me."

"The secret of a joyous life is to live dangerously."

"Not your sin, your moderation, crieth to heaven."

Well, this is not the morality of the copy-book; the annoyance of respectable persons can be explained. That there was an element of paradox in such sayings is obvious—what great teaching, from the Republic of Plato to the Sermon on the Mount, is without it? The reader "must beware of taking Nietzsche's materialism grossly, or his metaphysics abstractedly": he spoke in picture, and was further from the crowd in figure than in fact. But, though his outlook over life was not peculiar to himself—had it been so, it would have roused no echo in his generation—he said out what others would not say at all; and, if they thought, would not admit, even to themselves, that they thought it. His aim was to do for morals what Copernicus did for astronomy; to take a new centre and work from a new base. He went back, that is to say, to Nature. "Why undress in public?" asked the bystander. "Duty before decency," he would have answered. He did not admit that cloth-

* "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism." By A. R. Orage. Edinburgh; Foulis. 2s. 6d.

ing was necessary—which it is in our climate; he classed it, too indiscriminately, under the head of sham. Everything, without exception, went into his melting-pot; this was what made him so offensive to the half-hearted who would spare Agag. Nietzsche, though the dethroned monarch came unto him delicately, hewed him in pieces before the Lord.

In other than moral science, the revaluation of received judgments and rules of action is no novelty. Here it was at once new and startling: that Nietzsche attempted it, and still more that he did not disguise his attempt, is enough to account for the disfavour which attaches to his name. The husband and father reads: "Be not virtuous beyond your ability," which, after all, comes to much the same thing as the "Be not righteous over much" of Ecclesiastes, and fears for his daughters and his spoons. Nietzsche, however, is taken seriously in Germany; and, though handicapped by the advocacy of certain of his prophets in this country, will have to be taken seriously here. He did not love us: "The English," he said, "are a people of consummate cant." And the national sense of decorum, so disrespectfully referred to, is intolerant of nonconformity. In England more than elsewhere, the wise man remembers that his hearers are not wise, and mixes folly with his wisdom, which, like gold, cannot become current coin without a proportion of alloy. His antinomianism, however, was a retort rather than an attitude; a refutation of the average man's standpoint. "Popular morality," he puts it, "is comparable to popular medicine: there is no science in either"; "the moral world also is round." A static moral order, that is to say, assumes a complete knowledge of the laws of life. Medieval man believed himself to possess this knowledge: hence his fixed dogma, his deductive method, the abstractedness of his thinking. The premise, however, was at fault. We stand not at the core of things, but somewhere on their periphery. Our knowledge, therefore, is fragmentary and relative—to suppose it otherwise is to bow down to an Idol of the Tribe and the Theatre; and morality ceases to be stereotyped as soon as this is admitted. The casuistry of Jesuit theologians, which was always logical, and for which a better case than Pascal believed could often be made, was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the statutory conception of obligation—the *Provinciales* do not so much disprove Escobar's reasoning as undermine the vicious ethical basis on which it built. Morality is spirit, not letter; its unchangeableness is one of direction rather than of content: in Pauline language, we are not under the law but under grace. How much of the mind of to-day, at its sanest, is compressed into such maxims as:—

"Ye ought to say Enemy, but not Villain; Invalid, not Wretch; Fool, not Sinner."

"If moral judgments are the judgments of health, then criminals are diseased, and should be treated as such."

"Physiological confusions are the source of all evil." There is a slightness of texture, indeed, both in our virtues and our vices: "Let us confess: as your wisest men did not seem to me so very wise, so I found men's wickedness much less than the fame of it."

What discredited Nietzsche was his uncompromising realism. This stood for him as truthfulness. "Not wishing to see something which one sees, not wishing so to something as one sees it; that is what I called falsehood." The wish to believe is fatal to veracity. He saw or at least tried to see, things not as he wanted them to be, but as they were. Again, he was an artist; and his art enters into his philosophy: the autobiographical element which is inseparable from speculation—"every great philosophy is an involuntary memoir"—is exceptionally prominent; the reader must be, like the writer, an artist, or he will not understand. From Schopenhauer he learned to make Will the centre. Ideas and Things are constructions, therefore variable; that which constructs, the Master-Builder, remains. The reversal of this order, the attempt of philosophers, Idealist or Materialist, to find reality where there is none, he called Nihilism: action was all. This must not be misinterpreted. The relative value of ideals is unquestioned: but

their function is regulative; they were made for men. Taken as ends-in-themselves, they become

"idols, before which men prostrate themselves in desire for the cessation of life. It is not in the nature of life to fulfil ideals, and the desire to have them fulfilled, or, rather, the conviction that they will one day be fulfilled, assumes the existence of a will that has lost its way and no longer desires life."

The Ideal, in other words, like the Law, is a school-master. No summit is final: behind the furthest lies a further still.

It is a mistake to look at Nietzsche as an anarchist. In the Discourse on the Three Metamorphoses, the Lion, the destroyer, stands side by side with the Camel, the bearer of burdens, and passes over into the "new beginning," the Child. His own type, indeed, was the destroyer; but the destruction which he desired to see brought about was a prelude and condition, not an end. "To create freedom for a new creation, and a holy disobedience, even in the presence of obligation, for this the Lion is required." Or, to go back to the aphorisms:—

"In order that a sanctuary may be erected, a sanctuary must be broken down."

"What is falling already, that shall be destroyed."

"With this counsel I counsel kings and Churches and all that are weak from old age and virtue: allow yourselves to be subverted, in order that ye may recover life, and that virtue may recover you."

Prophecy, not systematic doctrine—this is what, if we read him rightly, we shall look for in Zarathustra. Prophecy, poetry, parable—they are incommensurate with system; there is no standard common to the two. His are seminal thoughts; and of such come harvests. Or, to change the metaphor, the path may not always lie in the direction in which he sought it. But he was a Pioneer.

MARCH GREY-FACE.

It is a struggle to leave bed at seven, but we are fixed for a train and it must be done. When the fishing appointment was made, we were in St. Valentine's summer. We dreamed of a sunny day on the lake wherein the big pike lurk, and we thought more of the high blue dome and a ring of green-dotted trees than of the nominal object of the excursion. To-day the morning sun is here, but the history of yesterday and several yesterdays assures us that clouds will be our mid-day portion. Moreover, the world has an icing of new snow, hardened by the rigour that almost glued us to the bed.

We can at any rate change the venue from lake to river. In two hours, the almost unspecked blue of morning has become an unbroken cloud of grey. There is none of the light that the grass loves to play with, and field and marsh, and the bare-twigged trees, might almost have been painted from the same brush. It daunts not nor damps the pike-fisher. In fact, he rejoices while he fixes up his rod, at the amber muddiness of the water. There is just so much colour in the stream as he likes to see, not so much as to make his lure far to seek, just enough to blur the outline of the hooks. We never flatter ourselves that the hooks are invisible, only that they can be made so sketchy in appearance as to allow a hungry pike to persuade himself that they are a hallucination. The colour of the water being right, the descendant of Walton takes no notice of the grey sky and the grey land around him.

Slowly the firmament blackens in the eye of the north wind, as though the pigment had run there from the other parts of a wet water-colour, and, without warning to him whose eyes have been fixed on his float, a fierce snow-storm is hurled at him across the river. It makes no difference, or shall we say that, so far from worrying the fisherman, it makes him hope that this may be just the change in the weather that was needed to make the fish hungry? Other sportsmen enjoy the snow equally well. Far away, there is a rising howl that goes very well with the shriek of the wind, and in a

few minutes we are aware that the hunt is coming in our direction. It comes almost as swiftly as the snow-storm. We are right in the track of the fox and his pursuers. He is on the other side of the river and wishes to cross, and we are fishing at the only bridge. There is a shaking of the laurel and Reynard jumps out, crosses the bridge till he is close on us, starts a little, and changes his stride, and whisking by on nimble legs, is soon a field in front of the hounds, who have checked among our recent footsteps on the other side of the river. They do not catch their fox. He lives to remember how he sprang from his sleeping-place on a hay-stack, right among the hounds, dodged their lumbering snaps at him, raced them till a lucky chance fouled the scent, and thereafter, laying a double, left them baffled.

Leaving our fellow fishers at the pool, we return to the upper river, determined to catch the big pike that lives there. The grey scene becomes our exclusive possession. The wind of the snow-storm has passed, and the tall alders bend their knotted tangle of twigs to a calm, amber-grey river. Beyond, on higher ground, wych elms draw their delicate hatching across the mellow red-brick front of an Elizabethan mansion. A herd of fallow deer, many of them white, stand in the park near the evergreen of a large holm-oak, and some hollies whose berries just declare themselves in the grey light of our afternoon. Coming quietly and alone to the pool where the pike lies, we only faintly startle a pair of hares gambolling on the bank. They go off with a peculiar trot, that makes us think for a moment they are small grey foxes. Then they sit and look back at us, and having thus assured us that we are their very good friends—at such a distance—resume their discussion.

Not till we have swung the bait with a splash nearly to the far side of the river, do two hen pheasants rise from the shorn sedges and fly away. We had been visible to them for some minutes, but though their cover was of the slightest, they might have been invisible to us if they had remained for an hour. A duck, too, that had been feeding in the marsh, goes off with whirling wings, and while we were far off a pair of herons sailed lumbering away. Must everything on land and in water flee at our approach? They will come back if we are quiet enough, the little things first, and then one by one the large things, till perhaps even the heron will stand in the shoal again, and make the gaudy king-fisher angry at his poaching. There is a swinging in the alder twigs overhead, and the red-and-white face of a gold-finch looks down. He is far from being alone. When he has searched rather perfunctorily one or two of the hard little cones, he flies to the ground, and then, one after the other, quite thirty of his fellows join him. Then something startles them, and up they come in one glorious body, irradiating the grey day like a burst of sunshine, emphatically the gold of heaven and not the gold of earth.

In the river, there is a tiny splash as a little fish jumps out, and a rapid swell stirs the surface, as the pike passes just below. But our bait has taken refuge, and the hook is fast. We do not succeed in freeing it till we have pulled up from the depths a water-lily rhizome more than a yard long, and as thick as a man's wrist. It is crowned with bright green, arrow-shaped leaves, and little round flower buds on their strong elastic stems. So, summer seems nearer under the water than in our grey world. "Here's provender for you, friend," we think as we throw down the tuber. The friend in question is a water vole, sitting on the stump of a felled elm across the stream. After the merest pretence at washing his face, he drops to his feet and glides across the stump as though on invisible wheels, flows down the steep edge, and comes into view again in a little patch of snowdrops. The white blossoms are in sharp contrast to his deep brown coat. One of them nods and falls: the rascal has gnawed it from its root. He has time for no repetition of the act, for with a rush through swaying blossoms, a second vole is upon him. There is a brief tussle, then flight, and a fresh vole is sitting on the stump, his rival swimming straight across to us. But the snowdrop-stealer's eyes are sharp, and a yard from

the bank he dives with a loud splash that makes the stump vacant.

And now fishing hours are over. Western gates open in the dome of cloud, and the sun prepares to give a pale golden good-night. Water-hens are running far out in the field, and at times startling us with loud liquid crow, close at hand. A string of rooks passes over on the way to roost, and seven dots further off, flying in mathematical V, proclaims themselves wild duck. They are black against a pinkish yellow, which the river answers with a mellow gleam like that of half-opened hawthorn buds. And what of our fishing? It has even been a more complete blank than the fox-hunting, for we have not had a single run. Next week the big pike goes under the ægis of the Mundella Act. May he enjoy the coming summer, and keep appointment another day!

Letters from Abroad.

A SICILIAN SUPERMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“Nasi is a criminal,” “Nasi is a martyr,” are the opposite opinions expressed about the ex-Minister of King Victor Emmanuel, condemned by the High Court of the Italian Senate. As in all opinions dictated by passion, there is much exaggeration in both these estimates, and the punishment inflicted by the High Court on Nunzio Nasi reflects to a certain extent this contradiction. In fact, to condemn him to eleven months and twenty days of prison, of which seven months have to be taken away as he has already spent them in confinement, and to an interdiction of fifty months from public office, is too light a punishment admitting that he is guilty of the crimes attributed to him, and is too severe if stress is laid on the extenuating circumstances. From another point of view, the term of prison and the privation of civil rights included in the sentence are disproportionate, as the former is based on the minimum sentence which could be given, and the latter on the maximum. This gives credit to the belief that the judges, as politicians, consciously or unconsciously, obeyed the impulse to try to suppress, in Nunzio Nasi, a dangerous competitor for the Premiership. Therefore the sentence of the Italian Senate, instead of representing, as it was hoped, the end of a sinister period in the Parliamentary life of the young kingdom, may have further and graver consequences. In many parts there is clamour for the opening of inquiries in all the departments of the State, to prove that they are, or are not, conducted better than that of Public Instruction under Nasi. Senators and deputies are petitioning the King to pardon the condemned ex-Minister, so that he may immediately re-occupy his post as member of Parliament. It is certain that Nasi's constituency will re-elect him unanimously, notwithstanding his having been deprived of civil rights. His election, of course, will be annulled, but this will only have the effect of rendering his partisans more fervid. His successive elections will become more and more of a plebiscite. The short Italian Parliamentary history, counting only sixty years of existence, furnishes plenty of examples of the kind.

Independently of this, one of the strangest manifestations after the sentence condemning Signor Nasi was the petition from many members of Parliament to the King to pardon him. The right of pardon is, according to the Italian Constitution, one of the prerogatives of the Crown. But usage has established that it is only exercised when asked for by the accused through the regular channels, and supported by the Cabinet in the person of the Minister of Grace and Justice. The initiative, taken in this case by a considerable number of members of Parliament, the day after the sentence issued by the High Court, may therefore even be taken as a slight on the Senate, the members of which decided that Signor Nasi was guilty of peculation by 78 votes against 23, and agreed on the punishment to be inflicted upon him by 98 votes against three.

The ugliest feature of the whole case is that a large number of Sicilians, the fellow-islanders of Signor Nasi, believe in good faith that he was accused, tried, and condemned only for political revenge, and to get rid of a danger-

ous rival. They, in other words, think that the Deputy of Trapani was destined through his intelligence, culture, and political ability soon to become Premier of Italy, and that his enemies fabricated the case to destroy him and remove an obstacle to their ambitions. This situation re-awakened in the Sicilians all their always latent feeling of antagonism to and independence of the Continent. Their demonstrations, in fact, are marked by cries of "Down with the Italian Government," and headed by red flags as fore-runners of the future Sicilian Republic.

In fact, in the whole Nasi affair there has not been a touch of anti-Sicilian animosity. Nasi's first and strongest accuser was a Sicilian, Baron Saporito. Even this, from another point of view, was not favourable to a clear and equanimitous judgment of the case, as Nasi and Saporito, being the heads of two conflicting factions in their native island, were personal enemies. It is known that one of Baron Saporito's brothers was killed eight years ago, and that Signor Nasi and his friends were suspected of having instigated the murder.

The great body of Signor Nasi's supporters base their defence of him on the fact that he is no worse than former Ministers, and that if he were to be condemned, the others should also be punished. Otherwise he would be the scape-goat of a system to which the sentence of the High Court was not likely to put an end. Their contention was not entirely irrational. No one could say that Signor Nasi was dishonest in order to enrich himself or his family. He was the most typical representative of the Southern temperament in the Chamber. To brilliant intelligence and fascinating eloquence he joined indomitable ambition and unbounded audacity. The trial has shown only part of what in Italy many knew, that he, the first time as simple Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, was planning means for his country to exercise political influence in Tunis, and then, as Minister of Public Instruction, was organising scientific expeditions, which, in his mind, should have led to the occupation of Tripoli by Italy. This over-estimation of his power, which is a thoroughly Southern characteristic, manifested itself in all his acts as Minister, leading to a complete indifference to all control and administrative ties.

In such a frame of mind, he could not understand how a man once Minister should not be allowed to dispense favours right and left to his friends, and should maintain himself within the limits of the appropriation established by Parliament and spend it in the prescribed manner, when, as he said, he was convinced that in serving his own interests he was at the same time serving those of his country. From this misconception of his power, which one of the witnesses at the trial called "an imperialistic feeling," came all his misfortunes. While Minister, most of the subsidies, pecuniary encouragement, indemnities, &c., which he distributed went to the city of Trapani, his birth-place and constituency, and to persons often bound to him either by ties of blood or by ties of party. Where, however, his colossal vanity appeared most tangibly was in the printing and binding of 34,000 volumes containing his speeches, and in 67,900 visiting cards, all, of course, at the expense of the State. In the same way he could not understand why, if something was lacking to the adornment in his private apartment, it should not be supplied by the State. He even went so far as to have put down in the accounts of official expenses some entirely private expenditure by his son, and the cost of photographing his daughter. This recalls the manoeuvre of another politician, Minister of Agriculture, who had the pictures of several lady friends put down in the State accounts as "photographs of animals useful to agriculture."

The ex-Minister of Public Instruction, perhaps, was not personally responsible for all that was done in his name. But there is no doubt that he, more than any other member of the Cabinet since the institution of Parliamentary government in Italy, personified the most complete disregard of all rules of good administration and of obedience to the dictates of Parliament. More than his arguments, more than his eloquent orations, his best defence was the insignificant value of some of the objects which he appropriated or misdirected from their proper uses. He insisted on being judged not by the ordinary courts but by the Senate in High Court of Justice, and he fled from Italy

to avoid what he, like all his Southern fellows, dread more than anything else, the imprisonment before trial, which weakens the system and prevents a proper organisation of the defence. Now, however, practically all agree that he made a mistake, as a jury of the people would never have condemned him, on the ground that there were others who were just as guilty as he. It must be remembered that for this same reason Commendator Tanlongo and the other accused in the Banca Romana scandals were absolved.

Out of the Nasi scandal and trial good will undoubtedly come, as it will tend to equalise the moral sense of the South with that of the North. It will represent a kind of brake on the ambition of all Ministers, who, in Italy, as in most of the Latin countries, are inclined to consider their career not as a public trust, and as a mission for the prosperity of the country, but as a pedestal for their ambitious dreams or their economic aggrandisement.—Yours, &c.,

SALVATORE CORTESI.

Rome, February 28th, 1908.

The Drama.

A PARABLE OF ENGLAND.

MR. BARRIE was not present at the Duke of York's Theatre on Monday night; if he had been, he might, being a modest man, have been surprised at the extreme warmth of the reception of the revival of "The Admirable Crichton." He need not have been surprised, for since Mr. Barrie wrote his satirical parable of modern England, a school of reflective, critical playwrights have arisen, and fully established their influence over the stage, limited as in the nature of things it must be. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Barker, Mr. St. John Hankin, are all known and appraised, and even the vulgarity and emptiness of our theatrical season cannot now pass unseasoned by their work. The great actor-entertainers—the Trees, Alexanders, Wallers—do not want them. But they in their turn are no longer wanted by æsthetic, intellectual London, in the sense in which Sir Henry Irving was necessary to the more sensitive and highly trained playgoers of the "eighties."

To this upward movement of the theatrical world Mr. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" has powerfully contributed. In England you can never be quite sure that anybody perceives anything. But Mr. Barrie, having cut himself free of his besetting prettiness and Scottish humorousness, and applying the charming and nimble movement of his mind to seeing things as they are, has produced something which, like "Gulliver's Travels," and all pictures of truth embodied in a tale, appeals both by its native grace and power to please, and by its ability to make people think, as well as laugh or feel. From the maze of silliness, sly sensuality, and padded dressmakers' romance, of which nine-tenths of current dramatic work is made up, this play is marked out by its sweetness of tone, by its intellectuality, slight but genuine, and by the author's power to put his finger on an ailment in modern life. Mr. Barrie is no Swift; coming to our own days, he wants Mr. Shaw's intellectual ruthlessness for social idols, and Mr. Galsworthy's ironic commiseration for those who suffer by them. But he has qualities that make him a more acceptable teacher than they for a great number of people who are vaguely concerned about life, and, discerning that something is wrong, would like to be shown the way out.

In "The Admirable Crichton" Mr. Barrie has chosen a singularly pregnant theme, the old theme of Inequality, on which Arnold preached to us so long, and to such deaf ears. For Inequality is England's especial vice and weakness. Politically, it is modified a little; socially, in the structure of our ideas and institutions, it persists as if it could never be uprooted. All its consequences—royalty-worship, rank-worship, wealth-worship, convention-worship, general inefficiency-worship—seem to grow even under the forms of democracy, and to make us more a nation of snobs than ever. Mr. Barrie, who is a Scotsman, able to penetrate the veil of our English self-satisfaction, looks at this feeling

very shrewdly. The nation in which caste rules, necessarily makes masters of some of its weakest men, flunkies of its strongest. A good deal of southern England is possessed by what Mr. Shaw calls this "soul of a servant," that is to say, by a society in which competent helpful people, finding no career of true eminence open to them, find comfort and security in looking after the weak-minded folk who are set over them, and cannot be deposed. Happy thought! Illustrate this peculiarity of ours, this refusal to open careers to the talents, by the servants' hall in a nobleman's family. Show the Butler who would be (and was) King, the Lord who, in a return to nature, or to natural opportunity, could not even scour the true King's plates, and can only play silly tunes for his amusement. By this means Mr. Barrie brings his subject home to all our businesses and bosoms. Many there be among our middle or upper classes that on a desert island, where life becomes direct and simple, would be as hopelessly, and as rightfully, under their servants' thumbs as was the Earl of Loam under that beneficent despot, "The Admirable Crichton."

All this, therefore, is of the true material of comedy. Mr. Barrie shows what life with us is, and what it might be, seen through the bright mirror of a gay fancy. "Dinner irrespective of work," says society in Mayfair; "No work, no dinner," says society on the desert island, where the Butler King sits smoking calmly by the fire *he* has lit, and the food *he* has cooked, and waits for the little army of "detrimentials"—proud lords and fine ladies, and curates whose "bowling breaks both ways"—to creep back to them and to his feet. But this in itself would not have made the satire complete or sufficiently suggestive. The Butler King must round off his conquest. He must both "spare the conquered and beat down the proud." He must win the hearts and tame the wills of all his old masters and mistresses—make them grovel for his favours, and bow to his kiss. He must turn these listless bored beings, who fall asleep after dinner, into willing helpers of one another, all stepping into their proper places in a society where each kind of talent gets the economic and social reward proper to it, and no more, where the man rules who is fit to rule, and yet knows how to be a servant of all, and those obey whose small talents and usefulness are necessarily ordered and controlled by a benevolent "superman." On the island, therefore, everybody is happy, for everything is according to nature. Inequality still rules, but through the appropriate use of powers, not the waste and abuse of them. The Earl of Loam is content because Crichton rewards him with an egg for breakfast, as nurses reward good children. Lady Mary is content because she can win a love that fills her heart. Crichton is content because he can be a man at last. And then our playwright must show that all this is a dream, a show; that these things may happen on a desert island, but not in England, in London, where we have Houses of Lords, eldest sons, proprietries, class-marriages, good form, and self-deception about democracy. There our natural Kings must be Butlers, and our Queens "Tweenies" if they can be nothing else; the return to nature, or even such plausible suggestions of it as Revolutionary or Napoleonic France devised, can never take place. Such a society, says Mr. Barrie to us, is stronger than our strong men. It changes, devitalises them. "Don't lose your courage," cries Lady Mary, the "Polly" of the island, to her Butler-King, whom she leaves, with much *sangfroid*, to his consoling "Tweeny." But Crichton has lost his courage. He will make a little money at his public-house under the sign "The Case is Altered," still believing in "inequality," and possibly voting Tory with Lord Loam at the General Election. But he will not be an upstanding man again.

I have made a slight analysis of a delightful little fable, which is all the better for having the true fabular "sting in the tail." I have only to add that it is worked out, as its friends know, with great dramatic sharpness and precision—nothing could be better than the fireside scene, and the dancing scene, interrupted by the booming of the ship's gun—and is played with verve and energy.

M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By admitting the principle of contracting-out, Mr. McKenna has at least cleared the issues. We shall at least know which schools are public, and which private; where religious tests are legitimate, and where illegal. Under the present Bill—

(1) Every parent obtains a statutory right to have his child educated in a free, publicly-managed school.

(2) Religious tests are made absolutely illegal in all public elementary schools.

(3) The education authorities are relieved from a very real responsibility for schools over which they have no real control.

(4) The administration is freed from the inevitable friction, suspicion, and jobbery involved in Clause IV. of the Bill of 1906.

(5) The difficulty of single-school areas is frankly faced, and the country saved from the educational danger of duplicating small, inefficient schools.

(6) Martyrdom is reduced to a matter of £ s. d. The genuine martyrs who for the last five years have been maintaining their schools without a penny of public money—as for instance at St. Peter's, London Docks, will now have their sufferings largely, if not wholly, relieved.

(7) Generous terms are offered to those trustees who voluntarily or compulsorily transfer their schools to the public. They can require the education authority to provide unsectarian religious teaching during school hours, and can claim every facility out of school hours to provide sectarian teaching for those who prefer it.

I know the weight of authority against contracting-out. Lord Stanley and Mr. Acland speak by general consent with unrivalled authority on all that concerns public education, and both are known to be bitterly opposed to any form of contracting-out. But in spite of obvious dangers, it does undeniably offer a possible and intelligible basis for compromise and settlement.

On the other hand, in the Bill as drafted, there are two or three flaws, which, if they are allowed to remain, may well wreck the Bill or gravely impair its value.

(1) The definition of a "single school parish" (clause 3 (6)) would exclude a large proportion of the schools which are apparently intended. Both parties admit that there are districts where there is only one school, and where for educational reasons there ought to be only one school. In these areas all parents must use the same school, and that school should be a public school. But such areas occur in "urban districts" as well as in "rural districts," and even civil parishes are often so large and so scattered that one parish may include several single-school areas. The term "school" is itself ambiguous. Single departments are technically termed schools.

I venture to suggest that the phrase "single-school area" should be substituted, and defined as "any area where, in the opinion of the Board of Education, it is undesirable for educational reasons that a second school should be built."

(2) The uniform grant has the merit of simplicity, but, I think, no other. In some districts it will be excessive, in others it will be quite inadequate, if the standard of efficiency is to be maintained.

Taking the last Blue-book (Cd. 3,886), we find the following typical cases:—

Area	Attendance.	Cost of		Cost per
		Maintenance.	Head.	
		£	s.	d.
London	658,122	2,778,693	84	5
Essex (area under C. C.)	62,038	164,815	53	3
Derbyshire (area under C. C.)	79,947	190,051	47	8

(In Essex and Derby the boroughs are excluded, and only the area under the County Council taken into account. Capital expenditure is excluded.)

To these apply a uniform grant of 47s. plus special grants, say 48s. a head, and we see that in London a grant of 48s. would leave on an average 36s. a head to be found by fees or subscriptions. In Essex 5s. a head only would

be needed. In Derbyshire there would actually be a surplus to divide among the schools.

But these are wide areas. The actual variation from school to school would be far greater. In London the deficit might be very considerably greater. In Derbyshire the surplus would often be much more.

Such a proposal seems to me indefensible. I am aware that the standard of the Board of Education is elastic, and that the children have always been sacrificed where necessary to the managers. The report from which I am quoting shows that last year the annual grant was only refused in the case of one department in all England! But the meaning of Clause 2 (2) c. should be that the same conditions of efficiency as are required in public elementary schools shall be required in these private schools too; and, if so, their cost of maintenance should not be greatly different from that of other schools in the same district. If so, the grant also should bear some relation to the general cost; and I would willingly see it fixed at not more than four-fifths of the general cost of maintenance in the district, provided that the remaining fifth were contributed by *bonâ-fide* voluntary effort, from which I would exclude endowments and fees.

I think, too, that we should insist upon the same standard of salaries in voluntary and public schools. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered to accept such a proposal two years ago.

The result of a proportionate grant would be to exterminate the inefficient schools. The result of a uniform grant is likely to be the extermination of the most efficient.

(3) But there is another reason why a certain proportion of *bonâ-fide* voluntary support should be required. Without it, and with a fixed grant, there is grave danger of a series of 6d. and 9d. schools arising, supported entirely by fees and grants, and appealing solely to the very detestable but very real desire in every class for social exclusiveness. The average cost of maintenance throughout England, excluding London, is well under 60s. a head. Even in great towns, such as Sheffield and Leeds, that cost is barely exceeded. A fixed grant of 48s. with a 6d. fee would produce 70s.; with a 9d. fee it would produce 80s.

For these reasons I hope to see the uniform grant withdrawn and a proportionate grant substituted, together with stringent conditions of efficiency. I confess I should like to see this grant paid through the local education authority, and (subject to appeal to the Board of Education) made subject to its control and discretion. After all, the local authority must be responsible for the organisation of the education of its whole district. Even though the rates were to some extent involved, I would defy Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hirst Hollowell, and spend them. But this is a wider question, and I have trespassed more than abundantly on your space.—Yours, &c.,

Loughton, March 3rd, 1908.

G. L. BRUCE.

THE NEW BOTANY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am an old-fashioned botanist, of the kind described in your issue of February 29th, and have spent many happy days in "carefully collecting, drying, and naming wild plants"; and I could show you some 2,000 or 3,000 British specimens "neatly fastened to sheets of paper" by my sister and myself. Our father and mother were both addicted to the same pursuit, and so were both our grandfathers.

Of the second kind of botanical study which you describe I know nothing, and have no idea whatever of the substance or identity of either "prosenchyma" or "parenchyma." But when you begin to speak of a plant as "a living creature," and of its relation to its surroundings, I feel myself in the forefront, instead of hopelessly behind, the times. The chief botanical field-work of our family was done in the neighbourhood of the great Craven Fault, in the West Riding, and it was quite commonplace knowledge with us that such and such plants grew only on limestone, and others only on millstone grit, while the slate occurring here and there in patches produced yet another distinct "association." My mother would often tell, from the plants we

brought home, in which direction we had been hunting for specimens. Occasionally on these hills there is a vein or lode of lead near the surface, and we learned from our grandfather (who was born in 1793) how to distinguish these patches. There, and nowhere else, were found two distinctive plants: *Thlaspi alpestre*, Linn. var. *occitanum* (Jord.), and *Arenaria verna*, Linn. Both are rare plants, but associate together abundantly in these circumscribed spaces, where they can feed upon the lead so necessary to their being.

Thus you will see that the "New Botany," like some other "new" things, is not altogether a novelty after all. I am delighted to learn that this "new" fascinating form of an old fascinating study is being pursued and made use of.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCES P. LOOSMORE.

38, Wellington Street, Blackburn,
March 1st, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May a dilettante student of natural objects thank you for your very suggestive article last week under this heading, and express a hope that you will one day follow it up with more? The idea of plant association is one that cannot have failed to strike everyone who walks about the country with eyes in his head, and if worked out by modern scientific methods, can hardly fail to affect all plant cultivation, whether economical or ornamental. Long ago, noticing that the grass you speak of (which is much the same as the "couch" detested of gardeners) grew freely in those parts of my own garden (on the "Bagshot beds" of North-west Surrey) which had been left uncultivated, I was led to introduce the wild hyacinth among it, and the experiment succeeded quite well. My garden is full of birches, and beside almost every birch a holly has established itself, not always, I must admit, to its own best advantage. Still, they live and grow. Again, the common cow-parsley grows freely under elms, scantily, if at all, under oaks. I know a lane with elms on one side and oaks on the other. Go there a couple of months hence, and you will see one side clad with the spray-like blossoms, over the delicately cut foliage, of the humble *umbellifer*, while the other side is quite differently adorned.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. B.

March 4th, 1908.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LORDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Licensing Bill, the Education Bill, and all Liberal measures are subject to a great deal of work, and then the Lords may be expected to do the usual thing. But the criticism of these measures in the country weakens the party now in power, and causes electoral defeats. Why should the farce go on? The sooner the people are called upon to vote on a definite Bill for the abolition of the Lords' veto the better. We may lose if the people like the system, but a weak Protectionist Government during a time of bad trade and Irish discontent, accompanied by the rumbling of Socialism, would not be quite so bad as ploughing sand. The Lords yield to fear, but they may get stronger if the tactics of Mr. Balfour go on too far. Suppose we have an attempt to give the country a sample of Messrs. Chaplin and Chamberlain's Tariff mixture, which is to wipe out the income tax, and provide social reform, and increased wages with employment for all out of work. The difficulties which our Government are struggling against are not of our making. Why should the Liberal Party be called upon to leave a handsome surplus for the Tories to spend as they always do, in filling the pockets of their friends? Is it a fact that once the taxes are put on, it is so difficult to get them off again? The Corn Tax was put on and taken off, and our dependence on foreign supplies would make the Tariff professors exceedingly careful, or revolution might be the consequence. If we must have the Lords, a weak Tory Government and a strong united Free Trade Opposition is preferable.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN HILL.

Leamington, February 29th, 1908.

"THE SUFFRAGISTS AND THE LAW."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, W. M. C., writing on "The Suffragists and the Law," criticises the action taken by the arrested Suffragists in the police court. He expresses surprise that fifty of these women submitted their interests to the hustling of the prosecution and allowed themselves to be proceeded against as mere rowdies.

Allow me to explain that it does not rest with the Suffragists themselves to choose the manner in which the authorities shall proceed against them. In sending the deputation of thirteen persons to the House of Commons, we challenged the authorities to put into operation against us the Act of Charles II. Had they done so, there would have been a trial in the High Court and the accused would have had the opportunity of laying all the facts of the case before the Court. The prosecution decided, however, once more to attempt to mislead the public by treating the purely political offence of the Suffragists as a street brawl.

Those who are familiar with police-court procedure will understand how difficult, nay, impossible, it was for our friends to make an adequate statement of their case. The fact that the majority of them were not defended by a solicitor or counsel made no difference. One of the women was so represented, yet she shared the fate of her colleagues. It may be that on future occasions the members of our Union will have the benefit of a fair trial, but in any case, as your correspondent's letter itself proves, the public are on the way to understand, in spite of misrepresentation, that the militant Suffragists are not wanton disturbers of the peace, but are public-spirited women taking what they believe to be necessary action in the interests of public liberty.—Yours, &c.,

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

February 29th, 1908.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One of the objects of the Women's Liberal Association is to press forward the question of the Parliamentary Enfranchisement of Women. This, in fact, is the only item on their agenda which, peculiarly, refers to women in politics.

It is the duty of the Liberal Government to carry out the reform of enfranchising women at as early a date as possible, because, in the House, there is a majority pledged to support Women's Suffrage. It also behoves a Liberal Government to do so, because of their avowed fundamental principle that taxation without representation is tyranny, and they indignantly repudiate the charge of being tyrants. Women cannot wait until all other Liberal reforms are carried, because they have already waited too long, and their need is doubly pressing, for, in addition to the franchise, Liberal women likewise demand the same reforms as Liberal men. Many of them are quite as much against a State Church and Tariff Reform as any Nonconformist or Free Trader. If there are women who declare themselves Liberals first and women second, there are also many others who are first and foremost women and second Liberals. The bye-election policy of the Suffragists has in different places made Liberal women reflect and, in more than one instance, Liberal women have left these Associations because they felt that until they had a vote they were merely doormats of the party for which they worked. Daily there are being added recruits to the Non-party Suffrage societies as, by this policy alone, women have come to see that their enfranchisement will be obtained. Women who are keen on the question of Woman's Suffrage are working at present for the removal of sex disability in political matters, and their demand is that the Parliamentary Franchise be granted to women on the same terms as it now is, or may be later, granted to men. No other measure will satisfy them.

In conclusion, I would only add, as a *ci-devant* Liberal woman, formerly a member of a Liberal Women's Committee and treasurer of a Liberal Women's Association, that with others I left the W.L.A. because of the reactionary policy advocated in your paper by "Woman Liberal." During the past year throughout the country Liberal women made it a point at their meetings to disavow all dealings

with the Suffragists, and made gratuitous apologies for the militant tactics.

In answer to the last question of "Woman Liberal," the indifferent majority enfranchised at the demand of an earnest minority would become less indifferent when they exercised their vote, and in the words of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, on Friday, February 28th, "the power to vote would stimulate their activities in a thousand ways and would improve their present status, especially in the industrial world," and that is the opinion of a non-fanatical supporter of the Women's Franchise Movement.—Yours, &c.,

ELIZ. B. S. WILKINSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 1st, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be allowed a little space to reply to the letter of "Woman Liberal" in your last issue? I felt as I read it immensely sorry for the poor writer. She suggests that every right-minded Liberal woman should be a Liberal before she is a woman. I have yet to learn that babies are born little Liberals or little Tories, and I think I know something about babies. I always found them born little girls or little boys, very hard to differentiate wholly from each other for some years to come, as the Liberalism, or whatever it was to be, seldom came till after their teens. I am afraid I think a woman who is a Liberal first is not a true woman, and can have no real mother's heart, whose first need in life is to gather all helpless little ones into her arms. I am afraid the poor lady who wrote that letter has missed the inner meaning of the woman's struggle to-day. The struggle is so powerful; frail and delicate women fling themselves against giant policemen, even against House of Commons walls, as a wren does when her nest is attacked; because somehow, we hardly know how, a renewed hope has arisen, a fire has been lit, and has now got to be kept alight till the end. Women have had a glimpse of what their power might be if they used it openly and honestly, letting the truth that is in them find expression, and they are asking that they shall be freed to help and to heal and to save, as they know wise legislation can help them to do. They have begun in earnest to believe that their desires to help their race are no longer to be hemmed in by powerlessness and disability of political non-responsibility.

I was converted to Woman Suffrage forty years ago by John Stuart Mill himself in person, and at first respectable old Suffragists like myself were taken aback by the fiery vehemence of the younger blood that suddenly boiled up in our midst. But now we understand, and we are only too thankful a new fire is alight, and know we shall be fools and worse unless we keep it alight with all the power that is in us. Forty years we worked away patiently, now and then with a cry of hope deferred; year after year men have said to us, "Wait just a little longer, till this or that reform is carried," and we have waited times out of number. Now we see we have been too patient; we have been unwisely unselfish; we have even fallen into the unnatural position of being Liberals rather than women. And when sometimes we have made a strong forward movement, we were hampered by the backsliding of feebler ones in our ranks. Only latterly a once useful political woman receded from the Women's Liberal Federation because she thought they made too much point of the suffrage. They were selfish over it; other things were more important on the Liberal programme. She made a most pitiful speech, appealing to others to back her, but the womanly hearts she spoke to were true, and would have none of it. They voted against her in overwhelming numbers, and she went away and left us to help a man get into Parliament who had always said he was an enemy to votes for women, and actively organised opposition in the House to Mr. Stanger's Bill. That poor woman of unclear vision may feel some remorse now; with her lips she still says she believes in the suffrage, with her hand she works against.

And now it is ours to honour and to back the brave women who have made the bold forward move. As we listen to Mrs. Billington-Grieg or Christabel Pankhurst, or that exquisite little orator, Mrs. Philip Snowden, who speaks straight and simply from a true and single heart, we see that they and the others are heroines. Comic papers and "Punch" influence us very much just now; if "Punch"

were not missing the inner meaning of the struggle, we should see in his pages the "Suffragette" not as a screaming woman, but as a strong and forcible and beautiful Joan of Arc, doing nobler work than Joan of Arc did, for she drove out the foreign invader, and these would work to heal wounds of some souls and bodies, here and now, and close round their own doorsteps.—Yours, &c.,

March 3rd, 1908.

E. C.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The attitude of your correspondent, "Liberal Woman," on the above subject appears to me one more illustration of the paralysing effect on women of their exclusion from active and responsible political life. Professing the conviction that qualified women should be enfranchised, she yet occupies two columns of *THE NATION* in setting forth reasons why they should do nothing to urge their claims upon the Government. The arguments used are for the most part of the "well-worn and worm-eaten" variety, and instances are given of the enormity of being "woman first and Liberal after," as if Woman Suffrage were an anti-Liberal doctrine. One's own experience is that the most truly democratic Liberal woman is the keenest Suffragist, and the assertion that "fully fifty per cent. of Conservative women" are anti-suffrage would seem to confirm this view.

We are told the Government should not be "worried" because they are not pledged. And why are they not pledged? Simply because Suffragists have been too timid hitherto—too "loyal"—to insist on pledges with the same determination as men. Lacking the power of the vote, they must now bring pressure to bear on the Government in every legitimate way open to them. They are told their cause must be "submitted to the whole electorate." How can this be accomplished unless women can prevail upon the Government to include the suffrage in the official party programme, so that it may come before the country in leading speeches and in the Press? Women are too heavily handicapped to rely solely on methods of quiet education and peaceful persuasion of individuals. They realise that "Spade-work" alone will not win any great reform.

We have now won a frank admission from leading members of the Government that women's claim to the vote is just and right, that "so far as argument is concerned, the victory is won." Is this, then, a time to relax the urgency of that claim? Should we not be pressing for the logical and well-earned fruits of that victory? In reply to your correspondent's question to Liberal women, I know many who would join me in asking, "Is it in accordance with political wisdom" that any duly qualified members of the community should be denied the rights of citizenship and so converted into bitter and irritated opponents of the Government? Or "is it in accordance with political morality" that a Government professedly based on democratic principles and admitting the justice and rightness of Woman Suffrage should continue to refuse a pledge that it will deal with this question, or at least admit it as an item of the Liberal programme?—Yours, &c.,

March 2nd, 1908.

EMILY ASHTON.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me respectfully to point out that it is neither correct nor wise to use the word "Austria" as you sometimes do, when both Austria and Hungary are intended?

These two independent States are absolutely equal in rank, and each has an equal voice in the settlement of those affairs which, by treaty, they have decided to carry jointly.

The Ministers for the common affairs have to submit their proposals separately to the Austrian and to the Hungarian Delegations.

These two Committees separately consider the proposals, and, having no legislative power whatever, eventually report thereon to their respective Parliaments. The supreme power to accept or to reject the reports of the Delegations rests with the two Parliaments—with the Hungarian as much as with the Austrian.

Why, then, should Hungary always be ignored?

You may be surprised to hear that the two Delegations have only once assembled in the same building, and that was in 1880, and on that occasion, both the Austrian and the Hungarian Presidents presided!

While there is legal provision that such meetings may be held, the practice, in case of disagreement, now is for a sub-committee of four members from each Delegation to meet and try to arrive at an understanding. If they fail to agree, for instance, as to the amount of money or the number of men or ships to be provided, then the lowest figures which have been mentioned are taken as those to be recommended for adoption by the Delegations, who in turn submit them for legalisation, or otherwise, to the two Parliaments.

The consent of the two Parliaments is absolutely necessary, as neither the one nor the other alone can carry on the business of the two States.

The statement in "The Statesman's Year Book," which conflicts with the above, will be altered in the new edition.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. SHREBSOLE.

173, Brownhill Road,
Catford, London, S.E.

March 1st, 1908.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one who is lucky enough to read both "The National Review" and "The Observer" it gives me no little satisfaction to see the high esteem in which the editors of those two journals hold each other. Thus in the current number of "The National Review" Mr. Maxse tells us that "The Observer" "is edited by one of the keenest political intellects in the country." The last issue of "The Observer" replies in kind. "It would not be too much to say," we read, "that the 'National Review,' under the editorship of Mr. Leo Maxse, has become not only the most vital and virile, but the most famous and quoted among all monthly magazines in the world." Happy the country and fortunate the cause served by two journals of such outstanding perfection.—Yours, &c.,

NATIONAL OBSERVER.

Chiswick, March 1st, 1908.

Poetry.

THE AWAKENING.

ONCE she woke to fairy-land,
Now she wakes to grief,
All the golden days are gone,
Lost by time—the thief.

Once she sprang to meet the dawn,
Now so loth to rise;
She to greet the coming day
Opens heavy eyes.

Singing bird and budding trees,
Bloom of rose unfurled,
All her hopes are far from these
In the under-world.

What for her the upper-earth?
Lone she wanders here.
Silent in the underground
They who held her dear;

In the happy night they rise,
Each beloved face;
Phantoms circling by her couch
Hold her in embrace.

See! she springs to meet the day,
Up with eager breath,
Then remembering, prays for sleep,
Sleep so like to death.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THROUGH the industry and piety of Mr. W. M. Rossetti we have already a mass of information about the gifted family of which he is a member. The number of books upon the subject is shortly to be increased by the publication of "The Letters of Christina Rossetti," which Messrs. Brown, Langham & Co. have in the press. The book will contain some hitherto unpublished letters by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, but is chiefly composed of letters addressed by Christina Rossetti to the members of her own family. Literary matters and also religious convictions form an element in the correspondence, though its chief constituent is the family affection which was so large a factor in Christina Rossetti's character. Mr. W. M. Rossetti contributes notes which form connecting links between the letters, so that the book will be a valuable supplement to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Life." Some of Christina Rossetti's verdicts on literary and artistic questions are characteristic of her temperament. Thus she writes to her brother, "I hope you like Mme. D'Arblay in moderation: we both do. The 'Arabian Nights' is far above my praise." When the "Eminent Women" Series was projected she wrote "Mrs. Fry I would gladly try at, nor do I fancy I should find Lady Augusta Stanley insurmountable: I should decline the two Georges (George Sand and George Eliot), and prefer leaving Miss Martineau." The following extract is taken from a letter written to her by Mr. Swinburne accompanying two copies of his volume 'A Century of Roundels.'

"If the references to Dante and Farinata à propos of caverns in Guernsey seem strange or far-fetched to you, I wish you—as a poetess, and his country-woman—would go and see that wonderful sight for yourself, which I have so faintly tried to indicate. It is amazing to me that so few English folk will trouble themselves to make so short a run to see within their own territory landscapes and prospects to which I really know no parallel—not even in the Highlands, the Apennines, or the Pyrenees—for splendour and variety of sublimity and beauty. Nowhere else, that I ever saw or heard of, is there such a sea for background to such shores—or such land for background to such seas—as in Sark and Guernsey. Watts said of the latter, when we were roaming over it last year—'I did not think there was such an island as this in the world!' It has literally every kind of loveliness and grandeur packed into it—you step as it were out of the Hebrides into Tuscany in a few miles' walk—or you pass from the valleys of the Spey or the ravine of the Findhorn straight into Valdarno or Valdesa. And, if you don't believe me on trust, all I can say is, do go and see, and give these almost unknown beauties a word of song—as I have tried to do."

"THE Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake," which Messrs. Watts & Co. are to publish early next month, should prove a biography of uncommon value and interest. Apart from his active share in the Co-operative Movement and his work as a secularist teacher and lecturer, the story of Holyoake's life takes us behind the scenes of many of the great agitations on behalf of social reform during the past century. He was a follower of Robert Owen, a worker in the moderate wing of the Chartist body, the secretary of the Committee that organised Garibaldi's British Legion, and he helped to abolish the stamp-duty on newspapers and the travelling tax. We understand that the book will throw fresh light of importance upon the debated question of Garibaldi's sudden flight from England in 1864, as well as upon Orsini's attempt on the life of Napoleon III. Its main interest, however, lies in home politics, for Holyoake's life illustrates in a peculiar way the process by which the Utopian dreams of Place and the early Chartists settled down into the practical ideals advocated by the Radical and Labour Parties of our own day.

FROM the same publishers we are to have Mr. A. W. Benn's "Modern England: A Record of Opinion and Action from the Time of the French Revolution to the Present Day." Mr. Benn's aim has been to bring into prominence those general tendencies by which social changes are ultimately determined, and he attempts to show that there is no adequate basis for many historical judgments now widely held. For instance, the services rendered to good government by the philosophical Radicals, have, in Mr. Benn's

opinion, been strangely overlooked even by their special historians, such as Sir Leslie Stephen, while Professor Dicey, in his book on "Law and Opinion," has exaggerated the part given to individualism and *laissez-faire* in the philosophy of Bentham and his school. Mr. Benn also takes the view that the credit for philanthropic legislation so freely given by modern Tories to the Tory Party at the expense of the Whigs and Radicals is totally unjustified. Canning comes in for high praise. "He has not yet received anything like his due meed of recognition as a 'hero of the nations,' and the same applies with even greater force to Canning's true successor, Palmerston." "The serious errors that mark Palmerston's closing years have somewhat clouded his reputation. But they are errors inspired by the same noble love of justice and freedom which, together with a patriotism more antique than modern, was the moving principle of his whole political career." This view finds undoubted support in the recent volumes of Queen Victoria's "Letters," which go far to rehabilitate Palmerston as a great Foreign Minister and a very powerful friend of European freedom.

THE present year will see the publication of at least three new books by Mr. H. G. Wells. A study of social conditions called "New Worlds for Old" was issued last week by Messrs. Constable; "The Pall Mall Magazine" is publishing "The War in the Air," a remarkable anticipation of the devastating power which the development of aerial navigation is certain to bring with it; and another journal has secured the serial rights of "Tono Bungay," a new novel which, we understand, Mr. Wells considers to be his best work. The hero of the story makes a fortune out of the sale of a patent medicine.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is at work on a romantic story based upon the Druce case. A list of the novels which have been inspired by famous legal trials would be a curious one. The Tichborne case, although providing excellent material for the novelist, does not seem to have given rise to any work of outstanding merit.

STUDENTS of the drama will be glad to hear that Mrs. Dowden, whose skill as a translator was shown in the fine rendering of Goethe's "Iphigenie," published a few years ago, has just completed an English version of several of Franz Grillparzer's dramas. The famous Austrian poet is little known in this country, and it was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when their author was old and embittered by neglect, that his plays received recognition, even in Germany. Byron was one of the first Englishmen to recognise Grillparzer's genius. In his diary for 1821 he speaks of "the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they must learn to pronounce it"; and he adds that "Grillparzer is grand—antique—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern—too Madame de Staël, now and then—but altogether a great and goodly writer."

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan 2 vols. 24s. net.)
- "New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. (Constable. 6s.)
- "Letters of the Wordsworth Family, 1787 to 1855." Compiled and Edited by William Knight. (Ginn. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)
- "A History of Modern Liberty." Vol. III. The Struggle with the Stuarts. By James Mackinnon. (Longmans. 15s. net.)
- "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Manor and the Borough." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
- "English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Mediæval History." By Parl Vinogradoff. (Clarendon Press. 16s. net.)
- "The Socialist Movement in England." By Brougham Villiers. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Man who was Thursday." By G. K. Chesterton. (Arrow-smith. 6s.)
- "Rachel Chalfont." By Sophie Cole. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "La Crête ancienne." Par R. P. Lagrange. (Paris. Lecoqfré. 8 fr.)
- "Mélanges et documents, publiés à l'occasion du 2e Centenaire de la mort de Mabilon." (Paris. Champion. 10 fr.)
- "Les Cervelines." Roman. Par Colette Yver. (Paris. Juven. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Märchen Dichtung der Romantiker." Von Rich. Benz. (Gotha: Perthes. M. 5.)

Reviews.

A SHELLEY AFFINITY.*

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL, who has given good gifts to lovers of our literature, now adds a new gift by the publication for the first time of forty-six letters of Shelley, written between June, 1811, and June, 1812, to Elizabeth Hitchener, which were printed for private circulation by Mr. Thomas J. Wise in 1900 in an edition consisting of only thirty copies. Mr. Dobell prefixes an interesting Introduction of fifty pages, and adds such notes as are necessary for the elucidation of the letters. Miss Hitchener, who had been a school-mistress, much respected and loved by her pupils, was still unmarried when in 1822 she published at the age of forty a topographical poem, "The Weald of Kent." We learn from Mr. Dobell that at some later date she married an officer in the Austrian service, and went abroad with him. "Before leaving this country she deposited with her solicitor, Mr. John Slack, the Shelley letters, together with transcripts of some of her own letters to him. These she never reclaimed, and Mr. Slack heard no more of her." With Mr. Slack's permission transcripts of the Shelley letters were made more than twenty years ago by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and again in 1896 by Mr. Wise. Their biographical value for the year in which Shelley married his first wife and was alienated from Hogg, his Oxford companion, is great.

They are, regarded from one point of view, as foolish letters as ever were written by an ardent boy; from a different point of view we can discern in them the possibilities of a poet or a martyr or a saint. The protoplasm from which a fool and that from which a man of genius—at least one type of man of genius—may afterwards be developed, are, at a certain stage, hardly distinguishable by the microscope. The molecular combination of carbon, oxygen, and their fellows, is, as the handbooks would tell us, highly complex and unstable. But we perceive, whatever may hereafter come of it, that the protoplasm is keenly responsive to external stimuli, and has a capacity of spontaneous movement. The man of genius whose head is capacious, like that of Edmund Burke, a head in which there is room not only for ideas, but for all their conditions and qualifications, will probably in boyhood as well as in maturity be very unlike a fool—Sancho Panza already rides in his brain behind Don Quixote. But many distinguished lovers and saints and martyrs and musicians and reformers of the world had brains exquisitely organised, but which did not, like Cuvier's weigh an inordinate number of grammes. Perhaps the protoplasm from which were individualised those cells afterwards evolved into what we know as St. Francis of Assisi (divine madman, full of the wisdom of love!), had it only an infinitesimal particle less of hydrogen, or a particle more of nitrogen, might have produced not St. Francis but Tom Noddy. Shelley's brain, at all events, was singularly small; but it was finely organised; it had room for the most vital and luminous ideas; only when these ideas asked for space to spread their wings, the qualifications and circumstances of the ideas had to withdraw, in order to make room for those bright and swift pinions.

In the logic of his conduct, and sometimes in the logic of his writings, the major premiss is often luminously true, and far above the apprehension of many men who are proud of what they call good sense. The minor premiss is often a hasty, unwarranted assumption. To be useful to one's species is a duty—that is an excellent major premiss. To rush over to Ireland and fling pamphlets from a balcony in Sackville Street at "likely" passers-by is to be useful to one's species—that is not quite so well ascertained a minor premiss. But once proved by the logic of nonage to be a duty, St. Percy Quixote instantly starts for Dublin, accompanied by Harriett, and the inevitable Eliza Westbrook, and with his pamphlets "excites," as he naively remarks, "a sensation of wonder in Dublin." There will always be persons who dismiss Shelley with a superior smile because his minor premiss was hastily caught out of the air; there will always be persons who honour him for his loyalty to his own logic, which started from so generous and just a

major premiss. Why should we not do both? And why should we not perceive that though wisdom comes slowly to a man who cannot easily and surely connect the abstract with the concrete, Shelley was steadily advancing up to the close towards the true and rare wisdom of sane enthusiasms?

In February, 1812, only one thing was needed to solve for ever the Irish problem, and, perhaps, from Dublin, as a centre of light, to regenerate Europe, to bring in the world's great age anew, and bid the golden years return—only one thing, the presence in Shelley's lodgings of another Eliza in addition to Eliza Westbrook—an Elizabeth not the sister of his wife but the "sister of his soul," whom mortals named Miss Hitchener. "Let us mingle," writes Shelley, "our identities inseparably, and burst upon tyrants with the accumulated impetuosity of our acquirements and resolutions. I am eager, firm, convinced." Was ever boy more absurd? Be it so; but in that sentence lay the germ of "Laon and Cythna" and in "Laon and Cythna" lay the promise of "The Triumph of Life." The blossom of wisdom in the boy Shelley, which lay wrapped in the sheath of folly, is to be found in the possibility of admiration, hope, and love, not yet well and wisely fixed, but capable of being so fixed when pain had matured the mind. The Elizabeth Hitchener to whom these letters are addressed was a huge Brocken shadow thrown on the mist-banks at sunrise, on which stalked also the monstrous shadows of kings and priests. It was a mist-bank of illusion; but the sunrise was a reality.

To this enormous Brocken shadow Shelley addresses himself in a style of writing, which, as Mr. Dobell observes, seems often modelled on the style of the worst Minerva press novels. The age of sensibility and of crude romance, before Scott had published Waverley, lay behind and around him, and the gaunt abstractions of revolutionary doctrine must be decked and bedizened in the cheap trappings of the time. Of amorous sentiment, in the common meaning of the word, there is none. Shelley is careful to assure his correspondent that such sentiment or such regard as a husband has for a wife is infinitely beneath the exalted feeling which binds him to the sister of his soul. It may be that Mr. Dobell is not far astray when he writes: "Few women desire to be admired for their intellect or talent, if that admiration is not conjoined with some regard for their persons; and I feel sure that Miss Hitchener would have been content if Shelley had rated her mental qualities much less highly, provided she could have flattered herself that love had at least a little share in attracting him towards her." Love in this sense there was none; that subordinate tribute to her youth, innocence, and beauty was received by Harriett. But in the play of brain with brain, though Shelley would have indignantly denied it, there is a charm of sex; and it may be questioned whether the spectre of the Brocken would have loomed quite so large if it had been that of a school-master of Hurstpierpoint and the son, not the daughter, of an ex-smuggler and the keeper of a public-house. Even the Saints have found more frequently exalted sisters than brothers of their souls. The sequel in the case of Shelley is well known—the disillusioning, towards which Harriett and Eliza Westbrook lent their assistance. The veiled glory of this lawless universe was transformed into the "Brown Demon." Shelley passed from one injustice to the opposite injustice—"My astonishment at my fatuity, inconsistency, and bad taste was never so great as after living for four months with her as an inmate. What would hell be were such a woman in heaven?" Poor Brown Demon, doubly wronged by admiration and by disdain!

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ABBE LOISY ON THE SYNOPTICS.*

THE religious, and especially the dogmatically religious mind, is curiously incapable of a cold impersonal criticism of a work in any way bearing on religion. Such work interests it as a clue to the author's unrevealed convictions, as a piece of evidence for an inquisitorial process. Numbers who have not the slightest interest or competence in New

* "Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener: Now first published." With an Introduction and Notes. London: Bertram Dobell. 5s. net.

* "Les Évangiles Synoptiques." Par Alfred Loisy. Two Vols. Chez l'Auteur. Ceffonds, Hte. Marne. 30 fr.

Testament criticism will rush eagerly to M. Loisy's weighty volumes on the Synoptic Gospels solely to find out what he personally believes about the Virgin Birth or the Resurrection, not what criticism thinks of those and a hundred other questions. He may repeat, till he is hoarse, that he writes *en savant*; that he applies a method which he did not invent, and draws conclusions for which the method is responsible and not he; that the only legitimate refutation of those conclusions is to attack the method or show that he has misapplied it. The former has been attempted by the authors of the "Encyclical Pascendi"—not very successfully. The latter, no doubt, will be attempted and with some measure of success by scholars who know that the method has come to stay. The coldest of critics—and M. Loisy is nothing if not cold—is not wholly free from some bias of feeling that determines his election where evidence is not coercive and where there is a choice of probabilities. Often, in the believer—and M. Loisy is nothing if not a believer—the fear of bias is itself a bias. Often coldness itself is as unfavourable to true intuition as intemperate warmth. Perhaps, too, M. Loisy is not above an understandable desire to make hide-bound orthodoxy wince. He would be the last to claim infallibility as a critic. He writes, not for believers, but for critics, and invites refutation in the interests of scientific truth. Theologians will say that he goes too far; critics may prove that he goes too fast. Undoubtedly he is nearer the extreme left than the extreme right. Wiser than more moderate and temporising theologians, the Encyclical perceives that this "more or less" is irrelevant; that the critical method, if allowed at all, must justify M. Loisy's distinction between faith-truth and history-truth with all its consequences.

For the unwary interviewer and his sort, that distinction means that faith can believe in an occurrence which history has disproved, or at least in one which history cannot prove. It really means that the same statement may stand for an event in history and for an event in the spiritual order; and that the truth of these events may sometimes be independent of one another. That Christ was the Son of God and was crucified for us are spiritual facts that depend on the historical facts (true equally for believer and infidel) of his existence and crucifixion. That "He rose again for our justification" is a spiritual fact which does not so necessarily depend on the historical fact of the empty tomb. Nothing, not even the testimony of an angel, can make an historical fact a matter of faith, or more than a presupposition of the interpretation which faith gives to it. Given the credible testimony of an angel, the Virgin Birth is as much a matter of historical knowledge, as little a matter of faith as is the Crucifixion—whether for believer or unbeliever. Only its spiritual interpretation could be matter of faith. If it needed no faith to see Christ ascending bodily into Heaven, can it need faith to know the fact through the testimony of others, be they men or angels, as we might know the history of Waterloo? Nothing more elementary; nothing more hopelessly forgotten—thanks to the ambiguity of the word "faith." Thus, miracles that first were matters of knowledge and arguments of faith, have now come to be matters of faith, with inexpressibly confusing results. It is for the critic to determine how much of the Gospel story is historical fact from which faith has drawn its spiritual truths; how much is historical fiction in which that faith has re-expressed itself, which is true for faith but not for history. Thus it is that M. Loisy defends his liberty as a critic, and reconciles it with his faith as a Catholic.

It is far too soon, even for experts, to pass any sort of critical judgment on a work of such extent and profundity. The summary of results would be less startling if it were placed and read after instead of before the investigations on which they are based. But for theologians who will not trouble about the latter the present arrangement is very convenient. Still, the proportion of authentic matter, especially as regards the discourses and parables of Christ, is very considerable; and provides a solid historical basis or text for the interpretation of faith. If the historicity of some hitherto uncertain points can no longer be maintained according to this method, that of others is delivered from uncertainty. Where we had two or three incompatible accounts of the same event or utterance, all equally dubious, certainty has been secured to one by the elimination of the others. So, as regards Christ's prayer in Gethsemane; the

story of Peter's denials; the trial of Christ before Caiphas. Again, certain grave inconsistencies vanish just because criticism can trace them to interpolation. The so-called "Little Apocalypse" is inconsistent with the asserted suddenness and unexpectedness of the Parusia. But if it is a Jewish document incorporated by Mark, we can conclude that Christ looked for an immediate and abrupt Parusia, heralded by no such extended series of warnings; that the "Apocalypse" was incorporated later to explain the delay of his coming. Again, M. Loisy explodes the fallacy of the "triple concord" according to which what is found in three Gospels is surer than what is found in two or one. The canon is invalid. What is found in one may be, and sometimes is, surer than what is found in three. Thus, much is saved which that rule was supposed to have destroyed. He regards Mark as a derivative, not as a primitive document; as worked up, like Matthew and Luke, from two sources, in one of which the utterances of Christ, in the other of which his actions hold the predominant place. He finds the influence of Paulinism guiding this work of selection and construction far beyond what has hitherto been supposed. As Matthew tried to correct and supersede Mark, so Luke tried to correct and supersede both in the light of the same sources.

Once more, let us protest against those who would read the labours of science with the spectacles of theology. If the method is true and its application legitimate we must accept the conclusions, welcome or unwelcome. The faith that would forbid us to do so is no faith at all, and would land us in a scepticism as fatal to religion as to science. Let the dissatisfied theologian lay aside his theology and, encouraged by the example of Pius X., direct his attacks on the critical method which yields such inconvenient results.

B.

NAPOLÉON III.'s POLICEMAN.*

THIS famous Chief of Police under Napoleon III. tells us (p. 46) that he was born a policeman as a greyhound is born to course. Elsewhere he describes himself as "a Gil Blas, with a good-natured turn of mind, a man of indefatigable action under a paternal aspect." He it was who brought Tropmann to justice; and had his superiors acted upon the confidential report he submitted to them, he would most likely have foiled the conspiracy of Orsini.

"Once at work," he says again, "I did not possess myself or my object; my object possessed me. It was not till my work was accomplished . . . that I felt fatigue or exhaustion. Once back in ordinary life, my ardour was at an end."

This temperament, no doubt, makes the great policeman, and Monsieur Claude was given ample time to develop and bring to perfection his native qualities. Born in 1807 at Toul (Meurthe), "of an honourable family, though limited in means," he came in 1826 to Paris, and at once began work in the office of an attorney. His post as Chief of Police he resigned in 1876. He thus had a full half century in the service of the law.

During this long career, Claude saw and knew all that could be seen and known in both worlds of Paris, the upper and the under world. While he was copying deeds or carrying files of papers to and fro, the revolution was preparing that brought to an inglorious end the futile and bigoted reign of Charles X. Early in the book a terrible figure hovers for a moment on the scene. In company with some other clerks, Claude was present at a dinner given by a mysterious young man, who, having wasted his substance, had announced his intention of settling down soberly in the law. He was known chiefly as a duellist who had slain his man. The detective's nose of Claude scented in the elegant host an instinctive criminal, and on leaving the restaurant of the Sucking Calf, he said to his friends: "Before long you will hear much about him. He has killed, and he will kill."

The host of the party at the Sucking Calf was Lacenaire, to be elevated by and by into a fearful fame as the most satanic murderer in history. His crimes had not yet begun, but he was shortly afterwards arrested for his

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first, a theft in a café. At this point he disappears from Monsieur Claude's pages. The reader will find a competent account of him in Mr. H. B. Irving's "Studies of French Criminals." Lacenaire's sayings in the condemned cell cause a shiver or two. "To kill without remorse is the highest of pleasures." "I kill without passion. Before killing, as after killing, I sleep equally well, and always peacefully." "I kill a man as I drink a glass of wine." After he had been strapped down on the plank of the guillotine, with his head in the lunette, there was a horrible pause. The knife refused to fall. Lacenaire slowly turned his head round in the lunette, and looked up at it. As he gazed on the blade it crashed down upon him.

But Lacenaire had unwittingly done a good turn to Claude. The prophetic words of the quill-driver in the lawyer's office reached the ears of the head clerk of the Criminal Court of the Tribunal of the Seine. This official, "perceiving that I might become a very precious employé in his department, made me proposals which I accepted." Thus were opened to its future chief the portals of the Prefecture.

Still, however, he had long to wait. From the position of recording clerk he rose to that of deputy clerk of the Court of the Seine. He was nearly eighteen years in this humble but useful situation (a good clerk is a god-send to a judge, and Claude's *procès-verbaux*, the written minutes of the facts and proceedings of a case, were much commended), and at last, in 1848, he became a commissary of police. He was commissary at various places, and attached at one time to the section of the theatres. His theatrical reminiscences, like all the rest, are touched off with a vivid, felicitous pen. After the events of June, 1848:—

"I have seen with my own eyes Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, at that very time aspiring to the imperial purple, appear in the box of a theatre with his face and hands dirty, to curry favour with the sovereign people in the gallery.

"I have seen Victor Hugo, standing on one foot, refuse a stool offered him by the malicious Béranger, that he might continue the cynosure of all the eyes of the adoring crowd in the gallery."

He was commissary at Passy when the revolution which disposed of Louis Philippe recalled him to Paris. This was his second experience of Paris in chaos. During the brief revolution of July, 1830, he had acted for a time as the emissary of Thiers, and after that as "improvised secretary" of the provisional government, when he rubbed shoulders with Guizot, Casimir Delavigne, Odillon Barrot, and others—diplomats, financiers, writers, and artists—whom the political tempest had flung together. After 1848, Louis Napoleon is the principal figure in the narrative. Monsieur Claude was no admirer of the Bonapartes, but he found himself "caught in the Napoleonic machinery," and was an active agent of the Coup d'Etat. His account of it is graphic in the extreme: Louis Napoleon receiving his brother conspirators in his private office at the Elysée on the night of December 1st, 1851; handing out decrees with one hand and rolls of money with the other; and then, when they have left him (to swoop down upon the Chamber and the printing offices), smoking his cigar in solitude while he gambles the fate of France, prepared "to cross the frontier or take up his abode in the Tuileries."

But the stars were with Louis Napoleon at this period. It was not the frontier, but the Tuileries. There was to be no other prisoner of Ham; in his stead we behold, in an incredibly short space of time, Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

Having gained a crown by fraud, he kept it largely by the help of his police. Throughout the Second Empire, France was under police control. There was the private police of the "Château" or Tuileries, and there was the police of the Prefecture, to which Claude belonged. But the police, in truth, were everywhere; "policemen were in the army, in the Press, among the bourgeoisie, as well as among the lowest Parisian classes." They spread through Paris, "a vast crowd of spies, both men and women, whose mission it was to discover the personal enemies of the Empire."

This mission was not always accomplished with complete success. Two thunder-strokes, for instance, which preceded the downfall of the Empire, were Tropmann and Victor Noir. Tropmann's appalling eight-fold murder (the

Kinck family, whom he utterly wiped out, were eight in number), has remained in some respects an inexplicable affair, and at the trial of the angelic-faced assassin no proper attempt was made to clear up the mystery. The murder by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, the Emperor's cousin, of the young journalist, Victor Noir (one of Rochefort's reporters on the "Marseillaise"), was near causing a revolution in Paris, and might have caused one had not war against Germany been proclaimed in the very hour of the popular excitement. Yet we have always inclined to the belief—as Monsieur Claude seems to have done—that something in the nature of a trap was set for Prince Pierre on that occasion.

But, notwithstanding that "invisible but indissoluble" chain of police which led from the rookeries of Paris to the Tuileries itself, the shadow of murder was never far from the throne of the third Napoleon. By what miracle did he and his consort emerge with scarce a scratch from the fire-hail of Orsini's bombs at the door of the Opera on that evening of January, 1858? Seventy-six projectiles riddled the iron-plated body of their carriage, and the rain of iron and fire that gushed upon the pavement killed or wounded one hundred and sixty persons.

A brilliant woman, an Italian princess, one of the spies at the Imperial Court, had a hand in this plot. She was a mistress of the Emperor, but that rôle she played merely in furtherance of the ulterior design. For she was also, and in far truer and deeper kind, the mistress of Orsini himself. The scheme was in a measure organised in and directed from London, by a committee of which Ledru-Rollin was president; but the arch-destroyer, a descendant of that great family of the Orsini who had given cardinals and popes to the Church, sought to take everything on himself, and to shield and save his accomplices. A fanatic of the exalted, inflexible, and inexorable type, he pursued Napoleon as the enemy or false friend of Italy. On the scaffold, barefooted and swathed in the black veil of the parricide, he showed no tremor. The whole band in this affair were more or less of the Mazzinian group, but Mazzini had no part in the plot.

As Lacenaire had opened for Monsieur Claude the door of the Prefecture, so did Orsini uplift him there to the dignity of Chief of Police. That "Madame X—" who glides through all the annals of the Second Empire had warned him of Orsini and his bombs. The people above him slighted his report. When the Emperor saw it, too late for action, he gave an instant order that the right man should be installed in the right office.

There we must leave him. We have, however, in no wise exhausted his fascinating memoirs. He has much to tell of the Press of the Second Empire (gagged, suppressed, or befooled from first to last); of the gamblers and gambling-houses; of the thieves and forgers; of the rogues, rakes, cads, and adventurers of whom the inimitable Labiche made such inimitable use in the comedies and farces that fill his ten delicious volumes. And, towards the close of the book, what a picture is that of the old sleuth-hound, Claude himself, in charge of the Imperial baggage-train during the first days of the Franco-German war: the train that carried, together with the pots and pans and bedding, the coaches of state in which Napoleon III. was to make his entry into Berlin!

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* * *

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JAPANESE DEPRESSION.

That there is a genuine business depression in Japan is not surprising considering that a great part of the Japanese export trade is to the United States. The heavy fall in raw silk and copper has ruined many of the speculative merchants

and some small banks have collapsed. Then again, investors do not like the high rate of taxation, and the enormously increased level of military and naval expenditure since the war. The recent retrenchments have barely balanced income and expenditure in the Budget. Hence, Japanese bonds are on the down grade despite Government support, which is skilfully injected by a well-known City broker. Additional anxiety has been caused by the friction with China; for it is felt that Japan cannot afford another war, successful or unsuccessful, with anybody. However, I am inclined to think that so far as public finance is concerned the situation will gradually improve. Investors may take note of the following statement which I have just received from Japan as to the naval and military retrenchments already sanctioned by the Government. A yen, I should mention, is equivalent to two shillings:—

The cost of the construction of new barracks, with other expenditure for the army, is reduced from 34,567,534 yen, to 31,794,541 yen, the total reduction up to 1910-11 being estimated at 12,581,832 yen. Then the sum which was to be set aside for the restoration of the Army to its state of efficiency before the war (2,000,329 yen) is to be reduced to 1,700,329 yen, thus effecting a saving up to the fiscal year 1910-11 of 25,191,158 yen. The naval estimates—the cost of construction of warships and naval buildings—are to be reduced from 11,887,132 yen to 8,173,682 yen, saving the substantial sum of 45,811,438 yen up to 1910-11. The expenditure for the maintenance of the fleet is also to be reduced, from 13,818,978 yen to 12,564,457 yen, the total saving in this department being estimated at 8,013,820 yen up to 1910-11. The total amount prescribed for the coming fiscal year for works, the completion of which covers a series of years, was 72,204,608 yen, of which it is now proposed to effect a temporary saving of 11,771,597 yen. The total reduction, by means of postponement, of the projected works up to 1912-13 amounts to 103,923,122 yen.

NEW YORK CITY BONDS.

Many inquiries are being made just now for safe and profitable investments, and from some points of view the moment seems favourable, as money is almost certain to be easy in a short time. Nevertheless, seeing that the Governments of the world are plunging into deficits, and that railways and industrial concerns in the United States, Canada, and many other countries are clamouring for capital, I think it is quite arguable that the average rate of interest on long investments is quite as likely to rise as to fall during the year. Assuming, however, that it is desirable to invest money just now, I think there is something to be said for the New York City bonds, of which over fifty million dollars' worth were sold in New York in the middle of last month. The city is very extravagant, and its finances are badly, if not corruptly, managed. The debt has been increasing of late years very rapidly. Still, it is too big a city to go, like Winnipeg, into the hands of a receiver. The Government will almost certainly interfere rather than allow such a blow to be struck at American credit.

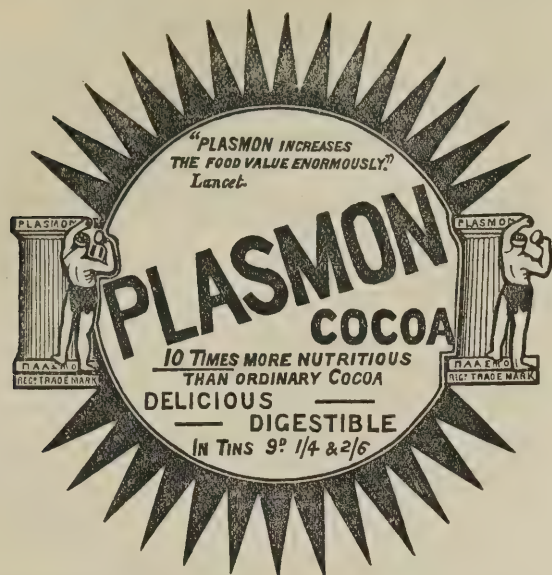
AMERICAN RAILROAD RECEIVERSHIPS.

Apropos of the appointment of a receiver for a small Louisville line, a leading American financial critic draws attention to the weak position of other railroads, "notably M. O. P., Erie, Rock Island, Southern Railway, Atlantic Coast Line, and St. Louis South-Western." He adds: "The securities of these roads have all suffered of late; and unless there is a revival in business, the final outcome may not be pleasant." There is no sign at present of a revival in business in America or anywhere else. Gould properties have been specially unpopular in Wall Street; so much so that "Goulditis" has become a synonym for "dry rot." Missouri Pacific has been especially affected by liquidation.

LEVER BROTHERS.

A piquant interest attaches to the report of this great soap concern, which was published on Thursday. The profit and loss balance is £405,331, "after crediting £50,000 cash received in an action for libel"—and this is the only reference to Mr. Lever's successful libel action. Of the profits, £32,246 goes to the "prosperity sharing" account. After paying an Ordinary dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, £4,554 is passed to reserve.

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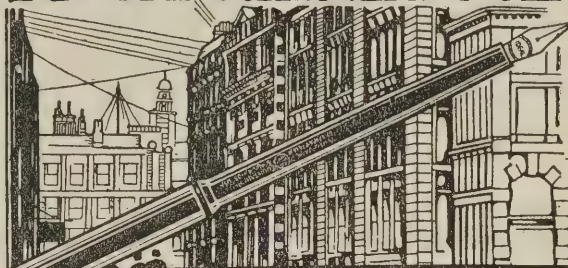
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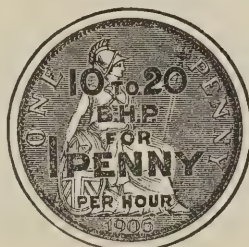
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To sift the documents is no easy task. From the first the Maid moved in a world of fancy rather than of fact. At no period of her life was she known otherwise than by fable; and her power over popular imagination and sentiment was due to the legends which grew up where her feet had passed and went before her to prepare her way. Nor, for all her simplicity, can her own account of herself be accepted without discrimination. She was what is called to-day a psychic; and her hallucinations made her, for the most part, incapable of distinguishing imagination from event. There was an underlying fact of consciousness, but the construction built upon it effectually hid it from view. Again, the chroniclers of the time are not historians in our sense of the word. They were salaried retainers—every great family kept one—and wrote each in the interest of the chief by whom he was retained. Objective or scientific history was not yet born. The notion of fact was undefined and, as it were, floating: "il semble que les âmes fussent alors baignées dans un demi-jour où rien ne paraissait distinct." Of Jeanne herself, the one thing that can be said with certainty is that she was a saint, with all the attributes of sanctity as it was understood in the fifteenth century. She saw visions, she heard voices; nor were the more rudimentary senses unaffected by her abnormal states of consciousness; she perceived the heavenly visitants who manifested themselves to her by touch and smell. Her squire, Jean d'Aulon, testifies that she never quite emerged from childhood; the peasants who had known her from infancy thought her weak in mind. That limitations of this kind should co-exist with genius, with singular gifts of will, and even of intellect, is no surprise to psychologists. On this union of endowments, which is the key to her whole story, M. Anatole France's second volume will contain an important appendix by Dr. George Dumas, of the Sorbonne.

How many readings of the puzzle this, which we cannot doubt is the genuine, solution excludes! The Maid has been claimed in turn by royalists, clericals, and republicans: a Jesuit writer, Père Ayroles, has been found to present her, in five volumes, as an Ultramontane, and her judges as the Liberals, or Modernists, of their time. It is an anachronism to attribute to her such parts, or the qualities required to play them. A genius, yes; a politician with a programme, no. And the psychic in her predominates even over the genius; it is among the visionaries, with a Catherine of Siena, a Colette, a Suzette Labrousse—the prophetess of the Constitutional Church—that we must place her; she had open, very open, doors. The last word of the enigma being, M. France believes, that, like most, if not all, visionaries, she was acted upon by suggestion; "un directeur, qu'on ne voit pas, les mène." This is not to assume deception on his side, far less on hers; the unconscious plays a part as important as that of the conscious in human affairs.

Consider this in connection with her Voices. In troubled times forecasts of a brighter future pass easily from mouth to mouth. It was not from the villagers about her, the "Procès" tells us, that she learned the prophecy that France, lost by a woman, would be saved by a Virgin. The ecclesiastical origin of the thought, plainly borrowed from

St. Irenaeus' parallel between Eve and Mary, the second Eve, is obvious: and the source of the clause added to it, that this Saviour-Virgin was to come from the Marches of Lorraine, is unmistakable.

"La prophétie ainsi complétée et dirigée part d'un clerc dont les intentions se laissent facilement voir. Dès lors on surprend une pensée qui agit, et pèse sur la jeune visionnaire. Cet homme d'Eglise des bords de la Meuse qui, dans l'humilité des champs, songeait au sort du pauvre peuple et, pour tourner les visions de Jeanne au bien du royaume et à la conclusion de la paix, poussait l'ardeur de son zèle pieux jusqu'à recueillir les prophéties sur le salut du Lis de France et à les compléter avec une précision utile à ses desseins, il faut le chercher parmi ces prêtres, ces religieux lorrains ou champenois qui souffraient cruellement des malheurs publics. C'est dans la multitude obscure des âmes troublées par l'affliction et les scandales de l'Eglise que se devine le prophète et l'initiateur de la Pucelle."

She was, in fact, much among such persons, having kinsmen both among the regular and secular clergy. She was too simple to associate them with the message given by her Voices—the Voices themselves were easily accounted for—nor is it necessary to suppose that their influence over her was designed or even conscious. She was devout beyond her years and state, and her innocence was equal to her devotion: she lived in person and in mind a maid. And the Voices came to her, more and more persistent, more and more urgent, bidding her leave her home, deliver France from the English invaders, and take the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. It was a drama of romance. But it was carried out successfully; though for the child protagonist the end was a tragedy of blood and fire.

The belief in witchcraft, that strange survival of primitive man, has been the cause of more human misery than any other superstition. The original notion of the Deity is not ethical. He is conceived as a force, at first malevolent; then capricious, by turns and without apparent reason hostile and friendly, to be deceived, bribed, or cajoled. The priest, who in early days is akin to the wizard, is the man who can read most accurately the changing humours of the god, and act accordingly; but soon the white and the black magic fall apart; the priest is feared and honoured, the wizard dreaded and condemned. Certain objects, persons and actions are taboo, but it is only by degrees that this taboo becomes associated with morality—it is not, as a rule, till the god has passed from this stage of development into the tribal and from that into the universal Divinity that he becomes a Holy God. Old Testament history bears obvious traces of this process—and even in our own day the old notions linger in the backwaters of civilisation. The Camorristi, now waiting their trial at Naples, are persons of exemplary piety, though the form that their piety takes is not ethical: a leading charge against one of their chiefs, a cemetery chaplain, is that he traded in the corpses of children, which were used in necromancy and for spells. The past departs slowly—it is seldom so far from us as we suppose.

But what is a survival in the twentieth century was matter of everyday experience in the fifteenth. The peasants of the Der—the forest which, in the Barrois, stretches between the rivers Meuse and Marne—lived in an atmosphere of the preternatural. The old native cults lived on under the official religion—as they had lived on in Greece under the worship of the Olympians; there were spirits of the wood and the stream. Groves and springs were named after them: there was the "Arbre des Fées" and the "Fontaine-aux-Bonnes-Fées-Notre-Seigneur"; the new and the old ran together in one stream of marvel: on "Lâtare," or Mid-Lent, Sunday the villagers "faisaient ce qu'ils appelaient leurs Fontaines," holding rustic festival and hanging garlands at once on the image of the Virgin and on the haunted tree. It was harmless enough in all conscience: the play of a child mind looking out with eyes of wonder on the mystery of life. Whether, or to what extent, unholy rites lay near these simple observances, it is difficult at this distance of time to say: the later life of Gilles de Rais, by the irony of fate one of the Maid's protectors, gives colour to the suspicion that the border-line between the harmless and the harmful was, at times, thin. It is certain that the terror

* "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc." Tome Premier. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7 fr. 50.

inspired by the illicit supernatural was deep and widespread—the Church claimed a monopoly; and enforced her claims with the rack and the stake. It was not that the reality of the phenomena exhibited by unlicensed practitioners was doubted—such a doubt would have exposed those who entertained it to the penalties of heresy—but that their origin was ascribed to the devil. Hence the gauntlet run by those who possessed, or professed, sanctity—with its usual endowment of psychic attributes. They were *primâ facie* suspect, and had to prove the quality as well as the fact of their powers. The presumption was against their legitimacy, and illegitimacy meant death. This was the main point on which the Maid's interrogation turned: ten out of the twelve charges on which she suffered concerned her Voices and Visions—were they or were they not of heaven?

On the issue we need not dwell. She had dreamed her dream; and, bitter as was the awakening, hers was that "one crowded hour of glorious life" which "is worth an age without a name." Nor was the end at Rouen: there was a Beyond which remains, and will remain, while mankind endures.

"Les plus hautes entreprises périssent dans leur défaite et, plus sûrement encore, dans leur victoire. Le dévouement qui les inspira demeure en immortel exemple. Sa folie fut plus sage que la sagesse, car ce fut la folie du martyr, sans laquelle les hommes n'ont encore rien fondé de grand et d'utile dans le monde."

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It must have been as easy to do as it would be to abridge the Bible or Shakespeare, to bridle Behemoth, or to cut the Great Pyramid in two with a hand-saw. Still, it has been done, and well done, and much credit is due to the courageous and laborious abridger. It has been said that there is little use to review this edition of Doughty's work, as it is already a classic. Nothing more futile could be said, even in a newspaper.

The book is, indeed, a classic, for, after the great Burckhardt, Doughty is the man who, perhaps, knew most of Arab life, and had the power of writing what he saw.

Possibly he had not the deep knowledge of the language that Burton and Palgrave possessed; still less had he either the scholarship in Arabic or the opportunities of Burckhardt, who lived as many years in the East as Doughty had passed months. But Palgrave went as a rich man, Burton as a man moderately well off, whereas Doughty and Burckhardt wandered about poor.

Doughty alone proclaimed his faith and nationality, which, if on the one hand it gave him superior opportunities for observation, inasmuch as all the time his mind was free of the task of having to assume a part, upon the other hand must have shut, to some extent, sympathy from him, and made him stand outside. As is said in the preface by the author of the abridgement of the book, the writer's gentleness, courage, humanity, and endurance were superlative.

If I might be allowed to add a quality to these, I should add "pawkiness," for no word better typifies a certain pleasant, shrewd, and humorous, but circumscribed attitude of mind, than does this Scotticism. But though the writer's outlook upon life is, perhaps, narrow, his comprehension of humanity is great. The two are not so incompatible as at first sight appears. Undoubtedly, as Mr. Hogarth in his "Penetration of Arabia" says, Doughty "had a certain prejudice against all things Semitic." This prejudice is not upon the surface; in fact, it only comes to light on careful reading of the book, and, after all, is immaterial, for it in no wise affects his sympathy with the individual Semite. Moreover, one of the first things that is seen in considering all that he did and suffered is that he must have been extremely sympathetic in himself. No one who was not so could have preserved his life during his months of marching amongst the tribes. Still, for sympathy to evoke a sympathy in others shows that it is there, and it is to the credit of the penner of this vast abridgment that he

sets down these words: "His narrative indeed testifies how much milk of human kindness the solitary stranger could count upon finding in the heart of all but the most fanatical Mohammedans."

How few members of the Celto-Saxon race are willing to admit as much! Reading the book with care, it seems the traveller rather was a good man than a good fellow. Upright and honest in all his dealings with the Arabs, kindly and sympathetic as he was courteous and philosophic, learned and laborious, indefatigable as he had proved himself a hundred times, a strange peculiarity is to be observed in every line he writes. He gave himself no airs (indeed, to do so in his position would have been impossible), he sympathised entirely with his companions in their joys, their woes, their troubles, and in the hardships of their lives. Physically he evinces no repulsion at their ways, their dirt, at anything; but mentally his outlook upon life is so distinct from theirs that perhaps the contrast is too sharp. Upon the other hand it is interesting, as it shows Arab life reflected in a highly achromatic microscope, so achromatic that we rather lose the shading, although we see the outlines as sharp as if they were cut in glass. No one but Mungo Park and Burckhardt, with whom I am acquainted, ever has lived amongst such people as the Arabs and had the power to write. To find a parallel one has to go to the strange, intensely interesting account (by himself) of the ten years' wandering in Florida of Alvar Nunez, who also went amongst people as wild as or wilder than the Arabs, poor and without protection, and lived to tell it all.

Doughty has special claims upon our sympathy. In these days of scorn and of contempt of everything and everybody who is not of our race, he never once in all his writings comes "God's Englishman" upon us. He never lets us see, even indirectly, that he considered that he was anything but a man travelling amongst men. Indeed, in thinking carefully upon his attitude, I believe that what has been called his anti-Semite prejudice perhaps had no existence, and was but a mere disagreement with a certain type of mind as often to be found in England as in Arabia. As far as we can see from what he writes, his mind worked slowly. Now the Semitic, and especially the Arab, mind works quickly, and between the types the repulsion is as natural as that between the north and south. To say more than that he traversed Arabia in almost its whole length, with a mind alert for fresh discoveries, and a pen just as alert to set down every detail, both of his own and of the tribesmen's lives, during a year and a half, is to say little as to the real merits both of the book and man.

England may claim that all it arrogates to its sons is not quite false, when, now and then, she can produce such an archetype as was the writer of the unabridged edition of the book.

There still remains a word or two to say about the book itself. Considered as a man, nothing could well be simpler than the writer, or more free from all pretence. But I have said he was an Englishman. Now, it is certain that affectation and a want of naturalness is, in modern times, the besetting sin of Celto-Saxons at best. In days of old, the writers of the Saxon chronicle, Cædman and Sagamore, and the half-mystical writer of the Irish story, from which Shakespeare is said to have taken "Lear," were natural writers to a man. Forbye, both branches of the race, Saxons and Celts alike, are never natural when they take their pens in hand.

Doughty is no exception to the rule. In fact, he is, with Meredith and Carlyle, one of the worst offenders against simplicity of speech. Surely the first and foremost requisite of style is to be understood by the mere reader of the book. Chaucer and Shakespeare, Marlowe, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Shelley, Keats, and Burns all wrote mere common English (or Scotch), and did not form a Della Cruscan and cryptic speech, which only those who had, so to speak, passed through the rites of Isis, could hope to understand. It is mere fustian to say, because a man is learned, that he has licence to introduce great "foot and half-foot" words into his books. Though it is not a crime to do so, it is a blemish. Spenser, with all his genius, has been held to err by use of words not understood by those for whom he wrote. Where Spenser nodded, who can hope to succeed? Suppose the Jacobean translators of the Bible had

* "Wanderings in Arabia." By Charles M. Doughty. Being an Abridgment of "Travels in Arabia Deserta." Arranged with Introduction by Edward Garnett. Duckworth & Co. Two Vols. 16s. net.

gone back to the speech of Skelton, and filled their text with Hebrew words, surely their version never would have been enshrined in the hearts of everyone? Perhaps they copied in some way the Hebrew diction, and this is what undoubtedly Doughty has sought to do with Arabic. He has felt the greater solemnness of a Semitic tongue; but, by endeavouring to reproduce it, has become obscure.

These blemishes are purely literary. The book remains a monument of observation, insight, patience, and sympathy, of an unusual kind. Better than all, behind the book there yet remains the man.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE NEW POET.*

I HAVE a Socialist friend who delights to tell me that the only value of poetry is anthropological, that its real human interest lies in the revelation which it makes of individual minds: this, he would say, is something definite and scientific, an honest material for psychology; whereas the beauties of style are, like the forms of the letters or the colour of the ink, irrelevant, mere matters of taste, of so indefinite and uncertain a quality that a man who makes distinction of them may indulge what preference he will, and train himself to like anything.

Mr. Abercrombie is, at first sight, just the poet for my friend, since, with an original mind which reveals itself boldly and sincerely, he betrays a marked indifference to the beauties of literary form; and, as that is likely to set many readers against him, I am glad to be allowed on his behalf to draw some of those literary distinctions which my anthropological friend would think so vain and foolish.

Mr. Abercrombie's predilection is for theological metaphysic; that may not be quite the right term, but it will serve. This subject-matter is not congenial to me, but whatever one may think of it, and whatever one's judgment may be of the writer's success in making poems of it, one must recognise at once not only the genuine nature of his inspiration, that is his earnestness and abundance, but also a most extraordinary gift of lucidity and exposition; so that his most mystical and dreamy imaginations, such as would seem to defy communication, are passed over into the mind of the reader without apparent effort: and this is a source of great pleasure. I will check this remark with a quotation from "The Fool's Adventure." The interlude so-called is a dialogue which a seeker after truth holds with various personifications of mental attitudes. The seeker is hunting the cause of sin; we need not follow the chase, but at one stage he imagines that he has run his game down in the Soul of the World. This personification rebuffs him, and answers him thus:—

"WORLD: Thou knowest me?

Not so. . . . But if thou wilt,
What thou art I will show to thee. My thought
Moved in its brooding, and its movement stirred
A ripple in the quiet of the waters
Whereunder my thought's Sabbath is moored deep—
And when my act, this ripple's viewless travel,
The region of the happening of my Will.
In its upheaval reacht the upper calm
Laid on the mere, whose waters are my Will,
Whose surface is Appearance and broad Place,
Its breaking whirls became a journeying wave,
That at the last became a gathered sea,
A pile of all the waters in one tide.
But it is grown to its height; and now, before
The smooth heapt power tumbles down in surf,
Its head is whiten'd with an age of spray,
Weakness beginning. Lo, that spray is Man,
Crest of the wave, and token of its downfall.
Not stately, like the early wave, nor clear,
Nor with an inner lodging for the light,
But troublous, misty, throwing off the light
In glitter, all apieces, loose, uneasy.
Truly my act is near its end when thou,
Man, the loose spray, ride on its stooping neck,
From one firm bulk of waters, one onward gang,
Broken away to be a brawl of drops,
Freedom and hither-thither motions light,
Each drop one to itself, a discrete self.
Thou freedom, thou high self-acquaintance, thou Sin,
Man, dost thou know me? But now know thyself."

Abstruse and strange as this idea of man's place in

creation is, it is yet conveyed with such clearness that common attention can seize it at the first reading. In the opening passage of "An Escape," a more mysterious fancy is even more poetically exposed. In this poem the hero, Idwal, is a young poet, also a seeker, who has retired into mountainous solitudes to work out his mystical salvation. He is aware of two souls within him, one of finite, the other of infinite longings: his finite soul has fallen in love with the parson's daughter, but his infinite soul has re-established its ascendancy, and in token of its victory Idwal has been twice visited strangely in his sleep, and knows that if he should sleep again, the same dream will return and cause his death; as actually happens, though the event is made surprising by a device of great simplicity and beauty in the plot. The poem opens with Idwal describing his dream.

"A swift dark dream from the outer lands,
From the folk whose talk none understands,
Along my smooth sleep travelling,
Yet tampering not with my ken's rest,
Passed as undisturbingly
As a night-jar o'er the quietude
Of the clear'd middle of a pine-wood
Seemeth to haunt the evening,
And leave the blue air yet more whist.
And yesternight it haunted me;
Again, suddenly, quietly,
Shadowy wings above my clear sleep.
But swift, so swift, it might scarce be seen;
Not as with me it had to do,
But eagerly, as though it flew
From mystery to mystery,
And my sleep lay in between;
Once before, and yesternight.

So twice I have felt its noiseless flight;
Twice has my sleep been the road
The dark message took in journeying
From the one to the other secret reign;
Out of the dark lying behind,
Into that lying before, man's mind,
My sleep was the only bridge for the thing
Whereon to cross Reality.

But the third time, if it come again,
A stranger, unkindly from the abode
Of Beginnings sent to the place of Dooms,
Showing me thus so easily
Way through the skirts of time to the glooms
That march both sides our bodily place—
My soul will up and give it chase. . . ."

The above passage may need a little more attention, but it seems to me a greater feat of exposition than the other, as the fancy to be exposed is more intangible: it exhibits, however, some insubordination of expression to metrical form; and this defect appears even more plainly in the Choruses of "Peregrinus." The band of young ruffians who come from Corinth to enjoy the sight of that old impostor's self-immolation have their part conceived in a fine classical manner, and their utterances are so well-motivated and vivid that the comparison which is at once challenged with "Samson Agonistes" would not, except for one point, be altogether in Mr. Abercrombie's disfavour. But whereas in Milton the matter of his ode fulfils a design of severe rhythmical beauty, we find in this young poet that the force of his expression seems uncontrolled, and its rhythms accidental, like a translation which is suffering constraint from an uncalculated relation between the words and the metre. This is disappointing in a poet who, at his best, seems to command all the resources of his art. What could be better than such verse as this where the elaboration is purely Miltonic?

"Enough for me

If on an early autumn afternoon
The whole country air smelt burning, and the blue
Wood-smoke loitered about the yellowing copse
And misted all the rides."

Or again, where he fills common cadences with such unmistakeable freshness as in these lines—

"Stars and their golden games in the blue heaven—
. . . . duties of the elements
Whether to be firm standing or steep ruin
And all betwixt—

Man's nature
Unmixing in the general kindliness,
Showing like slime against the deep wide water—
Man's unhappiness,
Wherein he lives as in a smoke."

My quotations will, I think, have been sufficient to show that our new poet may come to take a very high rank, and should not be left to the anthropologists; but he will be generally condemned for lack of finish, and especially for

* "Interludes and Poems" By Lascelles Abercrombie. John Lane. 5s. net.

roughness of metre. I would point out that a great many of the irregularities of his blank verse are defensible; for instance, his nine-syllable lines are sometimes Chaucerian, sometimes Shakespearian, while other of his liberties are good Miltonisms, and all these will be lumped in the same condemnation with those other lines of his which will bear no explanation and go far to suggest that the writer despised or despaired of his metre. If he were simply of opinion that it is better that unrhymed verse should not scan at all by rule than that it should be childishly tied up in a monotony of accentual iambics, I might agree with him; but, in that case, it is still bound in some way to outbid prose. Unfortunately, the same lack of form appears sometimes in the grammar also, and in the diction, and, worst of all, in the main construction, and in the manipulation of detail. It is evident that the abundant flow of his fancy has not always an end determined for it. In the climax of "The Fool's Adventure," the divine pronouncement "I am Thyself" is ambiguous, and neither of the contradictory solutions quite satisfies. The close of "The New God" shows that it should not have been attempted. Again, in that admirable motive at the end of "An Escape," where Hazel takes on herself the part of the Earth-goddess, the breadth of his conception misses its beauty for lack of delicacy in the detail of it; a fault more distressingly apparent in "The New God."

I beg Mr. Abercrombie to excuse a frankness of criticism which may seem somewhat impertinent in me. He makes Idwal tell us that poetry is a product of the finite soul when it has so dominated the infinite soul as to have leisure to amuse itself. I wish Mr. Abercrombie's finite soul plenty of leisure; I like it better than his infinite soul; perhaps what is needed is a truce between them. In case my remarks should not please him, I can appeal to his infinite soul with confidence.

I will conclude with two quotations from "Blind," a tramp's tragedy, which for its directness and depth of misery may be thought by many to be his best performance. It is the blind boy who speaks—

"She let me put my hands upon her head:
What a wonderful loveliness is that of hair—
Soft, smooth, delicious as the smell of gorse
In sunlight, and for slipping through your fingers
Better than water. Hair—yes, it would be
A nature, I suppose, between sunshine
And water, and yet neither. There must be
Words equal to the loveliness of hair;
If I could find them! Golden do they say?
I wish the words for beauty had been made
By men who knew with hands and not with eyes.

* * *

I've often thought, if I were tall enough
And reacht my hand up, I could touch the soft
Spread feathers of the resting flight of him
Who covers us with night, so near he seems
Stooping and holding shadow over us,
Roofing the air with wings. . . ."

Everyone who reads will wish for more.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE IRISH SAINTS.*

LEGENDS of the Saints usually make rather dreary reading. They depend on a few recurring motives: the recital of miracles and martyrdoms, the instances of the holy man's austerity, of his power in intercession, of the virtue of his relics, tend to edification rather than entertainment. This is due in part no doubt to the nature of the subject, but more perhaps to the circumstances of the narrators, who were in most countries cloister-bred monks, living out of the world, men whose experience of life was limited, and their imagination consequently starved and sterile. But the case of Ireland was peculiar. Here the Church came into close touch with a primitive people, whose mythopœic faculty was still active, although its first creative impulse was perhaps exhausted. No one can say precisely when it was that the Gael left off inventing myths about the Dagda and Manannan and heroic tales about Cuchulainn and Conall Cernach. It would seem, however, that when he abandoned the old gods in favour of the Christian theodicy, his invention was diverted into a new channel. Instead of the autochthonous heroes he accepted the Saints of the Church, and his imagination now busied itself with Patrick, Columcille,

and the rest of that interminable line. This is one proof of the extraordinary ease and thoroughness with which the Church conquered Ireland. She took the Irish people the right way. She knew how to elicit their freely-given kindness, and how to amuse their active fancy. The consequence is that the stories about Irish Saints present certain features which distinguish them from the general run of such legends. To make this distinctive character prominent seems to have been one of the aims which Lady Gregory had before her in making her selection from the enormous mass of material at her hand.

The most salient quality of these legends is the touch of imagination and romance. Especially characteristic in this respect is the abundant literature of Visions concerning the joys of heaven and the pains of hell: such are the visions of Adamnán, of Fursa, of Laisrén, of Tnúthgal, and many others. This *genre* springs, indeed, ultimately from imitation either of the Books of Daniel and Ezekiel, or of the Revelation of St. John and other apocalyptic writings of Eastern origin; but it became especially popular in Ireland, from the introduction of Christianity onwards. The Irish missionary no doubt spread the vogue on the Continent, and may thus claim his place as a spiritual forefather of Dante.

It is a pity that with so much undoubted native material before her, Lady Gregory should have chosen as a representative of this type of legend the strange composition known as the "Everliving Tongue." In spite of its Irish dress, this is no true product of the Irish imagination. External signs, such as the ascription to St. Philip, mark its Eastern origin; the unintelligible jargon with which it is interlarded may perhaps conceal mutilated scraps of Hebrew; at all events, the mystical symbolism in which it abounds is quite unlike in character to the fanciful extravagances at all times natural to the Irish mind. The difference between the two styles will strike anyone who turns from the "Everliving Tongue" to another type of romance, less common than the Visions but more interesting, and more indisputably of native growth—the tales of adventures in the Western ocean. The Voyage of Brendan long ago attained European fame, and Tennyson has made the name of Maeldune familiar to English ears. Lady Gregory adds to these the less-known adventures of Snedgus and Mac Riagla (the latter name, by the way, is misprinted on p. 42). It is superfluous to seek any literary origin for such stories. They spring up naturally among an island people; and if they remind one in a general way of the central books of the Odyssey, that merely shows that two Aryan nations, at wide intervals of time and place, invented similar fictions under similar conditions. There is more point in the remark made by Professor Zimmer, that these tales may have been partly suggested by the experience of recluses living on the rocks and islets which lie off the Atlantic coast of Ireland. But in all probability, here as elsewhere, the Church did but adapt to her own ends the traditions that she found current; retaining the romantic incidents, she detached them from the underlying Pagan conceptions, and substituted Christian motives. The ancient "Voyage of Bran" is of the same type as the tales of Brendan, the Húi Corra, and the rest; only the object of Bran's cruise is to find not the Christian paradise but the Other-World of Celtic belief, the Land of the Young, which was imagined as a country either under or across the water. In all these romances, whether Pagan or Christian, we recognise the same turn of fancy, sometimes brilliant and picturesque, sometimes grotesque and extravagant. The "whirling beast" (for instance) which Maeldune saw on an island, possessed the gift of turning in its skin, so that the flesh and bones went round without the skin moving; or conversely, "the skin outside would turn like a mill, the flesh and bones not stirring." Cuchulainn has an equally disconcerting power over his personal appearance in moments of excitement: "taking upon himself the motion of a mill-stone, he strained himself till a warrior's foot could find room between each pair of ribs." That is one description; in other cases the phenomena are still more remarkable.

Apart from this romantic aspect, the legends exhibit the national character in another and a very different light. A certain air of homeliness and humanity belongs to these Irish Saints, which seems to indicate a good understanding between them and their people. Many of them were usually known by affectionate pet names: Mochóemóc, for example,

* "A Book of Saints and Wonders." By Lady Gregory. Murray. 5s. net.

is, as grammarians say, a "hypocoristic" form of *Cóemgein*, and means "my little Kevin." The same kindly spirit is to be met with everywhere in the popular representation of the Saints, great and small. Patrick, for all his missionary zeal, has much in him that reminds one of some shrewd, kindly parish priest. Lady Gregory has been less fortunate with him than with Brigit and Columcille. Perhaps she has drawn too much on the later of the many Lives of Patrick, instead of deriving her impression from the "Confession" and the other early documents. In the stories told of Columcille there are touches of pleasant humour; as when he finds an old woman subsisting entirely on nettles, and determines to limit himself for the future to the same fare, but is defeated by the pious deceit of his cook, who strengthens his nettle-broth for him unbeknownst. And there is a homely pathos in the description of his death when "the old spent white horse that used to be carrying the milk vessels from the cow-shed in the island to the brothers, cried tears into his breast till his clothes were wet." This fellow feeling between the Saints and the animals, wild or tame, is a common feature in these legends, and there are many examples in Lady Gregory's book; the best of them is the charming page about St. Ciaran, whom the wild creatures help to build his cell, and then live with him and listen to his teaching, and are obedient to him. Only one day the fox stole his brogues, having a mind to eat them:—

"But that was showed to Ciaran, and he sent another monk of the monks of his family, that was the badger, to bring back the fox. . . . And Ciaran said to the fox: 'O brother,' said he, 'why did you do this robbery that was not right for a monk to do? And there was no need for you to do it, for we all have food and water in common, that there is no harm in?'"

Whereupon the culprit repented, and did penance, and in the end, like Peter Bell, "became a good and honest fox." This kindness towards the animals is only one form of the Gael's inborn love for wild Nature, for life in the open air, for woods and streams and the music of birds. There is no more perfect expression of this sentiment in any literature than the idyllic song of the monk Marbán; Lady Gregory quotes a few stanzas, but it should be read in full in Dr. Meyer's "King and Hermit." It is addressed by Marbán to his brother, King Guaire, himself almost a saint by reason of his exceeding charity, wherein he rivals King Wenceslas. "He gave alms till his right arm grew to be longer than the left with the dint of stretching it out to the poor." So generous was he that when a bramble bush laid hold of his cloak he would not refuse its importunity, but left the cloak there on the branches.

This love of the land turns with Columcille to homesickness; in exile—though no further off than Iona—he thinks long for his native Doire, and envies those whose lot is cast in the old country:—

"It is the reason I love Doire, for its quietness, for its purity: quite full of white angels is every leaf of the oaks of Doire."

"It is happy the son of Dimma is, when he is listening in Durrow to the desire of his mind; the sound of the wind against the elms, the laughter of the blackbird clapping his wings: to listen at break of day to the lowing of the cattle in Rigrencha: to listen at the brink of summer to the cry of the cuckoo from the tree."

Perhaps it is because of his passionate attachment to Irish soil that tradition has fathered upon Columcille so many of those apocryphal prophecies which foretell the coming of the Saxon, the consequent misery of the Gael, and the ultimate expulsion of the hated intruder.

Lady Gregory has chosen as her vehicle a dialect of her own devising: it is a blend of literary English prose with direct translation from the Gaelic idiom, and its object is perhaps not so much to make the matter intelligible to the good people of Kiltartan, as to suggest an atmosphere remote from the everyday life of modern England.

A FOREIGN CRITIC ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.*

Who is Dr. Mario Borsa? To judge from "The English Stage of To-day" he might be an English critic masquerading as a foreigner, so intimate is his knowledge of the

theatrical conditions of London. In his criticism, too, he displays a knowledge which is seldom the basis of foreign criticism of our drama. The result is a very stimulating book, in which we may see ourselves in a mirror that gives back a faithful if not flattering reflection. As all foreign critics, Dr. Borsa is astonished by the indifference of our public to ideas. When the middle-class Englishman goes to the theatre "he wants nothing higher or better than a gentle and pleasing titillation of the senses, just enough to assist, without over-taxing his digestion." To the conventional argument that after a fatiguing day in the City the mind finds its natural recreation in the lightest and most frivolous types of entertainment, Dr. Borsa replies that in Germany, where the conditions of daily life are strenuous enough, contemporary German drama is on a higher plane than English drama. Dr. Borsa thinks it is a question of the general atmosphere in which the middle-class Briton has chosen to envelop himself. There are certain aspects of the matter, however, which the Italian critic, with all his intuition, has not quite grasped. Let us grant that the bulk of middle-class Englishmen are not interested in ideas and do not care to be bothered by them when they go to the theatre. At the same time there is a very large public that is not quite Philistine in this respect. If you do not see them at the theatre it is because our theatres are commercial concerns relying on long runs for their profits, and a long run means that a play must appeal to the mass of people. Roughly speaking, the theatre does not attract the more cultured public as the concert-room, German opera, and French plays attract it. The Savoy Theatre is the only intellectual theatre in London. Miss Lena Ashwell, at the Kingsway, is attempting to found a repertoire theatre on the same plan as the old Court, but she will probably fall a victim to the long run. All other theatres are devoted to after-dinner entertainments. The Garrick and St. James's give us drawing-room melodrama; the Haymarket, Comedy, Hicks's, Criterion, and the rest present flippant farces from the French or childish farces from America; and then there are the musical comedy houses. Mr. Tree alternates Shakespearian and other pageants with melodrama of no artistic value. Excepting the Savoy, what theatre exists for a man who has ideas? In music he has a wide choice.

On one point it is not quite fair of Dr. Borsa to compare our theatres with those of Germany or Paris, for we have no subsidies of any kind. It is well to be quite frank in this matter: music, then, would be in as parlous a state as drama if it were not supported by rich enthusiasts. Very few concerts really pay, and the Queen's Hall would have shut its doors to high-class orchestral music if a syndicate of rich musical enthusiasts had not come forward to save the situation. Opera at Covent Garden was kept going by another syndicate of enthusiasts. Both music and opera are practically subsidised. The theatre in London is largely "backed" by rich men, some of whom look for profit and others are content for different reasons; but none supports a theatre for the sake of the art of drama. The aim has always been to secure a large public for a long run, and when these conditions are understood it is wonderful that London theatres give us as much real drama as they do.

Still, if Dr. Borsa's diagnosis does not go to the very root of the evil, it certainly does sum up most of its manifestations. He has an acute mind, and has evidently studied London theatrical conditions at first hand. This acuteness and independence of thought serve him well in his criticism of our dramatists. In Mr. H. A. Jones's plays, according to Dr. Borsa, you will find realistic elements, but he has never given us a realistic play, because he surrounds them with an atmosphere of restraint and spoils them with his rhetorical dialogue. Moreover, he has never lost the heavy melodramatic touch of his early plays. Dr. Borsa might have added that Mr. Jones's women are too much of a type—flighty, rebellious creatures, hovering in a futile way on the brink of moral catastrophes. What Mr. Pinero "has to tell you about men and things he tells you from the point of view of a casual observer, not of a thinker who has a whole scheme of thought to demonstrate or define; he gives you psychology—but it is psychology condensed into epigrams." Mr. Pinero's power is that "he feels intensely with his characters." Dr. Borsa hardly lays stress on Mr. Pinero's gift of telling a story, nor does he point out that the means by which the dramatist expresses emo-

*"The English Stage of To-day." By Mario Borsa. Translated from the original Italian and edited with a prefatory note by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

tion—a curious, rhetorical sort of journalese—robs his plays of realism. To Dr. Borsa, Mr. J. M. Barrie “has the appearance of a boy who, having reached a certain age, has stopped there, and decided that he will absolutely decline to grow any further.” He is at his best, and “produces really charming work when . . . he writes direct for children”—which seems a poor estimate of Barrie’s gifts. On the other hand, a whole chapter of excellent criticism is devoted to Mr. Bernard Shaw. Dr. Borsa does not fall into the error of asserting that Mr. Shaw is not a dramatist, but points out that he has given many new types to the stage.

“He undoubtedly possesses a brilliant genius, whose originality is sometimes almost too marked. He has a keen and spontaneous sense of humour; he can, when he so wishes, write dialogue which is sparkling with wit; he is full of vivacity, of the charm of the unexpected; he has plenty to tell us which, even if it is sometimes rough and unpleasant, always reveals a generous ideality of nature—in a word, he is an artist who, if incomplete, still possesses genius. Yet all these good qualities have not succeeded in making G.B.S. the playwright that he might and ought to be. And this is only to be explained by the want of balance of which he is a victim. In Shaw the rational and intellectual faculties not merely predominate, but dominate him despotically; the emotional qualities are either absent or—since some parts of his work betray their presence—are almost completely stifled.”

There is much virtue in that “completely stifled,” for the man who could write parts of “Major Barbara” must silence his emotional qualities of set design.

Dr. Borsa’s criticisms of Granville Barker, St. John Hankin, Alfred Sutro, W. B. Yeats, and other of our dramatists are full of interest, and a page of appreciation is devoted to Mr. John Galsworthy’s “The Silver Box,” “the best play that has been produced at the Court Theatre.” Doubtless many of Dr. Borsa’s opinions are open to discussion, but on the whole his book gives a fair and comprehensive view of the English stage.

AN ITALIAN’S ESSAYS FOR ENGLISHMEN.*

PASQUALE VILLARI, now of a venerable age, is one of the many connecting links between Italian and English literature, character and thought, which in the higher ranges of each have so much in common. It was Mazzini, in his long London exile, who first showed our great men and women of the Victorian age how much that was congenial to them they could find among the best Italians, even more than among the best French and Germans. In our age of little people this connection is still maintained, and an Englishman reading these essays of Signor Villari will find himself intellectually and spiritually at home.

The first and principal essay in the book, entitled “Is History a Science?” will be read with great advantage by any one who has interested himself in that controversy as conducted of recent years in this island. Signor Villari’s opinions are only another sign of the recent reaction against the crude so-called “scientific” view of history, which anathematised all writers who attempted to connect history with literature, with ethics, or with emotion of any sort. The attempt to exclude any element of emotion from the interpretation of the affairs of men was foredoomed to failure by its intrinsic absurdity, and that failure has been hastened by the inability of the “scientific” school of recent years to produce anything that has influenced thought in any marked fashion. While the world is interested in weighing against each other “partisan” historians like Mommsen and Ferrero, and has rejoiced in the modern French school of historians because they know how to write, the English school of “scientific” history has lost all the influence over the public mind which was once possessed by their “literary” predecessors, whom they have laid under the ban. Fortunately, there are the strongest signs in the Oxford school of history of a reaction against the “pure science” theory.

Signor Villari is not likely to be one of those who wish to exclude from history all that is of emotional or ethical value, for he is an Italian, and the main subject-matter of historical scholarship in that country is the

Risorgimento, the story of the resurrection of Italy from utter death to noble life, the memory of which has kept Italy half-alive during the last generation of disillusionment, and is in our day re-inspiring her to a fresh and more steady vigour.

But all the eminent Italian students of the present day, and among them Signor Villari, have learnt their lesson from Germany and from science, and do not respect scholarship less because they refuse to sacrifice at its shrine all that ennoble the life of man.

“The poet,” he says, “can embody his ideas in a semblance of reality; the historian must employ his ideas as a means of *discovering* the truth of facts; he has to *seek* the reality of his theme, whereas the poet may *create* it.” (p. 14.)

This is excellently put, and is opposed to the “mere science” view, which denies anything at all in common between the reality of poetry and the reality of history. It is curious to observe that the really great German historians, who are supposed to have invented the scientific method, held views indistinguishable from those of Signor Villari. Ranke declared that “the function of history will always be to relate ‘events just as they occurred, *defining their value and their meaning*’” (p. 108). The last part of the sentence admits the whole contention of those who would introduce ethics and emotion into history, for events have no “value” and little enough “meaning” without ethics and emotion. Nor, without the literary art, can their “value” be expressed. Gregorovius, too, as we read in his “Roman Journal” (p. 362, English translation), held the same views as to the need of “imagination” in the historian; “imagination” he declared to be “the gift that constitutes the historical enquirer, and creates the work of art.”

The shorter essays in Signor Villari’s volume are studies of Cavour (in youth), Luigi Settembrini, Francesco De Sanctis, and Domenico Morelli, and also of Donatello and Savonarola. English readers, who do not know Countess Martinengo Cesaresco’s excellent life of Cavour, or her essay on Settembrini, in “Italian Characters,” will find what is to them new matter in Signor Villari’s essays, but they are rather out of date for professed students, especially as the essay on Settembrini was written before his *Ricordanze* appeared. But the article on Francesco De Sanctis is most interesting. We cannot do better than quote Signor Villari on the state of literary criticism as De Sanctis found it in the ‘fifties of the last century, and the nature of his remedial work:—

“The system of criticism then prevailing in Italy was still at the same stage as in the years preceding 1848—that is to say, it was a patriotic system, demanding that poetry, history, science, and letters should have a ‘*civile*,’ i.e., patriotic, aim. All literature, in fact, was to pave the way for the emancipation of the country. Arnaldo da Brescia had to use the language of an anti-clerical of the present day; Giovanni da Procida that of a disciple of Mazzini; while the histories of Greece and Rome were to afford continual lessons in patriotism, and the footnotes to Greek and Latin classics to supply perpetual allusions to the liberation of Italy, even at the cost of misinterpreting the text.”

This sort of thing

“did excellent service in preparing the way for the events of 1848, which afforded so many proofs, not only of patriotism, but also of heroic bravery, though not, alas! of an equal amount of good sense. But after 1850 it was no longer necessary to use artificial devices for teaching patriotism to a people who had so eagerly shed their blood in its cause. The main question, rather, at that date, was how best to train the national intelligence and the rising generation to discern the real gist of events, and to make more effectual preparations for the new struggle that was foreseen to be inevitable, although under different conditions from those of the previous attempt. The political freedom established in Piedmont and the tactful sobriety of the Piedmontese people urged all Italy to follow the path thus traced out.” (p. 173-4.)

To amend this situation, De Sanctis was the man needed.

“If De Sanctis had not cleared the ground of innumerable rhetorical and patriotic misconceptions, of innumerable empty formulas and rules, scientific criticism could not have made such enormous progress among us. The independence of art had first to be proclaimed, the history and laws of the human mind had first to be discovered in the personal work of men of genius before it could be possible, by means of a sure

* “Studies Historical and Critical.” By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s net.

method, to discover the same laws in the impersonal work of the masses. This task had been already performed in Germany, where the new criticism first came into being."

"De Sanctis was a true awakener and deliverer of the national spirit, a vigorous apostle of political liberty and free thought, which were one and the same thing in his eyes. This was his real mission, and constitutes his historical value. But the chief means that enabled him to reach his chosen aim was the genuine critical power that assures him so lofty a niche in the history of Italian literature." (p. 199.)

Equally interesting are Signor Villari's remarks on the effect of Leopardi, the poet of pessimism and utter despair, in awakening the youth of Italy in the 'thirties and 'forties of the century to hope and vigour. Leopardi had all the

"desperate scepticism and sadness of a man whom constant illness had robbed of his youth and reduced to premature decay; of a man to whom nature seemed a stepmother and the world a band of rascals bent on crushing all who were honest." (p. 183.)

And yet Leopardi's "poetry of despair changed in our hearts into a song of hope. For it was the image of buried Italy struggling to rise from the grave" (p. 183). The most famous of Leopardi's lines well illustrate how this happened. "I see the arches and the towers" (of Italy), he wrote, "but the glory I do not see—*ma la gloria non vedo*." He wrote these lines and died, and within not many years Italy could boast to the world the "glory" of Mazzini's, Garibaldi's, and Cavour's lives, and of how many thousand noble deaths!

OUR CITY GARDENS.*

This book deals with the past and the present of the parks, squares, and gardens, public and private, of London "within the official boundaries of the London County Council at the present time." It might have been better arranged, and shortened by the omission of a good many obvious reflections; but, on the whole, it is a good book, written with zest though with no great skill, and full of curious information. At any rate, it is interesting to read, and most Londoners will find in it much that is worth knowing and that they do not know. London in the later Middle Ages was a city of gardens, most of them private, and it was, even more than it is now, a city of contrasts, with squalor and turmoil and insecurity close round the walls of the peaceful gardens of monasteries and palaces. Vine Street, Mrs. Cecil tells us, is called after the Bishop of Ely's vineyard in Ely Place, where very sour wine was made, and in the Earl of Lincoln's garden close by there was an orchard. Many of the monastic gardens disappeared at the Reformation with other things good and bad. Those who rail at the utilitarian greed of modern times are usually unaware that the greed of the past was just as great and not even utilitarian. In the reign of Henry VIII., if a powerful courtier had no taste for gardens, he destroyed any garden which he got out of the pillage of the Church. If he had a taste for gardens he very likely took those of his neighbours by force. Mrs. Cecil quotes from Stowe an account of the methods of Thomas Cromwell. He built a house for himself in the city, and then "caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken downe, 22 feet to be measured forthright into the north of every man's ground, a line then to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and an high bricke wal to be builded. . . . No man durst goe to argue the matter, but each man lost his land." The chief of our parks have been preserved because they belonged to the Crown. But Hyde Park and the land that is now Regent's Park were almost lost to the public under the Commonwealth. They were declared the property of the Commonwealth, but only so that they might be sold; for in 1649, three days after Hyde Park had been thrown open to the public, it was put up to auction in three lots. Regent's Park, then called Marylebone Park, was a Royal hunting ground in Henry VIII.'s reign. It remained Crown property though it was often leased to private persons. Crom-

well sold it for £13,000, and the trees were cut down, some of them being used for the navy. No doubt excuses might be made for the utilitarian zeal of the Commonwealth, but it might have been very disastrous to the future of London, more disastrous even than in the case of the sale of Charles I.'s pictures. With the Restoration the two parks were resumed by the Crown, and so preserved for the eventual enjoyment of the nation.

Different phases of taste in gardening have left their mark upon the older parks. It is interesting to find that the extreme formality of Dutch gardening was distasteful to the English even when their own gardens were usually formal. Marvell protested against it in some pretty verses, and twenty-five years after William III. had laid out Kensington Gardens a writer, quoted by Mrs. Cecil, said that Dutch pleasure gardens were stuffed too thick with box, and that "they used it to a fault, especially in England, where we abound in so much good grass and gravel." No doubt the mania for landscape gardening, which did so much mischief in the eighteenth century and later, was a reaction against the Dutch fashion. The Serpentine, in its very name, is a protest against formality. St. James's Park was mainly laid out according to its present plan in about 1827 by Eyton, and we can get some idea of how strong the rage against formality then was from the words of a contemporary, who spoke of the work as "the best obliteration of avenues" that had ever been done. There was, he said, "a tremendous destruction of fine elms," but it was necessary for the designer to display his "astounding ingenuity." These landscape gardeners were regular Jacobins in their art, but their return to nature began before Rousseau; and about 1770 a Frenchman said that in St. James's Park "nature appears in all its rustic simplicity." But whatever old beauties were destroyed, we cannot complain of the present result. Nowhere has the English passion for *rus in urbe* expressed itself so happily as in St. James's Park. Nowhere has it expressed itself so unhappily as in most of the London squares. Mrs. Cecil tries to say what she can for them; but there is little to be said. Mr. Bernard Shaw might take them as a text for a sermon upon the mischief of romanticism, for their ugliness is all the result of a refusal to face realities. You cannot shut out London from a London square, and the effort to do so has ended in most cases in despairing apathy. Squares are the worst places in the world for landscape gardening, and yet nearly all of them have been "landscaped," with the result that nothing will grow in them except the dullest kind of shrubs, which shut out light and air just where they are not needed. Some day, perhaps, a little "fundamental brainwork" will be spent upon these desolate places, and then it will be seen that formality is the only remedy for them. At present with their belt of grimy shrubs they provide a mock privacy which nobody can enjoy, or even pretend to enjoy. Mrs. Cecil protests, and rightly, against the monotony of design in most of our parks. They are too often laid out according to the "landscape" fashions of the last century, which were an unhappy compromise between nature and art. She suggests, and rightly, that part should be really wild, and part really formal. The landscape combination of shrubbery and flower border prevents the flowers from growing well and the shrubs from looking natural.

Still, there is more to be proud of than to grumble at in the gardening of our parks, and it improves every year. It is often supposed that all the bedding-out in Hyde Park is done by nurserymen. But this is not so. Near the Ranger's Lodge, as Mrs. Cecil says, "a series of glass-houses on the most approved plan and rows of frames have been erected. There the bulbs are stored, and masses of wallflowers, delphiniums, and all the hardier bedding plants and those for the herbaceous borders are grown." There, too, in the largest house are kept the great palm trees, which in summer are planted out in different places, as, for instance, outside the National Gallery. Thus the gardening of our parks, though necessarily much more expensive than country gardening, is not made more expensive than it need be by being farmed out. This, of course, is Socialism of a very insidious kind, Socialism directly injurious to that great gardening industry with which all that is best and purest in our family life is so closely connected. But we forget ourselves. This is a review, not a leading article in a Tory newspaper.

* "London Parks and Gardens." By the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. With Illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners. Constable. 21s. net.

THE GROUPING OF FLOWERS.*

CONSCIENTIOUS reviewing is always labour; not seldom pain, not often bliss. The present reviewer is fortunate in being entrusted with a task that might have been placed in more competent but not more appreciative hands. Miss Waterfield and her band of merry men and women have produced a book of consummate skill and rare beauty. To see it is joy; to review it, a patch of blue sky in the drab. Careful examination of the fifty-six sketches in colour, from the hand of Miss Waterfield herself, exhibits the fundamental simplicity of the principle that underlies the problem of colour in the good garden. Colour is not a material existence, it is a sensation. We learn in our youth the elementary laws of light waves in the ether of space, but forget them in the arrangement of our gardens. Miss Waterfield's impressionist sketches of colour groups compel us to recognise the essential importance of observing the rules that govern the relation of one colour to another. At least two-thirds of the best effects in Miss Waterfield's book are produced by the colours at the red end of the spectrum. The extreme visible red in the rainbow is produced by about three hundred and ninety-two billion vibrations per second. Violet vibrations are nearly twice as many. Green in its myriad shades being the canvas of the wise man's colour garden, the group of reds, which fortunately are obtainable in quantities from the hardest flowers, are easily and effectively projected against the curtain or canvas of greenery. We cannot discover in this *magnum opus* any definite composition suitable to the cottage or villa garden for a scheme of red against green, which is the easiest effect of all to produce. The book, of course, is written for great gardeners with great gardens at their disposal. It is scarcely intended for little folk. Still, the little folk may enjoy even a snippet from behemoth, and we could easily give a list of twelve hardy flowers for a crimson border that the slenderest purse could obtain, and the multi-millionaire envy.

Mr. Frank Galsworthy's chapter on roses reveals the true rosarian spirit. He is original without wildness, and properly mindful of the elusive element of perfume for which some gardeners have no more love than a fox hunter. We are struck with his practical advice in such a matter as providing permanent support for each pole for climbers at the outset. Should the pole rot at the base after a few years when the roses are climbing about it, much difficulty is found in renewing it owing to the tangled masses of growth. Miss Lawless deals, as she only can, with Irish memories of the gardens of Ireland. Scottish and Cornish gardens are described by Miss Waterfield, Mr. Graham Sterling, and Mr. Fitzherbert. Four delightful chapters on spring blossoms arrest the lover of flowers, and would compel Ulysses himself to own that there is no such beauty to be found in foreign lands as the fair gardens of England can boast. Talk of the Gorgeous East! It is a fraud. The present writer has seen the scarlet masses of the Flamboyant tree in the tropics at a distance of nine miles, while the Bouganvillea that grows in the Quinta gardens of Madeira are visible long before the Cape steamer anchors in Funchal Bay. Tours de force like the Flamboyant in Ceylon, the Hydrangea in Mr. Rhodes' garden on Table Mountain, the climbing plants at Madeira, or the spring flowers of the Alps, may not be found in the British Islands, but the peach and the almond, the magnolia and cherry, apple and pear blossoms, to say nothing of the *Prunus Pissadi* Philadelphus, tree peonies, and, above all, the new Delphiniums, which have increased the gaiety of nations, are without rivals abroad.

In the chapters on summer flowers there is fine reading, not only for information, but for the true gardening spirit exhaled from every line. Mr. Arnott's championship of the lily is notable, though even he scarcely gives her due to the Himalayan *Lilium Giganteum*—the monarch of the tribe. To describe the book as sumptuous is like calling a sunset nice. Being written by men and women it has its limitations, but none the less its fortunate possessor will feel that in one direction at least he has tasted the sweets of a liberal education. It is said that the true gardener must

be both old and selfish—but this book shows that the treatment of colour grouping at least may breathe the spirit of youth and charity.

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL BISHOPS.*

SINCE Dr. Pisani is an orthodox Roman Catholic priest, and, indeed, a Canon of Paris, it cannot be expected that he should sympathise with or approve the Civil Constitution of the Clergy; naturally, he regards the Constitutional Church as a Gallican schism and those who adhered to it as deplorably misguided, however sincere and well-intentioned they may have been. But his personal standpoint, which he never conceals, only brings into relief his judicial impartiality in dealing with facts and his unswerving devotion to historical accuracy; and it makes the tributes which the facts compel him to pay to the genuine piety, the high character and the lofty motives of many of the Constitutionals (notably of Grégoire and Le Coz, the leading spirits of the movement) all the more convincing and unimpeachable. His book is one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the Constitutional Church that has yet been published. He has gone to original sources for his information, and those sources include the correspondence of Grégoire, the whole of which has been preserved and was placed at the author's disposal by its present owner, M. Gazier, the well-known professor of the Sorbonne.

One has only to read Dr. Pisani's introduction and compare it, for instance, with the article on the Civil Constitution in the "Catholic Dictionary" (on many subjects a trustworthy book of reference), to see how the facts have been distorted by partisan rancour. Dr. Pisani at once dismisses the view that the Civil Constitution was "an artificial conception, bred in the brains of a few Jansenists, matured in secret conclaves, and imposed by Machiavellian intrigues on a France quivering with indignation." Such a view commends itself only to those who never look for natural causes or take the trouble to investigate facts; the same persons will tell you that modern anti-clerical legislation has been imposed on an indignant nation of thirty-eight million Catholics by the Machiavellian intrigues of twenty-five thousand Freemasons. Dr. Pisani, being an historian who uses historical methods, is less naïf; he sees that the Civil Constitution was the inevitable result of the conditions which existed before the Revolution. The "lower clergy," half-starved and seething with discontent, threw themselves for the most part into the revolutionary movement, and in 1789 demanded redress for their legitimate grievances. Their attitude towards the Bishops was that of the peasants towards the noblesse; the Bishops were a caste apart, every ecclesiastical dignity and every valuable benefice was conferred on members of noble families and Court favourites; the Church property was shamelessly misappropriated, and Bishops, abbots and priors lived in luxury while the parish priests could hardly keep body and soul together. And, as Dr. Pisani says, the "lower clergy" suffered not only in their pocket but also in their *amour-propre* by reason of their exclusion from high office. Moreover, the French Church at the end of the eighteenth century was Gallican to the core, and the Civil Constitution was but an application of Gallican principles to the changed conditions. The traditional rights of the sovereign, recognised, however unwillingly, by the Papacy, were naturally transferred to the people, and popular election took the place of royal appointment. This change, like the abolition of Papal institution of Bishops and the limitation of absolute episcopal authority by the consultative councils of presbyters, was only a reversion to an earlier state of things. The chief objects of the Civil Constitution were the better distribution of ecclesiastical revenues and the opening of the higher offices in the Church to all the clergy. In return for the surrender of Church property, the Assembly treated the clergy with great liberality. The excessive incomes of the Bishops were reduced, but the parochial clergy have never been so well paid in the history of France either before or since.

There can be no doubt that the Civil Constitution reflected the feeling of the nation and of the majority of the

* "Flower Grouping, in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens." Notes, and 56 Sketches in Colour, by Margaret Waterfield. Dent. 21s. net.

* "Répertoire Biographique de l'Episcopat Constitutionnel (1791-1802)." Par Paul Pisani. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils. 7 fr. 50.

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clergy. The opposition to it was for the most part political rather than religious. It is true that the Bishops, with four exceptions, refused to take the oath which a man like M. Emery was able to take, but in the majority of cases their refusal was not due to fidelity to the papacy or to dislike of Gallican principles. They were actuated rather by dislike of democracy and the Revolution, and, above all, of the diminution in their incomes and prestige which was effected by the Civil Constitution. How far the majority of them were from possessing an apostolic spirit or burning zeal for religion is shown by the fact that they emigrated (in many cases before they were even in any danger), and left their flocks to the mercy of the wolves. In the security of English soil they joined in plots against their own country, and by all their actions showed that they were nobles first of all. It is probable that their opinions were no less Gallican than those of the Constitutionals.

TWO COLOUR BOOKS.*

THE text of the average "colour book" is notoriously dry and dull. There is a theory that publications of this class are produced for the sake of the illustrations alone, and that the reading matter does not greatly signify so long as it answers the purpose of filling up the intervening spaces with clean and legible type; hence, in regard to literary quality, the colour book is too often trivial and ill-constructed, a guide book without the solid advantages of that useful article, masquerading in a gorgeous fancy dress. One therefore welcomes any effort in a new direction, such as is afforded by the volume on Liverpool, painted by Mr. J. Hamilton Hay and described by Mr. Dixon Scott. Here, at any rate, we have what is rare in colour book compilation, a certain bond of sympathy between artist and author, an impressionistic outlook common to both, and, on the latter's part, a definite attempt to supplement and expound in words the meaning of the pictures. Mr. Hay's illustrations are wholly admirable in colour, tone, draughtsmanship, and variety of treatment; he has drawn the details of Liverpool and pictured her general effects with a peculiar intimacy that bespeaks far more than a casual sketcher's acquaintance with the city. And Mr. Scott has done his best to write up to the spirit of these drawings. It is no bare record of facts that he gives us, but a series of fluent word pictures imbued with a strongly personal note and enlivened by gleams of fancy—word pictures painted with a bold and facile brush, always ambitious in their conception, often triumphant in their results, ranging from things seen to things imagined across a wide domain of thought, but on the whole well controlled by one or two dominating ideas. Mr. Scott sees Liverpool, first of all, as a living organism of which the spirit, or genius, is the River Mersey. To him the influence of the great waterway "drenches the local atmospheres, private, social, civic, with a distinctive colour. It is revealed in the nature of the men in her streets, and in the nature of the streets about the men. It is the deciding element in that inherent spirit of the place which those men and those streets at once prefigure and evoke, and which it is the main purpose of this book, with the aid of those men and streets, to attempt in some measure to enclose." He sees the city, secondly, as "an all but fully unfurled fan," and makes use of the simile in following its scheme to the uttermost ramifications. He records his impressions (1) as the artist only concerned with the visual aspect of what he sees, (2) as the thinker probing its inner significance, and (3) as the sociologist intent upon sifting the humanity that helps to make, and reflects, the psychology of the city itself. Of historical retrospect there is little in this book. Indeed, as the author justly points out, Liverpool has no history to speak of. Although this year witnesses the sept-centenary of the original "serfs' charter," which gave the borough its identity, the town had no importance until the time of its rise on the wave of the industrial revolution towards the end of the eighteenth century. Previous to that, it was of less consequence even than some of its own suburbs.

The author's enthusiasm for his subject is infectious, and in his style—a most difficult one to sustain—there are only a few minor blemishes. One of the latter is the tendency to use an exotic phrase when a normal one would answer the purpose quite as well; "to realise with a stound" is an instance of the unusual that catches one's breath rather painfully. And surely fancy becomes ultra fanciful on p. 27 where, at sight of a hill of cotton bales or a heap of grain, "you begin to envision the anæmic spinster who will one day wrap herself in some part of that sodden mound, or the white hen, in some dreamful farmyard, that will one day peck this grain." The sequence of thought is a little too whimsical to ring quite true. Yet, in the main, Mr. Scott steers his way through the realm of speculative inquiry and pretty paradox with vast ingenuity, and occasionally, as in his curiously penetrative study of the submerged tenth of Liverpool, exhibits some profounder qualities. We are not sure that he does not claim more individuality for Liverpool than she actually possesses, that some of the features that he finds distinctive of the town and its inhabitants are not shared by other towns and populations, that some of the paradoxes are not equally true, let us say, of the City of London. But this is almost inevitable, and Liverpool has her well-marked characteristics and her special problems—witness, among other things, her constant attention to the question of locomotion, and a system of philanthropy, the fruit of a common sense striving after efficiency, which has few equals in the country in regard to effective result. Of her visual beauties we have no space to speak, but Mr. Scott does not fail to impress them on the mind, and his word pictures of the arrival and departure of an ocean liner, of the tramway terminus at night, and of the approach to the city from the sea, are things to be remembered.

In "The Norwegian Fjords," where the artist is also the author, we discover a colour book of the old style. The preface disarms criticism of the literary contents by disclaiming any attempt to do more than state facts that may prove useful to the intending traveller; and—for compensation—refers the reader to the illustrations. We accordingly turn to these first and, truth to tell, find them of very uneven quality. A certain looseness and freedom of treatment give charm to a few of the collection; several resemble the proverbial curate's egg in being good in parts; others recall the picture postcard of the baser sort, raucous in colour to the point of vulgarity. The reproduction process may have something to do with the failures, but we are far from ascribing the latter entirely to this cause. Next, as to the text. The value of this is somewhat seriously impaired in the copy before us by the fact that after p. 120 the pages have been bound in the wrong order, and one or two appear to have been dropped altogether, while others are duplicated. However, after patient unravelling of the chaos thus created, one sees no reason to modify the impression produced by the earlier portion of the book, which is that it contains a good deal of information about the "land of the saeter," its geographical features, industries, sports, the constitution of its church, its system of education, and its domestic life, that is not found in the ordinary guide book. Neither are the facts as baldly stated as the modest preface would lead us to expect. The text, in a word, is quite good of its kind, and that its kind is not one that exactly inspires is an accident that reflects not at all upon the conscientiousness of the author's labour.

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* "Liverpool." Painted by J. Hamilton Hay. Described by Dixon Scott. Adam & Charles Black. Price, 6s. net.

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* * *

THERE seems at first sight no reason why an American author should be less successful than a British one in the writing of a medieval tale. But a perusal of "Beatrix of Clare," written by John Reed Scott, and published in England by E. Grant Richards (6s.), seems to suggest that we Britons are, after all, a good deal nearer to feudal times and manners. The heroine who gives her name to the volume is a lady in attendance upon Richard the Third's wife, but her manner with her admirers is precisely that of an American girl at some fashionable resort; the balcony of a Swiss hotel seems to rise around her as she speaks; we can almost distinguish the colour of her parasol. And, indeed, a parasol would hardly be a more surprising adjunct than the lace pocket handkerchief which she displays on various occasions, and finally bestows upon her favourite suitor. Well might the young gentleman prize such a rarity. He, on his part, by way of informing a Yorkshire abbot that the county is unknown to him, says: "I have never seen this section until to-day." "Section," we murmur to ourselves, "section!" And Aymer de Lacy is transformed at once into a young man on a business expedition, a young man wearing a loose grey suit and speaking with an American accent.

* * *

CURIOUS are the waves of similarity that come over groups of contemporary stories. Just now there is a run upon the beautiful, absolutely heartless, and absolutely unprincipled woman. She is invariably represented as being extraordinarily attractive, and generally manages to wreck the lives of one or two madly devoted lovers, but in print she appears strangely dull, and in real life the dull woman is seldom observed to be fascinating, even when beautiful. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's heroine in "The Pest" (John Long, 6s.), is dull; in fact, she is worse than dull, for she is not alive at all. Thackeray, that most successful creator of bad women, never fell into the error of giving them vices only, instead of individuality. Becky Sharp, Beatrix Esmond, and Blanche Amory are all heartless and all pernicious; they are all, also (unlike the lady in "The Pest") intelligent; but these qualities are not the whole of them. So individual are all three that no reader can ever have forgotten even their names. If one of these women could but be set in the place of Marian Squire, what a fine novel "The Pest" might be. As it is, the reader rather wonders that any man thought it worth while to pay Marian's bills for her.

* * *

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excellent novel of its class. As it is, the writers seem to have regarded their work with no sort of seriousness, and the reader receives it in the same spirit. A curious slip (that can hardly have been the printer's) appears on page 169, where the word "solicitation" is used instead of "solicitude."

* * *

How difficult it seems to be for the writer of a novel at the same time to take enough trouble and to avoid taking too much. Here is "Rodwell," now, by Miss Valentina Hawtrey (Murray, 6s.), a stout volume of 450 closely printed pages. At least a third of those pages are too many, and yet not one of them is slipshod or careless. The author has realised to herself her persons, her setting, and all her details. That, of course, is right; the error is that she has tried to convey all the details to us, and has thereby marred her effect. Literature is, above all, the art of selection, and the secret of successful selection is bold omission. The young author longs to tell everything; in youth all details are new. As we grow older we discover that, just as the value of our adjectives depends upon their rarity, so the effectiveness of our descriptions depends upon the largeness of their lines. But "Rodwell," although its execution is too laborious, is the sincere production of an able and honest observer; and every reader worth reckoning with will look out for the next story from its author.

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* * *

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* * *

At intervals the seasoned reader grows inclined to cry out for a "close time" in literature. Certain themes do really need to enjoy periods of compulsory oblivion; and the very first to be thus prohibited should be that of the two men so alike that near relatives take the one for the other. "The Prisoner of Zenda" we all accepted; great is Mr. Hope's gifts of plausibility, and, besides, a breathless *tempo* carries one over many stumbling-blocks. At "John Chilcote" many of us began to demur, and Mr. Maurice Drake's "Lethbridge of the Moor" (Werner Laurie, 6s.) will surely snap our last thread of patience. It is really a pity. The early chapters of Lethbridge's history are so excellent. The release from prison and the adventures with bookmakers stand out memorable, a thoroughly good bit of presentation, sober and vital. But from the moment when the brother of a dishonest theatrical manager discerns in Lethbridge that felonious gentleman's double, the story goes to pieces. Thenceforward it is a fairy tale—and not a good one.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE baselessness of the "Times'" description of the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth has been exposed during the week. On Friday afternoon Mr. Asquith stated that it was purely private and personal, that it was "conceived in an entirely friendly spirit," that Lord Tweedmouth's reply was equally private and informal, and that neither letter was made known to the Cabinet, a statement in precise accord with the information given in last week's NATION. A similar communication was made semi-officially by the German Foreign Office, which denied that any attempt had been made to interfere with British naval policy. Lord Tweedmouth added in the House of Lords on Monday that he had shown the letter to Sir Edward Grey, who had agreed that its character was private. Lord Lansdowne did not ask for publication. He thought that private communications between Sovereigns and Ministers of foreign countries should be infrequent, and should not be allowed to affect the diplomatic situation. He blamed Lord Tweedmouth severely, but not too severely, for failure to maintain the privacy of the letter. Lord Tweedmouth had either betrayed his own secret, or had allowed it to be betrayed—had treated it as if it were a Private View of the Royal Academy.

* * *

THIS is an apt comparison, because the "Private View" is public to a mixed body of social celebrities, gossips, and journalists, and this is precisely the kind of publicity which the letter obtained. Its recipient omitted to explain how a communication which he withheld from the Cabinet came to be freely talked of in society and journalism, and was given out to a hostile Press in an inaccurate and most malicious form. It was, as we know, provoked by Lord Esher's suggestion

that the German Emperor would be delighted to know of Sir John Fisher's retirement. "Why," we imagine, said the Kaiser in effect, "do you say such things of me, an Admiral of your Fleet, and proud to belong to it? And why do you point all your criticisms in ship-building at me, instead of at the United States, or other Powers, when my fleet is only a fifth as strong as yours, and I don't dream of disputing your supremacy at sea?" The Kaiser is said to have spoken chaffingly of Lord Esher's somewhat mysterious functions under the British Constitution. We should, indeed, welcome further light on the question of what those functions are.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY spoke with power and freedom of the effect of such action. "Absolutely insane inferences" had been drawn from a mere bantering letter. It would not enter the head of anybody in Germany "outside a lunatic asylum" to try and influence British armaments. Our friendship with France should not make us hostile to Germany. We ought, on the contrary, to cultivate a policy of "amity all round," and avoid a "morbid suspicion" whose fruits were poisoning the Anglo-German situation, and might exasperate the whole German nation. The worst of the Tweedmouth incident is, we think, that it stops the kind of friendly approach which dissipates misunderstanding and leads up to a positive understanding or even agreement. On Tuesday the "Times" commented on these statements, without withdrawing a word of its article of Friday week, and on Wednesday Colonel Repington, its military correspondent and the author of the letter "Under which King?" in a communication showing singular ideas of taste, blamed Lord Tweedmouth for his "imprudence" in revealing the letter, and gave him an unsolicited testimonial as a strong upholder of our naval power. It would be more interesting to learn the circumstances under which this journalist came to know of the existence of the letter which he misrepresented.

* * *

THE British Note suggesting the appointment of a new Governor for Macedonia, and a series of administrative reforms, on the lines of Sir Edward Grey's speech, was communicated to the Powers on Tuesday. Austria is disposed to be hostile, but it is important to know that Bulgaria's opinion is strongly favourable. The Concert, or what is left of it, should be made aware of the fact that public opinion of all shades in this country is strongly favourable to Sir Edward Grey's proposals. On the railway question he is stated to have expressed a benevolent neutrality to all schemes, but to have made active British support contingent on the assent of the promoters to a definite programme of reforms. This, again, seems to us to be exactly the right policy, expressed in the right way.

* * *

THE Scottish landlords who are also peers have secured a second violent rejection of the principle of the Scottish Land Bill, chiefly on the ground that it damages their interests. The second reading was defeated by 153 votes to 35, the division taking place on a destructive amendment by the Duke of Montrose. The hostile peers ignored the constitutional ground, and

merely alleged their own view of the needs of Scottish farmers. The Lord Chancellor declared this decision to be an usurpation of right, taken in face of the Ministerial promise to insert amendments, and that it challenged the Government of the country, the overwhelming majority of the Commons, and the still more overwhelming majority of the Scottish members, which alone furnished a key to the "sense of the country." Free contract, which was the basis of the demand of the peers, no more existed under the English Act which they praised than under the Scottish Bill which they condemned. The measure would "again and again" be brought before Parliament, a phrase which points to a third and swift passage through the Commons, and a third reference to the Lords, after which a forcing action, dispensing, if possible, with the further authority of the peers, will, we hope, be taken.

* * *

WE had quite forgotten the Liberal League. But it exists, and its ancient habit of much dining appears to be so inveterate that at the afternoon meeting addressed by Lord Rosebery on Thursday a speaker, in seconding an amendment, spoke to a toast. More serious was the attendance of a considerable body of Liberal members at a gathering held in honour of a statesman fresh from the destruction of a Ministerial Bill of first-rate importance. This seems to us an action of very dubious loyalty. Lord Rosebery's spirit was one of excessive melancholy, intermittently tempered by paradox. "I know no more undignified entity," said Disraeli, "than a peer in a panic." Lord Rosebery's fears are concentrated on Socialism, which he described comprehensively as a death-blow "to religion, to Empire, to liberty, and property." He sees its approaching triumph in the bye-elections of 1907, by which, we suppose, he means the return of Mr. Victor Grayson, hideously magnified, in Lord Rosebery's sensitive gaze, into a Terrorist Convention. He practically abandons Free Trade, yielding the entire Protectionist case that a tariff would yield an ample fund for social reform or for armaments. Three things, he thought, might drive us from Free Trade—the pressure of direct taxation (*i.e.*, taxation on Lord Rosebery and the well-to-do), forcing the country on to "another source of supply" (*i.e.*, the further taxation of the poor); the excessive cost of armaments; and the "formidable option between Socialism and Protection," in which case Lord Rosebery would plump for Protection. The rest of his speech was devoted to suggesting that the chief hope for England lay in the House of Lords. We did not perceive that any Liberal member present (there were 38) had any criticism to offer on these highly Liberal sentiments.

* * *

THE brewing trade has started a campaign of unmeasured resistance to the Licensing Bill. In Surrey they are threatening to withdraw all money from charities. Elsewhere it is proposed to boycott all tradesmen who support the Bill. Mr. Stanley Boulter, the chairman of the Brewery Debentures Association, has written an open letter to the Bishop of London, which he has published in the form of an advertisement in the "Times." Mr. Boulter, having received an invitation to attend a meeting to discuss the spiritual (not spirituous) needs of London, declined on the ground that his thoughts might wander from these subjects on to the Licensing Bill, and the attitude of the Bishops upon it. He concludes with a plain hint that the time will come when the Bishops will want friends, who will be alienated by their support of "this evasion of the eighth commandment." The Bishop replies rather weakly by saying that he can only support a twenty-one years' time-limit. A Surrey brewer has also written to the Primate "venturing to predict" a large falling-off in subscriptions to "religious charities" if the Bill becomes law.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has written to Mr. McKenna a letter on the Education Bill, which, while rejecting its proposals, both for town and country schools, states that decision moderately, and seems to leave the door open to accommodation. The Primate has to admit the validity of contracting-out, for he has himself proposed it, but he concludes (without giving reasons) that it would only apply to a slender number of Voluntary schools, and even in their case might involve "lowered salaries and inferior equipment." In single-school areas, he admits an "advance on former schemes," but thinks the arrangement for denominational instruction inadequate, and suggests that the parents should have some further right of choice as to religious teaching. The Primate's language is vague and fluent, but he suggests as the religious basis of education "the building up of character in the faith and fear of God." He abstains from saying whether he thinks Cowper-Templeism (as defined in the London Syllabus) satisfies this condition. Yet it was drawn up by Anglican divines and founded on Anglican formulas.

* * *

DESPITE the extravagant Press rumours, the King of Spain's visit to Barcelona passed off without incident. Barcelona has a bad name. Since the first bomb explosion in 1892, the city has had more than fifty, two within the last few days, which were the occasion for the usual declaration of a state of siege. These facts, together with the fact that during the King's previous visit an attempt was made to assassinate Señor Maura, have supplied the Press with many reports of plots and demonstrations. There is much Socialism and some Anarchism in this, the Manchester of Spain, and the Spanish Government is always anxious to widen the rift between Republican Barcelona and the rest of Catalonia, which is just as strongly Separatist but Catholic and Carlist. During the last election the Carlists formed a *bloc* with a section of the Republicans which Señor Maura has been trying to split. He has won over some of the Carlists, and the visit of the King to Barcelona is intended to secure more legitimate support, more particularly for the Local Government Reform Bill which is now before Parliament.

* * *

THE long debates on the Navy Estimates resulted on Monday in a slightly new statement of policy by the Government. Mr. Balfour put to Mr. Asquith the highly practical conundrum whether in the latter part of 1911 Germany might not have thirteen "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" to our twelve. Mr. Asquith replied that she might, if it were assumed that we did nothing beyond our fixed programme, that Germany carried out her paper ideas to the letter, and that she was able to build a "Dreadnought" in twenty months, which there is no probability of her doing. He added that, should such contingencies become probable, it would be the duty of the Government to see that German superiority did not become "an actual fact," a statement which the House naturally received with approval. But no Government and no man conducts affairs on a string of idle hypotheses. Mr. Asquith also said that for the purpose of maintaining our "unassailable supremacy" at sea the two-Power standard would be adhered to. Does this mean that we are to build against the United States, which is, on paper, the second naval Power, as Germany is probably the third?

* * *

M. CLEMENCEAU's Ministry is getting shaky. Its Moroccan policy has disturbed many of its supporters, and its programme of reforms has hardly come to anything yet. The discussion of the Income-tax Bill has only just commenced, and the Old Age Pensions Bill, passed by the Chamber more than a year ago, is still hung up in the Senate. It is no consolation that it has been very active in imprisoning anti-militarists, and

preventing teachers and other civil servants forming trade unions, measures which have won the cordial approval of the Conservatives. Good Socialist-Radicals are looking out for a more satisfactory successor, and M. Combes is said to be their favourite. Matters have not got to this pass, but on Tuesday the Government received a serious snub when the House, by a large majority, voted, against its wishes, the reinstatement not only of M. Reinach, who was deprived of his commission for the defence of Dreyfus, but of the civil servants dismissed for trade union propaganda. M. Clemenceau has repeatedly said that he will resign as soon as he is dependent upon Conservative support. He may not have to wait long to carry out that pledge. Meanwhile, we are glad to have the news of M. Fallière's state visit to London, accompanied by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

* * *

It looks very much as though China was making good its contentions with regard to the seizure of the Japanese steamer, the "Tatsu Maru," by a Chinese revenue cutter off Macao. There is no doubt that the "Tatsu Maru" was engaged in supplying the Chinese rebels with arms and ammunition, but the Japanese claimed that the cargo was regularly consigned to Macao, and that the ship was seized within Portuguese waters, and they demanded its release, an apology, and compensation. The Chinese reply that the ship was seized outside Portuguese waters, and that it had already discharged its cargo on the Chinese coast for the use of Chinese rebels. There are conflicting reports that China has apologised, but it was quite clear that Japan is dropping its blustering tone, and it will be a matter for congratulation if China successfully resists bullying in an affair where legal as well as moral right seems on its side.

* * *

THE quality of German Liberalism is being subjected to another test. Prince Bülow has introduced an Associations Bill, which on the whole is welcomed by the Liberals, because in some of the States the rights of political association and public meeting are either non-existent or very restricted, and have been pretty generally denied to women. The seventh clause, however, prescribes that all speeches must be in German. This is aimed against the Poles, but bears tyrannically on the Danes of Schleswig, and the French of Alsace-Lorraine. The Reichstag Committee has rejected the clause, but the Government insists that it must be restored in a satisfactory form, or the whole Bill will be withdrawn. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," and all Liberals worthy the name, are urging resistance; but the mass of German Liberals are social Jingoos. Herr von Sydow, the new Secretary to the Treasury, has announced that the increase of the wages of officials in both Prussia and the Empire, who are miserably paid, must be postponed, although the two Governments are pledged to it, until the problem of raising new revenues can be solved. The question of ways and means offers no difficulties when the expropriation of Polish citizens or the swelling of armaments is at issue.

* * *

THE Roman Inquisition has, as we anticipated, issued a fiercely worded condemnation of the Abbé Loisy's writings, pronouncing him to be a publicly excommunicated person, to be boycotted by all believers. Rome thus follows her familiar course, and drives away her ablest and most famous son, not, however, before Loisy's gifts of style, his unrivalled learning and power of critical analysis, have made him one of the greatest personal forces in the Christian world. Meanwhile, the extent and power of the Modernist movement are attested by the fact that inquisitions are being set up in all Catholic dioceses throughout the world for the impeachment of writers and preachers.

GENERAL D'AMADE, who no doubt sees himself on the point of supersession, greeted the despatch of the Commission of Inquiry with a renewal of casual slaughter. For the moment, however, the centre of gravity of the Moroccan problem is outside Morocco. The German Government has taken note, without approval or disapproval, of the despatch of French reinforcements, but has pointed out the great loss German economic interests are suffering from the French operations. According to the "Manchester Guardian" the arrangements for a public meeting in Manchester, and a joint deputation of London and Manchester merchants to the Foreign Secretary, to protest against French action in Morocco, have been suspended on the receipt of a hint from London that peace will be restored within a short time. It looks as though Sir Edward Grey had at length given the French Government some good advice. If that be not so, and M. Clemenceau has not decided to end the business, pressure is certain to be resumed by English commercial men, and Germany's patience is not unlimited; but the knot of the tangle may soon be cut in the French Chamber.

* * *

WE fear that the miners entombed in the depths of the Hamstead Colliery have perished, and that for them, at least, though not for the world, the brave Welsby died in vain. Such deeds lighten the darkness of life. Six of the missing men were found dead on Thursday. They were discovered lying by a door "in a peaceful attitude." On the door was written, "The Lord preserve us," and "For we are all trusting in Christ."

* * *

MR. BENJAMIN WAUGH, the founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, died on Wednesday at the age of 69. Mr. Waugh created and sustained a great standing inquisition on the wrongs which British children suffer at the hands of their parents and guardians. He brought out the most horrible facts, existing on the widest scale, and proved them, by public prosecutions of the worst cases, over and over again. He was rarely found to have been unjust or inaccurate, though his material was often of the most sensational kind, and he was wise in making the main object of his society preventive rather than punitive. He was a man of extraordinary zeal and energy of mind, armed with a will which, as in the case of a greater man, fretted his "pygmy body" to decay. The Criminal Law Amendment Act, the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Children's Bill are three monuments of his life's work.

* * *

ON Thursday afternoon, the Spring Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery was declared open by Lady George Hamilton. Lord Courtney was present, and gave an address, in the course of which he made reference to the assiduity and enterprise shown by the Director and the Secretary of the Gallery in their organisation of its exhibitions. Certainly this last collection of pictures is one of the best of many good ones. The large upper gallery contains, its space considered, a fair representation of British art, as practised by present-day members and adherents of the Royal Academy, the Scottish Academy, the New English Art Club, and the International Society. The rooms on the ground floor are devoted to copies, by dead and living artists, of several famous "old masters," from home and abroad. It will be, we fancy, among these reproductions of the great Venetians and Florentines and Spanish that the average visitor will linger, for most of them are wonderfully well wrought, by copyists who have also been creators; the Velasquez, for instance, by the late John Philip and Mr. Sargent, the Titians by Alfred Stevens, and, particularly, Gainsborough's translation of Vandyke's "Lords John and Bernard Stuart," are things that one values hardly less for themselves than for the sake of their originals.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DANGER POINT WITH GERMANY.

THE best that can be said about the conduct of the "Times" in the matter of the Kaiser's letter is that no one can, by any stretch of language, say that public opinion in this country has been seriously misled by it. Even the journalism which we call "yellow" or "new" has been correctness itself. It was only the leading English journal which could on a Friday declare that the German Emperor had written an essentially non-private letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty with intent to interfere in our Estimates in a manner favourable to German interests, and incidentally to seduce him from his allegiance to his own Sovereign and country, and on the following Tuesday, having been told that the letter was absolutely private and quite harmless, and that it had nothing to do with our Naval Estimates, could recur to the subject without an apology for its own words and acts, and with many injurious suggestions concerning the man whom it had wronged. We do not do the "Times" the injustice of supposing that the gentleman who wrote the article of Friday week knew that he was stating what was false. He was clearly ignorant of the cause, the circumstances, the date, the character, and the wording of the document with which he dealt. But on Monday night the conductors of the "Times" must have been better informed, and we confess that we can only faintly imagine the condition of mind of journalists who, with knowledge of their error, can have acted as if their earlier statement was a communication of truth.

It is necessary to mark the consequences of this conduct. The public now knows vaguely, and from other sources than the "Times" newspaper, that the German Emperor wrote to Lord Tweedmouth in frank anger at Lord Esher's suggestion that he, an Admiral of the Fleet, proud of his honour, would gloat over the retirement of its chief administrator. But it can never know this for certain, and though the legend of an audacious and sinister act may die away to-day, it is maintained by its inventors, and may be revived to-morrow. We need not urge the wickedness of such conduct, but we may well ask even Conservatives to mark its extreme impolicy. In the days preceding the Boer War, the British case against the South African Republic was so presented by the "Times" and other newspapers as to convince the greater part of the civilised world that it contained barely a shred of right. The same course is being pursued against Germany, with the apparent belief that the English public can, in the end, be convinced that that country and its Sovereign are embarked on a course of policy aimed at the destruction of the British Empire. If this purpose is achieved, there will be war, a war engineered by a small body of men who, if their names were revealed, might stand before the world as of rather small account in public character and political judgment. But it will be war in which few outside these islands will think us in the right. A moral factor of this kind may be belittled when our antagonist is an unfriended and remote Republic. It is not to be despised in the case of a Power like Germany, where, as Lord Rosebery properly

reminds us, a nation possessing many elements in common with our own democracy may be either won to friendship or aroused to bitter and determined hostility, and to the quest of allies who may not be found wanting. We hate even to discuss such a crime as a war with Germany. But action like that of the "Times" tends to bring it nearer, and to present our own policy and methods in a light most unfavourable to the character and wisdom of our nation. We have no doubt that for that reason it will impose some temporary restraint on the more astute practitioners of the cult of anti-Germanism. But it will not change their aims, or divert their missiles.

The behaviour of the "Times," however, is by no means the only point of danger in the Anglo-German situation. We may look to it to supply fresh fuel for the German Jingoism, new reasons for pressing on the enlarged shipbuilding programme, and to discourage the kind of friendly informal approach between the two Governments out of which a quiet understanding as to relative armaments might grow. But there are other and grave sources of trouble. We cannot view without concern the growing demoralisation in the naval service. When Admirals turn agitators, administrators become journalists, and the First Lord cannot keep his most intimate correspondence from the Opposition Press, there is something which requires a firm word, and possibly a marked intervention, from the heads of the Government. The author of the letter, "Under which King?" taunts Lord Tweedmouth with imprudence in revealing a letter which he did not disclose to the Cabinet. It is necessary to ask for what purpose it was revealed. Not, we quite believe, in malice by Lord Tweedmouth. But that malice was behind the half-disclosure to the "Times"—the malicious purpose of destroying or minimising all ameliorative elements in the Anglo-German situation—is clear. The German Emperor is not likely to write any more friendly letters to British statesmen, and our own King and Government will be equally cautious, and even timid. So a peace gate has been temporarily closed, while the war gate remains ajar. By whose hands? We should much like to know, but even this consideration is of much less consequence than the fixed idea which appears to govern a section of politicians in this country that the German naval programme of 1906, with its later revision, has a distinctly provocative aim as against our own fleet. This is not a point of antiquarian interest; it deeply involves the relationships between the two countries. It cannot be too often repeated that the now discredited German programme of 1900 was superseded by that of 1906, with its enormous leap from warships of 13,000 tons to vessels of 18,000 or even 20,000 tons, because, not content with the unparalleled superiority which our contemporary plans afforded us, we took our own much-vaunted stride into the "Dreadnought" class. That action woke up the entire shipbuilding world to a new conception of naval power, which Germany was neither the first nor the second Power to realise. The United States, which is conveniently ruled out of the two-Power standard, though on paper it commands the second naval force in the world, is a "Dreadnought" builder, so is France, so is Japan, so even is Russia. No more competent witness on this point can be cited than the famous constructor who writes to the "Spectator" under the signature, "Civis." At the beginning of 1905, says

this eminent man, the British Navy "occupied a position of relative strength that had never been approached since ironclads were built." Then came the ship which was said to outclass and make obsolete all existing war-ships.

Unfortunately this boast, says "Civis," failed to recognise that if it were true, "a very heavy blow would be struck at our existing naval supremacy." A new race was entered on, based on the notion of the "scrapping" of existing navies in favour of a new untried type—a process in which we, having arrived at the top point of our own superiority, must naturally suffer most. The statesman responsible for this capital error was Mr. Balfour, and it argues no small assurance on his part that he should now come forward with a calculation of the relative strength of the British and German navies nearly four years hence, from which all British ships but "Dreadnoughts"—even those approaching within 1,400 tons of their displacement, and quite possibly excelling them in fighting power—were excluded. We are sorry that Mr. Asquith should be drawn, as he was drawn on Tuesday, into this vain argument. Mr. Balfour, choosing some month or months at the end of 1911, pretended that we should then have twelve "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" against Germany's thirteen. Such an estimate is mere hypothetical scare-mongering. It is based on the fantastic notion that the whole of our existing fleet is to be ruled out, and that while we are to build no more "Dreadnoughts," Germany will build ships that do not exist at a rate at which she has never been able to build before. If we go on building at the rate of three "Dreadnoughts" a year, and Germany builds faster than she is building now, we shall have at the beginning of 1911 sixteen "Dreadnoughts" to her six, and at the beginning of 1912, nineteen to her ten, to say nothing of "Nelsons," "King Edwards," and other classes of still new and powerful battleships, all greatly superior to any vessel that Germany has afloat. To speak the language of panic in such conditions of existing power, and of productive capacity, is a gross assumption on the part of the statesman who is responsible even for the small contingent risks on which he dilates. The perils of the situation are not material: they are moral. They reside in the levity and falseness of a section of a Press which continually stokes up the feeling that finds its material expression in new armaments, and in the manner in which the Conservative Party, under Mr. Balfour's direction, is heading straight for war with Germany.

THE MODERATION OF THE LICENSING BILL.

We hope that the Government will clearly and firmly distinguish between reasonable criticism of the Licensing Bill and the campaign of furious unreason which the brewing interest has organised against it. If this great trade imagines that such proceedings as the boycotting of charities or of temperance tradesmen, and the unveiled threats to the Primate and the Bishop of London to withdraw both political and financial support from the Established Church, will have any other effect than to reveal the anti-social character of their enterprise, they are greatly mistaken. They should at least realise that the heads of the Anglican Church cannot in decency allow themselves to be "held up" by an industry which

calls upon them to choose between their pockets and their consciences. Lord Rosebery some time ago described the brewing interest as "a political ring which threatened to throttle and strangle the Commonwealth itself." The Commonwealth, we hope, will not be "throttled" by the trade, but it will certainly take note of the admission of some of its representatives that its gifts to public objects—even its historic attachment to the National Church—are in the nature of a business investment. We do not believe that there is a civilised country in the world where an industry of the character of the brewing trade thinks itself strong enough to take up such a position. The American Oil Trust does it, but not the liquor interest. We are quite certain that no Government that respects itself can allow such proceedings and such language to divert it by one hair's breadth from its path.

Let us, however, turn to the Bill, and see what substance lies in the wild description of it as a measure of red ruin and wholesale confiscation. Let us note that, so far as the actual business of a brewer of beer or a distiller of spirits is concerned, it exercises no kind of interference. At the end of the fourteen years' time limit, it may be presumed that a fair number of Englishmen will be tolerably thirsty souls, and, retaining their appetite for the productions of Lord Burton and Lord Iveagh, will be able to gratify it, with or even without reason. It is possibly a dim suspicion of this fact which causes the professional critics of the Bill to vary a statement that the Bill will ruin their trade, with a regretful affirmation that it will do nothing to check intemperance. We, on the contrary, believe that the Bill will achieve the second end without accomplishing the first. But so far as interference with private property is concerned, it is necessary to point out that, so far as its chief provision is concerned, its action is of singularly limited scope. Under it the brewer retains his right of free sale, his plant, his houses, and their stock-in-trade. All that can directly happen to him will be that at the end of fourteen years the monopoly value of a licence, which has been created by the action of the State in protecting him from competition, may be sold by it at its proper market value, instead of being half given away to the selected class of which he is a member. If he had stuck to his proper business of selling beer and spirits, in place of speculating in public-houses, he would not even have been affected to this extent. But, as it stands, the time limit is merely a notice by the State that after a certain period it will feel itself free to collect its just dues. The precise method of conducting the liquor trade is in the main left open, until the nation can untie its hands for a well-considered measure of moral and social reform.

Thus far, therefore, the Bill is a simple scheme of public right, which stands on impregnable ground. But beyond that it is, in certain of its aspects, a plan of real amelioration, not only for the public but for the trade. Take, for example, the proposals for reducing the number of licences during the period of compensation. These were strangely misrepresented by Lord Burton in his speech of Saturday. It is clear that the Bill, so far from doing any injustice to the licence-holder, treats him more liberally than did Mr. Balfour's Act. In Mr. Justice Kennedy's interpretation of that measure the tied public-house was looked upon merely as an outlet for the trade of the brewer. Under this Bill it is regarded as a place where the licence-holder earns his

living. In that character he will be entitled to compensation for loss of profits, and will certainly receive more than the beggarly ten or eleven per cent. of the compensation fund which is now his share. This sum, moreover, is not to be carved out of the total, as under the Act of 1904, but is an addition to it. The publican, in a word, is regarded as a trader, and not a mere item in the brewers' organisation.

But if Mr. Asquith's immediate scheme of reduction is advantageous to the publican, there is no reason to suppose that it will in the long run prove injurious to the trade itself. A reduction of drinking will, we believe, accrue from it, as the capital example of Liverpool, and also of Birmingham, shows. But this item of loss to the brewer should be more than balanced by the cutting down of administrative expenses. As things stand, the trade is done in far too many houses, which involve their owners in a continual financial drain. Lord Burton speaks with mingled pride and sorrow of the 167 fully licensed houses in Burton. What does Burton want with 167 licences? What does Ware want with one licence to about thirty adults? It is clear that the existence of twenty or thirty licensed houses in a small town is not only bad for public morals, but is an economically wasteful provision. Many of the processes of reduction—the amalgamation of business, the release of capital through the flow of the compensation fund, and the sale of premises—will add a new element of soundness to breweries as owners of tied houses. The reduction of licences itself is gradual, and its total number will not greatly exceed that which is proceeding under the Balfour Act. The loss of 2,500 licences a year is, indeed, a small number compared with the transfers which are continually going on under the tied-house system. As it is, the average stay of the licence holder in each public house is very short. Changes are continual, and the cost of them is serious. Under a steady system of reduction the better class of publican will, as now, quickly be absorbed in the reorganised and concentrated trade.

We may be asked what, if the Bill be a fair and reasonable one, is the reason for the animus of the trade against it? The cause is not far to seek. The measure has revealed in a flash the vice of the tied-house system and its reckless management by the trade. "The Licensing Bill," says the Financial Editor of the "Times," "whatever it may threaten, has not killed the brewery market. The market was dead before, and dead as the result of the speculation by brewers in tied houses which culminated ten years ago, and has been collapsing year by year ever since." The prices of brewery stock, says the same journalist, "solemnly quoted in the official list," were, to a great extent, "merely a row of polite fictions." What is the cause of the slump? The persistent treatment by the brewing interest of the licence as if it were a freehold, and the buying up of houses on that false basis. In this matter the brewers have acted against countless warnings, against repeated decisions in the Courts, against the advice of their own experts. Out of 360 breweries and distilleries, 345 have been registered since the Over Darwen case in 1882 made clear the historic right of the justices to refuse the renewal of a licence. The day after that case was decided, Mr. Nash, the legal adviser of the Victuallers' Association, wrote to the "Morning Advertiser" fully acknowledging the eventful

character of that decision. "There cannot," he said, "be the smallest doubt that in the strict sense no such thing as a vested interests exists, and that, subject to appeal, the magistrates can refuse to renew the licence of the largest, most useful, and best-conducted hotel in England." Why, we ask, has not the trade acted on this warning? Why has it continued to finance its business as if the licence were a freehold, and why does it talk of the confiscation of an interest which its own agent declared years ago to be non-existent? Because it relied on its influence with the Tory Party to turn the annual licence into a kind of estate. It found a weak agent in Mr. Balfour, but even he has not been able to change the inveterate theory and practice of the English law. The State cannot confiscate its own property, still less does it commit an unjust act when it gives fair and long notice to resume its rights, and to consider how in future to dispense them. The trade may indeed cry *ad misericordiam*; it may ask—and in that case it will not ask in vain—for some regard to the business which has been built up on a reasonable expectation of a renewal of its licences. But there must be some limit to a State guarantee against private recklessness. We see that Lord Burton, in a letter to the "Daily News," while admitting that his company possesses a reserve fund equal to the amount at which its licence values stand, suggests that it is invested in mortgages on licensed property. Surely Lord Burton does not mean that he has invested his shareholders' money without seeing that there is a sufficient margin. If he has left no such margin, he and his co-directors have simply staked a sum designed to provide for one contingency on another contingency involving the same risk. Such a course would not be investment; it would be gambling. We hope that Lord Burton has been more businesslike, but in the broadest sense this is what the brewing trade have done. They have gambled with the law, with the public, and with their own property, and they are angry to-day because it looks as if they were going to lose.

THE STATE AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

THE obligation of the State to provide public work or public maintenance for unemployed workers, which is being discussed this (Friday) afternoon in the House of Commons, is no new or revolutionary principle. It has been embodied in the Poor Laws of this country for several centuries, and is an accepted policy of almost every civilised nation. Unfortunately the administration of our Poor Law during the last century has been expressly designed to render this public policy inoperative, by attaching such conditions of personal hardship and degradation as to debar most respectable working folk from accepting public aid, even in their direst distress. But public sentiment has been steadily advancing towards a demand for an honest and humane fulfilment of this public duty. The modern system of industry will not work without long periods of slack employment, and our industrial progress is achieved by means of rapid changes of technical methods, which often imply large and tolerably sudden displacements of labour. Even if workmen can make provision, as many of them do, against the minor leakages of employment, due to seasonable or other fairly calculable causes, their knowledge of markets and their narrow economic

resources cannot enable them, either as individuals or by private co-operative effort, to grapple with the larger fluctuations of trade. That this necessary cost of modern industrial progress should fall with all its crushing weight of misery and degradation upon those working-class families who in ordinary times can just maintain a decent standard of life by regular and unremitting toil, is rightly recognised as an intolerable injustice and a grave impediment to social progress. It is impossible to deny the magnitude of the problem, or to contend that any sort of voluntary charitable effort is competent to deal with it. The workers, who represent the difference between the two per cent. of unemployed in 1899 and the more than eight per cent. in such a year as 1903 are *ex hypothesi* not unemployable, and to permit their labour-power to run to waste, and themselves and their families to sink in the scale of individual and moral efficiency, is a negation of national economy.

But it is needless to argue a social obligation which is in general terms admitted by all save a handful of belated individualists, and for the fulfilment of which the late Government made express legislative provision in their Unemployed Act. We may take it that there is a general agreement, among all who confront the issue without theoretic bias, that public local authorities should be empowered and required to find work, or else to furnish maintenance, for genuinely unemployed workers, under conditions which are not degrading and do not impede their return at the earliest opportunity to regular industrial employment. There is, indeed, a prior public obligation which is likely, we understand, to be enforced in the forthcoming Report of the Poor Law Commission, viz., that public authorities shall, by means of Labour Exchanges and like machinery, assist in draining unemployed areas, by enabling out-of-works to move easily to other places where their work is wanted. But serviceable as would be this method of improving the mobility of labour, it could not, of course, cope with any period of general or widespread trade depression, or even with much of the general unemployment of our great cities. Bearing in mind these facts, we cannot avoid the conclusion that it will be necessary for our Government so to develop the "sketch" legislation of the late Government as to furnish a really valid instrument for dealing with the emergency of unemployment in periods of bad trade. Mr. Burns and the Government can make a fair case for postponing immediate legislation, partly on the ground that it is desirable to await the Report of the Poor Law Commission, and to deal with this issue in its organic relation to other problems of industrial distress, partly because it is well to assimilate the results of the interesting and important experiments in afforestation, labour colonies, and other public works which are already in operation. But this postponement is not free from risks. It would be prudish to pretend that tactical considerations of policy can be ignored, in face of the strenuous assault upon our Free Trade policy, in which this problem of unemployment is now figuring as the chief weapon of attack. It would be suicidal for the Government to be compelled to go to the country during a period of trade depression without having made some serious attempt to formulate a remedial policy for unemployment.

Holding this view, we cannot help regretting that the measure introduced into Parliament by the Labour Party is damaged by so grave a vice of economic principle as to render its acceptance impossible by men who were not prepared for a reckless attempt to undermine our general system of industry in its foundations. For the provision of Mr. Wilson's Bill that public work should be furnished "upon conditions not lower than those that are standard to the work in the locality" is virtually an offer to furnish to all

low-skilled and low-waged workers public employment which, by reason of its security, would be preferable to more hazardous employment under private employers. If our municipal unemployed authorities are required to find employment for all comers at the standard wage for unskilled town labour, the drift of rural labourers towards a guaranteed wage level at least 50 per cent. above the normal agricultural wage in most Southern counties, will be converted into a chronic rush, while inside the towns large numbers of general labourers, and the older and weaker competitors in most low-paid or less regular trades, will qualify for public work upon conditions which, nominally equal, will, in fact, for them, be superior to those current in the trade to which they belong. This demand, which stands in the fore-front of the Labour Bill, is not merely an item in the policy of the minimum standard securing for every worker a subsistence wage in public works, which, by the alternative it offers to workers, would compel outside employers to improve their wages and other conditions, so as to secure efficient employees. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this forcing-up system. But the present Bill would defeat this object, because, however much the outside standard wage were raised, the alternative public employment would keep pace with it, still offering a preferable employment to the less effective workers. In general terms, it may be said that any such proposal to establish unemployed public works upon the basis of conditions of employment current in any regular outside trades, belongs to the most illicit form of Socialism, which would seek to build up the new industrial order with the least efficient human material, in the worst organised industries, under the most difficult conditions.

Now it is essential to a sound unemployed policy that it shall be regarded as a species of social palliative for a specific industrial disease, not as a part of an organic attempt to reconstruct society. This requires that, while the conditions of public relief works must be such as shall not impair the economic efficiency of the worker and his family, they must not be such as to tempt him to remain in public employment a single day longer than the state of the outside labour market warrants. This being so, all ideas of using the unemployed to establish permanent works of public utility, which shall be remunerative according to ordinary commercial standards of utility, must be banished from our minds. Public local bodies may be encouraged to get such use out of the labour of unemployed men as they reasonably can, by planning and executing desirable work of repair or construction, at times when plenty of labour is available; they may even "make" work which, though fraught with some utility, would not have been undertaken in the ordinary course of municipal economy. In a similar spirit the considerable experiments in afforestation which our central government is financing in several quarters of England and Scotland may be legitimately enlarged; and other State works which lie outside the normal purview of private industry may be added.

In our judgment it will become necessary for the Government to develop a permanent machinery for dealing with the periodic unemployment of large numbers of genuine workers, as well as with the not less grave problem of the unemployable, and to furnish an adequate finance out of public funds for keeping intact the working efficiency and the homes of workers during temporary unemployment. But in the difficult task of fulfilling this obligation two essential conditions must be kept constantly in mind. First, the public in providing employment finds its chief gain, not in the utility of the product of unemployed labour, but in the protection of industrial weaklings against undeserved distress and injury. Secondly, this public provision must be ordered so as to assist, not to prevent, the return of unemployed workers to the common fields of industry.

If our industrial system requires a minimum reserve of unemployed during certain periods, the public must maintain this reserve. It must not enlarge it, or withhold it from ordinary channels of employment.

THE LIMITS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

ANOTHER effort, the third of its kind, is now being made to conclude an Arbitration Treaty with the United States. We hope and believe that this time it will succeed. Some, at least, of the obstacles that wrecked the earlier treaties do not exist to-day. The Americans have largely outgrown their old and penetrating suspiciousness of British diplomacy. Anglophobia as a political force has undergone in the last decade a progressive decline. There are no issues of any serious moment still outstanding between the two Governments. Those that Mr. Bryce has just been endeavouring to settle in Ottawa are intricate, but not crucial, and the temper in which they are approached is on both sides that of sincerity and goodwill. Our people have long set upon Anglo-American friendship a value that can scarcely be exaggerated. They believe, and rightly believe, that the relations between the two countries are one of the determining factors not only in international politics, but in the progress of civilisation. In the United States, if the realisation of all that Anglo-American co-operation and brotherhood mean, or should mean, is less vivid and constant, there is, at all events, a general desire to preserve and extend the zone of international confidence. Both peoples believe in arbitration. Both recognise in it a principle whose tendency, in Kant's expressive formula, lies in the moral, rather than the pathological, direction. Both are conscious that their failure to embody that principle in a solemn compact is a reproach to the type of civilisation of which they claim to be the foremost representatives. The omens, therefore, are favourable. At the same time, the special circumstances of America are such as to restrict both the scope and the efficacy of any Arbitration Treaty. This is a condition which, after the failures of 1897 and of 1905, it would be foolish not to take into account. We do not believe that it is possible for Mr. Bryce and Mr. Root to succeed where Lord Pauncefote and Mr. Olney, and Sir Mortimer Durand and Mr. Hay failed. We do, however, believe that a limited success, and along more restricted lines, is both within their grasp, and is well worth striving for. The history of the previous efforts not only, in our judgment, confirms that view, but points with unmistakable precision to the conditions that will have to be observed if an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty is ever to become a reality.

What was it that killed the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty, and that led the Senate, after emasculating it by amendments, to reject it altogether? There were, no doubt, many reasons. The Treaty was negotiated in the heat of reaction from the Venezuelan crisis of 1895, and the comprehensiveness of its provisions went, perhaps, too far ahead of American sentiment. Moreover, in 1897, Anglophobia was rampant throughout the United States; the Irish influence was adroitly used to foment suspicion and distrust; and the partisanship of the defeated Bryanites stopped at nothing to thwart and belabour the Administration. All these factors contributed to the final defeat, and even if they had been the only ones, their strength, under the conditions of the time, would probably have been enough to make defeat inevitable. But they were not the only ones, and the assumption that but for them the Treaty would have been ratified without amendment was clearly proved eight years later to be untenable. For in 1905, under wholly different circumstances, the American Senators repeated their action of 1897. They had before them a batch of seven Arbitration Treaties; they mutilated and devitalised them one after another, reducing them by identical amendments to an identical futility. It is most important to recognise that they

could not have been moved thereto by the influences that were operative in 1897. In 1905 Anglophobia was not merely quiescent, but had been replaced by a real and healthy sense of friendliness towards both the British people and the British Government. Nor, in any case, could Anglophobia be a reason for emasculating Arbitration Treaties with Italy, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. Politics, again, in 1905, had little or no effect on the issue—both the vote and the debate disregarded the lines of party. Neither was there the objection to the scope of the Treaties that was urged against the Olney-Pauncefote agreement. All the treaties of 1905 were identical with one another, and conformed to the familiar Anglo-French model. That is, they were nearly as restricted as any Arbitration Treaty can be that is to retain a spark of reality. Yet all were so mutilated by amendments that President Roosevelt declined to proceed with them.

The truth is, we believe, that what drove the Senate to act as it did in 1897 and in 1905 was, beyond everything else, the primal instinct of self-preservation. The Constitution lodges in the Senate the right to a final voice in the conduct of foreign affairs; all treaties, to be effective, must be ratified by a two-thirds majority "of the Senators present." And that is a prerogative which the Senate betrays no intention of relinquishing. No legislative chamber in the world is so "touchy" as the American Senate, so sensitive to any invasion of its Constitutional rights, so tenacious of the privileges that either belong to it by law or that it is able to extort from weak-kneed Presidents. It is the last body on earth to surrender any of its authority, least of all on so vital a matter as the control of foreign relations. An Arbitration Treaty challenges that authority at its tenderest point. It cannot help doing so. The essence of all such treaties is that two Powers agree to refer to arbitration certain questions. Those questions may be few and insignificant. They may exclude all matters involving the "national honour" or "vital interests"; they may be so limited as to turn merely on points of law or the interpretation of existing treaties. But in the case of the American Senate these restrictions and exclusions make no difference. If a treaty provides for automatic arbitration on any questions, however unimportant in numbers or in quality, it must to that extent infringe upon Senatorial prerogatives. It practically takes away certain powers that the Constitution vests in the Senate, and transfers them to the President. It exalts the Executive at the expense of the Legislature. It allows the President to carry a negotiation with a foreign Government through practically all its stages without consulting the Senate. To ask the Senate to concur in a general Arbitration Treaty is, therefore, from its point of view, to ask it to commit political suicide. It is to ask it to abdicate in favour of its great rival, the President.

This is a demand to which we see no likelihood of the Senate yielding. Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt have each and all failed to change its attitude. From the safe and legitimate shelter of the Constitution it has defied with equal success public opinion and three of the strongest Presidents in American history. It is scarcely, therefore, an exaggeration to say that a general, automatic, and effective Arbitration Treaty with the United States is a Constitutional impossibility. The utmost concession, in our judgment, that can be wrung from the Senate is an acceptance of arbitration as a principle, coupled with a provision that the principle shall only be invoked and applied, in any given case, with the concurrence of the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution. That is as far as the American Senators would go in 1897; it is as far as they went in 1905; it is as far, we fear, as they can ever be induced to go. The situation is regrettable, and, in a sense, disheartening, but it cannot be either altered or ignored. To recognise its limitations is not, of course, to advocate inaction; it is to mark out the sphere within which an advance is practicable, and it is to forestall the disappointment that has twice already awaited the policy of attempting too much.

Life and Letters.

THE RICH MAN'S DILEMMA.

LUXURY has been a famous subject for intellectual philanderers. Its meaning is ill-defined, and the notions and sentiments it arouses are mixed and flabby. Hence the humour of most modern experiments in "the simple life," in which well-to-do persons play at thrift with good taste, or amiably seek for some theoretically right limits of expenditure which they fail to find. There is not even any fixity in the articles that embody luxury. A motor-car is a typical modern luxury. But for a doctor it may well rank as a necessary. A fur coat is a luxury in London, a necessary in Moscow. A hand-made watch was a necessary a century ago; it has now become a luxury, like most products of the revived "arts and crafts." It is a commonplace that the luxuries of yesterday become the comforts, conveniences, or even the necessities of to-day. Yet nobody doubts that for a given person, at a given time, in given circumstances, certain things are luxuries. To whole classes the profuse expenditure of the class above them ranks as luxury, and the more candid souls amongst us may even specify the elements of luxury in their own consumption. So the word continues to be freely used, and to awaken feelings of reproach or of resentment. As a factor in the demoralisation of individual character it has always been denounced not only by private moralists, but by the Churches. But a curiously crude economics, which, lurking through the ages, and first fully formulated by Mandeville in his *Fable of the Bees*, found a public benefit in this private vice, long screened from the general mind the social waste which luxury involves. And though most people of ordinary education now understand that the luxurious expenditure of the rich is no longer necessary in order to "give employment" to the poor, few have carried their analysis of the matter far enough to furnish any counsel of relief to those whom we may call "the anxious rich."

For it cannot be questioned that among the well-to-do classes many are seriously concerned with this aspect of the distribution of wealth. They frankly recognise that a sharing, according to which, as a competent authority recently estimated, nearly one-half of our national income goes to one-eighth of the population, implies a colossal waste of wealth in the sense of wholesome human satisfaction. For luxury is twice cursed; it curses him that gives and him that takes. A double injury to life is wrought—the torpor of brain and heart and liver which repletion brings as the wages of excess, and the starvation of body and soul which comes to others from the want which luxury entails. A demand for commodities which forces multitudes of men and women to pour their productive energy into forms of wealth flowing away in waste, while their own lives go by empty of all wholesome joy, is a grave indictment of our social order.

Nor is this all. Not merely does the excess of some imply the want of others, but the bad qualities of this excess react with ruinous effect upon the "standards" of the poor. A great deal of the waste in the expenditure of the poor is directly and obviously attributable to imitation of their "betters." "The conduct of any upper class, whether the superiority is due to worth or wealth, carries with it some prestige in the eyes of all 'lower' classes; and its example tends so far to be imitated."

These plain truths are excellently set forth in a little volume* by Mr. E. J. Urwick, who opens up in a simple but effective manner the whole sociology of the theme, and states, though he fails to solve, the rich man's dilemma. The first horn of the dilemma is already made manifest. The rich man cannot spend his income upon commodities of any sort without injuring himself by excess, and society by a wasteful disposal of energy which might have gone in ministering to real human wants. What, then, shall he do with his income if he may not spend it? Saving seems the only

logical alternative. But will he be conferring any social benefit if, instead of buying luxuries, he invests all his "surplus" income, *i.e.*, if, while he reduces the general demand for commodities, he increases the machinery for making more commodities? Assume that the whole of the "luxurious" classes, suddenly conscience-stricken, took to the simple life, and devoted the huge sum, say some £300,000,000 per annum, at present spent in luxuries, to furnish increased or improved plant and raw materials to industry (for that is what "saving" means). It is quite clear that not merely would the luxury trades suffer, but the volume of employment both for capital and labour must be greatly reduced.

No one who has not fuddled his intelligence with the delusions of J. S. Mill's wage-fund fails to recognise these horns of the dilemma. Saving will no more wipe away the sin of luxury than spending. Indeed, it is alike more injurious and less reasonable for a man to set up more productive plant at the very time when, by his own action, he has made less plant wanted, than to go on spending upon the "champagne and velvet" which to economists of the last generation ranked as the typical luxuries. How, then, shall he exorcise himself? Mr. Urwick thinks he has found a way when he points out that "there exist many charities which are universally acknowledged to be beneficial and worthy of support," and urges as a last resort that he can "surrender" pieces of his income to the State or the municipality for public uses, leaving them free to devote his voluntary contribution to the public revenue to any purposes they choose.

Now to our mind this is "no way out." Both suggestions suffer from the taint of charity. If the rich man himself selects the public objects, not merely is there no presumption that he will choose wisely, there is some presumption that he will choose ill. For the arts of making money for oneself and of spending money for others are widely different, and in some degree, at any rate, antagonistic. There is reason to suppose that most rich men cannot know the best or even the good public uses of wealth. But still more fatal to Mr. Urwick's proposal is the injury which such private munificence can, and does, inflict upon the public character, by doing for the State or the municipality what the latter are capable of doing for themselves. This is no fanciful grievance. The present writer has stamped upon his memory the case of his native town, which in his childhood captured a rich and benevolent brewer for its member and its patron. From that time forth its citizens steadfastly refused to put their hands into the municipal purse for any town improvement, for parks, public library, baths, hospital. They went, cap in hand, to their generous benefactor and got what they wanted. Mr. Urwick knows well how degrading such charity is to an individual working man. It is equally degrading to a community. Nor can one evade the cost by supposing that rich men might leave the State or the town free to use the donations as seemed good to them. This is no real remedy, for such complete self-effacement of the donor is incompatible with the psychology of charity. As long as a rich man recognises he is dealing with his property he will hold it his right, and even his duty, to place restrictions on its use. Here and there some larger liberty of bequest is possible, but this will be the rule. In our view there are few more degrading spectacles, and none more perilous to the cause of disinterested popular culture, than that which our big English towns offer when they invite some local millionaire to build their library or to endow their college, things which they are competent to do for themselves if they have enough genuine interest in education to make the necessary efforts and sacrifices.

The resources of the public are not so feeble as Mr. Urwick seems to think. By an equitable system of taxation public bodies can take as their rightful income what he would have them receive as a dole. This will only be termed confiscation by those who fail to recognise how very inadequately the public shares at present in the wealth it helps to create. There is, in fact, no other solution of the problem of luxury than that which

* "Luxury and Waste of Life." Dent.

cuts into the roots of excessive incomes. For the real problem lies in the fact that the rich man is called upon to spend that which he has not really "earned," a contravention of a strictly natural law which regulates the relations between the power of production and the power of consumption. It may sound easier and more peaceful to suggest that the rich shall make a voluntary concession of their riches. But in reality it is only one more revival of the beautiful but ineffectual theory of economic chivalry which Carlyle and Ruskin preached. It is ineffectual because the conditions of the growth of luxury are such as naturally warp the characters alike of the luxurious class and of those who abstain because they must, so that the former cannot give and the latter cannot with self-respect receive the use of surplus wealth.

A TITAN.

"UNSUBDUABLE granite," Carlyle called Luther, "piercing far and wide into the heavens: yet, in the clefts of it, fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers!" His words, said Richter, "were half-battles." The enormous controversial volumes, full of the matter and temper of a dead scholastic theology, form, indeed, no pleasant reading. But in the table talk, and especially in the letters, the man stands to-day, as he once lived, "a great brother-man." A hundred years ago Coleridge declared, "I can scarcely conceive a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, if translated in the simple, idiomatic, hearty mother tongue of the original." No such volume exists to-day. But here in "The Letters of Martin Luther," selected and translated by Margaret Currie (Macmillan), is a "delightful volume" in idiomatic English. It reveals the very heart of one of the greatest of the children of mankind: impetuous, tender, compassionate, full of vigour and full of laughter: with beneath all surface scorn and playfulness, a profound seriousness of outlook and purpose: a man "open to the divine significance of life." It is the work of one set in the long and ardent tradition of the prophet: Augustine, Luther, Cromwell, Carlyle, and all similar souls are looking on an existence whose outward events are symbolic of the play of ultimate forces behind them, and life is always a desperate battle-ground between God and His enemies. Devils swarmed in those German twilights, hiding in the forests, riding overhead in the storm-wind, visibly gathering together in some great Conference or Diet where liberty is to be once again assailed. "From the castle," Luther writes to Melancthon, "so full of devils, but where nevertheless, Christ reigns in the midst of His enemies." Ten days before his death at Eisleben, "I think that hell and the whole world must at present be free from devils," he writes to his wife, "who perhaps because of me have all now gathered in Eisleben." Twenty-five years before, summoned to the pleading which shook Europe to its foundations and gave birth to a new world, he had told George Spalatin that he would come to Worms, "were there as many devils there as tiles on the house-tops." "Christ lives," he wrote, "and we shall enter Worms in defiance of the gates of hell and all the powers of the air." Yet this valorous and dauntless soul was familiar with doubts and agonies, and had known the temptations of fear. "Not that I have no fear of death," he once declared; although he hopes "that the Lord will deliver me from this fear also." Riding to the Diet at Augsburg, "Show yourself a man, and teach the young people what is right," he exhorts Philip Melancthon. "But I go hence to offer myself up for them and you, if God wills it." "I am like Jeremiah, the man of strife," he cries in one of his times of depression. "God has visited me with great bodily suffering," he writes from the Wartburg; "I have not slept all night and had no rest. Pray for me, as this evil will become unbearable if it goes on increasing." "I do not grudge Dr. Lupino a blessed exit out of this life," he mournfully affirms, "in which, would to God, we did not live." He finds it "very hard" to be of different opinion from all the Princes and Bishops: but "it is the only way," he adds

tersely, "to avoid God's wrath and hell." Sometimes he is exultant at the fire which he is lighting, as it runs, like a spark through dry heather, over the great ways of Europe. "From this, most holy father," he writes to Leo X., "has such a fire been kindled that, to judge from the hue and cry, one would think that the whole world had been set ablaze." More frequently he is filled with awe at the great upheaval, and with foreboding as he looks towards its future. "You must help us," he implores Wenzel Link at Nurnberg, "for the times and God's cause demand this. I must admit that unheard of things are happening, but it is against our will." "You are right," he declares later to another, "in saying that the world is going to ruin." But he has hope, as so many similar spirits had hoped in similar hours of twilight and dim dawn, of a sudden end: the visible manifestation of the spiritual forces so long hidden, so long patient. "I hope the day of the coming of the great God is approaching," he cries, "for we hear only of fires, murders, and fury over all." In a kind of exultation he offers his body and soul for burning, if by such sacrifice may be consummated the completion of the divine purpose in the world. "Although the Pope should assassinate me," he proclaims to his father, "and cast me into hell, he cannot raise me up again, to slay me once more. For should he condemn me, and burn me, my heart and will shall stand out against his absolution. I hope the great day is approaching when the kingdom of wickedness will be cast down and destroyed. Would to God we were considered worthy to be burned by the Pope, that our blood might cry out for vengeance, and therefore hasten his end." Sometimes the vision is less tumultuous and the sky serene. Beyond and behind all, "God reigns" is the continued burden of his message. "He is our God." "Christ lives: and I can lose nothing." "Be of good cheer and fear no one," is his exhortation to the Christians in Wittenberg. "By God's grace I am as courageous as ever." "Christ will come from heaven," is his firm belief at the end, "and kindle a fire against Satan and his emissaries. Amen."

That is one side of the man revealed in these letters, the strong, unbreakable spirit standing up like a tall rock in the torrent and whirlwind, to whom all weaker souls turned for strength and stimulus and consolation. He is corresponding with the Pope somewhere far down South in an Italy which he had once visited, where he had once been scandalised; "like Egypt long ago," as he describes it, "enveloped in thick darkness, being entirely ignorant of Christ, and all that appertains to Him." He is setting the North in revolt against abuses, yet is anxious not to make the breach complete, not to rush to extravagant excesses. He will not war against non-essentials in ritual and doctrine, and if a Reformed Preacher will not preach without a cassock, "Let him have a cassock to preach in then," is his reply; "let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them." He is corresponding with rulers and princes, the Emperor, Henry VIII. of England, the King of Denmark, all the great ones of the earth. Every day of the life of the man is making history: making history in fire which was soon to be turned into blood. Yet "for the honour of God's Word," he cries, "we would rather burn amid fiery coals than rot solitary and half-alive, if it were God's will." And for counterpart there is the other side of his life: with a vast tenderness and compassion, love for father and wife and little son; a naturalness, a playfulness, a delight in natural and playful and beautiful things which exhibit this giant of controversy with at bottom the heart of a child. While he is shaking the pillars of the world he is writing to his wife; how that the Council send him for every meal "about a hogshead of good Rhine wine"; how that "the devil has ruined all the beer in the land with pitch." Refusing the risk of the crossing of the Saale to Eisleben because of the ice and water-billows, because "it is better to evade the devil than afterwards to complain of him," and it is "needless to delight the Pope and his emissaries through our death," he announces that they have "no desire to drink the water," "for we regale ourselves with good Torgau beer and

Rhine wine, and let the Saale rage at its will." He often praised God for all the beauty of the world: "My pen runs away with me," he declared, "when I extol God's works." He dates his letter from Altenstein, "In the region of the birds, who sing beautifully on the trees, praising God night and day with all their might." When all Catholic Europe is gnashing its teeth at this renegade monk, sold to Satan, excommunicate from the Christian companionship, he himself is engaged in sampling "the Chase," "to get a taste of the pleasures which fine gentlemen love so well." "We caught two hares and a few poor roes. Truly a worthy occupation for idle people! Amid the nets and the dogs I pondered over theological matters." "I had managed to save a poor hare, and had it under my coat, but the dogs discovered it, and bit its leg through the coat, and choked it, so that we found it dead." His friendships were those of lovers. "I would rather die," said Melancthon, "than separate from Luther." "Whatever my dwelling-place may be," he wrote to the Elector Frederick, "I shall never to all eternity forget your Grace's goodness to me." His letter to his little son Hans is one of the most familiar classical pieces of German prose. "I know a beautiful garden," he wrote, "where there are many children with golden robes. They pick up the rosy-cheeked apples, pears, plums, from under the trees, sing, jump, and rejoice all day long. They also have pretty ponies, with golden reins and silver saddles. I asked whose garden it was, and to whom the children belonged. The man said, 'These are the children who love to pray and learn their lessons.' I then said, 'Dear sir, I also have a son, Hanschen Luther. Might not he too come into the garden and eat the beautiful fruit, and ride upon these pretty ponies, and play with these children?' 'If he loves prayer and is good,' said the man, 'he can.'" After the death of his little Elizabeth: "My little daughter Elizabeth has been taken away from me," he wrote, "leaving me almost in womanly sorrow, so deeply am I grieved. I never dreamt that a father's heart could have been so soft towards his children."

It is a Titan: in its simplicity, its humanity, its high courage, its unwearying, unending labour. The body too hardly driven failed while the spirit still burnt fiery and unquenchable. "I have served the people freely," was his plea, "with what God has given me." In his last sermon at Eisleben he exhorted the people to cleave to the Lord and Master, who calls the weak and weary to Himself. "I could say much more," he concluded, "but am weak, so will leave it alone." "Let us say and sing," he ends this great correspondence in a letter to his wife on February 14th, 1546. "Let us say and sing, that we shall wait and see what God will do." Four days later he was dead: a power vanished from the world.

A CITY OF THE SOUL.

EXPECTATION is aroused even in its approach: for the travellers is forewarned that he is coming to one of the wonders of the world. It can be seen far off, over the brown hills of Languedoc, with the blue hills for background: high roofs and spires and parapets and pinnacles, all pointing upward. The sense of waiting, of strength altogether unsubdued, of the guardianship of a secret still unconquered, is the first impression of that distant vision of loveliness. Its strong walls and towers, encompassing a little hill above a quick river, take also in that first glance an impression of unsubstantial pageantry. It seems from the beginning a dream city, grey in a bluish-grey mist, set high on a hill above the quiet stream. A dream city it remains to the end.

The new town of Carcassonne is a pleasant French provincial city, woven of rectangular streets, lined with trees, and white, green-shuttered houses: full of the normal French things which are unchanged from the Pyrenees to the Rhine: the somewhat too ornate, dark, incense-scented churches, the cafés, with their little

round, marble-topped tables, the soldiers and the prosperous, stout, middle-aged citizens, with their jolly children, which together leave a sense of human comfort with a menace of insecurity behind it. Two tree-lined roads lead down to the old and new bridges across the Aude. A turn of the corner, round an immense convent, which advertises the reception of foundling children without question or payment, suddenly reveals that strong Vision of a former time: the twelfth century bridge, the winding river, the masses of acacias and poplars: with, high above them all, the long line of walls and towers of a city defiant of time and change: Carcassonne, as it has stood, guarding the Southern gateway of France, since France first was.

It is the child's dream of a fighting fortress stamped upon the scale of real life in the enduring stone. All the boyish conceptions of the medieval world are there: the romance of the novelist and artist who attempted, in picture and description, to exhibit the inner heart and significance of that astonishing time as a tangible presence in the world. The cities of the Arthurian legend, the home of the dim medieval twilight, all the North of the Gothic tradition in the hazardous days, has been left here, stranded (as it were) far in the South, an alien intruder. Carcassonne is a piece of a world long dead and buried, standing for the wonder and the judgment of a world considering itself alive. Carcassonne is a piece of a world which can never die.

It was constructed as a fortress for purely practical purposes: with no conscious search for beauty or of aesthetic satisfactions in its making. So that with its triple tier of wall within wall, its high gates and entrances, with the long, guarded pathways up the hillside, its outworks and defences, its long line of guarding towers, its high central chateau, with the flag of France still flying there, and the French Army still in occupation, it stands still for defiance and for courage. Defiance and courage are the notes of its past history. It has never been taken except in a struggle more than usually fierce and desperate. In the great Crusade which converted Provence into a slaughter-house the Vicomte de Beziers flung himself into Carcassonne. Offered safe conduct with twelve others, "Not one of my men shall the legate have by my will," was the ringing reply, "for it is for my sake that they have put themselves in peril." After fourteen days' continuous fighting it was taken: no more fighting men were left in its defence: all who survived were burnt alive or put to the sword. It was August, 1209—just seven hundred years ago. Thirty-one years later the son of the murdered man attempted its recapture, but after twenty-four days' siege he retired. The Black Prince, ravaging Languedoc with fire and sword, thought it prudent to leave it alone. Its defenders from their high walls gazed out on the burning of the lower town, themselves inviolate. Inviolable the city remained, while the noise of that continuous fighting fell into quietness, and a new world of tranquillity and comfort replaced the old forgotten things. Inviolable it remains to-day while the grasses surge up against its lichen-covered walls, and little pear trees and flowering almonds peep over the boundaries of its silent, grass-grown streets, and the watchers from the summits of its high towers and battlements see nothing but the flush of the green corn in the sudden springtime, and the purple of the vine in the long, quiet, autumn days.

Every corner and twisting street of its tiny panorama is alive with the flame of romance, and full of the shadows of all the past. Here are the long narrow walls guarding the crooked way to the water tower by the river. Here is the sally port and the postern gate for messenger or sudden surprise. Here is the moat—now strewn with flowers—and the double drawbridge; the portcullis, narrow windows for the shooting of arrows, overhanging eaves with apertures for the descent of molten lead or Greek fire. You can traverse along a narrow stone way, still ringing to the feet, the high inner wall where once the sentry marched ceaselessly night and day: rising by winding stone staircases into the towers with their tiers of stone chambers: descending low into black caverns beneath them, from which have

been rescued chains and trinkets and dead men's bones. In the heart of the huge fortress gates which guard the two entrances you may enter a labyrinth of vast vaulted Gothic chambers, with immense open fireplaces, still blackened by the flames that once burnt there continuously: where the light is so dim that your guide will illuminate the place with huge torches of twisted paper, giving a magical impression of leaping lights and shadows. And all the while as you tread that high historic pathway you are looking clean over the little old city which still remains untarnished: between wall and wall, tiny houses, tiny gardens, narrow, crooked streets, with scarcely a sign of life amongst a remote, dwindling people, who still cling to the old city because their fathers have dwelt there, from immemorial time.

The little cathedral in the midst, with its broken cloisters, now a grass-grown space around it, set like a jewel within those high-grown ramparts, abides for the testimony of the tenderness which accompanied all that strength. The nave, the work of the earliest age, is dark and sombre and a little brutal: huge squat pillars supporting a low roof, all set in grey. But the choir has flung into it all the aspiration of the child world of the thirteenth century: with thin stone supports soaring upwards, and great sheets of coloured glass of extraordinary richness and beauty, and carved on all the capitals the birds and animals of the Middle Age, with angels and demons, warriors, monks, nuns, fabulous beasts rumoured to exist beyond the boundaries of the habitable world: all looking down upon the sanctuary, giving glory to God.

The cold mountain wind blew fiercely over the walls of the city all the afternoon. We looked down from its high parapet over the grass-covered hillside, sloping down so gently to the poplar-lined stream: white and clear in its stony bed, winding away over the pleasant land until lost in a fold of the hills. Beyond in a kind of blue haze was the little town which still occupies itself with the events of the day: with churches and public buildings rising from the maze of its regular streets, and the good citizens, after the day's not too extravagant labour, turning their minds to pleasure and repose. The horizon vanished in a mist which just allowed the indication of coloured cloud and coloured mountain, blending all the earth and heaven. At evening the wind became quiet, and the sun set in a great flare of crimson and purple in the West. We wandered out into the winter vineyards, all brown and leafless, to watch the black towers of Carcassonne standing tall and defiant against that fierce flaming sky. Until, as the glow faded into darkness, the little lights of the little new city shone forth serene into a huge black night, and as we journeyed homeward, the great swinging lamp above the entrance to old Carcassonne alone lit up the solemn, invincible fortress, secret and silent as the grave.

The appeal is obvious enough: present fascination, past compelling history: the old world of fighting and passionate emotion standing here in the stones and dust which once were alive. Yet analyse how much you please, the secret of that particular calling remains, at the end, elusive. There is here something beyond the stored-up poetry of time and the shadowy presences of so many vanished generations: beyond also that poetry of present beauty in the high-pitched roofs and tall towers, set in a background of the encircling hills. "Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne" has become a proverb in the South, where the people, if they cannot explain, can at least understand. "You have been to Carcassonne," writes an American poet, not insensible to this magic of enchantment:—

"Then for you the goal is won!
You have grasped the unattained,
What we long for, you have gained."

For in some mysterious fashion the city set upon its hill, with its fortress towers black against the evening sky, or silent and watchful under the moonlight, has come to stand for a goal of high human endeavour—*Urbs Mystica*, "the city of the soul."

THE FEAR OF WASTE.

THERE is a fear of waste that paralyses the best energies of the soul, the fear that goodness, and faith, and love, may be flung away in vain. It is, at root, a fear that there is no God whom we can love with heart and mind and strength, that the poor human responsibilities which, whether for the sake of love or duty, we try to discharge at such cost, may only encounter infinite irresponsibility and irresponsiveness. It tells us that, after all, there is no inevitable connection between seed-time and harvest, and that while grapes cannot grow on thorns, they may not grow on vines, or we and those for whom our vines were trained and tended may never gather them. All things in heaven and earth are at the mercy of an unknown quantity. Let this fear take deep root, and we have no heart either to serve or to give, unless some positive recompense be immediately forthcoming. And our attitude towards spiritual ends becomes that of the customer who, before he pays his money, wants to see his money's worth.

This is constantly being illustrated in our social relationships. Many people contend, if not openly, in their hearts, that certain other people are not worth helping; and the contention is often more than an excuse for sloth. It may be maintained by those who, at all events, show energy enough in helping themselves, or those whose welfare is closely connected with their own. They take it honestly for granted that they *are* worth helping. And yet the malady that afflicts them is essentially the same as that of the veriest outcast who declares himself past help. It is the malady of isolation, assailing both Pharisee and publican, the belief that isolation is possible, that there is neither continuity nor coherence in the universal consciousness.

Where it exists, it always creates a proletariat. Everyone has an alabaster box, which he or she is perfectly willing to break at the feet of saints or heroes, or of the exceptionally charming and loveable. Only, we cannot be expected to squander it upon a proletariat, whether moral, mental, spiritual, or merely economic. For we don't leave behind the submerged tenth when we leave behind the slums. In ordinary society, in the college, in the church, we find our oligarchy, or plutocracy, and likewise the submerged tenth—the people who are always wanted, and the people who are never wanted, the fascinating and the merely irritating, those whom we cannot face life without, and those with whom we should be very sorry to face it. There are people whom it is always inspiring, always delightful to meet, and people who seem to devitalise the very air we breathe, whose presence, not their absence, makes us conscious of all we miss, the leaden of mind and soul. It is easy to coin epithets about them—only one thing is easier, and that is to join their ranks.

Refuse to face the problem of the proletariat in one region, and it meets you in another. We confront it in our own way. We hoard our alabaster box, till the volatile, ethereal perfume is lost, or turned to bitterness, or we spend it on the few and guard it jealously from the many, not realising that with the effort to guard it, its rare quality is gone.

Christ's way was different. He broke the alabaster box for all, and the whole house was filled with the perfume. We may be waiting and looking for someone like Christ, someone for whom it is absolutely worth while to spend ourselves, when all the while He is saying, "I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink. . . sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not."

Some of us would enter actual prisons, till the proceeding lost its novelty. There would be a dramatic element in that. But what about prisons of dullness, complacency, Philistinism, of small-mindedness and spite—whatever prison it is that we happen to despise most, whose gate it is hardest to unlock? What about the men and women who are starving of sheer selfishness—thirsting with the insatiable thirst of wounded vanity? How simple it would have been if Christ had only meant prisons with high stone walls, or hunger for wheaten

bread! But ministry to those other souls hardly looks like ministry to Christ. It looks like pouring wine on the desert sand. Yet that is what He did, and what all His true followers do; they know that the desert sand is only the chalice of God.

But do not facts contradict that theory? Look at the lives laid gladly down for lives of half their value, the wealth of service lavished on the churlish and thankless and base! Is not God the infinite waster, who takes our best human treasure, and dissipates it idly?

Even if it were so, we might make Clifford's answer, "That is no reason for saying 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Rather 'Let us take hands and help, for to-day we live and are together.'" In other words, if God is bankrupt, let us be solvent while we can—rich in the only wealth that matters, the serving and the loving. Let us do what we may to stand for the dream of God, remembering that if what is spent may be wasted, what is hoarded *must* be. And somehow, if we live on those lines, we shall cease to be haunted by the fear of the insolvency of God.

It is in reference to love that the problem confronts us most vividly. And our fear of loving is not only a doubt of the universe, it comes from a radical misconception of the nature of love. We are obsessed, as usual, by pounds and pence and shillings. And we think of love as something locked up in a cashbox whose key we keep, from which we can always take out the exact quantity that meets the claims of the occasion. Now love is not a chattel, but a function. It is not a lackey to whom we can give a month's notice, with whom we can dispense if he breaks too much china, but a supreme authority. It would be absurd to insist on this if we were not always forgetting it. Love is the breath of the soul; people go on loving as they go on breathing, whether their love happens to bring them immediate joy or pain. To say that we will only love when we are sure that we shall incur no disillusionment, no disappointment, is like saying that we will only breathe on the moors or by the seaside. Whereas, if we stop breathing in the squalid slum, or the malarial swamp, wherever we happen to be, we shall never reach the windy uplands to breathe there at all.

It may be said, of course, that lovelessness is a condition that we cannot evade, just as love is. It is not true. It would be true if love were a mere emotion, but it is more—it is action, will, purpose, the deliberate choice of the soul. It may come without ecstasy, it may be a conflict, not a festival; it is love all the same.

Perhaps we lay too little stress on this aspect of conflict. Love is a battle; and there is not an incident of material warfare that is not repeated in its experience—the drill, the facing death, the forced marches, the hunger and cold, the terror of smokeless, long-distance firing, that come to all soldiers on active service in the course of a long campaign—a perilous, hard campaign, in which it seems largely a matter of luck whether a man dies of enteric or wins the Victoria Cross. Yet there is no joy of warfare apart from these risks. Some people would join the army if they were guaranteed against being wounded or killed, or put on half rations, or no rations at all, if the one thing that they were sure of was a comfortable pension. And some of us, if we had similar security, would at least act as if we did love others better than ourselves.

But that is the glory of the conflict; with no guarantee against loss, to bear the wounds, the hunger and thirst, that are no whit less real because they are not physical, for some end that we love better than we love our own souls. It is to risk all of the soul that can be risked, its mental and emotional, its very spiritual interests, if that were possible, as readily as men risk their bodies for their country, day by day. It is to forget the longing for a personal reward, that, in the intervals of fighting, haunts even faithful soldiers, in the joy of the conflict itself—for it is always joy to battle for what we love, although no soul learns this, till it casts off the fear of its own death. And, till that is done, it cannot really live.

K.

Letters from Abroad.

ANOTHER COMBES MINISTRY?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Are we within measurable distance of a change of Ministry? The general impression in "political circles" seems to be that we are, although recent votes in Parliament would suggest that the Clemenceau Cabinet is in an almost impregnable position. The overwhelming majority which the Government obtained on M. Jaurès' interpellation in regard to Morocco might well satisfy any Prime Minister; but old parliamentary hands say that it proves nothing. It is true that the speedy fall of the Clemenceau Cabinet has been prophesied ever since it was formed, and it has nevertheless lasted for nearly two years. But its strength has hitherto lain largely in the fact that no other combination seemed available. Just before the summer vacation last year, M. Millerand made a bold bid for power, and it was understood that he had a Cabinet ready-made. But neither M. Millerand nor his prospective colleagues inspired sufficient confidence to make the Chamber upset the present Ministry in their favour.

The situation has now changed. For some time past shrewd observers have remarked a steady revival of the influence of M. Combes. That revival has lately manifested itself, first by the union of the two most advanced groups of the Senate under M. Combes' presidency, and secondly, by the election of M. Combes as chairman of the commission appointed to enquire into the liquidation of the property of suppressed religious congregations. The appointment of that commission was, indeed, mainly due to M. Combes' initiative and was in some measure an act of self-justification. For, although M. Combes was responsible for the application of the Associations Law of 1901 to the religious congregations, he is not responsible for the method in which the liquidations have been conducted.

Among other symptoms no less significant of the present political orientation must be counted the speech of M. Jaurès last week in the debate on the Income Tax Bill. That speech was a plain indication that the Unified Socialists are prepared to assist in reconstituting the old *Bloc*—on certain conditions. A speech delivered by M. Jaurès at a public meeting the next evening made it plain that one of those conditions is a change of Government. For M. Jaurès denounced the Clemenceau Cabinet in terms as unequivocal as those in which he had held out the olive-branch to the Socialist-Radicals on the previous evening. Other symptoms there are, more or less on the surface, such as the new policy of the "Rappel," which has become a definitely "Combiste" organ, and various movements in the political world less obvious to the public. Perhaps the most significant symptom of all is the panic of the "Temps." It is quite evident that the "Temps" regards the position of the present Government as anything but secure, and considers that the change is likely to be, from its point of view, for the worse.

It is difficult to define precisely the causes of the dissatisfaction with the Clemenceau Cabinet, which undoubtedly exists in the ranks of the majority. The cause is partly personal. M. Clemenceau is a man of brilliant gifts, but the gift of making himself popular is not one of them. He cannot resist the temptation to indulge his power of fierce, biting sarcasm, at the expense of his own supporters. He treats the Chamber rather as if he were a schoolmaster dealing with a class of naughty boys. In a word, he is *très autoritaire*; and, although on several notable occasions he has mastered the Chamber when the Government seemed to be in imminent danger, his manner of doing it has left keen resentment behind

it. There are other more general causes. The forcible repression of the disturbances in the Midi, and, above all, the numerous prosecutions of anti-militarists for spoken or published expressions of opinion, have not been to the taste of the country. It is true that, in the case of the Midi, it was difficult for the Government to act otherwise than it did. No Government can allow a state of anarchy and open revolt to rage unchecked. But public opinion blames a Government for having allowed things to go so far as to make sanguinary repression necessary. I do not think that in this case the reproach is just. The Government tried conciliatory measures until the agitation became positively dangerous, and it was surely right in so doing.

The repeated prosecutions of members of the Confédération Générale du Travail and other persons accused of anti-militarist propaganda are much less defensible, and the acquittals which have resulted in most of these cases are representative of public opinion in the matter. Had the prosecutions been confined to that small section of anti-militarists who attack not merely the army, but the idea of La Patrie, the Government would have had more support in its action. That at least is the conclusion that might be drawn from the fact that two juries have been found to convict M. Hervé and two of his colleagues on the "Guerre Sociale." But many even of those who dissent most thoroughly from M. Hervé's anti-patriotism feel uneasy at political prosecutions of any kind, and doubt whether their chief effect is not to create sympathy with a propaganda which has taken very little hold on the French people. Why, it is not unnaturally asked, should M. Hervé be expelled from the Bar and imprisoned, while Royalists and Bonapartists are left alone? The clerical Press every day publishes articles which, if the law were rigorously enforced, would expose their writers to a prosecution for sedition. Nobody wishes to see such prosecutions instituted, but there are a great many people who think that the same toleration should be extended to the extreme Left as to the extreme Right and that the utmost possible freedom of opinion is appropriate to a Republic.

The Government has also been compromised by the support which it has received from that section of Conservative Republicans represented by the "Temps." This, again, is rather its misfortune than its fault, for it can hardly be said that M. Clemenceau has bid for the support of the Centre. The support of the "Temps" has been far from whole-hearted; it has opposed the income-tax, old age pensions, and the rest of the social programme of the Government as vehemently as it always opposes social reform. It is rather as the lesser of two evils that the Government has found some favour in its eyes, for the "Temps" recognises that the probable alternative to M. Clemenceau is a Combes Ministry, supported by a majority including the Unified Socialists. The policy of the "Temps" is a union of all Republicans against the Right on the one hand and the Socialists on the other. It is a hopelessly impracticable policy, for the mere fact of agreement as to the form of government is not a sufficient *raison d'être* for a political party. The natural line of cleavage in French politics is already, and will be still more in the future, the social question; on that question Republicans are fundamentally divided. A party including on the one hand advanced Socialist-Radicals, and on the other such politicians as M. Ribot and M. Méline, or even M. Doumer and M. de Lanessan, would indeed be an "organised hypocrisy."

There is also, of course, the Morocco affair. In that case the present Government is suffering for the mistakes of its predecessors. The position of France in Morocco is undoubtedly equivocal; she is expending men and money without the prospect of any tangible advantage. But her position has been made for her by the Act of Algeciras, for which the Clemenceau Cabinet is not responsible. It is easy to criticise the policy of the Government in regard to Morocco, but the weakness of the critics lies in the fact that they have no

alternative. Even M. Jaurès does not propose that France should withdraw from Morocco altogether, and, unless she withdraws or embarks on a policy of conquest in defiance of the Act of Algeciras, there is nothing to be done but what the Government is doing. The opinion is steadily growing that the only way out of the *impasse* is to demand another conference of the Powers.

On what particular issue the present Government will fall, if it does fall, it is difficult to say. But should there be a change, everything points to a second Combes Ministry. M. Combes would not, it is true, be able to count on quite the same majority as M. Clemenceau. He would almost certainly have to do without the support of the anti-Socialist Radicals, such as M. Doumer and M. de Lanessan, who were the enemies of his first Administration, and who advocate a *rapprochement* with the Centre. But he would have, on the other hand, what M. Clemenceau has not—the general support of the Socialists. A Combes Ministry would therefore mean a further advance towards the Left, and such an advance would probably be to the taste of the country. The demand for social reform is growing in force and intensity. Nothing is more significant than the unwillingness of the Moderates, and even of the Right, to vote against the income-tax. We have been told by the "Temps," the "Journal des Débats" and the rest of the Conservative Press, that the vast majority of the nation is opposed to the income-tax; but the same papers accuse the Deputies of electoral *surenchères* because they do not oppose the measure. The two statements are mutually destructive.

M. Combes is no longer young, but he is younger than Gladstone was in 1886 and quite as vigorous. No French politician has been more maligned than he has, and none has deserved it less. Whatever may be thought about M. Combes' opinions, he is a man of uncompromising honesty and is singularly free from vulgar ambition. Honesty in politics, after all, counts for something, and it largely accounts for M. Combes' popularity. For he is extremely popular; indeed, he resembles Gladstone in inspiring strong attachment on the one hand and bitter opposition, amounting to positive hatred, on the other. He shares, too, with Gladstone that sure sign of popular favour—a nickname. Is he not, both for his friends and his enemies, "le petit père"? He is not an orator, but he makes an impressive statement. He is a typical French Radical, and his hawk-like face, and simple, logical mind and strong will express together the characteristic fruit of the statesmanship of the Revolution and of the modern movement in French Republican politics.

R. E. D.

Paris, March 4th, 1908.

Poetry.

THE DREAM OF SULLY PRUDHOMME.

"MAKE your own bread!" in mine ear the Labourer hissed,
"Longer I'll feed you not; scratch earth and sow!"

And the Weaver cried: "Make coats yourself!" and lo,
The Mason: "Take this trowel in your fist!"

Wholly abandoned by my Race to wrath
Of their anathema implacable

When I asked pity from the heavens, none fell,
But sudden lions stood in every path.

Dawn broke upon mine eyes with doubtful pang . . .
Hark, the bold Masons on their ladders sang!

The trades went humming by, the sheaves were twined!
And I knew my own good luck; and thank the Fates
No man can boast he does without his mates,
Nay, since that hour I have loved humankind.

HERBERT TRENCH.

The Drama.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

PAINFUL and unsatisfying as allegory nearly always is, we owe to a forced use of it at least one delightful possession. If the Jews had not elaborated a painful and unsatisfying allegory out of the "Song of Solomon," it is almost certain that this charming collection of love-songs would have been lost long ago in common oblivion, and the unlearned mind of Europe could never have known the touch of Oriental beauty. We may wonder at the peculiar genius of Jewish scribes who discovered their nation's spiritual history deeply hidden in the longing and rapture of lovers. Our wonder is increased when we are told that, even after it had been received into the Hebrew Canon of sacred books, the Song remained a storehouse from which the singers in taverns or the open air could always draw a stock of love-poems such as Eastern listeners delight in. Yet it was this uncritical patriotism, this spiritual exaggeration, that saved us the poems, even in the strangely entangled form to which singers and scribes had reduced them.

When once the allegory had been suggested, it was easy enough for Christian Fathers, in taking over the main part of the Jewish Canon, to discover in the Song a similar meaning adapted to the new dispensation. All the easier, one may think, because St. Paul had already applied to the primitive and hopeful Church the similitude of a bride. We should, indeed, suppose it likely that the interpretation adopted in our Authorised Version was first suggested by St. Paul's emblem, even down to the daring explanation of the passage, "We have a little sister," as a reference to the Calling of the Gentiles. But without discussing points of Biblical exegesis, we must again express our gratitude to the use of allegory for having preserved to us what Renan strangely called the only piece of Hebrew literature that has charm. Otherwise the Rose of Sharon would have remained dried and pressed among the botanical specimens of a few dusty scholars, and the lovers' language of half Europe would have been the poorer. Nor need we be surprised at this allegorical interpretation when we remember the ingenuity still practised by commentators upon the "Vita Nuova," one of the few other great love-poems of the world.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh"; "I was asleep, but my heart waked"—in an instant every lover knows that it was a lover who wrote the words. There lies in them the essential quality of love. They are the assurance that love's inmost nature has not changed through all the generations that have handed life down to ourselves.

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners?"

It is the thought and language of all lovers that the sun and moon gaze upon as they pass from east to west. It is the language of lovers, just like his who spoke of the sudden miracle of a little smile, or his to whom a summer's day was not a good enough comparison, or his who was at the gate "till a silence fell with the waking bird, and a hush with the setting moon." All the crowding imagery of the Song—the dove's eyes, the lily among thorns, the apple among trees, the myrrh and frankincense, the thread of scarlet, the cluster of grapes, the two fawns feeding among lilies, the garden enclosed, the spring shut up, the fountain sealed—all these images are but the natural speech of mankind when influenced by what the philosophers analyse as "an illusion of the senses called love," or as "physiological affectability," or again as "association with a person of opposite sex and suitably reciprocal polarity."

In graver and more reasonable moments, when he is not so bewilderingly drunk with the presence of love, the Singer can still assert, as though he were stating an economic law, that "if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, he would utterly be condemned." It is one of those statements that irritate

Puritan economists, naturally disgusted at continually hearing that "Love is enough," when they know very well that it is sadly insufficient without a comfortable competency. But then lovers' economics are not founded on Fabian postulates. It needs some touch of youth or passion, or both, to understand them, and to lovers even the wildest assertions of the Singer will never appear either strange or disgusting.

"For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave, the flashes thereof are flashes of fire, a very flame of the Lord. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." There is the root of the love tragedies of the world, from the time of David, from the time of Phaedra, onward. And it is from this phrase that Mr. Nugent Monck has deduced the tragic ending to the dramatised version of the Song, performed by the English Drama Society last Sunday night. Many arrangements of the Song are possible. One may either regard it as a series of love-lyrics, composed largely under Persian influence and strung together almost at random. Or, if we take the present order of verses as original and necessary, we may interpret it as a dramatic lyric representing the passion between a king and a peasant girl, partly consisting of reminiscences of the happy days when he came to her under the disguise of a shepherd lover. Or, again, we may regard it, as we believe most commentators now do, as a dramatic contest in lyrics between a king and a shepherd for the love of a peasant girl whose heart has already been given to the shepherd. This is the explanation followed by the English Drama Society, except that, on the strength of the passage quoted, they have introduced a tragic note and a tragic conclusion, we believe for the first time. In their version the setting of the seal upon the heart and upon the arm is interpreted as the burning of a brand of slavery. An abhorrent negro is introduced to perform the deed, and the Shulamite peasant girl is left writhing on the ground, moaning in vain for the shepherd lover, whose voice is heard calling to her outside the walls.

It is a bold attempt. The Revised Version is taken line by line and almost word for word, is partitioned among various characters, and converted into a tragic drama of love and twofold jealousy. Much of the dialogue is inevitably forced to fit the scheme. In the original, for instance, there is not a hint of the "third maiden," who is here pictured as the jealous instrument of the Shulamite's destruction; and as for the "little sister," she gives Mr. Nugent Monck even more trouble than she gave the Early Fathers. We should strongly advise the Society also to keep the line, "I was asleep, but my heart waked," for the beginning of the next scene—"It is the voice of my beloved that knocked," and the rest of that beautiful passage, to which it obviously belongs. They would thus conclude the first scene with the words of the bride, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," uttered from the lattice to the shepherd below, or as she passes through the door to find him. And that arrangement is more dramatic and makes the rest of the tragedy more possible, if we must have tragedy at all in a poem so gracefully tender.

But the thing was worth doing, if only to recall the beauty of the words, new to many of the audience, if one might judge from the frequent inquiries as to what the play was all about. This was the more remarkable because the spectators as a whole, having evaded the Censor, wore the air of children who had escaped from a Sunday school with a tremulous expectation of wickedness. If such was their expectation, the Song of Songs must have disappointed them very much, and perhaps that was why they displayed far more enthusiasm for Mr. Nugent Monck's trifle called "The Votaries" than for Solomon's work. For "The Votaries" took us back to Pierrot and Pierrette, to a sticky clay statue that moved and talked, and the other charms of "The Yellow Book" when, twelve years ago, it was tottering with the senile depravity of wearied youth. By the way, the acting of the sticky statue was an admirable piece of realisation in the change from flesh to stone.

H. W. N.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE next volume in Messrs. Constable's "Types of English Literature" Series is to be a work on "Tragedy," by Professor Ashley H. Thorndyke, of Columbia University. The book begins by a preliminary discussion of definitions, after which the author describes the way in which classical and mediæval drama gave place to the specifically English type of tragedy which came into existence during the reign of Elizabeth. This is followed by a history of the development of the type through the Restoration, the eighteenth century, and the Romantic movement, down to the acting of Browning by Macready. The account of the fortunes of tragedy during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries should prove valuable, since for this period we are chiefly dependent on the annals of the stage and the biographies of actors.

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READERS of THE NATION will be glad to hear that Mr. H. W. Nevins is at work on a book which will give an account of his impressions and experiences during a recent visit to India. The title will be "India in Unrest," and such questions as the causes of Hindoo disaffection, the problems of education and government, and the attitude of Anglo-Indians towards native institutions and society will be dealt with. Mr. Nevins's rare and brilliant gifts of style and expression are, we think, seen to best advantage in "Between the Acts"—a volume of delightful essays and sketches. His advocacy of subject races was shown in his book on Portuguese West Africa, as well as in the articles which he contributed recently to our own columns.

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IN a couple of weeks Mr. John Murray will issue a reprint of the quaint "Memoir of Lettice, Lady Falkland," which was written by her chaplain, Dr. John Duncon, in 1647. The book gives some glimpses of the brilliant group which Lord Falkland gathered round him at Great Tew, but its main value lies in the light it throws upon the High Anglicanism of the seventeenth century. Duncon was greatly influenced by Nicholas Ferrar and the Little Gidding community, and he was also on intimate terms with George Herbert and Land. The "Memoir" contains extracts from a devotional work in the style of St. Francis de Sales, which Duncon wrote for Lady Falkland's use. Duncon's style has a certain charm and individuality. Many of his phrases are like Walton at his best, though he lacks the latter's direct simplicity and much of his book is spoilt by a love for overstrained metaphors—the besetting vice of the early Caroline prose writers. Miss M. F. Howard contributes a critical and biographical introduction to the volume.

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A BOOK by Mr. Winston Churchill on his recent journey in Africa will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

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MR. FISHER UNWIN has in the press a new volume of essays, "Gospels of Anarchy, and Other Contemporary Problems," by Vernon Lee. The book takes its title from the opening essay, in which the modern individualistic tendency is discussed. Vernon Lee is of opinion that if any good is to come out of contemporary anarchic theories of the *ego*, it will be by an increase rather than a diminution of the healthy Puritan element. "It is, after all, the Puritans in temper who have done all successful rebellion against items of Puritan codes; whereas the egoist of the modern type is, nine times out of ten, the sort of person who tolerates evil for want of the self-discipline and consistency necessary to stop it." Other subjects dealt with are Emerson—whom Vernon Lee acknowledges as an exceptional influence in maturing her own thought—Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Ruskin, Professor James and the "Will to Believe," Rosny and the French analytical novel, and what Vernon Lee calls "the economic parasitism of women." The book ends with a discussion of Mr. H. G. Wells and modern Utopias.

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ON March 20th, the first issue of a new penny weekly, called "The Mint," will be published. Its aim will be to

deal in popular form with the main political, literary, and artistic events of each week. A unique feature will be a threefold review of politics in parallel columns, giving the Liberal, Conservative, and Socialist points of view. These articles are to be the work of three members of Parliament—Messrs. Chiozza Money, F. E. Smith, and Victor Grayson.

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THE April issue of the "Chronicle" of the London Missionary Society will contain a number of unpublished letters written by Robert Louis Stevenson to the Rev. W. E. Clarke, who contributes his personal recollections of the writer. Mr. Clarke was a missionary at Samoa during Stevenson's residence on the island, and a friendship sprang up between the two men which lasted from the day of Stevenson's arrival on "a cloudless, tropical morning" until the day of his death. The article gives some amusing illustrations of Stevenson's inveterate Bohemianism, and of his efforts to eradicate this feature from his character in order to be a good example to the natives. In Mr. Sydney Colvin's edition of Stevenson's letters, Mr. Clarke, who was with Stevenson when he died, and afterwards conducted the funeral service, is mentioned as "an old and valued friend." His reminiscences are of great interest and have not been published before.

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MR. G. W. E. RUSSELL has been entrusted with the task of editing the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "Reminiscences," and of preparing the memoir which will complete the biography. He would be most grateful for the loan of letters or papers, especially any that bear on Sir Wilfrid's early life. Any documents addressed to him, care of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W. (who will publish the book), will be carefully safeguarded and returned as soon as possible.

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THREE of the vacant places in the French Academy were filled on Thursday week by the elections of MM. Francis Charmes, Jean Richepin, and Henri Poincaré. M. Charmes is a journalist and politician, who first came before the public about twenty-three years ago by a series of brilliant articles contributed to the "Journal des Débats," in which he warmly defended the policy of Thiers, which was vehemently opposed at the time. He still writes for the "Débats," and, since Brunetière's death, he contributes a fortnightly article on politics to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." M. Poincaré was elected in accordance with the tradition which reserves at least one place for an eminent man of science. He is a mathematician of European reputation. M. Jean Richepin, who owes his seat to a diligent campaign on his behalf waged by M. Paul Bourget, is more entirely the man of letters than either of his two colleagues. He has gained notable successes as poet, novelist, and dramatist. His early volumes, "Les Caresses," "Les Blasphèmes," and "La Mer," are open to the charge of extravagance, but contain some fine verses. M. Henri de Régnier and M. Edmond Haraucourt, who also presented themselves, are certain to be elected at an early date.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Letters of Martin Luther." Selected and translated by Margaret A. Currie. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"The Royal House of Stuart from its Origin to the Accession of the House of Hanover." By Samuel Cowan. (Greening. Two Vols. 42s. net.)

"Records of Stirring Times, 1726-1822." By the Authoress of "Old Days in Diplomacy." (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

"Famous French Salons." By Frank Hamel. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Portuguese Architecture." By Walter Crum Watson. (Constable. 25s. net.)

"A Century of Political Development." By Hector Macpherson. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Foreign Solutions of Poor Law Problems." By Edith Sellers. (Horace Marshall. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Dawn of the Constitution (A.D. 1216-1307)." By Sir James H. Ramsay. (Sonnenschein. 12s. net.)

"Romantic Tales from the Punjab, with Indian Nights' Entertainment." By Charles Swynnerton. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Adam Cast Forth: A Sacred Drama in Five Songs." By Charles M. Doughty. (Duckworth. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Many Junes." By Archibald Marshall. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Metropolis." By Upton Sinclair. (Arnold. 6s.)

"Histoire générale du Théâtre en France." Tome III. La Comédie: Dix-septième Siècle. Par Eugène Lintilhac. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE URGENCY OF WOMEN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your admirable article on "The Sex War," in your issue of January 25th, gave expression to so clear and sympathetic an understanding of the issues that are at present dividing men and women, that we felt if the majority of men could be brought to adopt the same view, the breach would soon be healed, and men and women would be found working together in equal comradeship in the life of the family, the city, and the State.

And, again, in your article on "The Obstacle to Woman Suffrage" of last week, almost every possible argument against Woman Suffrage is most skilfully handled and finally disposed of by the assertion of the democratic principle, with all its logical implications, to which Liberalism has pledged itself, and without which its life cannot be sustained.

It is disappointing, therefore, to find that the writer, after dealing so effectively with the belated survivals of prejudice against the enfranchisement of women, and after asserting the reasonableness of having the judgment of women brought to bear upon the full and free discussion of questions affecting the State, disclaims "urgency" for the question. Possibly the writer has been misled by the letter of "Woman Liberal" in your issue of February 29th. We should be sorry to think that that letter represented the views of Liberal women generally. Both writers alike evidently do not fully grasp the real significance of the vote to women. They fail to see that it is the urgency of social reform that constitutes the urgency of Women's Suffrage.

Women are quite ready to admit that the "problems of education, temperance, unemployment, and poverty" are more important than the vote itself, and it is because they want to bring their power to bear upon these pressing causes that they claim the vote *now*—as a means to these great ends. In order of time, but not of importance, the means must come first.

No Government can deal justly and effectively with great measures which affect the *whole* people of the country whilst it grants to only one-half of that human life the power to express their needs and opinions through direct representation, and keeps the other half silent and without the power of appeal.

Women are often charged with selfishly pressing their claim first for their own enfranchisement, "regardless," as the article says, "of a broad consideration of the interests of the democratic cause." This is a misunderstanding of the position. Women are keenly interested in all efforts for social organisation, but at present women are politically non-existent, and, therefore, cannot work effectively in these causes, their moral influence being nullified by their want of political power. Women's enfranchisement is not "one among a number of causes equally just, and, in some cases, more pressing." It is on an altogether different footing. It is an appeal for political *life*, in order that that life may be given to these great causes.

The Liberal Government seems blind to what it is losing in depriving itself of the advocacy of women in these questions. If the energy, the tact, the cleverness, the enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice, which are now being used (or shall we say wasted?) in trying to get an opportunity of serving the Commonwealth as citizens, could be devoted to the work itself—with the additional enlightenment and inspiration that such an opportunity would give—what a strength and support the Government would find the women of England to be in their difficult work of social and political reconstruction! As it is, the Government is alienating the very power that is waiting anxiously to help it, and it is ignorant as to the extent of its loss.

Then, again, the denial of the suffrage to women is not an "injustice on the same footing" as the electoral irregularities which affect men. We are most anxious that these should be set right; but, unjust though they are, they do not disfranchise a *whole sex* and deprive *all* men of political life. Hence the superior urgency of the women's cause.

The article further says, "The question of suffrage could not be dealt with unless it had had a foremost place among the subjects under discussion at a General Election." This reminds one of Mr. Asquith's vicious circle, to which the "Daily News" thus drew attention; "Mr. Asquith explains to an important and representative deputation (The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies) that the Government can do nothing for want of a mandate. Mr. Asquith will not ask for a mandate. He will reckon nothing as a mandate unless he has asked for it." How, then, can this question become a living issue at elections unless the Ministers are willing to bring it before the country? The women themselves, not having that means of appeal, which alone stirs to action—the vote—lack the power to do it. Hence the need for urgency in making this question part of the Government programme.

To sum up: It is because Woman's Franchise deals with the root question of political existence; it is because women cannot work effectively in social and political reform until they do exist politically; it is because the nation, in its imperative demand for better conditions of life, has great need of women's power to effect social amelioration—it is because of these reasons that the question of women's enfranchisement is one of supreme "urgency." And it is this view of the case, and no mere narrow-minded self-consideration, that leads Liberal women to refuse to spend their strength for the Liberal cause until the legitimate, recognised, effectual instrument for work—the vote—be granted to them. Then they will throw themselves heartily and intelligently into the work of social and political reform.—Yours, &c.,

KATE A. HESSEL.

Hampstead, N.W.
March 10th, 1908.

COMPENSATION FOR THE PUBLICAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last, you state that with a view to influencing opinion in favour of the Licensing Bill, publicans should be informed that under Mr. Asquith's scheme they are for the first time admitted to a share in the compensation fund. This, of course, is an attempt to drive a wedge between brewer and publican, and absolutely untrue, as any enquiry into the apportionment of compensation on refusal of renewal of licensed houses will show, under the Act of 1904.—Yours, &c.,

LAWRENCE L. SAVILL.

St. Stephen's Club,
March 10th, 1908.

[The statement to which our correspondent refers is not quite accurate as it stands, but it is perfectly true that this Bill treats the licence-holder far more liberally than did the Act of 1904. Under it he will get reasonable compensation for his loss of profits, which he never received before. The licence-holder's share of compensation fund averages less than eleven per cent. of the total.—ED. NATION.]

WEAK POINTS IN THE CHILDREN'S BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Children's Bill, introduced by Mr. Herbert Samuel, contains two important provisions, dealing respectively with the deaths of children from burning in rooms with unguarded fireplaces, and of infants from overlying. Unfortunately, one of these provisions is so worded that it is likely to be entirely inoperative; while in regard to both of them there are strong reasons for doubting whether the ordinary methods of criminal procedure are applicable.

Clauses 13 and 14, containing these provisions, run as follows:—

"If any person over the age of sixteen years, who has the custody, charge, or care of any child under the age of seven years, allows that child to be in any room containing an open fire-grate, not sufficiently protected to guard against the risk of the child being burnt or scalded, and without taking reasonable precautions against that risk, and by reason thereof the child is killed or suffers serious injury, he shall, on summary conviction, be liable to a fine not exceeding ten pounds."

"If any person causes the death of an infant under the age of three years by overlying it, that person shall, on summary conviction, be liable to a fine not exceeding *ten pounds*, or, if the court is satisfied from the evidence that the person who caused the death was under the influence of drink at the time, to a fine not exceeding *twenty-five pounds*, or, alternatively, or in default of payment of such fine, or in addition thereto, to imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for any term not exceeding three months."

The second of these clauses aims at reducing a mortality which amounts to about 1,500 annually in England and Wales, and it is of the highest importance that it should be free from ambiguity. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that so ill-defined a term as "overlying" should have been employed. There is no statutory definition of the word, and no definition is included in the Bill. It is far too vague to be used for criminal purposes. In the Judicial Statistics issued by the Home Office from returns furnished by the coroners, such deaths are tabulated under the heading, "Children suffocated whilst in bed with their parents or others"; and the Registrar-General uses the same phraseology. Of our leading authorities on Medical Jurisprudence, Professor Glaister gives no definition, but in his tables speaks of "infants found dead in bed beside their parents." Professor Dixon Mann defines overlying as "suffocation by the mother encroaching on her infant," and deals with smothering by the bedclothes separately. Dr. Wynn Westcott, on the other hand, in a paper read before the Medico-Legal Society, does not discriminate between deaths from overlying and deaths of infants in bed with their parents.

To those who are unfamiliar with the coroner's court, the difficulty will not be obvious. To overlie, they will say, clearly has the meaning given by the "Standard" Dictionary, "to suffocate by lying upon," and such an act will now become a statutory offence. If this meaning is to be accepted, then it is safe to say that the clause will be practically useless, for the reasons that, firstly, it is only in a very small proportion of cases possible to prove that there was actual lying upon the child by the mother; and, secondly, that a large number of deaths of infants in bed take place without actual overlying having occurred, but for which the parent or nurse is morally responsible.

Undoubtedly it sometimes happens that a mother, while asleep, or (rarely) in a state of drunkenness, rolls over on to her infant and suffocates it. In a few of these cases there will be signs of pressure on the infant; but if this evidence is not forthcoming, how will it be possible to prove overlying? Even when present, it is not conclusive, for the mother may have rolled on to an already dead infant. But probably what happens much more frequently is that the mother goes to sleep while in the act of suckling her child, and wakes to find it dead on her arm. In such a case, it may have been suffocated by the breast, which would be overlying in the dictionary sense; but it may equally well have been asphyxiated beneath the bedclothes, which, according to Professor Dixon Mann, is smothering, and not overlying. Death may even occur without any physical contact between the mother and child at all. The mother, perhaps, has placed the child beside her with its head on the pillow; during the night it slips down, so as to lie upon the mattress, and the mother, moving about in her sleep, pulls the bedclothes over the head of the child and smothers it.

The introduction of the word "overlying" is, however, quite unnecessary in this connection, and the object of the clause is far more likely to be attained if its use be avoided. This can be done by wording the clause in some such way, as follows:—"If an infant die from suffocation while in bed with any person, that person shall," &c. The position then is, that an adult takes an infant to bed with her at her risk. It is presumably impossible to make it an offence in itself for an adult to take a child to bed with her, though this would be the ideal; but the offence would arise if, having done so, the child dies from suffocation in consequence. It will be seen that this is the principle adopted in the previous clause with regard to death from burning. The offence is not committed by allowing a child to be in a room with an unguarded fire (again the ideal, but presumably impossible); it only comes into existence when the child under such circumstances has been burnt or scalded. If the clause is worded as suggested above, all difficulties

connected with the use of the word overlying will disappear, while the fact that a woman is running a risk of committing an offence simply by taking a child to bed with her will operate as a deterrent to such conduct.

As regards both these new offences, the application of existing methods of criminal procedure presents serious difficulties. Those who have made a study of the coroner's courts are well aware that in the great majority of cases where an infant has been suffocated in bed or burnt to death, the mother is already more than sufficiently punished by the loss of her child. Only in a minute proportion of the cases can the view be entertained that the death was desired for the sake of insurance money or in order to have one less mouth to fill. Mr. Walter Schröder has often expressed the opinion that nearly all such deaths arise from an over-anxiety of the mother to keep her child warm or to be certain that she will awake when it cries. By far the larger number are undoubtedly accidental, and the distress of the mother is often painful to witness, for, in addition to the loss of her child, she has the poignant anguish of feeling that she herself has been the cause of the suffering and death of her little one. Common humanity, therefore, will forbid, in such cases, the infliction of anything like a heavy penalty under the new Act. But the offence has been committed, and, as a warning and deterrent to others, must not be completely overlooked. In practice, therefore, it will happen that merely nominal fines will be inflicted, not with a view to punishment, but simply to emphasise to others the risk that now will be run by failing to take simple precautions.

Consider now the steps which will be necessary before this result is arrived at. A child has been burnt to death, let us say. The Coroner directs that an inquest be held. Witnesses are summoned, a jury is impanelled, and after an exhaustive inquiry, a verdict is returned that the death was due to the child's clothing being accidentally set alight at an unguarded fire. But the case in future will not end here. The weeping mother now goes before a magistrate; she has once more to go through the painful ordeal of a public examination, this time from the dock; witnesses are again required to attend; the State is put to further expense; time is spent in hearing evidence already given; and in the end a small fine is inflicted. Is it too much to suggest that a Coroner, who has already the power to order an arrest, to commit for trial for murder or manslaughter, and to fine defaulting jurymen or witnesses, should be further empowered to inflict a fine never to be more than ten pounds and rarely likely to be more than a few shillings?

It is not proposed to interfere with the jurisdiction of the magistrate beyond recognising that when the Coroner has inflicted a fine further proceedings shall cease. If the Coroner did not inflict a fine it would still be open to the police to take action. The Coroner would thus at his discretion be able to remit to the magistrate the very few cases in which a more serious view might be taken, such, for instance, as second offences and cases in which drunkenness was proved.

When a person is charged before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction with a serious crime, he may be committed for trial, for it is rightly held that an offence involving severe punishment should be submitted to a high judicial tribunal. But where the offence is of so small a character that the maximum penalty is a fine of ten pounds, it seems entirely superfluous to hold two enquiries concerning it. It is strongly urged that these two new offences will be so closely and intimately associated with deaths which are now the subject of investigation in the Coroner's Court that it is both in accordance with humanity and expediency that the Coroner should be empowered to deal with them there, and to inflict the fines where deserved.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. BREND.

43, Campden Hill Court, Kensington, W.

OUR "NATIONAL" GAMES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Rightly considered, few phrases hold us in greater servitude than "national games"; the problem which cries out for solution is how to nationalise them. With a large section of society it is a commonplace that an athletic craze exists which menaces all serious vocations, and "the playing-fields

of Eton" are only mentioned to point a warning that playing-fields have become an obstacle in the path of the good citizen. So easy a generalisation has serious dangers, for the half-truths which it contains prevent us from diagnosing the malady which does, in fact, afflict us. The evil is that games are not with us enough; that cricket and football—for we may ignore tennis and golf, hockey and lacrosse as the pastimes of the comparatively few—are now not played by the great bulk of the nation. We are becoming a nation of spectators, not of players; our two great games are slowly verging towards the conditions of the prize-ring, the race-course, and the bull-fight. We are, of course, far off as yet from that unhappy end; every county and large town has many clubs and teams which, with varying degrees of skill, play for the sole pleasure of the game. But can anyone doubt that year by year a greater proportion of the boys and youths who, on leaving school, should, alike for health and recreation, spend summer evenings and the Saturday afternoons of winter in some vigorous game, are drifting into the passive part of watchers at an entertainment given by proficient players, professional or amateur?

Professional or amateur, for what does it matter whether the entertainment which draws some thousand men away from healthy exercise during the only hours reserved to them from confined toil in the factory or office be given by a salaried "artiste," or a genuine amateur, or one who accepts wages under some other name? The amateur, indeed, is often one of the least intelligent students of our "national games." Professionalism is to him a "noon-day vice," to use Browne's phrase, a "brazen-browed iniquity," to be combated at every point. An excellent campaign; but what are his chief weapons? He must, says he to himself, rouse national interest in the game, and so he brings Colonial and foreign teams to tour through the country, and dispense the pure milk of the word to the lukewarm and the erring. How many converts, one wonders, has he made? A few, perhaps, and no doubt he has quickened our interest in the fresher life and quick initiative of our Colonial kinsmen. But look at the other side of the account. In all, hundreds of thousands of able-bodied youths and men have flocked to see these matches; many of the younger among them, unable or disinclined to watch professional teams, contract the point of view of the habitual spectator; many a player is taught, not the virtues of sport for its own sake, but that the "gates" to be obtained offer a profitable investment for his skill. The motives which led to the recent visits of the New Zealand and South African Rugby teams were admirable; yet what but they, with their huge "gates," led to the recent tour in Lancashire and Yorkshire of the professional New Zealand team, which was, we were told, to "revive" the Northern Union—"revive" in the sense of drawing more and more of the people from the playing of a healthy game? The Imperialist, too, must bear a share of responsibility, for the proposed cricket tournament between South Africa, Australia, and this country can only magnify the evils of which we are complaining. It is quite true that these events have a certain definite Imperial value, but they accentuate a malady already serious enough, and that is a heavy price to pay. Of course, a Saturday afternoon spent at a cricket or a football match is not completely lost. It is recreation, and it is cheap, as are the music-halls, and it offers a greater quantity of fresh air than they; often, too, it involves a brisk walk from and to the ground. Yet, after all, it is an incalculable loss to the physique and energy of the nation that the only breathing space permitted to the great mass of its young citizens should be so largely frittered away on a series of improved music-hall turns held in the open air.

There is, of course, a remedy—the provision of counter-attractions. The boy from the elementary school frequents the "tuppenny side" of the local club, because he has no club of his own to join, no field of his own on which to play; his comrades of the average secondary school pay a little more to watch the same team, because they have not the energy or means, nor their elders the foresight and enterprise, to organise them into clubs. No doubt, it would be a gigantic task to find playing-fields for that part of a great cricket or football crowd which is capable of playing the game. Take a great city where a team in the First Division of the League draws 20,000 spectators every time it plays

at home. How many might be playing if they had only been given the opportunity ever since they left school? Perhaps one in five; more probably, one in four. Accept the lower figure; then 4,000 mere spectators should be engaged in healthful exercise. But that means that provision must be made for some 180 pairs of teams; and, of course, there are others who do not frequent the football or cricket ground only because they have not the money to purchase their admission. Can facilities be given for so many would-be players, for we assume that almost all boys physically capable of taking part in games would do so, were the opportunity given them? The assumption is not unreasonable, for both in elementary and secondary schools the proportion of boys who decline to play either for their class or school is uniformly small. Facilities can be given, but only by a co-operative effort of individuals, of social and religious institutions, and of municipal bodies. Lads' Clubs and Playing-Fields Societies are already doing something; but often they receive scanty assistance from the employers of labour who might well recognise the importance of the work. Recently, in one great manufacturing town, such a society appealed for aid to several hundred employers, and received a single favourable reply. Probably those to whom the appeal was made believe in their hearts that "we have far too much athletics nowadays, sir," and so refuse the working youth or the dweller in the slum his only opportunity of playing his favourite game. The provision of playing-grounds and the organisation of athletic clubs open a fine field for the amateur who desires to propagate the true principles of sport—and the municipality should support him. Local authorities have certain powers and opportunities to encourage games, and even the most economical Ratepayers' Association would scarcely begrudge a moderate expenditure on such an object.

I may suggest that there is another influence which should be brought into action, and that is the churches. With them cricket is accepted as the most respectable of games; even the strictest of Nonconformist Sunday-schools may have its cricket club. But football is often classed with billiards; it has the taint of gambling about it—the more it is boycotted by the churches the greater will the gambling taint become, as recent prosecutions tend to show—and so the youth who in the summer may play for Salem Cricket Club must spend his winter holidays in watching skilled professionals or amateurs perform. And yet one cannot see why football is not as respectable a buttress to the churches as are some other of their activities to-day. If every church had its football team or teams, if every Education Committee co-operated with schoolmasters and Lads' Clubs to lease or purchase fields and organise the youth of the neighbourhood, taking them while they still have some of the enthusiasm of boyhood left, then we should see the crowds at our great athletic contests dwindling, the pay and expenses of the players would shrink to humbler dimensions, the attraction to young "talent" would be less, and we should be the healthier and happier for genuine national games. That cannot come without great effort. But it might come.—Yours, &c.,

A PLAYER.

March 9th, 1908.

THE KAISER'S LETTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“The incident of the German Emperor's letter may be regarded as closed.” It is so that the “Daily News” begins its article of yesterday on the subject. Lord Rosebery expressed the general feeling of England by describing the idea that the Emperor should have attempted, in a private letter to Lord Tweedmouth, to exercise any influence upon the progress of British armaments, as “supremely ridiculous.”

And yet the “incident” has a side that deserves more attention than it has yet received.

Lèse-majesté is a word of fear in Berlin. It is hardly understood in England. We usually explain the prosecutions we read of by supposing that the Emperor is unduly susceptible on the score of his personal dignity. But, as Lord Rosebery says, he is “a potentate of remarkable intelligence.” It is far more probable that he believes ridi-

cule to be a serious danger. Disrespect is a weapon which he has not the slightest intention of allowing his subjects to use against himself. "Don't monkey with your character," says a little book, "Get On, or Get Out," which is just now making a great noise. "Ridicule is very often a sharp sword for your defeat." Given the present condition of Germany, the Emperor is probably wise.

But he is a German. He has the creation of a powerful navy at heart, and he knows that success in his darling ambition must depend ultimately upon the spirit he can infuse into the German people, "mostly fools," as Carlyle said of the English. He is convinced of the power of the weapon of *disrespect*. Is it doing him any very great wrong to suppose that he is not unwilling to use it for the depreciation, in the eyes of "the German Michael," of the rival navy which dogs the development of his own, with the avowed purpose of maintaining a constant superiority?

Take Lord Rosebery's view of the "incident," which, of course, minimises its importance. A "bantering letter" was written by the Emperor to the First Lord of the Admiralty on the subject of naval affairs. To this the recipient, after consultation with a colleague, "replied with as much of a tone as near to banter as one in his situation could employ to the German Emperor." "Tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum." A bout of single-stick with Imperial Royalty is rather a one-sided pastime. But when the fact of the encounter is advertised, it can hardly fail to be also humiliating. The correspondent of the "Daily Mail" wrote on the 8th that "the Kaiser's letter was known to several members of the Diplomatic Corps" at Berlin, and that "he told several acquaintances that he had written to Lord Tweedmouth." The *Uebermuth* (I use the milder German word in preference to its English equivalent) of their ruler is a subject of pride to the German populace. Had a German caricature *then* appeared representing the Emperor as an autocratic nurse, with the First Lord of the British Admiralty across her knee receiving manual correction, while the rest of the members of the British Cabinet awaited their turn, finger in mouth, it would probably have roused a shriek of rapture. The unresented vapulation of Lord Tweedmouth might not have "launched a thousand ships," but it would pretty certainly have put another German "Dreadnought" or two upon the stocks. We do, after all, owe something to the "Times."

Grandiloquence is "bad form." To talk about the "majesty of the English People" would be to provoke a sneer. Yet Leviathan (the nation personified) does possess a personal dignity of exactly as much defensive value as the "majesty" of Royalty is to those whom it encircles. And this is committed to the trust of those who are chosen, in a pre-eminent manner, to "represent" the People, to stand in its place, and speak with its voice. The "situation" (to use Lord Rosebery's word) of the First Lord of the Admiralty is not that of a footman, with whom a great man may use the liberty of "banter" at his pleasure. He carries the character of England, and he is entitled to receive *as his due*, from every man upon the face of the earth, a respect not inferior to the dignity of his charge.

Lord Tweedmouth is not responsible in any way for the *lèse majesté* committed upon the English people in his person. No levity of bearing on his part invited it, his subsequent action was considered and not injudicious. Yet I could have wished that instead of receiving "banter" with humility, he had himself brought the letter to the notice of Parliament, and, in doing so, had laid down of his own motion the great employment that he holds. Not as having in any, even the smallest, particular brought disgrace upon it himself, but because without his will and beyond his power of prevention, its dignity during his tenure of office had suffered abatement. To have done so would have been to take a place in the future history of England's relations with foreign Powers as conspicuous as that held by Mr. Speaker Lenthall in the annals of our Parliamentary development.

Let us hope that the dignity of England may be consulted by the establishment of an unwritten rule that every private communication made by a foreign potentate to an English Minister may, as a matter of course, be laid at once before the House of Commons.—Yours, &c.,

March 11th, 1908.

LÆUS.

THE RUSH FOR SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No one, I imagine, would expect that every individual county councillor would be enthusiastically in favour of the policy of the Small Holdings Act of last year. The important point is whether the county councils are carrying out their duties under the Act. I asserted that they were, and I am very glad to find, from Mr. Impey's second letter, that he does not dispute that statement, which has since been completely confirmed by those best able to judge.

On February 12th, Lord Carrington said in the House of Lords that he desired to express his most warm thanks to the county councils for the workmanlike manner in which they had met the extra work placed on them by the Small Holdings Act; while, in a printed answer to a question by Mr. Corrie Grant, Sir Edward Strachey said: "So far as the Board are as yet able to judge, the statutory committees are in almost every case carrying out their duties with energy and despatch, and land-owners in all parts of the country appear ready to assist in the matter. We have every reason to be satisfied up to the present with the way in which the Act is working."

I hope that Mr. Impey will not think that I am directing my remarks to him if I venture to suggest that it would be likely to facilitate matters considerably if the above statements were brought to the notice of everyone throughout the country, rather than if it be continually asserted, as it is in some quarters, that the county councils are all reactionary bodies, from whom nothing is to be hoped.—Yours, &c.,

G. MONTAGU HARRIS.

Caxton House, Tothill Street,
Westminster, S.W.

February 19th, 1908.

THE PRESERVATION OF MEWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A most serious proposal will be voted upon at the next meeting of the Marylebone Borough Council. It covers twenty-five mews in Marylebone, which Mr. F. W. Hunt, agent to the Portman Estate, claims to be the property of Viscount Portman, and invites the borough to yield up to the estate.

For nearly a century these twenty-five mews have been drained, paved, cleansed, and lighted by the public authorities, at the expense of the ratepayers. The public have used them, and now naturally regard them as public property. Should they be surrendered to Lord Portman to be closed and built upon, a great loss of air, space, and light will ensue. They are, in fact, one of the most valuable sanitary assets in Marylebone or in London, and everything possible should be done to avoid the dire calamity of their loss. In some other cases a decision against the interests of the public and in favour of Lord Portman has been given by one Judge of the High Court, but so gravely are the people of Marylebone concerned in what is now sought to be done that they should seriously consider whether they should be content short of a judgment by the Court of Appeal or the House of Lords.

All round us huge piles of flats and other buildings are being heaped up on plots of ground, which are limited in area to a degree positively dangerous to the public welfare. Are the mews to be sacrificed for the sake of the mere accumulation of wealth, regardless of the health and comfort of the people of Marylebone?

One of the results of London being divided up into twenty-nine portions for purposes of local government is that the Marylebone Council has the burden of fighting this battle, although, if it be fought and won in Marylebone, the result will affect a vast number of mews in various parts of London. If these mews can be kept open, they will advantageously influence the health of the metropolis of the Empire.

Steps should be taken forthwith to interest the City and every one of the twenty-nine Borough Councils, and Parliament,—Yours, &c.,

HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

March 7th, 1908.

Reviews.

THE ELIZABETHAN ABROAD.*

FYNES MORYSON (born 1566) was a Lincolnshire gentleman (a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge) who planned, in his eighteenth year (with the common Elizabethan precocity) to travel over Europe, so that he might write her social history. After five years of grave preparation (during which he learned to speak French, German, and Italian) he went to Europe, where he remained from 1591 till 1595, visiting, in that time, Holland, Germany, Italy, and France. Spain, unfortunately, he could not visit, owing to the war. Not feeling satisfied with this gust of the world, and having besides a wish to see the Holy Land, he sailed abroad again, at the end of 1595, in the company of his brother Henry. On this second journey he went through Germany to Venice, where he took ship for the Near East. After visiting Jerusalem and Antioch (on which visit Henry Moryson died of dysentery), he returned by way of Constantinople, reaching London in July, 1597. In 1598 he visited Edinburgh, and perhaps (as Mr. Charles Hughes conjectures) the Scottish Court, as a secret agent in the pay of the Earl of Essex. In 1600 he followed Lord Mountjoy into Ireland, where he saw the progress and slow suppression of Tyrone's rising. Shortly after his arrival in Ireland, he became Mountjoy's chief secretary, a post which he retained till 1606, when Mountjoy (then the Earl of Devonshire) died. In 1617 he published (in folio) the *Itinerary* here reprinted. After this, he passed some years in writing that "Part IV." of his *Itinerary* which was first published (with much very necessary abridgment) by Mr. Charles Hughes, a few years ago. Little is known of his later years, but they were probably peaceful and uneventful. He never married. His love for brother and sister is the only great emotion mentioned in his book. But he is always careful to reveal very little of himself; so perhaps we are deceived by the dim, cold, aloof manner in which he writes of women. He died on February 12th, 1630, ignorant, probably, as many of the Elizabethans were, that his age had been remarkable for anything, except perhaps the murder of Henri Quatre, and the spread of Romanism in Ireland.

It was his misfortune to pass his intense years in secret service. Of the interesting people known to him, and of the main interests (all political) of his prime, he can tell us nothing; his lips are sealed. He is therefore a tantalising, almost irritating writer. We keep thinking that his book is a blind. It is not the whole man; it is not the best of the man. We feel that all his intensest life is being hidden from us; and that this heavy book of his is a thick wall, shutting us at once from his own inner nature and from the past, as we wish to see it. Apart from his secretaryship, he was too unimaginative to take a strong hold upon life. As a traveller he saw life as a succession of pictures passing before him. It may be very strange, or very curious, as he describes it; but it is never very real, since it always lies without him. When Moryson ceased to be a traveller, in the flowering time of his maturity he became a private secretary, in whom discretion was the better part of the imagination. Had he been an imaginative man he would have delighted more in life; he would have shown a more noble eagerness in tasting the world. He had courage, shrewdness, seriousness, but his great gift was discretion; his eyes, we are certain, never rolled in a fine frenzy. They were downcast, like a Jesuit's eyes, while his alert mind took in unceasingly under the mask of the face.

When we consider what he must have known, living, as he lived, a trusted man, in the circles of high Elizabethan politics, and compare it with what he has told us, he becomes almost romantic. There is no trace of romance in his sober, gentlemanly histories; he is too discreet for that; yet he saw, and perhaps shared in, all the great romance of the romantic time. Mountjoy's mistress was that Lady Rich who had once been Sidney's Stella. Moryson must have known much of that strange and melancholy love affair. He must also have been behind the scenes of many of the many plots which filled the minds of the Essex faction during the last few years of Elizabeth's life. He must

have known the Earl of Essex; he must often have been in the presence of Tyrone. He must have known the secret history of the accession of James I., a very interesting chapter, surely, in the unwritten chronicles of the Kings. He must have known Southampton. Possibly he knew who Mr. W. H. was. Moving in such society he may have met Shakspeare. One feels sure that he must, at least, have seen him act. As we might expect of a gentleman and a private secretary, he is silent on all these matters. It is a pity that, instead of all these things, he tells us the story of Tyrone's rebellion, and of the Germans' manner of life. It is all very well worth knowing, but though the events and habits of an age are interesting studies, the men and women of an age are surely much more interesting. Man is greater than his acts, and infinitely greater than the conventional rules which prescribe his dinner hour. Perhaps Moryson never realised this. We see signs in his book that, like so many travellers, he never grew up; never matured. His mind, instead of growing, turned to his past. The best ten years of his life were spent in digesting what he had learned in his two great journeys.

We can guess from a few passages in his book that his interests were in big political movements, and in shrewd, controlling, politic intellects. Whenever he could, he sought out such intellects. Apparently, important political figures were then as easy of access as the American politician in our own time. He seems to have "met" Bellarmine by hanging about his gates till he came home. He "met" Beza and Cardinal Allen (though not, unfortunately, together) in much the same free and easy way. We cannot help thinking, from one passage, that he even "met" Henri Quatre: but the passage is not very clear. It is not improbable. Henri was only too easy to meet: the gallant, liberal man. Anyone could meet Henri by slipping on a petticoat and walking past the palace.

Moryson describes both Bellarmine and Beza, not very fully, but yet with interesting details, which make the men real to us. He tells us that Beza once reproved him, in godly sort, for tapping the poor-box on leaving church. He had got into a way of doing the like in Italy with the holy water dish, and he tells us what Beza said, thinking that it may tend to Christian edification. With these exceptions he tells us nothing of interest of either of these men; nor can we learn from him what he thought of them, except that they were both worth meeting. We are left staring at the wall of his discretion. He tells us, as it were, that he has Beza in his heart, and that that fact, not the revealed image of Beza, must suffice us. We learn from these early scraps of self-revelation how intensely he must have enjoyed his life with Mountjoy, in the inner circles of a great political movement. Of this enjoyment, keen as it no doubt was, he tells us nothing. His words are the discreet, restrained, sober words of one who has dug up all his facts from the unindexed State papers at the Record Office. He has moments of enthusiasm. He describes the siege of Kinsale with all the colour of simplicity; it is one of the best things he ever wrote. His hatred of dirty disorder makes him eloquent against the Irish in more than one amusing passage. Being a very honest man, he writes finely against the scandalous commissariat department of Mountjoy's army. Once, for two or three intense pages, he describes his master, Mountjoy, from his "something bald" crown to his "leggs somewhat little, which hee gartered ever above the knee." His other enthusiastic passages are chiefly directed against the Church of Rome. For the rest he is a mild, polite secretary, with eyes always downcast (having been taught humility by the Turks in his travels abroad), and his mind always rather anxious about his bodily health. He had good health, we conclude, except in one unmentionable particular, of which we have shy hints every now and then, enough to convince us of his affliction.

He is an unequal writer. On the whole he is a less companionable figure than Coryat; for Coryat, with all his buffoonery and vulgarity, his delight in the Heidelberg Tun and his admiration for "goodlie" gallowses, had a capacity for enjoying, which shows in his writing. Moryson, a much deeper man, hides his emotion. He is politic and critical, where Coryat is going out to see courtesans (honi soit) or to have himself drawn, standing (as he once gloriously stood), on the Tun itself. On the whole, too, we find

* "Fynes Moryson's Itinerary." Glasgow: MacLehose & Sons. Four vols. 50s. net.

him less of a person than William Lithgow. He is always eluding us, however interesting his matter may be. It is very like the man as we picture him, that he should have travelled so often by himself, and in disguise.

He was not artistic. His book is arranged clumsily, with a carelessness strange in so formal a man. He often repeats himself, telling one tale three times, and several others twice. He took no pleasure in Elizabethan poetry. Probably few people did, except the Elizabethan poets. He has nothing to say about the Elizabethan stage, except that it was better managed than the Italian stage. As for the players, he classes them, disgustingly, more than once, with cutpurses and bankrupts. Like most men without ideas, he took a pleasure in proverbs, and popular generalisations, of which he gathered together some hundred, not without criticism:—

"In conversation, the Germans are said to be imperious and intollerable (I should say they are peaceable when they are sober, and diversely affected, according to their severall natures, when they are drunken), the French mild (I would rather say trifeling and cerimonious), the Spaniards wary, the Italians wise."

He is generally just in his criticisms; but the Roman Church and the Turks make him to lose his temper. Neither Romans nor Turks ever got much justice from the Elizabethans. Now and then he says something which makes us ashamed, and conscious of loss. We can no longer flaunt his proud boast that:—

"the conversation of the English abroad, is wonderfullie pleasing unto strangers."

Not that the English were universally pleasing unto strangers in Moryson's time. In Hamburg, for instance, they did "raile on English-men":—

"For that which we call warre at sea, and the royall Navy, that they terme robbery and Pirats ships."

We like those other naiveties of his, in which he tells of the simplicity of English life in his day, when one had but two daily meals, which one ate without forks. But better than anything we like his "Discourse upon severall heads" (vol. III., p. 349), a piece of prose on which we should like to enlarge. As for travel in general, the subject of the discourse, "I passe over the abundant fruits it yieldeth," because Moryson, notwithstanding his disclaimer, has written a notable fifty pages on them, covering the ground pretty thoroughly, "as the sunne by his beames." Neither can we, in this place, advise on the necessity for travel, according to the natures of men; for in this, too, our author has been wittie, quoting the poet Claudian, and what Suetonius saith of Cæsar, with the most airy light effect, yet aptly. We will, however, endorse his advice to Angelica, "if she were alive in these dayes, not to trust her selfe alone and in desert places to the protection of wandering Knights, less shee meete with more strong encounters, than was that of the weake Hermite."

But, as Moryson says, "Me thinkes I have said enough." Moryson and the life he saw, and the wandering knights who robbed him, are as dead as we shall be three centuries hence. May the books we leave behind us be as honest as his, and, if it may be, a little brighter reading. And may we all remember, with him, in his one truly poetical sentence, that "Wee are Citizens of the whole World; yea, not of this World, but of that to come."

HOW PLEASANT TO KNOW MR. LEAR!*

MANY who remember the admirable poem in which Mr. Edward Lear professed to describe his own personality will probably prefer it to the longer account of him in prose, excellently edited by Lady Strachey. It is not supremely important to know where Edward Lear was born, or what were his views on politics; but the information conveyed in the line—

"He weareth a runcible hat"

is really solid and important. It was also essential to appreciate the distinction involved in the words—

"He reads, but he cannot speak Spanish,
He cannot abide Ginger Beer."

* "Letters of Edward Lear." Edited by Lady Strachey. T. Fisher Unwin 15s.

And, after reading the poem, we were all quite ready to agree in concluding the verse:—

"Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear."

It is pleasant to know Mr. Lear, even in this excellent volume of entertaining gossip and correspondence. But it was even pleasanter to know him in that wild country in which he lived up to his poetical description. I, for one, am prepared to believe in the eternal and spiritual Edward Lear against all shows of this world and all phantoms of the flesh. I believe that "his body was perfectly spherical," and that he did verily and in truth wear a runcible hat. I will have no Modernism on this subject; or indeed on any other. Perhaps there was a sensible Edward Lear who wrote letters and criticised current affairs. But the great Edward Lear, the serious Edward Lear, was the silly one.

It is a remarkable fact that the two great English masters of nonsense in the nineteenth century were both men whose private personalities were, I will not say prosaic, but at least rational, respectable, and containing no suggestion at all either of pure poetry or of any particular oddity in humour. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear were neither of them really people with perverse or whimsical temperaments; they were neither of them men like Charles Lamb or Robert Louis Stevenson, men who could not write ten words on a postcard without the sentence taking a sort of tender twist. The views of Edward Lear, like those of the respected don who wrote under the name of Lewis Carroll, were sensible and slightly Philistine views. It would immediately be supposed that this sane but stolid character would be somewhat unsuited for two wild poets, who were to write about the Jabberwock and the Dong with the Luminous Nose. I am not so sure that this is really the case. I go so far as to say that the solid mid-Victorian lives led by Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear had a great deal to do with their creating themselves kings of the remote empire of unreason. The simplicity and rationality of that race attracted the fairies. They had a basis, moral and material, on which the bizarre pagodas could be built. It is too little remembered that if you want to reach nonsense you must go through sense.

Of course there was a difference of degree in the two cases and even, perhaps a difference of kind. Edward Lear in these letters is not subtle, but he is exhilarating. Mr. Dodgson, in his private utterances, was neither exhilarating or subtle. But they were both very good examples of the well-informed Englishman of the mid-Victorian time. And the chief mark of the well-informed Englishman of that time was that he was an ill-informed Englishman. It is impossible to read letters such as these without feeling how insulated and provincial were the best English minds during a certain period. Here is a man of genius, a good Greek scholar, a traveller of experience, a man priding himself on the liberality of his mind; and yet he criticises all things not English as if they were indefensible eccentricities in an English village. He has the typical mid-Victorian habit of getting horribly angry with the tyrants or impostors who are not oppressing him but being perfectly genial and self-satisfied about those who really are. He breaks out, as Thackeray did, into pages of denunciation of the life of a monastery; though he does not (as Thackeray did) actually propose that monastic vows should be legally forbidden, like human sacrifice. But he does fly into a furious and sustained passion against a system which is, after all, a voluntary system, while it never occurs to him to make any protest against the dominance of the English aristocracy, which is not voluntary—except on the part of the aristocrats. A few poor old monks who have chosen to live hard lives on their own responsibility strike him as monsters of darkness and hypocrisy. "I still maintain that Blasphemy and lying are the Prerogatives of Priestcraft." But when he comes to a quite typical diplomatist and cynical oligarch like Lord Palmerston, that statesman's front bench clap-trap strikes him as "all straightforward bluff truth." Like all the English of his strange time he could have seen that the Irish were a priest-led people; but could not have seen that the English are a squire-led people. And it is surely more manly to follow the leaders of your own philosophy than merely to follow the owners of your own farms. Such are at least the letters of Edward Lear; full of broad

English fun, full of splendid English high spirits. But the very broadness of the fun only illustrates the narrowness of the outlook. Even the high spirits only show the low political education. Everything that is English is liberal; especially the illiberal aristocracy. Everything that is un-English is illiberal, especially the tradition which has been the mother of all the liberal arts. Nobody wants him to go into a monastery; yet he will soothe his soul with incessant roarings against the hocus-pocus of monasteries. As if all the hocus-pocus of all the priests in history could really be much more dangerous than the hocus-pocus of Lord Palmerston.

To say this is of course to leave out of the real Edward Lear a great mass of real humour, of real liberality, and knowledge of the world. Nevertheless, if we drop the real Edward Lear and turn to the unreal one—oh, bless him, how much more real he is! The mystical Edward Lear, the one who wore the runcible hat, is one of the great masters of English literature. He has, no doubt, essential points in common with his mere earthly counterpart. When we read those criticisms of Continental religion mentioned above, we may perhaps see a deep truth in the line—

"He reads, but he cannot speak Spanish."

That was really what was the matter with the Englishman of the Lear period; he could read about foreigners, but he could not speak with them. And when we delight (as we certainly do when reading these letters) in the heartiness, the good fellowship, the Dickensian camaraderie of that fine old English world, we may add with enthusiasm the line, as if we were shouting it all together in a chorus—

"He cannot abide Ginger Beer!"

But the Lear of the nonsense world still remains a sort of super-Lear, a being far more transcendental and awful.

For the truth is that Edward Lear was greater than Lewis Carroll; at least, he could do what Lewis Carroll could not do. Lewis Carroll's nonsense was merely mathematical and logical. Edward Lear's nonsense was emotional and poetical. The long rolling lines of Lear have the feeling of fine poetry in them, which does not exist in the excellent poem of "Jabberwocky." It does exist in

"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live."

or in those splendid lines—

"When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
And the angry breakers roar as they beat on the rocky shore,
And the storm clouds brood on the towering heights
Of the hills of the Chankly Bore."

No one was ever quite at home in Wonderland—not even Alice. But the English romanticism in those lines of Lear is so strong that I feel as if the Chankly Bore were in Berkshire or Sussex, and I know I am native to the Gromboolian Plain.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A PARIS OF THE PAST.*

THE unofficial historian, guised, not in the sober uniform of science but the flowing peignoir of fashionable reminiscence, is an ever welcome visitant. The Comtesse de Boigne, whose last volume of memoirs deals with the French Restoration from 1820-30, was an assiduous collector of aristocratic gossip, a shrewd critic of political events. She discourses lightly, but significantly, of royalty and revolution, love and scandal in high places, the fall of ministries, and the fate of kings. A judicious rather than a charitable narrator, she betrays no weak indulgence for the erring of her own sex. Queen Caroline of England she censures with contempt, is none too tender with the Duchesse de Berry, and keenly ridicules the infatuated Queen of Sweden, whose pursuit of the Duc de Richelieu made her the laughing-stock of Paris. True to her race, the Comtesse shares its passionate but short-lived enthusiasms, its brisk common sense, vivacity, and defects of humour. None but a Frenchwoman, one feels, could describe with so little a sense of its absurdity the triumph in the Bourbon soul of etiquette over the natural

* "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne." Edited from the original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulaud. Heinemann. 10s. net.

emotions. Louis XVIII. had just expired; around his death-bed the royal family hung weeping.

"Monsieur left the room sobbing, and Madame prepared to follow him. Hitherto she had always taken precedence of her husband, as the King's daughter; when she reached the door she suddenly stopped, and through the heart-felt tears with which her face was streaming, she said with difficulty:

"Take precedence, Dauphin."

Of irony, too, her country is at times unconscious. In May, 1821, the greatest giant of the century breathed his last. The Comtesse hears the newspaper sellers crying in the streets, "The death of Napoleon Bonaparte, two sous; his speech to General Bertrand, two sous; despair of Madame Bertrand, two sous." This announcement, she adds, produced no more effect than the advertisement of a lost dog.

The Comtesse's interests are mundane and temporal; art, literature, and religion are outside her range. The political temperament has in general little sympathy with the poetical. Chateaubriand, in his later days, appears but as a perverse and peevish politician, whose fits of childish fury require all the tender ministration of Madame Recamier to assuage. The "ugly face" of Benjamin Constant, as he passes on a stretcher in the July days "in the attitude of an Opera Tancred," motioning with his hand "to still the acclamations that no one seemed to raise in his honour," seems to the Comtesse the personification of falsehood and intrigue.

Liberal in her sympathies, the Comtesse de Boigne has scant patience with the monarch who could play whist whilst Paris was burning. The revolution strengthens her Republican sentiments. For some time she had observed a marked improvement in the character of the working classes:—

"I had already been greatly struck by their intelligence, by their politeness, which was in no way servile, by their ready and scientific mode of taking their measurements, and by their chemical knowledge of the ingredients they employed. I was still more struck by their arguments concerning the danger of these fatal Ordinances, of which they understood both the range and the probable results. If our governors had been half so foresighted and prudent, King Charles X. would still be living quietly in the Tuileries."

This popular good sense was preserved in a high degree during the days of July. The order and method of the insurgents, their quiet courage and unselfish heroism are instanced in a dozen little touches by the observant great lady. Especially is she struck with the unity of organisation: "the whole of the great city seemed to be animated by one temper, one will, one plan of operation." From her window she would see a man passing down the street with a covered basket, such as cake-sellers carry; he is distributing cartridges. A cart goes by loaded with gunpowder; everybody takes some, and the women sit quietly in front of their doorsteps manufacturing bullets. The revolutionaries go from house to house politely requesting the loan of weapons. Refusals are received with the utmost meekness, and, what is more remarkable, the weapons, many of them of great value, are returned within a week to their owners.

With the events of the "noble week" the memoirs close. Sequel might possibly dull the brightness of the days nicknamed afterwards the "Glorieuses." Heine, one remembers, visited Paris in 1830, and noticed that the words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," had already been erased. Honeymoons, he observed, fly so quickly!

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

IT is easier to praise Miss Robins for the brilliancy and force of her vivid pictures of life than to determine her place as a novelist. "Come and Find Me" makes a mixed appeal to her audience, for it combines the deep and genuine qualities of a work of art with the startling naturalism of a flashlight photograph. As though in response to the inconsequence of modern life, and the stress and rush of its feverish energy, the author, four years ago, struck out in "The Magnetic North" an impressionistic style of her own, one not without the alloy of journalistic cleverness. But curiously enough, the superficial side of that novel lay in the character studies, while the brilliant descriptive sketches of the mushroom town of Dawson, and its hordes of immigrants all bitten by the gold fever while heartsick

* "Come and Find Me." By Elizabeth Robins. Heinemann. 6s.

for home, were literature of a rare order. In her last novel, "Come and Find Me," Miss Robins has, however, made a more perfect amalgam of her artistic gifts and journalistic powers, and the weak spots in her painting are now less patent. The novel has great breadth and atmosphere; its scope is wide-stretching, but it is flimsy in construction and very weak in its ending. In fact, it has the capital defects and the characteristic virtues of our modern system of life. It is full to overflowing, it is inexhaustible in human interest, it is formless, suggestive, and wasteful.

So loose in structure is "Come and Find Me" that we must apologise to our readers for beginning with a retrospect. Nathaniel Mar, thirty years before the story properly opens, had been shipwrecked on the Alaskan coast, and, the only survivor but one of his little party of Russian-American explorers, by chance he had stumbled across a creek in the tundra, where, after "panning" the gravel, he found gold. On his return to California, a shattered leg and a marriage for love kept him for some years from "going out there again and making sure" of his big discovery, and later on, both the geologists and the men of finance, whose backing he sought, pooh-poohed the idea that gold could be found so far north. His capable and hard-natured wife had come to hate his crazy scheme of a fortune to be made in the Northern ice-fields, and little by little Mar had become the bondsman of his family cares and straitened circumstances, though he never ceased planning and dreaming of means and methods to realise his "find." Thirty years, however, have slipped by, and then the news from Klondyke in '97 sets the whole Pacific coast afire, and Mar, turned out from his post of bank cashier by "the need for younger men," sets out for Nome, and his magic gold-shotted creek.

The family history and mental atmosphere of the Mar household during these thirty years are touched in, in a hundred pages, with fine feminine craft. The detestable American mother, Mrs. Mar, hard, sharp, energetic, with "eyes that glittered like pieces of highly-polished brown onyx" at the spectacle of "getting on," and her two sons, Trena and Harry, who have shown "business capacity from childhood," and frankly despise their father for not having "got on," are well contrasted with the girl Hildegard, warm-hearted, tranquil, and statuesque. The school-girlish prattle and sentimental outpourings of Hildegard and her bosom friend Bella, who both fall in love with the photograph of Jack Galbraith, the young Polar explorer, who is an old correspondent of Mar, are done to the life. Jack Galbraith returns from a voyage, engages himself to Bella, quarrels with her, and disappears from men's sight on another Polar expedition, and later on Hildegard's cool and resourceful adorer, Cheviot, after wooing her unsuccessfully, goes off in his turn to the Klondyke.

Miss Robins by her first hundred pages has cleverly and plausibly paved the way for her hidden design—to show forth the conflict in woman's nature through her two conflicting needs, indicated by two sayings of Hildegard, first, "The most successful and sensible women are those who have gone about most, or had some great trouble, and *known* about life somehow by knocking up against it," and second, "When you think what a miracle it is to find the right man in the maze, how is it that we ever let the right one go?" In Hildegard's case this double craving for life's excitement and for man's love are satisfied by the same stroke of fate. Mar, her father, on his arrival at Nome, finds that his thirty-year old secret has been filched from him and that Anvil Creek is "staked from end to end." In his chagrin, the disappointed man refuses to come home, and even Cheviot, the ever resourceful, warned by a letter on his way back from the Klondyke, fails to persuade him to flee before the deadly Arctic winter falls. When Cheviot reports his failure in person, Hildegard decides that *she* must go. She admits frankly to Bella that it is not "because I'm brave and a good daughter and things like that . . . it's because while other people have travelled north, south, east, and west, New York, Mexico, London, and Paris, I've stayed here in this little house in Valdivia, and sewed and gardened and only *heard* about the world." In vain Cheviot implores and argues, in vain he points out the dangers of the voyage, Hildegard's unfitness for it, the folly of women increasing the burden of the men, &c. Hildegard has made up her mind to go. And with a heroic determination to brave every

ill and have a good time, in feminine fashion she sails for the coast town of Nome in the unspeakable steamer "Los Angeles." And, of course, the faithful and anxious lover, Cheviot, turns up in disguise on the steamer in order to watch over her safety.

The sights and sounds, the racket and hustle, the stench and confusion of the voyage of this hapless and pathetic band of nondescript emigrants, all hastening towards the El Dorado which does not exist, towards the worked-out beach of Nome, where hunger and typhoid rage, all these things are admirably, brilliantly described. Miss Robins has an extraordinary faculty for swift impressionistic sketching, and the grim actualities of this pathetic voyage are etched in in most masterly fashion. Miss Robins has placed Hildegard in the old situation, dear to a woman's heart, where her realisation of her own dependence upon the man brings out his own manly force and doubles his tenderness for her. Before the voyage is over the flag of feminine independence is lowered. By her acute sketch of the lonely, isolated, and bitter figure of Mrs. Locke, a woman who has battled with the world, and lost her illusions through "enforced close relations with men through her work," the author throws subtle shades into her picture. The book suggests that woman, like the queen bee, needs to stretch her wings in one free flight before she settles down to the duties of domesticity. Too long a flight would endanger the welfare of the nest, and, no doubt, impair the happiness of the bee! Hildegard's fate is a happy one; she asserts her independence, and then realises her dependence through love. On the whole men have more to learn from the picture than women.

The melodramatic end of the novel is unworthy of the fineness of perception shown in most of the pages. Jack Galbraith's discovery of the North Pole, his paean of Yankee patriotism, and the finding by Hildegard of the dying man in a hut on Polaris Creek, all this is but glorified journalism—a brassy solo on the Kipling trumpet. "Come and Find Me" is, indeed, typical, in its qualities and its defects, of our amazing time.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A GREAT LABOUR LEADER" (Brown, Langham & Co., 15s. net), by Mr. Aaron Watson, tells the story of the life and work of a very remarkable man, with a character singularly rare in public or in private life, rich in charm and worth. Indeed, it would be hard to find anyone more representative of the best side of democratic politics than the subject of the book, Mr. Thomas Burt. Born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and going to work in a coal-mine when he was ten years old, Mr. Burt's qualities of character and intellect have made him a member of the Privy Council, and one of the most trusted of the representatives of the trade union movement in Parliament. The account of his early efforts at self-education show what manner of man he is. At a time when the conditions of work in the collieries were a public scandal, he spent every moment and every penny he could spare on books—we read that "on summer evenings he would be out in the fields by four o'clock, reading his Milton or his Gibbon"—with the result that he gained a knowledge of not only English literature, but French and Latin as well, which few boys take from their careers at a public school. In 1865 Mr. Burt became Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Confident Association, at a moment when the miners were on strike and the funds amounted to only £23. When the strike ended he had largely increased the membership of the Union, and there was between £600 and £700 in hand. The workers promptly recognised that in a man of this stamp they had a born leader, and in 1874 he was returned for Morpeth as the first Labour representative in Parliament. His work since then is familiar to all who know anything of current politics. To his other gifts Mr. Burt adds singular refinement of manner. The dominating characteristic of his personality, says Mr. Maddison, in a brief introduction, is his gentleness. But he is also a man of strong convictions, who allows nothing to turn him aside from the course in which he believes. "As a politician," Mr. Maddison concludes, "he began as a Radical on the broad platform of citizenship, not class, and he stands on that stable foundation to-day." "From the ranks

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Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey
to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, says, on February 11th, 1908:—

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of the working classes have sprung many notable leaders, but, for personal character, insight, sound judgment, and patient continuance in well-doing, none stand higher than Thomas Burt." We should be inclined to add that Parliament to-day contains no speaker possessing equal powers of style—that is to say, of suggesting character and a point of view, through the medium of skilfully chosen words.

* * *

UNDER the comprehensive title, "The Story of Crime: From the Cradle to the Grave" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. H. L. Adam deals in rather sketchy fashion with some of the problems of criminology, and describes the condition of the chief prisons in this country. Although the book will not interest those who have given any serious attention to prison reform, it may be commended to those who require a popular account of the subject. In his opening chapter, Mr. Adam discusses the small crimes, which often form the first step in the career of the habitual criminal, and suggests that the dexterity shown by young children in picking pockets is due to the Fagins who still exist among the criminal classes. Then follow chapters on the police, solicitors, advocates, judges, the police-courts, the prisons, and various types of criminals, such as poisoners, burglars, coiners, forgers, and blackmailers. Mr. Adam passes several criticisms upon the police, and maintains that to deny the existence of blackmailing on the part of police-constables is "sheer, fatuous nonsense." Of the prisons, he has most praise for Wormwood Scrubbs, and is most severe on Wandsworth. He commends the Borstal system, and has a high opinion of the humanitarian methods which were initiated at Bedford by Mr. Western, and have now been in force at Borstal for about five years, with the result that 50 per cent. of the inmates have not returned to criminal lives. The system of solitary confinement is rightly condemned, and Mr. Adam does not exaggerate when he says that "the folly of confining a smarting, rebellious wrongdoer in a small cell for twelve out of every twenty-four hours is positively incredible." It leads to reckless efforts to escape, often accompanied by attacks on warders. We have noticed one or two trifling mistakes—*nos prosequi* on page 69 is probably a misprint—but Mr. Adam seems to have studied his subject at first-hand. An interesting feature is the number of excellent photographs by which the book is illustrated.

* * *

MESSRS. DENT are to be congratulated on the progress which their "Everyman's Library" Series is making. The scheme of forming a collection of a thousand volumes, in which all the notable books in the language will be accessible at the price of a shilling a volume, is a huge undertaking, but the skill shown in selecting the three hundred and fifteen volumes already issued, and the delightful form in which they have been printed and produced should go far to ensure the success of the project. One feature of the series is especially worthy of praise. The delicate art of literary criticism runs no small risk of perishing from amongst us owing to the failure which so commonly attends a volume of essays about books, however great its merits. Each of the books in "Everyman's Library" has an introduction, and some of these introductions are models of what a literary appreciation should be. Not the least merit of the series is that in this way it does something to promote an interest in the careful and considered appraisement of an author's qualities—an art which we are lamentably inferior to our French neighbours. The fifty volumes just added to the series include several of great interest. Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" is only known to a small circle of readers in this country, and Mr. Thomas Seecombe has done real service in introducing it to a larger public. The book only needs to be known in order to become popular. Written as Parkman says in his preface "to portray the American forest and the American Indian at the period when both received their final doom," it is by far the best account we have of what Mr. Seecombe aptly calls "the sad unfading record of the decline and fall of the American Indians, of the prairie-roaming bison, of the *coureurs de bois*, and of the huge lacustrine or pine-clad solitudes of the American forest." It is written in a style full of vivid colouring, and with all the animation and sympathy of a man who loved his subject.

THE aim of Mr. Burrell's edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is, by modernising the spelling and by substituting equivalents for the archaic words, to make Chaucer intelligible to those who have not patience enough to master the early English in which he wrote. This is a daring and a difficult task, but Mr. Burrell has done well. Pedants, of course, will complain that Mr. Burrell's substitutions have less force than the words which Chaucer actually wrote, and do not always give the exact shade of meaning he intended. But the book need not be read by pedants. The changes made are only those which put the ordinary reader in a position to understand Chaucer without having to call in the help of a glossary, and for dozens of lines at a time there is scarcely any change made. Should the work succeed in making one of the greatest humorists who ever wrote English verse more widely read, Mr. Burrell's work will be of the highest value. In any case, he has performed a most interesting and hopeful experiment.

* * *

IN his introduction to Carlyle's work on Cromwell, Dr. W. A. Shaw has some very hard things to say about Puritanism. Carlyle, he says, committed the double error of misconceiving the essential spirit of Puritanism, and misconceiving the real nature of the constitutional problem of the seventeenth century. Puritanism had neither a moral mission nor a missionary spirit. "In misrepresenting the true nature of English seventeenth-century Puritanism Carlyle has done a dis-service of the most malignant import to the cause of history; and in representing Cromwell himself as the exponent and outcome of such Puritanism rather than as its opponent, Carlyle has done an equal dis-service to Cromwell's own memory." This extreme view will find little endorsement, and when Dr. Shaw goes on to describe the Reformation as a movement of reaction, which bound the human mind and rivetted the chains of feudalism and priestcraft, he is merely perverse. When full allowance has been made for the narrowness of the Puritan spirit, and even for its strain of intolerance, the fact must remain undisputed that it was Puritanism which largely moulded the men of rugged independence who won for us a great share of our present freedom. It survives in the strongest types of modern Englishmen, and, indeed, it is hard to conceive English society to-day without continual reference to it.

* * *

OTHER volumes of interest are Cary's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which has been edited with an introduction and short but useful notes by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner; "The Travels of Marco Polo," with an introduction by Mr. John Manfield; Balzac's "Quest of the Absolute" and "The Chouans," each with a brief introduction by Professor Saintsbury; and several volumes of Dickens with introductions by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

* * *

OF the twelve churches whose stores of plate are described in "Church Plate of the City of Chester" (Sheratt & Hughes, 10s. 6d. net), those of Holy Trinity, St. Michael's and Olave's, and St. Mary Without the Walls, must be deemed especially fortunate in that each one of them possesses an Elizabethan cup or chalice. At the first-named there is also a paten of the same period, and at St. Mary Without the Walls a paten cover. While the date of the cups is approximately 1570, they are really survivals from pre-Reformation times. They were adapted by re-hammering from the older vessels; in shape they are virtually the same as those in use a century earlier. The main difference between this pre-Reformation form of bowl and the later one is that the former is less spherical; and, as Mr. T. Stanley Ball, the author of this work points out, the obvious inconvenience to communicants, called upon to drink from the more modern cups, with their great depth and contracted form of lip, has influenced a return to the earlier style of chalice not less than has the recognition of the latter's superior beauty. Mr. Ball's researches among inventories have been systematic and thorough, and a chronological table of the plate, from 1570 to 1903, together with an excellent index, makes his volume most valuable for purposes of reference. The illustrations are beautifully produced on art paper.

* * *

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had left it. Painting had resolved itself into a dull eclecticism, practised by second-hand Velasquezes and Murillos. Into this ocean of hopeless mediocrity suddenly came Goya, one of the greatest artistic geniuses, certainly the most independent, that Spain has ever produced. Mr. A. F. Calvert has satisfied a want by including an account of this artist in the Spanish Series (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net). With the exception of Mr. W. Rothenstein's monograph in the "Artists' Library," which is now out of print, and one by Professor Muther in the Langham series, no complete biography of him exists in our language, and both these volumes are too short to be wholly comprehensive. Mr. Calvert's is short also; but he has profited by his predecessor's researches and has produced a fairly satisfactory survey of his subject. Goya stood apart from the contemporary school of his country as emphatically as Rembrandt from his fellow-Dutchmen. He owed little to his forerunners, and prided himself on owing less. He painted and drew to please himself in accordance with a fancy that was as tempestuous and variable as his character. Portraits, church paintings, satires as biting as Hogarth's, and even more grotesque, all show the originality and complete independence of his mind. A generous gallery of his works is presented by the illustrations to this volume, which number over six hundred, and include examples of every phase of his activity.

* * *

THE re-issue of Dr. Burckhardt's "The Cicerone: An Art Guide to Painting in Italy" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net) is something of an event. It is a quarter of a century since the last English edition of the work was published, and though in the interval the often excellent instruction contained in Baedeker has sufficed for most of the travellers, and even the students in Italy, the reputation of the "Cicerone" has easily survived the lapse of time. Apart from that, the present edition has features commendable enough to make it popular. It is illustrated with half-tone blocks on art paper. What is more important, perhaps, is that the indices of places and painters has been compiled with the fulness and care that give half the value to a work of reference. As Mr. P. G. Konody points out in the preface, which he contributes, a good deal has happened in the world of aesthetic criticism during the last twenty-five years, and since Morelli the game of attribution has become an exceedingly complex affair. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that Burckhardt's criticism reads as fresh and as sound as it does in the light of recent utterances, and that his attributions are not more often astray. Mrs. A. H. Clough is responsible for the translation from the German text.

The Week in the City.

THE Board of Trade returns for February are remarkably good. Although new orders have fallen off, the old orders have been sufficient to keep the level nearly up to last year's, in spite of the depression in America, Egypt, and Japan. This means, with lower prices for raw materials, that the profits of manufacturers must be very high in some trades, as many of the contracts were entered into months ago, at the height of the boom. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the high rate of taxation, and the after-effects of the severe crisis, have hit a good many concerns in various branches of trade. I hear of failures and difficulties in the Sheffield cutlery and silver-plate trade, in the shoe trade at Leeds, and, of course, in the wool trade, where many speculative persons are suffering for purchases rashly made last autumn in Australia. Shipping difficulties are also prominent this week, and the Chilean crisis has caused another failure. Probably the prevalent belief that trade is declining explains the weakness of the home railway market, though this has been accentuated by the Great Northern and Great Central fiasco, and by fear that the Miners' Eight Hours Bill will send up the price of coal.

BREWERY SHARES.

There have been one or two smart rallies in certain brewery stocks in the last few days. It was quite worth

the trade's while to spend a few thousand pounds in agitation. The outcry has been so much overdone that a reaction was bound to set in, and there have been smart rallies in certain stocks; but I should advise investors to be very careful to keep quite clear of the companies that have speculated wildly in tied houses. Time-limit or no time-limit, many of these purchases were made at extravagant prices, in the frantic desire to get the means of forcing bad beer on the local public. The stockbrokers' protest was got up, I hear, by a gentleman who has been jobbing in brewery shares. Many respectable firms signed, largely for political reasons. But outside the Stock Exchange and interested parties, there is no particular indignation against the Bill. There is a feeling that some of the provisions are very stiff, and that some others are foolish, and certain to provoke popular resentment. One or two of the largest and most important firms of brokers in the City refused to sign the protest, thinking, probably, that it was a little bit undignified, and also that it offended against the rule which prohibits advertising.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Reports from New York about American railways and about the commercial situation are rather less dismal, though receiverships and failures are still the fashion. However, the Knickerbocker Trust resumption has come sooner than was expected; the steel trade is recovering a little, and the railways are reducing their operating expenses. Opinion in Wall Street seems to be that the worst is now over, but that no big recovery can be expected unless and until a good harvest is assured. The United States ought (if the theories of Tariff Reformers were accurate) to be very happy; for it is exporting enormously—copper, flour, cotton, emigrants, &c., and importing on a phenomenally small scale. This cannot go on indefinitely, even where half or more of the mills and furnaces are shut down. After several months of curtailment, stocks must be running low, and the volume of importation must soon swell. Then I expect gold will return to Europe, and perhaps there may be a little fillip given to our manufacturers. The question for investors is whether this is not the time to pick up American stocks cheap. I am inclined to think so, especially if the sum to be invested can be spread over a number of stocks. In the case of railroads, where receiverships are at all possible, ordinary stocks should be shunned, in order to avoid an assessment.

THE RAND GOLD MINES.

Whatever may be thought of the continued depreciation of shares on the Rand (which have never recovered from the Boer War), it must be admitted that the gold output of the Transvaal is extraordinary. It seems to have been stimulated by the advent of General Botha's Ministry and by the repatriation of the Chinese. With two less days February's total output was 541,930 oz., only 18,399 oz. less than January's, and £205,000 above that of last February, whereas January was only £100,000 better than January of last year. Over 3,000 Chinese coolies were repatriated during the month, but the supply of natives rose by 7,641. As compared with last year, the natives employed have increased by 38,000, and the Chinese have decreased by 25,000. From the native figures, however, 10,000 should be deducted owing to the recent inclusion of the Robinson Mines in the return. The new legislation which is being proposed by the Transvaal Government is intended to encourage white labour, to increase the number of claims worked, and to enlarge the Government's revenue. It is regarded with some apprehension in the Kaffir market.

NEW ISSUES.

Last week's reduction in the Bank Rate and this week's strong Bank Return are provoking prospectuses and new issues on a scale that is quite alarming to the Stock Exchange, which fears further depreciation of existing stocks. The Grand Trunk Railway is a great offender. There seems to be no limit to the amount of capital which it is willing to put in front of the Ordinary and Preference stocks. One of the comic tragedies of the week was the San Salvador loan, of which 96 per cent. was left with the underwriters. It was selling on Thursday at 6 or 7 per cent. discount—below what the underwriters had given for it.

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Diary of the Week.

THE feeling of the country concerning the Prime Minister's illness has been well illustrated by the personal visits to Downing Street of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The King has also been kept informed of Sir Henry's condition, and, as to the feeling of politicians, it would be hard to name any public man commanding a more affectionate solicitude.

* * *

THE heads of the Anglican Church have not succumbed to the threats of the brewing trade. On Tuesday, the Council of the Church of England Temperance Society, whose meeting was attended by about twenty Bishops, pledged itself by large majorities to the general principle of the Licensing Bill, to the principle of a time limit subject to the condition of imposing a not "unreasonable strain" on the trade, to the resumption by the State of the monopoly value of licences, and against the re-creation of any vested interest, to the strengthening of the Bill in such matters as the control of clubs and the hours of sale on Sundays. This powerful support is vigorously endorsed by the "Morning Post," the organ of intellectual Toryism, which declares that the trade is practically endeavouring to alter the English law. "Opposition to a time limit," it declares, "regardless of its length, implies a claim to perpetual renewal of annual licences for which there is not even the shadow of justification." The "Post" adds: "The attempt to defeat the principle of a time limit puts those who make it outside the pale of argument." Yet Lord Rothschild, presiding at a meeting of protest at the Cannon Street Hotel, declared even against the supervision of clubs, and hinted at ruin not only for the brewing trade, but for shareholders and policyholders in insurance companies. A practical comment on this extravagance is that of the sale of ordinary shares of Messrs. Bass at Tokenhouse Yard. Eight thousand five hundred and fifty shares were knocked down at prices ranging from

40s. to 42s. per share. These prices, says the "Morning Post," "compare favourably with those of the earlier auctions," in which some lots realised not more than 37s.

* * *

THE sensational reports of an anti-foreign movement in Hayti and of a threatened attack on the Consulates were discounted from the first by the United States authorities, and have clearly been exaggerated. The sole ground of the dispute between the Haytian Government and the foreign legations was the demand of the former for the surrender of some rebels who had taken refuge in the Consulates of Gonaives, St. Marc, and Port de Paix. The trouble began in January with a revolution in the Northern districts designed to depose President Nord Alexis, who has held office since 1902, in favour of Anténor Firmin. The rebels seized Port de Paix, St. Marc, and Gonaives, but were soon blockaded there, and after a severe defeat took refuge at the Consulates. At Port au Prince, the capital, the legations also sheltered fugitives, and in each case the foreign representatives refused to surrender them. An agreement, however, was negotiated to permit them to leave the island, but, for a reason not apparent, the President refused to sanction it, dismissed the foreign Minister, and on Sunday shot a number of prisoners in his hands. The arrival of foreign warships induced the Haytian Government to give way under protest, and they have allowed the refugees to leave the island.

* * *

WE are glad to hear that the organisation of the visit to London next May of a body of German Ministers and University Professors, both Protestant and Catholic, on a mission of international goodwill, promises complete success. The idea, which grew out of a suggestion of Mr. Allen Baker, has been fostered with much warmth in Germany, and has the personal approval of the Kaiser and Prince Bülow. On our side, the Primate, Archbishop Bourne, the Bishop of London, and the leaders of Nonconformity have freely identified themselves with it, and the working committee represents every section of the Churches. The visit of the 140 Priests, Divines, and Professors will be marked by special services on Ascension Day in the Protestant and Catholic Cathedrals—St. Paul's and Westminster—by visits to the historic places of London, to Cambridge University, and to Windsor, by a Mansion House luncheon, and by a series of sermons and a general opening of pulpits in Anglican and Nonconformist Churches. It is, indeed, high time that the religious and civilising forces should bestir themselves to avert the crime of an Anglo-German war. Either these or a half-barbarian instinct of rivalry must prevail.

* * *

THE Unemployed Workmen's Bill, whose character has been fully described in the columns of THE NATION, was defeated on Friday afternoon by 265 votes against 116. The majority was composed of 182 Liberals and 83 Unionists. The minority included 74 Liberals and Labour men. The debate was good-tempered, with fiery intervals, but the line of the supporters of the measure was not quite consistent. Mr. Wilson was willing to jettison Clause 3, with its imposition of standard rates for unemployed workmen, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald insisted that it was vital to the Bill, and that, without it, the Bill would be, in Mr. Asquith's words, "a mere boneless and bloodless structure." Mr. Burns's speech was

able, but his tone far too hard. He himself spoke lightly of criticism of his "tone," but "tone" is a part of statesmanship, which deals not only with measures but with men. Mr. Burns's chief points were that farm colonies were failures, were over-costly and competed with outside labour, and that the imposition of standard rates in the towns would mean that the country lanes would be "black with men" on their way to the high-wage centres. Mr. Asquith's line was more measured. The danger of the Bill was that it implied State control of the whole machinery of production, but he admitted the necessity of State action to supplement individual and communal efforts to deal with unemployment. This was strong ground, but Mr. Asquith also repudiated the principle of the right to work. This, however, is implied both in the Poor-law and in the Unemployed Act of 1905.

* * *

A RESOLUTION favouring the imposition by the State of an eight hours day for all industries, was moved by Mr. Clynes on Wednesday and talked out. The eight hours day is an ideal to which highly organised communities are rapidly tending; as a universal measure imposed by law it is, as Mr. Morley said, a "ramrod" thrust into the industrial machine. Mr. Mond and Mr. Lever, both highly successful employers, favoured an eight hours day for continuous work, but suggested that that maximum must be gradually approached, and that meanwhile the existence of overtime and of workdays of twelve or even fifteen or sixteen hours, endured by busmen, barmaids, and workers in sweated industries, was a bar to its attainment. Mr. Samuel sensibly suggested that the Government, without directly enacting an eight hours day, could contribute to it by indirect action, as through the Factory Acts, or through a model arrangement of State industries. Thus the War Office had established an eight hours day without extra cost to the public and without reducing its output.

* * *

THE two-Power standard has this week been defined and re-defined. On Wednesday Lord Tweedmouth said that instead of taking that standard to mean "the two next strongest Powers abroad (*i.e.*, Germany and the United States) *plus* ten per cent.," he thought it to be "any reasonable and probable combination" of Powers other than ourselves. He also added, "in a rising voice," that in the spring of 1911 we should have a fleet of first-class battleships superior to a combination of "all the Powers in the world," which certainly sounds cheering. On Thursday, however, Lord Tweedmouth, writing to Lord Cawdor, stated that his "reasonably probable" combination was meant to extend, not to restrict, the definition of the two-Power standard. We confess that this exegesis is beyond us. Does Lord Tweedmouth now contemplate an unreasonably improbable combination?

* * *

MR. DEAKIN, at Sydney, explained his scheme of national defence and the reasons for it. He argued that the extension of foreign settlement in the Pacific—he means, of course, the rise of Japan—has destroyed Australia's isolation, and that she cannot now expect immunity from invasion without paying for it. He wishes the present contribution to the British squadron to be directed to building a local flotilla, and double that amount to be spent yearly on harbour and coast defence. Behind the navy is to be a conscript army. Every Australian citizen between twelve and eighteen years is to get military training in junior or senior cadet corps, and from eighteen to twenty-six to serve in the National Guard. During the first three years in the National Guard he is to be enrolled in a junior regiment, and to train in camp for a total of forty-eight days. He will be then drafted into a senior regiment and receive a pay allowance. Mr. Deakin expects to get an army of 200,000 after eight years, at a cost of £850,000 annually

after the first three years. The finance of the scheme, however, is quite obscure, though Mr. Deakin puts the cost of army and navy after three years at under £2,000,000. The Australian Press is almost unanimous against the scheme, but the Labour Party rather favour it, and it may well appeal to that large body of opinion which wants to see Australia a complete, self-dependent nation.

* * *

THE death of General Giorgis, Chief of the Gendarmerie officers in Macedonia, occurred just before the Porte announced the renewal for five years of his mandate, and that of all the other European officials in Macedonia. The renewal is undoubtedly intended to be a spoke in Sir Edward Grey's wheel, but the "Novoe Vremya" denounces it as a comedy, and roundly says the mandate might be renewed for a thousand years without causing any loss to Turkey or gain to Macedonia. The British proposals may receive support from Russia and France and Italy. Prince Bülow says that Germany will leave the initiative to the "more interested" Powers, which may mean anything, and Signor Tittoni insists that the Concert is still very much alive. It is satisfactory, however, to note that the German Press does not condemn Sir Edward Grey's scheme summarily.

* * *

THE third Duma has had its first conflict with the Government, and enforced its point of view. Some months ago the Government announced its intention to rebuild the battleship fleet at a cost of two or three hundred millions sterling. The plan was so bitterly attacked—the consensus of opinion favours small defensive craft—that the hopelessness of persuading the Duma to adopt it was recognised and it was withdrawn, for the present at least. The Duma Committee of National Defence, from which, it will be remembered, the Opposition is entirely excluded, has, however, rejected even a modest credit for battleship construction, until the Navy Department which organised the Tsushima disaster is thoroughly reorganised. M. Stolypin made a vehement appeal for the credit—his speech before the secret Committee has been issued presumably for the benefit of the Duma, which will have to sanction its Committee's report—but he promised to reform the Navy Department and declared he would submit to whatever decision was adopted. Apart from a profound difference of views between the Committee and the Ministry as to Russia's naval need, there was at stake the important constitutional question whether supply should follow or precede reform, and it is satisfactory that even a body entirely composed of reactionaries should have asserted so decisively the authority of the Duma.

* * *

THE Bishop of St. Asaph, who is at once the most astute and the broadest of Conservative Bishops, has re-introduced his Education Bill of 1904. The Bill is a compromise, and it is important to know whether the Anglican Church, as a whole, supports it. It offers a system of universal public schools, in which the teachers would be free, popular control absolute, and "simple Christian teaching" the normal form of religious instruction. On these terms the Church and the Trusts would abandon "contracting out" and surrender their schools. The condition would be the provision of facilities for special instruction on three days a week during school hours on the application of the parents. This is a larger provision for the children of the poor than is thought necessary for the children of the rich, due, we imagine, to the Church's measure of their respective religious needs. But the offer is interesting, and if, as we said, it has serious backing, should not be lightly dismissed.

* * *

LORD HUGH CECIL has addressed a somewhat woe-begone letter to the "Times" on his party position and that of the Unionist Free Traders. He admits that by opposing Liberalism he is throwing Free Trade to the wolves,

and that, the Government once destroyed, there remains but a speculative chance of defeating Protection. "It is Radicalism," he says, "that is the chief defender of Free Trade, and Radicalism we have laboured to defeat." In spite of his self-destroying course, he says that the "confederates" are unsatisfied and insist on the total ostracism of Free Trade Unionists. This is true, and we are afraid that Lord Hugh's only hope of return to Parliament would lie through the system of proportional representation. But the idea that the people can stand still, as Lord Hugh would have them do, is merely inhuman, and inevitably condemns him to the isolation he has reached.

* * *

ON Monday the Chinese authorities released the "Tatsu Maru"; the incident has been closed by China undertaking to apologise, to pay the cost of the arms and demurrage, and to punish the local officials who captured the ship. Japan has compelled acceptance of all her terms, and the only concession she makes is a promise to prevent the Japanese traffic in arms with Chinese rebels. The promise is not worth much, because a similar promise has been given before, and Japan refuses to let it extend to Macao, through which port, of course, the lion's share of the nefarious trade goes. Japan refused an offer to refer the dispute to the Hague, but she may have to pay in Chinese ill-will for the success she has gained. The Canton merchants have threatened to organise a boycott of Japanese goods, and this latest episode will help the others to widen the rift between China and Japan.

* * *

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was presented on Monday with the freedom of the City of London. The advance of age did not allow her to leave the home in Piccadilly where, since her great achievement in 1854, she has lived in retirement, but in close touch with the work which she has made her own. By her request the illuminated address was enclosed in an oaken instead of a gold casket. The hospital which she established at Scutari exists to-day, but a less perishable monument survives in the great modern science of nursing, whose triumphs exceed even those of surgery and medicine.

* * *

THE "Times" announced on Tuesday that a new Company had been formed to carry on its business, that Mr. Arthur Walter would be Chairman of the Board, and that its three members would be leading members of the staff, including the Editor, with the present Manager, Mr. Moberley Bell, as Managing Director. There would be no change of policy. This announcement veils the identity of the new controlling interest. It has been said, apparently without authority, that this has been secured in the person of Lord Northcliffe. It is earnestly to be hoped that the "Times," having escaped the Scylla of the "Daily Express," will not fall into the Charybdis of the "Daily Mail."

* * *

THE appointment of a lady, Dr. Mary Gordon, as an inspector of prisons, is interesting, and may also prove important. Male inspectors of these establishments, invariably ex-governors of prisons, inspire little confidence. We never look to them for suggestions of reform, and we may confidently expect their opposition. They belong to the Home Office, and are part and parcel of the prison system. Their annual report occupies a try, perfunctory page or so amid the four hundred and odd pages of the Blue-book issued by the Commissioners. It is mere formalism. "We have found that the statutes, rules, and standing orders are properly observed." "The routine as to bathing, hair-cutting, exercise, &c., has been regularly observed." Rules and routine, statutes and standing orders, have been the life of these gentlemen as prison governors; and beyond them they do not look. It will be curious to see

whether Dr. Mary Gordon will fall into line. One point strikes us at the outset. In the convict prison for women at Aylesbury the daily average number of prisoners is under 150; but some 50,000 women and girls are passing through prison every year. Is one lady (and it may be noted that Dr. Mary Gordon is already an assistant inspector of State inebriate reformatories) to attend to all? Suffragists recently in prison have protested that women prisoners should have the services of a medical officer of their own sex, and that a woman is badly wanted in the office of sanitary inspector at Holloway. Dr. Mary Gordon, we hope, will find time to examine these complaints.

* * *

THE release of Mrs. Pankhurst from prison was celebrated on Thursday by a demonstration of women Suffragists at the Albert Hall, which was packed. The feature of the assembly was the collection of a campaign fund, based on the Salvationist principles of "self-denial." The self-denial of the Suffragists materialised in a contribution of £7,000, nearly £5,000 of which was raised in the hall. We hope, however, that the Suffragists will not be so unwise as to intervene in the Peckham election against the Liberal candidate. In view of the special issue raised, the junction of women with pot-house campaigners—and such campaigners—would be most unfortunate.

* * *

THE show of camera pictures, by Mr. A. L. Coburn and Baron de Meyer, should attract everyone interested in modern photography to the Goupil Gallery. Both men are well known in the exhibition world, and it was only a short time ago that the gallery of the New English Art Club contained a joint collection of their work. In the clever and artistic handling of gum-bichromate and carbon, there is little to choose between the two, but Baron de Meyer may perhaps be the more finished craftsman and his companion the more inventive. Mr. Coburn's range, indeed, seems illimitable; he can fashion a Japanese landscape and execute a portrait in the spirit of Rembrandt with an equal facility. The still-life studies of Baron de Meyer are perhaps the best part of his achievement. The illusion of texture is complete, and at the same time the photographic quality is kept alive and evident. He exhibits, besides, a number of interesting portraits, including those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Mr. Coburn's gallery of celebrities, chosen from the spheres of politics, literature, and art, boasts a portrait of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, with a pale salmon complexion, which is the only colour print in the exhibition. This is not, however, as great a success as the plain-airist portraits in monotone.

* * *

PERSONALIA.—Lord Dudley has been appointed Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth in succession to Lord Northcote. We regret Lord Dudley's withdrawal from Irish politics at the moment when he has made so striking a contribution to it, but the nomination is an excellent one. Lord Dudley's amiable and sympathetic temper, his love of the outdoor life, and also his relations to the Irish problem, will ensure him a warm welcome and a steady popularity in Australia.—Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador in Constantinople, died on Thursday. His tenure of our Embassy, both at St. Petersburg and at the Turkish capital, coincided with a depressed and unfortunate phase of our relations with Russia and Turkey, but his countrymen sympathised with his breach with the reactionary and sinister Lobanoff. At Constantinople he had little personal influence, for the star of British diplomacy has declined since the dominance of Germany asserted itself. Sir Nicholas was an honest but not a specially resourceful diplomatist. The appointment of his successor will be a task of great difficulty and importance.

Politics and Affairs.

DRINK AGAINST COMMONWEALTH.

THAT the public-house has always been a chief instrument of electoral corruption, and that during the last twenty years "the trade" has used a growing percentage of the profits bestowed upon it by our reckless public policy in influencing elections and the course of legislation, is matter of common notoriety. But the letter of the Chairman of Meux Brewery to the Committee of the Conservative candidate for Peckham opens a new page of profound significance in the history of "trade politics." The opening passage deserves to be placed on permanent record:—

"I enclose cheque of this company for 50 guineas towards the funds of your Association. In sending you this cheque we are not sending it in our capacity as a brewery company, but as owners of property, the title of which is threatened by confiscatory legislation in the House of Commons, and we are not sending the money to your Association in its capacity as a political association, but because the candidate of your Association, who is seeking election for the constituency of Peckham, is opposed to the principles of the robbery now being advocated in the House of Commons."

This inimitable wording will strike some readers with indignation, some with disgust, others with laughter, each according to his humour. Here are directors of a company making an unauthorised use of its funds, not in the interests of that company, but only in the interests of its property, not subscribing to a political association as such, but only because this association supports a candidate favourable to the maintenance of the Eighth Commandment. What is to be done with such alcoholised reasoning? And yet we are bound to add that this language is representative of the general line of defence which glares upon us from every drink-shop window. Any curious foreign visitor, confined for his reading, as he often is in his hotel, to the pages of the Opposition Press, would come to the conclusion that the first waves of revolutionary Socialism were just breaking in this country upon that industry which for its dignity and truly national importance was designated "the trade," and that the defenders of that trade were taking their stand, not as mere profit-mongers, but as the public-spirited, disinterested champions of those plain principles of morality whose maintenance is essential to the strength and honour of our nation. If any sober-minded person were to explain to him that all this verbosity of moral indignation really meant that our Government, as trustee of the public property in licences, had decided, after a long period of notice, to secure this property in future to the public, instead of giving it away to private companies, his mind would revert to the English literature of his school-days, to Mr. Pecksniff and to Mr. Chadband, and he would whisper something to the stars about our national genius for hypocrisy. But his interpretation would be quite inadequate. The genius really revealed in the magnificent effrontery of this campaign is simply an unrivalled capacity for seeing everything in the light of "plain

business interests." We have no doubt that Lord Burton and his friends really believe that they, not the Government, are the true friends of temperance, that they are making an honest, public-spirited stand for property in general, not for brewery shares in particular, and that if this "confiscatory" law should pass "the savings of no working man would be safe."

But whether we are right or wrong in this interpretation, the published utterances of the last few days make it manifest that with the brewers and the licensed victuallers it is not merely a case of "our trade our politics," but "our trade our religion, our patriotism, our humanity." The cheque of Messrs. Meux and the letter we quote are the plain announcement of the adoption of a policy which unfortunately is not confined to the liquor trade. A year ago a case of the subscription of the London and North-Western Railway Company to the Municipal Reform Society was brought to the attention of Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George, admitting that several other companies had similarly applied the funds of their shareholders to politics, declared his intention of introducing legislation to stop this abuse. Apart from such illicit acts, the subscription of large sums of money to the purposes of the Protectionist campaign in this country by manufacturers and traders who believe that a tariff would put money in their pockets, is a momentous step towards an organised policy of political corruption, which, if unchecked, may sap the foundations of public morality. That is no mere speculation. Under cover of a scientific tariff, or the public fostering of industry, state craft tends in more than one civilised country to become a game of "pulls," "graft," and "boodle," in which strong organised trades are licensed to plunder, and weak ones go to the wall. This new licensing campaign is the most serious attempt yet made to break down and to set aside the wholesome restraints which law and decent usage have in modern times set upon electoral expenses. It is an audacious endeavour to defend a system of tied houses by means of a tied party, to put men into the legislature for the purpose of defending the private business interests of a trade against the interest of the nation whose service they nominally profess. That professional and business interests have always tempered the purity of party politics, and that these interests have sometimes exercised undue and injurious influence in legislation and administration, is of course undeniable. But regrettable as this may be, it differs widely from the prospect which opens before us should this organised use of large trade funds for the sole purpose of financing elections and of buying legislators (for it comes to that) prove successful. It would be foolish pharisaism to pretend that the political conditions of the United States, where a single railroad owns and operates the politics of an entire State, imposing a governor, a senate, and other officials upon the electoral democracy, and where in every city the saloon-keepers are ward-politicians in the pay of some manufacturing trust or street railway, is impossible in this country. The same causes of corruption, permitted to work unchecked, will produce the same results here as in America. It is this consideration of the integrity of our party system and our

Government that underlies the little incident of the Meux cheque.

But hardly less significant is the effrontery of the menaces uttered by "the trade" against adherents of the churches and of charitable bodies who should dare to express their opinion in favour of this attempt to reduce the drinking habits of the nation. "Bung" is not only the champion of liberty, property, and public morals. He is also "Defender of the Faith." Who restores the churches, who puts in organs and stained windows, who defends the Church's threatened schools against the plunderers? But shall "the trade" serve God for nought? "One thing is certain," writes a correspondent to the "Daily Telegraph," "if the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, who have rightly and strenuously protested against confiscation when applied to their own schools, throw their principles to the wind, and advocate it when the object happens to suit their views, they will forfeit the confidence of a great number of their followers who, like the writer, have consistently supported them, and have subscribed to their churches, schools, and other objects, but who will no longer be able to entrust them with funds for these objects."

The report of the resolutions of the Church Temperance Society (which the "Times" tucked out of sight amidst the columns of the money market) shows that the bishops and other dignitaries of the Church are not to be browbeaten from the plain path of public duty by these contemptible threats to stop supplies. Possibly they may stimulate reflection in some quarters as to the real meaning of the "unholy alliance" so long informally maintained between these two great appanages of the Conservative Party. The excessive use of alcoholic drink is notoriously responsible for at least half the crime, lunacy, disease, and poverty of our people. Now, in any equitably-ordered society full compensation for this heavy burden of material and moral damage would be exacted from the trade by taxation, instead of permitting it to acquire spurious "merit" by charitable doles. These threats to make the poor, the sick, the children suffer, because religious and moral leaders will not adapt "their views" to the interests of the trade, should arouse our churches and our charitable institutions to a recognition of the danger of reliance upon such benefactors. It is well that the trade should have shown its hand so openly, and that sober-minded people of every creed or party should understand clearly that political corruption, boycott, bribery, menace, and stark mendacity, are to be the weapons with which it chooses to defend its wealth against the Commonwealth.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

MR. BIRRELL hopes to introduce the Irish University Bill towards the close of this month, and most British Liberals will feel, we think, that the first step will have been taken to removing a grave reproach from the Anglo-Irish relationship. Be our views of Irish University education what they may, the subject suggests what Arnold many years ago described as "mortifying thoughts" to progressive minds. The last generation or so has seen Protestant countries setting up Catholic Universities, and Catholic countries Protestant ones. It has witnessed the growth of the popular provincial Universities in England and Wales; it has recorded the

conquest, or the partial conquest, of science and modern thought over the old University traditions. But the years have rolled by and Catholic Ireland has waited in vain for all this tide of knowledge and enterprise to enrich her borders. Both parties have admitted her case; both parties have advanced pitiful excuses of expediency for their refusal to touch it. In Mr. Balfour's eyes the Irish plea has presented itself as more of a case of conscience than any political problem which his fastidious, over-critical intellect has encountered. But he recoiled from the difficulties which a mean faction placed in his way. It is now the turn of Liberalism, or rather of a great democratic majority, which, though overwhelmingly Protestant in complexion, represents the permanent Liberal tradition of justice to Ireland. Justice Catholic Ireland has not had in the matter of the higher education of her sons. We hope we shall not hear the argument that she ought to be content with Trinity College, Dublin, or with a Trinity equipped with some of the machinery for the reception of a large element of Catholic scholars. Trinity belongs to Irish Protestantism, in the same sense as Oxford and Cambridge belong to English Protestantism, or, as some years ago, they belonged to Anglicanism. That historic fact would not be changed even if she built a Catholic chapel, and found a companion or so for her lonely Catholic Fellow. Nor, we hope, will it be said that, in these days of Modernism, and of the more democratic type of Catholic University, to establish a fit centre for higher teaching for Irish Catholics is to provide a nursery for superstition. We Liberals profess to be the enlightened party, to speak for the best feeling and intelligence in the modern State; and it is on these aids to national development, as well as on the widely prevailing public sense of equality and right dealing, that we rely when we approach the problem of University education in Ireland.

As to ways and means, Mr. Birrell's path may be made tolerably clear for him. Trinity has pleaded hard to be saved from a scheme of twin colleges under the University of Dublin, such as Mr. Bryce proposed. She wishes to be left alone. She insists that she could not link up her organisation with a Catholic teaching college, that joint lectures, as in biology and palæontology, could not be arranged, that the religious war would break out over the appointment of professorships. We think that she is mistaken, and that the policy of isolation may land her with an unreformed constitution, a dwindling body of students, and a declining reputation in the world of Irish education. But her attitude has this measure of usefulness, that it has practically committed her leading men to watching with equanimity, or even with a certain generous favour, the building up of a College or a University better suited to the needs of Catholic youth. Speaking for his brother professors at Trinity, Mr. Dowden stated in the columns of THE NATION that they "heartily desire a settlement of the matter which shall be approved by their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen." With this historic obstacle out of the way, Mr. Birrell's thoughts necessarily turn to the best method of meeting the absence of University teaching for Catholic Ireland. He has first to think of religious liberty, and the traditional feeling of his own party as to religious tests. Clearly no Liberal statesman can set his hands to a test-imposing institution, and therefore we may take it for granted that neither the teachers

nor the students of any College instituted by this Government will be subject to any religious test whatsoever. Its "atmosphere" will be mainly Catholic, just as the "atmosphere" of Trinity College, Dublin, or of Balliol College, Oxford, is mainly Protestant. But as it will be open to Protestant as well as to Catholic students, neither its professorships nor its governing body can be subject to any exclusive formulae. We do not think that the Catholic bishops have asked for such a condition, and we are quite sure that they would not be granted it if they had. The religious life of the institution must be provided by those who foster that life, and not by the State. As to the governing authority, we suppose that there will naturally be an opening period of nomination by the Crown, which would always, we imagine, retain a certain guardianship. But when that term has expired, the new body, or bodies, would inevitably be, in the main, self-governing. Clergy and laymen would be equally eligible for seats on the council or board, the popular elective corporations which already manage technical education would naturally contribute their quota, and the whole body of graduates would in time come into their rights. We imagine that the scientific and practical side of modern education would be developed, and that women would be admitted both to positions of authority and to degrees.

In the nature of the case, Mr. Birrell would look to a more or less homogeneous system of higher education in Ireland. If Trinity College is left alone, it would seem natural to form a new teaching University out of the Queen's Colleges at Galway and Cork, and to add to it a third college in Dublin, of which the promising, but very poorly endowed, University College would form a nucleus. Presbyterianism would doubtless call for a corresponding University in the North, formed out of the Queen's College at Belfast and the Magee College at Londonderry. The three great religious interests in Ireland—Catholicism, Episcopalianism, and Presbyterianism—would then be fairly supplied with the materials for the higher intellectual training of their youth. The chief task of the Government would, however, be the building and endowment of a new college in Dublin, linked on federal lines with the colleges in Cork and Galway, and well equipped with laboratories and lecture rooms, and other appliances for modern teaching. Mr. Birrell may have some difficulty in resolving the question whether the college shall be residential or non-residential. A good case may be made out for either decision. But, any way, we hope that the endowment of the new institution will be liberal. Trinity is a rich and almost splendid institution, and Catholic Ireland has a great waste of human treasure to make good. British Liberalism and British Nonconformity cannot, of course, render gifts to Ireland which their principles forbid them to give. But in such a plan of University education we should see no bar to their support, but rather an ample ground of generous sympathy.

THE FUTURE OF THE BLACK REPUBLICS.

TROUBLE in Hayti means more to-day than at any period in the Republic's tumultuous history, and the present outbreak may prove the beginning of serious events.

For one thing, it is clear that the right of asylum in the Consulates has been in danger of violation, and this is a development of real significance. The Haytians, not without reason, distrust the white man. For over a hundred years, from the first moment, indeed, of Haytian independence, no foreigner has been allowed to own property in the Republic; but, as in the adjoining State of San Domingo, the sanctity of the Consulates and Legations has hitherto, as a rule, been scrupulously respected, and rebels who have taken refuge in them have usually been allowed the choice between submission and exile. In the present case, it appears that the French and German Consuls were negotiating with the Government for the expatriation of the insurgents who had fled to them for safety; that the Government was reconstituted before the arrangements were completed; and that the new Foreign Minister not only declined to go on with the negotiations, but made a demand upon the Legations for the surrender of the conspirators. As compliance with the demand meant the massacre of the refugees, the Consuls refused to listen to it, and their refusal exposed the Legations to the risk of an attack, and possibly also the entire white community, who are outnumbered by about three thousand to one, to peril of a general onslaught. How real that risk may have been it is impossible to ascertain, but some foreign representatives on the spot, remembering, no doubt, that only a few years ago it was proposed to celebrate the centenary of Haytian independence by a massacre of the whites, knowing the swift alternations of the negro temperament from lethargy to a blind, stabbing fury, and being always conscious of the insecurity of their position, believed it to be formidable and imminent. They accordingly appealed to their respective Governments for protection, and French, German, British, and American men-of-war are now at anchor off Port au Prince.

Their prompt arrival seems, happily, to have warded off the worst of the danger. But the situation is one that in a politically unstable country is almost certain to recur, and, when it does recur, is bound sooner or later to have more than local consequences. Until the representatives of foreign Powers are forbidden to house revolutionaries, the Haytian experiment cannot be said to have been given a fair trial. The present custom of sheltering and protecting all who seek the hospitality of the Legations is a direct incentive to insurrection. It adds to the attractiveness of conspiracy by assuring the conspirator that there is an inviolable asylum open to him if he fails. Besides that, it brings the foreign representatives into the very thick of the domestic plots and intrigues, and encourages them to instigate and forward disorders for ends of their own. To subsidise an insurrection may often present itself as the shortest cut to a valuable concession. Such things have been done and will continue to be done so long as Consulates and Legations remain open for political refugees. To say that the Haytians should be allowed to fight it out among themselves sounds brutal, but is, in truth, humane. They will be much less ready to fight when they know they have no haven of refuge to fall back upon in the event of defeat. The United States, which learned in Chili the international danger of harbouring insurgents, peremptorily forbade its Consul in Hayti to receive any of the conspirators. That is the only sound

course to take. If all other Powers had adopted it, the disturbances could not have assumed their present form. If, when this trouble is over, the American rule becomes the universal rule, the chance of disturbances in the future will be greatly diminished. The "Temps" has argued that Europe could not surrender the refugees because by doing so she "would be interfering, in spite of herself, in a domestic quarrel of the Republic of Hayti." It quite fails to see that the original interference took place when "Europe" offered the refugees the security of her Consular agencies.

But although the present disorders seem likely to be adjusted without further intervention on the part of any foreign Power, it remains none the less the fact that their occurrence just now is peculiarly ominous for the future of Hayti as an independent State. The Panama Canal is destined to affect all the West Indian islands, but none more intimately than the island which is at present occupied by the two Republics of Hayti and San Domingo. Hispaniola, to revive the name given it by Columbus, lies between Cuba and Porto Rico, directly in the path of ocean communication from Europe and Eastern America to the Isthmus. The two channels that lend themselves most readily to outward and homeward bound vessels flow past its shores. When the Canal is completed Hispaniola will command the entrances to it, and its supreme strategic importance will almost inevitably connect itself with the question of its political future. Already the two-thirds of the island occupied by San Domingo is in the hands of American receivers. The remaining third, dominating the windward passage, and occupied by the Republic of Hayti, is scarcely likely under any circumstances to keep free much longer from a somewhat similar form of control. The modern world is crowding upon it inevitably; the opening of the Isthmian waterway will revolutionise all its internal possibilities and all its external relations; and every disturbance that occurs within its boundaries will furnish another argument for bringing it under white supervision. Before another decade has gone by the fate of Hayti may be that of the Transvaal.

For a hundred years the Haytians have governed themselves. The world has heard much of their failures and little of their successes. Their revolutions and assassinations, their operatic army, the slovenliness of their towns, the stagnation of their agriculture, all this is the tittle-tattle of every visitor. They have been ridiculed, despised, maligned. Within the last few days almost every journal has repeated the hackneyed charges that Voodooism is still the popular religion, and that the people have gone backwards and not forwards since the expulsion of the French. Both charges are false. The civilisation of Hayti is little, if at all, lower than that of the average Central American Republic. So far from "relapsing into barbarism," the people, inch by inch, have forced a toilsome path upwards. They were the first to abolish slavery, and the first to attempt to build up a negro government under modern forms. Their difficulties were immense. The war that expelled the French had left the island little more than a heap of ashes. The Haytians had to create for themselves and without external aid of any kind all the instrumentalities of administration. They have not evolved an ideal system either of government or of education, but there is little reason for thinking that they would have been more orderly, happier, or more prosperous under foreign

rule. They may not have developed their resources to the fullest extent. Their railways, their telephones and telegraphs, may not reach the American or European standards. But they have, at all events, become imbued with a strong sense of nationality and a resolute pride of independence, and they have saved themselves from being exploited by white capital or demoralised by white vices or contaminated by white blood. Those are considerable achievements of a negative kind, enough, at any rate, to make the task of conquering or controlling them very formidable. That foreign civilisation will be thrust upon them eventually seems most probable, and that the exports of coffee, cocoa, logwood and cotton, the building of roads and railways, and the opening up of mines would be greatly increased thereby may be taken for granted. But it is another question whether the people will be better off, morally or materially, under the new dispensation.

WANTED—AN UNEMPLOYMENT BILL.

THE results of the debate on the Unemployed Workmen Bill will be of grave importance, not only in declaring the attitude of the Labour Party and in defining lines of cleavage which have been obvious for long, but in showing that if the Government is to command the convinced support of its followers, it will be necessary to attack the problem of unemployment with positive proposals of constructive legislation. The grave defects of the Bill, and especially of the third clause, were explained in these columns last week. A clause which insists that local authorities must either find maintenance for the unemployed in their district, or provide work upon conditions not lower than those that are standard to the work in the locality, commits the Labour Party to proposals which would inevitably cut away the whole basis of our industrial life. Its destroyers would then have to begin the reconstruction of State-organised industry out of the least efficient materials, or even from the sheer waste, of our existing system. Yet in spite of this clause, and in the face of a Government whip, no fewer than sixty-seven Liberal members voted for the Bill against the official amendment.

What is the cause of this demonstration? It shows that progressive opinion is dissatisfied with the existing state of the law, and is unwilling to await indefinitely the report of the Poor-law Commission. Mr. Burns had no difficulty in exposing the central weakness of the "right to work" clause, in the form in which it was drafted. He claimed that our existing public labour colonies were costly failures, which the Bill would multiply over the whole country. It was perhaps natural for a man of Mr. Burns's temperament and special gifts and experience to take an optimistic view of social progress during the last generation. But it is unfortunate that scarcely a hint should have fallen from his lips of the need for further reform. His criticisms of the labour colonies at Hollesley Bay and Ockenden were hotly challenged across the floor of the House, and it must not be forgotten that these colonies have throughout been so hemmed in by the restrictions of the Local Government Board that they have been unable to carry out the schemes for experimental small holdings which

their advocates considered to be their chief *raison d'être*. No satisfactory attempt has been made in afforestation, a remedial measure which Mr. Burns has repeatedly commended. Yet it is a plan peculiarly suited to State and centralised action. Its returns of profit can only accrue after a long lapse of years, and thus it is never likely to attract the capital of the investor, or to be carried out extensively by private enterprise. We are glad, therefore, to see that the President of the Local Government Board has advanced from his rather hard negotiations in the House of Commons. Speaking last Tuesday at the annual banquet of the Association of Municipal Corporations, he made the helpful suggestion that more extensive use might be made for purposes of afforestation of the vast areas of water supply already owned by the great municipalities. He also suggested that unemployment in the seasonal trades might largely be alleviated if care were taken by municipalities to carry out works of repair and cleaning during the slack season. But in neither case is there any hint of new machinery, or of anything better than the wiser and more thoughtful management of existing powers by local authorities.

This is all the more regrettable in that one remedy for unemployment, upon the value of which there is a remarkable convergence of opinion, has already been called into being by means of the very imperfect machinery of the Act of 1905. The system of employment exchanges, if properly connected throughout the country by means of a public central department, would be a ready instrument for making known the state of the labour market in various centres. It would encourage the free transfer of surplus labour from place to place and business to business. It would increase the mobility of labour as a whole, and it would be of service alike to employers and to employed. In the March number of the "Economic Journal," Mr. W. H. Beveridge points out how great an economic advantage Germany has gained through the linked system of public labour exchanges, which were established there after the great trade depression of 1893-97, at a time when with us the House of Commons satisfied itself by appointing a Select Committee which never reported. In Germany exchanges are already at work in some sixty centres; in almost every town, in fact, with a population of more than fifty thousand. Some of these are managed by the municipality; others privately, with municipal subvention; while inter-communication is promoted by a grant from the Imperial Government. It is interesting, too, to note that in Germany the initial hostility of the trade union organisations and of employers has been replaced by frank acceptance of the system, and in many cases by hearty co-operation with it. With all its faults, indeed, the Act of 1905 made an advance in the right direction. After two years' working it is possible to judge how far the London labour exchanges have succeeded in overcoming the misunderstandings with which their origin was surrounded. The twenty-three metropolitan exchanges, linked together by telephonic communication with a central exchange, have succeeded in steadily attracting the skilled labourer and the better-class employer, and as their use extends, they will simplify the problem of unemployment by reducing the existing reserves of casual labour. They cannot, of course, remove an actual surplus. But the process of "de-casualisation" which they will facilitate will make

it clear where a real surplus exists, and leave it open to the action of special remedies.

Useful as is this experience, it is unfortunate that it should occur under the auspices of an Act which, in spite of its avowed object, is popularly supposed to deal, not with the temporary unemployment incidental to the changes of modern industry, but with men who are in varying degrees "unemployable." If, as seems likely to be the case, the Act should be prolonged, it should surely be possible for the Government to separate from the work of distress committees and labour colonies a system of labour exchanges which should form part of the healthy industrial organisation of the State, instead of dealing merely with remedies for its diseased members. The difficult curative treatment involved in the reform of the Poor-law, in the establishment of a graded series of labour colonies to deal with those who, from various causes, physical or moral, are for the time at least unemployable, must necessarily be postponed until the Poor-law Commission has reported. But preventive measures stand upon a somewhat different footing. Pending other reforms, it should surely be possible for Parliament to promote an object whose utility is now generally recognised. A connected national system of labour exchanges, under efficient supervision, is already long overdue. Its establishment would at once dam up a great waste of time and money to workmen and to their employers, and a great consequent loss of labour and character. A Liberal Government cannot afford to do nothing, or to rest content with a vigilant but rather narrow and unsympathetic administration of existing and very imperfect agencies. Its business is to survey the whole industrial field, and to see where its true productiveness can be enhanced in the now neglected corner of unemployment.

THE EIGHT HOURS DAY.

WITH the proposal of an eight hours day, as expressing the need for increased leisure and as a factor in a sound social and industrial policy, we are in hearty sympathy. Nor should we hesitate to apply legal pressure to level up to this as a normal standard. But it is to be regretted that the Labour Party should have injured this genuinely progressive cause, as they injured the unemployed relief cause last week, by clothing it in a cast-iron regulation which will not bear close investigation. As several speakers, favourable to the general policy, pointed out in Wednesday's debate, it is both inequitable and impracticable to prescribe the same legal maximum of hours for all sorts of workers in all sorts of trades, and to insist that no elasticity or adjustment shall be allowed to meet those irregularities and emergencies which weather and other forms of pressure inherent in the conditions of many industries impose upon large branches of production. A rigorous eight hours' day, or any other precise limit, is obviously inapplicable to such work as agriculture or fishing, and where, as in the case of cotton, a huge export trade is done, often in keen competition with foreign workers, nothing short of international legislation along the lines of last year's Berne Convention could prevent dangerous reactions upon such trades.

Again, while it is no doubt true that in some cases

a legal eight hours' day might absorb some unemployed, or might spread the same volume of employment over a somewhat larger number of men working the shorter day, it cannot be confidently urged as a cure for national unemployment, as Labour men are sometimes prone to urge it. For, if it does cause more men to be employed at rates of wages not lower than before, but somewhat higher (because the pressure of employed labour will be reduced), the wage-bill rises, and unless the profits of employers are abnormal, as in a monopoly or during a trade boom, the increase of the wage-bill will imply a rise of prices to consumers. If this occurs, high prices, checking demand, will react injuriously upon employment, and the futility of "eight hours day" as a remedy for unemployment may become manifest.

The case for a legal eight hours day is argued far more forcibly upon the contention that in many, or most, trades a long day is a slack day, and that a reasonable reduction of hours, accompanied by certain economies of business administration, enables the output to be maintained at nearly the same level as before. Here, of course, is no remedy for unemployment, but an increased concentration of productive effort. Mr. Samuel, in his able and sympathetic speech, pointed to the case of the War Office Factories, which, after reducing their times of labour by five and three-quarter hours a week, were able to maintain the same output. It is simply a question of the compressibility of labour-power, and this will vary with the conditions of each trade and each set of workers. While, therefore, a general reduction of hours is both feasible and advantageous, the mechanical imposition by law on all trades alike of a maximum working day is not the way to do it.

We gladly note, however, the determination of the Government, expressed by Mr. Samuel, to press the eight hours law for miners through Parliament this session. The tone of opposition adopted by the employers, who met last Tuesday at Cannon Street Hotel, is at least as unreasonable and unreasoning as that of the least instructed of labour leaders. The estimate of Sir John Ellerman and others that the passing of the Government Bill would mean a restriction of output and a rise of price amounting to 1s. 6d. a ton, was rightly described by Mr. Samuel as "a fantastic estimate supported by no argument—an absurd exaggeration of the probable, or even the possible, effect." As the able Report of Mr. Rea's Committee last year showed, the reduction of output which would seem to follow the shortening of the work-day would be far smaller than is commonly computed. As soon as the temporary disturbance had settled down, the improved efficiency of labour, improvements in the mechanical equipment of collieries, including an extended use of labour-saving machinery and of the multiple shift system, would probably recover most of the immediate loss which seemed to be entailed. There is no reason whatever for the outcry of the railways and the gas companies about the enhancement of home prices, or for the alarm expressed by Mr. Balfour regarding the export trade in coal, which to most of his Protectionist friends is such a bugbear. The very thorough and scientific inquiry of the Committee shows that we need not anticipate any serious normal reduction of output, or rise of price, or reduction of export trade in coal, as results of the very moderate and well-planned Bill which is shortly to come before the House of Commons.

Life and Letters.

THE WORLD AS A TUNE.

I SUPPOSE it will be allowed that, broadly speaking, the mind of man communicates with its circumstance in one of two ways; either by the reasonable perception of co-ordination, or by the artistic perception of beauty. These perhaps appear discrete, and even hostile, faculties of man's nature; but not wisely are they so judged. The barrier between them is like one of the "hedges of mist" in Celtic legend, a fence of wilful illusion. Not only are both these faculties manifestations of the one grand substratum of human nature, which (for lack of a better term) we must call emotion; but they are manifestations not extraordinarily different in kind. They are a yoke of horses driven by emotion—horses which differ in colour and feature, but are plainly of the same breeding. It is true they are commonly harnessed in tandem, and the shaft-horse gets most of the whip and does most of the work—it is matter for individual choice which horse shall be given the place of responsibility; but they are usually both there. A man rarely cuts the traces of his leader, whichever it be, and drives with one horse only.

But the point needing emphasis is that scientific and artistic modes of thought are not to be violently separated. The poet who perceived a sense of tears in things drove a different horse from that of the scientist who perceived natural selection in things; but both horses came from the same stud. Again, to one intellect, the stones on the highway have "a moral life"; to another the atoms of carbon have a tetrahedral shape. Both these are prophetic visions of a grandeur so overpowering as almost to stupefy reverence. The one is a poet's, the other a scientist's vision; but they both have the same purpose. They are the attempts of two intellects to make the universe go into rhyme with human emotion. All ideal operations of mind have this ultimate purpose; and scientific discoveries, like tragedies or symphonies, proceed from within outwards. We are so accustomed to credit the artistic creator with emotional inspiration that it is something of a shock, perhaps, to hear the scientific inventor credited with precisely the same inspiration. But assuredly Joule was as much prompted by his emotion to discover the Conservation of Energy as Beethoven was to compose the Seventh Symphony. The one out of his knowledge of physics, the other out of his knowledge of counterpoint, contrived satisfaction for the emotional need within him.

The obscure necessities of man's soul, in fact, compel him to fashion his perception of the world into images, whether scientific or artistic, which accord with his innermost incomprehensible feelings; and we measure the scientific truth of generalisations as we measure the artistic truth of poems, by the satisfaction they give to our emotions; or, as I said above, by instinctively noting whether they rhyme with that which is within us. Mendeléef and Lothar Meyer discovered the Periodic Law not primarily as satisfaction for reason but for soul; we all acknowledge the truth of their discovery on account of a like satisfaction. There is no knowing what these cravings of man's soul of emotion are; but they can be dimly guessed at by observing to what use it puts its two main instruments, the two principal modes of formal thought, the artistic and the scientific.

This may explain how it is that the most modern scientific thought seems to be reverting to the same conclusions as were arrived at by ancient empiric speculation. Our methods of communicating with the world of phenomena have altered; but that which desires to communicate is the same as ever it was. The business of the mind is to make the world speak acceptable things to the soul; though the dialect may have varied, a greeting that was acceptable of old is acceptable at the present day—a message unacceptable then is still unacceptable. Thus chemistry now agrees with alchemy in believing in, at any rate evolutionary, transmutation of the elements. For it is scientifically held that the chemical elements are not fixed, eternal, separate existences, but

are rather various modes of being of one primary substance, or "protyle." While it is probable that the elements were not formed one out of another, but under varying conditions out of the primary substance, it is also probable that certain elements, which may be considered as highly complex modes of being for the "protyle" (radio-active elements, in fact), do actually break down into simpler modes; for instance, into Helium. Creation then is the conversion of the "protyle," or informal, indefinite, undimensional ether into matter formal, definite, and dimensional. How was it done?

Anciently, the fixation of things was attributed to the "sweet compulsion" of a divine music, such as could—

"Keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune."

We are not so very far from this nowadays, with our Periodic Law. According to this, if we tabulate the elements in order of atomic weight (that is, the measure of the supposed mass of the atom), they form themselves into a gamut which is subdivisible into well-defined groups or families, each group having the same chemical properties. In fact, matter, like an ode, is an affair of periods. Or again, the elements, arranged according to atomic weight, show a progression of physical properties which is not uniform, but as it were, in a series of waves, regularly rising and falling, the size of the wave always increasing. What is this but to say that the elements known to us are the fixation of some incomprehensible rhythm which beat once through the unconditioned ether, the created symbols of some "heavenly tune"? Our world consists of probably six complete pulsations or waves of that creative rhythm. But how long that tune was a-playing? why it should have stopped where it did? and how it seized the ether permanently into the condition of its own pattern?—these unanswered questions now form the dissatisfaction of that portion of the human soul which operates science. The cure of this dissatisfaction is therefore the chief business now of science which cannot help obeying man's emotional needs any more than art can. In hopes of finding this cure, science is enormously preoccupied at present with such matters as radio-activity and the nature of electricity.

It would seem that rhythm is the main need of the soul, or fundamental emotion, of man. There is no call to labour the point as regards art; and as for science, she explains almost every sensuous happening in terms of rhythm. This need of man's has refused to allow science to stop investigating heat, light, or sound, until she could confidently say: These phenomena also are rhythm; so the soul's rigorous demand was satisfied, and those phenomena were made acceptable and tolerable. The same need appears also in man's instinctive demand for a presentation of the beginning of things. Rhythmic creation and rhythmic stability for the world are fundamentally required; nothing else will satisfy man. Accordingly science, as the ancient philosophic speculations did before, is busily preparing for man some such rhythmic presentation of the beginning of things. In this direction the formulation and proof of the Periodic Law is one of the first steps, and other steps are rapidly following. We see the material atoms resolved into corpuscles of electricity, and electricity itself having an atomic structure. These, and many more discoveries, made and making, will all go to build into scientific certainty the old notion of the world as expression of rhythm—or why should we not say tune? Not otherwise will science satisfy the longing of man's soul; therefore there is no rest for science till she has done so, and proved the world to be what, deep down in his unsearchable being, man *feels* that it must be.

And whence came that longing into the soul of man, the undefined need that so imperiously employs science and art to define its circumstance into harmony with itself? Perhaps that which for convenience we label "soul," like Landor's shell "remembers its august abodes." Perhaps it is of the same nature as that impulse of creative measure through the undisciplined

and unappointed ether; and so of necessity must insist on the knowledge which ministers to it rendering such an account of the world as will be tolerable to its implanted conviction—or, might we not say, to its *memory*?

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

THE RIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SHALL we ever reconstruct, in any vivid and effective fashion, the everyday life of medieval England? Authorities of experts differ as far as light from darkness. Authorities of experts of the opening twentieth century differ as greatly concerning the world of to-day. Imagine five hundred years hence the historians of the present time attempting such a reconstruction of our own generation. They might have before them the works of Ruskin and Carlyle, steeped in gloom, earthquake, and eclipse: newspaper articles on Free Trade explaining that never was England more prosperous, confident and free: newspaper articles on Protection, lamenting an enormous spongy mass of pauperism and misery, twelve millions on the verge of hunger: the testimony of life in the abyss, confronting the testimony of unparalleled wealth and greatness. In such circumstance each would be inclined to emphasise the facts which reconciled themselves with his main thesis, each would select, consciously or unconsciously, by temperament rather than by evidence. And the same is true of the historian of medieval times. Mr. Coulton, a scholar of European distinction, hating Catholicism and the ideals of celibacy and priestly dominance, reveals a Middle Age which is almost a delirium. There is continuous fighting, squalor, and wretchedness, an almost savage cruelty, vice openly defiant of regulation, vows and rules everywhere violated: an age of disorder, ruin, and picturesque decay.

But then Father Gasquet, a scholar of European distinction and a liberal Catholic, discovers, in the same material, piety, simplicity, a child-like faith and aspiration. Monasteries do their appointed work of prayer and labour. Parishes own their churches and take pride in them. Education is free and widespread. Class divisions are abolished. Starvation is unknown. To Froude, again, who combined an essential honesty with bias, the Reformation is the sinking of the twilight before the coming of the day: and the violent and brutal policy of Henry VIII. is the necessary stern work from which shall arise the spacious days of Elizabeth, and all the splendour of the modern world. But to Canon Jessopp, a "broad" Anglican, the spoliation of the monasteries by Cromwell, and of the parish churches by Edward VI., is little less than the rapacious greed of sovereign and nobles, from whose malignant efforts has grown a problem of poverty, under which England is still groaning, whose end is not yet. Cobbett scandalised his generation with the same impeachment. William Morris saw medieval England as a land of colour and artistic beauty, with London a high, gabled city, "small and white and clean," and everywhere white churches and cathedrals rising as the product of men whose minds were free: and ladies in green with golden hair, looking over tall battlements or from high, gabled windows upon shining-armoured knights, who rode forth with crimson pennons into the adventures of all the world. Even Thorold Rogers, to whom the artistic appeal was as nothing, could argue from the dispassionate tables of variation in economic prices and wages, for the "Golden Age" of the English poor being placed in the century and a-half before the Reformation. "The rate of production was small," he acknowledged, "the conditions of health unsatisfactory, and the duration of life short. But on the whole there were none of those extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment of phil-anthropists, and are now exciting the indignation of workmen." "The age, it is true," he declares, "had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none. The

essentials of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors were that everyone knew his neighbour, and that everyone was his brother's keeper."

Some characteristic peepholes into the existence of this strange, remote time—the seed time of the modern world—are provided in Dom Gasquet's latest volume of Essays, "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury, and Other Essays," by F. A. Gasquet, D.D. (George Bell & Sons). They cover a varied range, over two hundred years, from an examination of English Biblical Criticism in the thirteenth century, or the story of English family life in pre-Reformation days, to the account of two great fifteenth century feasts at Wells, or the pitiful record of how the great storm fell upon the best as well as the worst in the medieval Church, and involved both in one common disaster. Dom Gasquet can reveal an England before the Reformation, in which poverty and much hardness of life unquestionably existed. But "what did not exist in Catholic times was that peculiar product which sprang up so plentifully amid the ruins of Catholic institutions overthrown by Tudor sovereigns—pauperism." He shows the laymen owning the furniture and delighting in the splendour of the village churches. "The local church was to them a living reality; it was theirs, and all it contained, in an absolute and sometimes almost a startling way." It was a way, indeed, so startling that sometimes the gift of the altar was deliberately sacrificed for works of public charity and necessity: as in Yatton, in Somersetshire, where for the repair of certain sluices to keep back the winter floods the parish decided that to raise the necessary cash "they would sell a piece of silver church plate which had been purchased some years before by the common contributions of the faithful." In exhibiting the family life of the medieval time he can reveal from testimony and exhortation simplicity and piety, early rising, morning and evening prayer. Here are men and women who, to the wonder of the Venetian Ambassador, even in the early sixteenth century, "all attend Mass every day, and say many paternosters in public"; children who, every evening on pain of being "whysked with a good rod," kneeling before their parents "axe blessing as 'Father, I beseech you of blessing for charity,' 'Mother, I beseech you of charity give me your blessing.'"

The vanishing of this solemn, child-like world, full of natural tears and laughter, is revealed, as an illustration, in the story of the life and death of Richard Whiting, last Abbot of Glastonbury. Nestling under its high hill set in an unequalled panorama, the ruins of this once mightiest and most venerated of all English monasteries still cherish the story of that great destruction. Its history goes far back behind Norman and Roman to the dim legends of the Arthurian tradition; encompassing a multitude of every century "whose souls now rejoice," says an ancient writer, "in the possession of God in heaven." Richard Whiting was elected Abbot when the House was still at the summit of its glory; the first monastery of the West, with revenues greater than those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose Abbot held a seat in the House of Lords and ruled over fertile and populous lands. In 1525, after "first determining to refuse," and then "after demanding time for thought and prayer," being, as he declared, "unwilling any longer to offer resistance to what appeared the will of God," this simple monk accepted a burden and dazzling dignity which were to lead him to a terrible end. But for Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII.'s subsequent imperious demand for money, this man might have passed his blameless space of innocent days to rest at last in a forgotten tomb. Sir Thomas More had seen the danger already near. "Ever tell him," he had written of his master to Cromwell, "what he ought to do, but not what he is able to do. For if a lion but knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him." The "lion" came to know "his own strength," and broke in pieces the old order of society which had existed for a thousand years. The English Reformation was different not only in degree but in kind from the German. The latter was a democratic movement towards freedom, culminating in the anarchy of

the Peasants' Revolt. The former, with its many fine sides led to the aggrandisement of the royal authority, which was not broken till a century and a-half afterwards. The common people, when they were not stricken with astonishment or terrified by fear, everywhere, outside the new commercial classes of the towns, were on the side of the older order. In Cromwell's ten years' reign of terror, Glastonbury was marked for destruction. The only crime of the Abbot was that he stood in the way of the acquisition of the monasteries' wealth for the Crown. That crime was sufficient. He entertained five hundred poor every Wednesday and Friday. A great prince of the Church, his bed remains to-day, "without tester or post, boarded at bottom, with a board nailed shelving at the head." Leland, in his antiquarian journey through England, found him "a man truly upright, and of a spotless life, and my sincere friend." In 1535 the unspeakable Layton arrived at Glastonbury, to collect evidence of disorder or immorality. He could find "nothing notable." "The brethren be so straight kept," he announced, "that they cannot offend"; but he characteristically adds, "for they would if they might, as they confess, and so the fault is not with them." Cromwell and the King were furious at this failure, for which Layton humbly apologised. Money was essential; and the great monasteries possessed it. "All the wealth of the world," wrote the French Ambassador of Henry VIII., "would not be enough to satisfy and content his ambition." Four years after the visit of Layton, Glastonbury was the only religious house left standing in Somersetshire: the others had all been pillaged, desecrated, destroyed. Its reprieve was short-lived. In September, 1539, the Royal Commissioners arrived at Glastonbury. The Abbot was dispatched to London, to the Tower; accompanying him on his journey was a catalogue of the booty seized for the benefit of the King. The trial was of the kind familiar in the Revolutionary Tribunals of the Reign of Terror; execution had been decided before sentence, and sentence before verdict. "Item," runs the entry, in Cromwell's own hand, "the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also executed there." He was tied on a hurdle, and dragged through the town which once he had ruled as a sovereign. On the hill above the Abbey he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, under a sentence of high treason. One quarter of his body was dispatched to Wells, one to Bath, one to Ilchester, a fourth to Bridgewater; the head was fixed over the gate of the Abbey, a warning of the vengeance which was destined for all who resisted the imperial will of the King of England.

He was nearly eighty years old: an old man, belonging to a dying world, and dying with it; like his two companions, taking his death "very patiently." In the old religion he is venerated as a martyr for the faith. Those who are not of the old religion may do honour to the memory of a brave man. Glastonbury Abbey has stood forlorn, deserted, beautiful in its ruin and decay, for nearly four hundred years.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE.

THE more we know about a race the less we generalise, and if you want to discover the English character, you must stand at Charing Cross and ask the foreign travellers fresh from the Channel. With each succeeding day in our country they will tell you less. Inquire what the Russians are like from a week-end tourist in St. Petersburg, and he will reel you off a magazine article of qualities; ask a seven years' resident, and he is dumb. The crowding cases of diversity have blinded him to general truth, and it is the fresh eye that sees the clearest. It may not be so with philosophers; those freaks of wisdom are believed to go on piling up fact upon fact, instance upon instance, in the hope of saying something of value before they die. But ordinary people start with their generalisation, and leave it further and further behind them the longer they live and the more they learn.

That is why it is impossible to obey the old precept and know oneself. There is nothing we have known

so long as ourselves, and that long familiarity has spoilt our chance of ever knowing what we are. How readily we sum up an acquaintance of yesterday! But we seldom characterise an old friend, and when it comes to characterising that oldest friend of all, who has been so long the intimate guest of our body, we find in him such a host of contradictions, variations, and possibilities that we refuse to proceed. We are dumbfounded by the immensity of the task, and the ready summaries of our acquaintance rather annoy us, even when they are flattering. A Shrewsbury boy delineated the very soul of two of the masters on a wall. One of them pointed out the picture of the other with grateful appreciation, but turning to his own image he said, "I cannot think whom this strange figure may represent."

This quick generalisation is the power of the caricaturist. None of us have seen an Englishman like John Bull, but he stands for England. We are not aware that Englishwomen have long teeth and longer feet, but the French are. No Irishman sees his countrymen brandishing sticks and shouting "Begorrah!" No German adores the Fatherland as the home of a tubby student with a pipe and a pot of beer. We doubt if even Mr. Chamberlain knew what a Brer Fox he would make till the "Westminster Gazette" showed him, and Mr. Gladstone was never conscious of his dynamic collars. Excess of knowledge puzzles the view, and custom comes in to complete the blindness. "Let the sun rise twice," said the wise man, "and we cease to wonder." We do not only cease to wonder, we cease to look. What is habitual is never seen, and there is nothing so habitual as ourselves.

That is why the most penetrating books on countries and peoples are always written by foreigners. "Nothing is commonplace as seen for the first time," wrote Lafcadio Hearn, whose "Letters from the Raven" have just appeared as an addition to the much more valuable collection of his letters published last year. In the new volume there is little of personal interest. They are not particularly good letters, and most of them were written long before Lafcadio Hearn discovered his true power in life. Indeed, their only importance is the assurance they give us of his purely literary cast of mind from youth—the cast of mind which induced him to preserve his own old love-letters when they were returned to him, because he recognised literary excellence in their style. Still, they do, at all events, contain one sentence which is worth preserving. He calls it a quotation from the Talmud:—

"There are three whose life is no life: the Sympathetic man, the Irascible, and the Melancholy."

Probably Hearn meant to include himself among the Melancholy in his lamentation, and he was melancholy. But it is as the Sympathetic man that he interests us now, just as it is the mention of the class Sympathetic that gives its interest to the Talmud text.

Place the Sympathetic man as a stranger in a foreign land, and you get some chance of hearing what the land is like. Place the lady who calls herself Pierre de Coulevain in a London suburb or a country house, and you get a portrait of the English educated classes beyond the power of the Englishman to draw. Place Miss Margaret Noble in a Calcutta slum, let her call herself Sister Nivedita, and in her "Web of Indian Life" you will see the heart of Hinduism revealed as no official with ten languages on his tongue and the Statistical Abstract in his pocket has ever revealed it. Place Mr. Fielding Hall on the Irawaddy, and the soul of the Burmese people will pervade the air of literature like a perfume full of memories.

But no one has been a better instance of these powers than Lafcadio Hearn himself. That delicate mixture of Greek and Irish blood, humanised by the scrappy, happy-go-lucky training of American struggle, which did not encrust his sympathies with the hard coating of uniformity such as an English public school deposits round the natural heart—that was exactly the right sort of nature for the task which he happily found. He found it late, by accident, as it were. We believe

he was over forty before he set about it, and he was not much over fifty when he died. But in those few years, in those few little books of his, he drew a picture of the Japanese soul such as no one else has drawn. Hardly any names are mentioned, hardly any places are described; no account is taken of the sights that occupy most books of travel. Quite ordinary things are spoken of—the evening walk in spring, the fisherman's prayers, the singing insects in their cages, the fairy stories, the nursery rhymes, the uses of a woman's sleeve. But in these common things the quintessence of a people's soul is caught, just as one painter in a generation will sometimes catch the quintessence of a face or of a landscape's mood. We find in him, almost to perfection, that gift of delicate realisation with which Pierre Loti is often credited; falsely credited we think, for Pierre Loti's most subtle visions are nearly always tinged with conceit and personal desire, so that when they have passed before you in turn, you feel that you have been watching a magic-lantern of the various ways in which Pierre Loti, of the French Navy and Academy, has made love to women of many different colours.

As so often happens, Lafcadio Hearn seems to have come only just in time before the soul he drew faded into another incarnation. Probably he knew that the spiritual colours of his picture were already vanishing. To an eye like his they may still be there, but since the first revelation in his books the soul of Japan has turned a new aspect towards the outer world, and in contrast to the clash of ships and the rows of devoted dead outside the ramparts, the dainty manners that Hearn described so well are beginning to look a little precious, a little finikin. When a Japanese ship was reported in the Thames a few years ago, people went down to the docks expecting to see a scarlet junk with a yellow sail, and a dragon's tail for rudder. But they found an ordinary Glasgow steamer, with nothing Japanese about her except the crew and the teacups. That kind of shock we feel when we turn from Lafcadio Hearn's chapter on dragon-flies to the arsenals of Yokohama, or wherever the arsenals are.

Let us not be shocked, but rather marvel at the race which can equally well construct a battleship and cram into the regulation fifteen syllables of a complete poem all the suggested emotion that the Japanese poetess put into a lament for her dead son while she watched the other children at play in the season of dragon-flies:

"Catching the dragon-flies!

—I wonder where

He has gone to-day!"

It is commonly said of Hearn that in his books he created a Japan such as never was on land or sea. If so, it was greatly to his credit. But that kind of criticism need never trouble us. Dull people raise the same objection against Sister Nivedita and Mr. Fielding Hall. They raised the same objection to Turner's pictures, and his well-worn answer is still sufficient for them all: "You say you never saw a sunset like that, madam? Don't you wish you could!" And as to the value of Hearn's work and its estimation in Japan itself, let us remember the words of a famous Japanese poet on hearing the news of his death: "Surely we could better have lost two or three battleships."

MODERN DAFFODILS AND NARCISSI.

THE every-day flower-lover, whose knowledge of daffodils is limited to a few of the old kinds, such as the Codlins and Cream, the Lent Lily, and the Poet's (not he of Swinford Old Manor), would be considerably astonished if he were to visit a show of Spring flowers where some of the modern forms were on view. He would discover that some mysterious process of fusion had been going on, as a result of which the characters of his favourites had become blended in one. He would see flowers that reminded him at once of a trumpet daffodil and a star narcissus, and yet had a something superimposed upon them which belonged to neither.

Bulb experts tell us that while a daffodil is always

a narcissus, a narcissus is only a daffodil when the central crown, or trumpet, is as long as the outer or wing petals, which he ponderously (although with strict accuracy) calls perianth segments. When the crown is cut back to a mere cup the flower is no longer a daffodil. The true daffodil, he may proceed to inform us, is the Lent Lily, known in exclusive botanical circles as *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*. Of course, nobody takes any notice of this nowadays. *Narcissus* is a stiff word, daffodil a homely one; therefore, on the lay tongue all narcissi are daffodils; but we must make some little effort to realise where we are before we become involved in this new spring mystery of the garden.

Well, the genus *narcissus* is divided into species, of which the daffodil is one. A few others are the "hoop petticoat," technically called *bulbocodium*; *incomparabilis*, which came from Portugal some 280 years ago, and is the parent of the star narcissi; *Jonquilla*, or the Jonquil, also from the Peninsula, a still older plant; *juncifolius*, or rush-leaved; major, *maximus* and minor, three yellow trumpets of great antiquity; *poeticus*, the white, May-flowering poet's narciss; *tazetta*, the bunch flowered; and *triandrus*, the Angel's tears narciss. This is not quite the whole list of distinctive species, but it is very nearly so; and when we contemplate it, and then survey the catalogues densely packed with names, we realise what an extraordinary work the hybridist has done. First of all, he took the species and crossed them. He began this so long ago that some of the earliest of his children, such as *Barrii*, *Backhousei*, *Burbidgei*, *Humei*, *Leedsii*, and *Nelsoni*, have become old stagers, and one hardly thinks of them as hybrids at all. They have given their names to sections, and become respected members of daffodil society.

The deluge came when a later generation of hybridists, with the Rev. G. H. Engleheart at their head, crossed the already crossed. Then, indeed, *Narcissus* "himself himself forsook." Staid, sedate fathers and mothers of families formed new unions, and a numerous brood sprang up, entirely different from the old. It was at once seen that the old botanical classification would have to go. New systems were discussed. Whenever daffodil experts got together, they talked about fresh ways of classifying the flowers, and they are talking about it still. The fact is, the task is beyond them. They have not the least idea where to begin and where to end. They can raise new daffodils by cross-fertilising the flowers, sowing the seeds and selecting the best and most distinct of the progeny; they can give the chosen ones distinct varietal names, such as "Cullinan diamond" (this is an effort on the part of the writer, but "The Twins" is an accomplished fact!), yet appropriate group terms, such as politicians achieve with such fertile ingenuity, are beyond them.

Where experts fail laymen will naturally come to grief, and, after all, it matters little to them how new daffodils are made or how they are classified, so long as they are beautiful and accessible. As to the former quality, there cannot be two opinions. Most of the seedlings which Mr. Engleheart has introduced during the past ten years are exquisitely lovely. The distinguishing feature of the work of this floral wizard is the distinction which he has imparted to the crown. Not content with making the whites whiter and the yellows yellower, he has formed reds, and we ask ourselves where it will end. Will he follow up the "Blood Orange," the "Red Star," the "Bullfinch," the "Cardinal," the "Lucifer," the "Redcoat," the "Firebrand," the "Gloria Mundi," the "Glitter," with still richer colours? If so, the day may come when we shall see daffodils with the vivid scarlet of a field poppy, or the crimson of a "King Edward" Sweet Pea. These things do not seem to be impossible, in view of what has already been done.

The second point—accessibility—is not so easily settled. Daffodils at £20 a bulb would form a text for Mr. Victor Grayson. There are purses long enough for the occasion, but it is not every flower-lover who owns one. However, it is only the very newest sorts that stand at these mine-magnate figures. The exclusives of half-a-dozen years ago are within the means of the average amateur gardener to-day. He cannot buy them at 10s.

or so the 1,000 bulbs, as he can poeticus, and *Barrii conspicuus*; consequently, he cannot naturalise them, and see them nodding in their hundreds amid the cool grass, or enlivening his borders in gay, laughing groups. But he can grow a few in a select bed, or, mayhap, in pots, and gradually increase his stock by the offsets which they form. He is doing that now, and so the time is rapidly drawing nearer when we shall see the new daffodils in the proper places for so hardy and bright a flower—the woodland, the wild garden, the grassy bank, the dell sparkling with campion and forget-me-not.

Present-Day Problems.

SCOTLAND AND THE PEERS.

[FROM A SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT.]

It is a natural question to ask: In what mood is Scotland taking the loss of the Smallholders' Bill? If the answer were to be collected from the Unionist Press, the funnel through which the opinion of landlords, estate managers, lawyers, and farmer-capitalists pours itself, Scotland is in a state of indifference, touched with satisfaction at an escape from agrarian revolution. But the Smallholders' Bill was not designed to please the territorialists, their agents and sycophants. It is a democratic measure, if ever there was one, meant for the improvement of the farm servant, the shepherd, the villager, the humble person who labours the land, but is doomed to a stationary place in rural economy: meant also to stimulate in Scotland the system of cultivation which is yielding such remarkable results on the Continent of Europe. Search the feeling of the class thus deprived of a boon, and it is one of heavy disappointment, touched with anger. The anger is not explosive, for the Scotchman's settled conviction is that the House of Lords simply acts according to its nature; it is unregenerate and past praying for—an institution to be borne with resignedly until the day arrives for root-and-branch work. At any moment a plébiscite in Scotland would make an end of the Lords' supremacy; at this moment the country folk would have preferred even a truncated Land Bill to a full-bodied grievance against the Peers, since that makes no sensible addition to the already large sum of their iniquities.

To obtain a measure of the disappointment it must be understood that the policy of the rejected Bill had long been maturing. The idea of small holdings had taken root. People who never catch the sentiment of the field-worker, journalists who would be at a loss to distinguish mangold wurzel from turnip, politicians who eat Danish butter without knowledge of the organised small farming which places it on the breakfast table, ascribe a ridiculous mystery to the origin of the Bill. It is said to have sprung from the Scottish Secretary's inner consciousness. Such silly gibes have been flung at Mr. Sinclair as that he gained his agricultural experience in a Lancer regiment. A patrician orator of the sort that begins a humorous sentence and forgets to put the humour in has charged him with ignorance of the practice of cropping in rotation.

The truth is the Scottish land question was crying out for a statesman's hand. In all their nineteen years of power the Conservatives contributed nothing to a settlement except some minor amendments of the Crofters Act, the passage of which they had fiercely opposed—that and the formation of the Congested Districts Board. The misery of thousands of landless cottars in the Highlands and islands could not be relieved because of the Conservative objection to face up to the compulsory appropriation of land. For the same reason crofters were denied additions to their meagre holdings. An economic state affronting to civilisation was tolerated that landlord right might remain intact. Elsewhere arable soil was lapsing into pasture; deer forests were encroaching; more and more land was being added to the sacred region which a Scotchman is forbidden to walk over, to regard as in

any sense his own country, though he is solicited to take up arms for its defence. Then there were the obvious facts of rural depopulation, the decay of village life, the lack of a career for farm servants, the dependence on groups of co-operative peasant farmers in Denmark for daily food—these constituted a problem which a Liberal Minister was bound to tackle as soon as he entered office. Mr. Sinclair had prepared himself. Seven or eight years ago, when he could not have dreamt of being Secretary for Scotland, he delivered a series of speeches covering the whole ground of land reform. He made himself familiar with Sir Horace Plunkett's reconstructive work in Ireland. He took a leading share in organising large parties of representative farmers and others interested in agricultural education and development, for the study of the Danish and Irish small holdings system, and the very full, able, and popularly-written reports of these expert inquirers became matter of fireside talk in every Scottish hamlet. Thus before the responsibilities of office fell to him, Mr. Sinclair had been instrumental in laying a foundation of knowledge of what small holdings might be made, and in raising the expectations that the Peers have so jauntily wrecked.

Nothing said in the House of Lords or in the Unionist Press, nothing said by associations of landlords or combinations of large farmers, shakes the faith of the majority of Scotchmen that Mr. Sinclair's plan was a masterly conception. It provided for the amendment and enlargement of the existing crofter legislation. It abandoned the attempt to make distinctions between crofters and crofters, and between crofters and smallholders—distinctions which were mere arbitrary, legal fictions set up to secure the passage of the Act of 1886 through a bitterly hostile chamber. It took advantage of existing machinery for the fixing of fair rent. It treated the subject on a national scale, applying one principle and one form of administration to all Scottish land within the rental limit. Above all, it gave security of tenure, which is the essential pre-condition of all prosperous farming. This proposed enactment of security of tenure, not the particular machinery of the Bill, was the crowning offence to the landlords. Some people do not yet understand that the question in dispute was not one of two methods of carrying out the small holdings policy, a so-called democratic county council method as against a bureaucratic method, but a question of the methods of dealing with the landlords and settling the tenant. By the county council plan the landlord received a firm rent for a stated number of years, at the end of which the lease would have been renewed or the land returned to him. He would have lain under no risks. If he pleased he might go and play golf while his property was in use. The tenant settled upon this plan became a sub-tenant of the county council, subject to removal, and the rates bore the responsibility. By Mr. Sinclair's plan the land was compulsorily hired in similar fashion, but the tenant was made sure of his holding so long as he fulfilled the legal obligations. Security of tenure was, therefore, the vital thread of Mr. Sinclair's Bill, and it was this thread the Peers were determined upon snapping, all the assertions of the merits of county councils as managing bodies being beside the case.

Now, if Scotchmen understand the value of anything in the agricultural world, it is the economical value of freedom from disturbance. The nineteen years' lease system is a concession to the principle of security of tenure, and it is matter of common knowledge that when the long lease is drawing to expiry the farmer slacks off, making less use of the possibilities of the soil because of the uncertainties of renewal. Landlords and factors change, new views and tempers come in, and the best of farmers goes through a period of wasteful unsettlement. For the success of small holdings, security of tenure is believed in Scotland to be absolutely necessary. It ensures the cultivator an inalienable homestead and a roof-tree for his old age. It calls forth his utmost energy and resourcefulness. It puts him in possession of all that is valuable in proprietorship with-

out requiring him to sink money in a purchase price, and without the consequent temptation to hang mortgages about his neck. The small holder, as a simple tenant at will, is a man working with one hand.

All this is perfectly realised by the Scottish peasant who is not infected by the Irish passion for ownership. It is also realised by the Scottish landlords, for their opposition is animated not by dislike of a Land Court, not by any imagined fear of crofterising the whole of Scotland, not by a genuine belief in the superior ability of local electoral bodies to carry through the large land transactions, but by a determination to prevent the smallholder from being settled on a secured tenure. In the hundreds of meetings held in Scotland, meetings scarcely reported in the Press, the fact was firmly grasped that the Peers and landlords have fought for the proprietors' right to select a tenant, to control the destinies of a tenant, and, in the last resort, to turn the tenant adrift.

In Scotland, where men and matters are closely known, the expert agricultural opinion unfavourable to the Bill, so much relied upon in the House of Lords, has made no impression. Landlords and their hangers-on, a particularly articulate class, are written off at once. The minds of the large farmers unfortunately suffered a twist at the beginning of the controversy from the provision that rendered their holdings above 150 acres in extent subject to reduction. These large farmers had since been put to silence by the incorporation of the identical provision in Lord Camperdown's Bill. When their own ingenuities were strained to produce an alternative plan the result was the worthless recommendation to proceed by Government purchase. The Douglas Commission, again, is known to be an effort of enmity engineered by a jaundiced Liberal who, with the purpose of killing the Bill, took his opinions from the Lowlands to the Highlands, gave them an airing, and brought them back again. No unprejudiced person can deny that security of tenure has encouraged the statutory crofter to raise decent dwellings for himself in place of the insanitary cabins which sheltered the family and the livestock under one squalid roof, while also inciting him to make more of the inhospitable patches of soil that were all the landlords had left him of the common rights enjoyed by his predecessors under the historical clan system. On no point has more theatrical rubbish been talked than on the supposed crofterisation of the Scottish Lowlands. The argument from the crofter's case simply comes to this: immunity from the menace of eviction has wrought a substantial improvement in cultivation and housing in the six counties within the statutory crofting area; the same sense that the cultivator is independent of the caprice, the altering conditions, or necessities of a superior, the same sense that every ounce of energy put forth by the cultivator results to his own profit will bear fruit in greater measure on the fertile soils of the Lowlands.

It is a discreditable picture of inequality, grievance, frustrated objects, disappointment of personal hopes, postponement of national policy, that the Peers have left in Scotland. They cannot really be so proud of themselves as they look. To preserve the landlord's stress upon the tenant, that is, in the ultimate, the power to evict, they have ordained the continuance of wretchedness for the swarm of landless cottars and squatters on the fringes of the Western seas. In the statutory crofting area they have balked the general desire for the enlarged holdings necessary to the earning of a fair livelihood. Outside this area they have burnt a sense of injustice into the hearts of men who find themselves deprived of the benefits of the Crofters Acts because the breadth of a stream, or a fence, or the shoulder of a hill, separates them from the protected crofter. Everywhere in Scotland they expose the smallholder to the burden of a competition rent that may be double, or more than double, the rent borne by the adjacent acres of the large farmer. They have also permitted the process of absorbing small holdings to go on. These same Peers, standing upon their landlord privileges, have shown a preference for vacant country sides and

deserted hamlets. The Canadian Government will applaud them as first-class emigration agents. The Danish Government will rank them high as patrons of Danish butter, eggs, and bacon. Scotland is certainly paying a high price for its territorial magnates.

But there is something on the other side of the account, and Mr. Sinclair's bold policy has accomplished more for the education of the public, aye, and of the Peers, than was possible in years of controversy over timid schemes. His Bill served as the whipping boy for the English Bill. It supplied the pressure needful for embodying in a statute the revolutionary principle of compulsory hiring and valuation. It has had the amazing effect of converting Lord Camperdown into a land reformer. It will have the further salutary effect of clearing the few remaining Unionist representatives, bag and baggage, out of the county constituencies.

Contemporaries.

"THE LADY-IN-CHIEF."

THE presentation of the Freedom of the City to Miss Florence Nightingale naturally suggested a wonder why the honour had not been bestowed before, if it was to be bestowed at all. It is not always that we can wait for more than half a century and then reward a man or woman for some deed of high distinction performed all that time ago. In the case of authors and men of science, certainly, we usually defer the reward till their reputation is "established" on the brink of the grave, but it is not on those terms that we reward our generals. And Miss Nightingale's claim to honour was as decisive and indisputable fifty years ago as any general's could be. When our grandmothers were in their prime, no name was better known than hers, no picture more familiar on cottage walls or in middle-class dining-rooms than that of the "Lady-in-Chief" going her rounds through the Barrack Hospital at Scutari; no story was more welcome to an audience than how she began her career of mercy by binding up a dog's paw. Her high and permanent place in the history of our country was fixed before most of us were born, and it came like a surprise to the young to think that she was still living among us to accept the testimony of appreciation which our City in its own good time has decided to confer.

It is long since the character and exploits of this "Queen of Nurses" almost became a myth of heroism—a beautiful story repeated and embellished for edification. The time of the Crimean War was a fruitful period for myths, and we cannot think that Miss Florence Nightingale was fortunate in the peculiar sentiment pervading the minds of those who first told her story. That she should be loved by the soldiers and glorified by the country was natural enough; hardly any love or glory could be too high for her services. But it was the tendency of the time to sentimentalise and maunder, especially about women—to picture the lady and her nurses as "The Angel Band," to sob "a ministering Angel thou!" till the effect was a little sickening. The tendency of the time produced the conception it loved, and called it by the lady's name. People liked to imagine in their heroine a gentle and pitying creature, "all conscience and tender heart," like Chaucer's Prioress, all condescension and shrinking delicacy and tears. Even the historian of the war when he wanted to speak of an Order of Nurses felt obliged to call it "the Gracious Dynasty." Genteel society was shocked beyond expression at the bare idea of any young lady desiring to be a nurse. Any bare idea shocked genteel society, and so when the shocking thing was actually realised and graciously acknowledged by Royalty, they had to drape it decently with a long white garment and a pair of swan-like wings. It was the age of crinolines, accomplishments, and fainting.

So the myth grew, because, like all myths, it was the thing people wanted. But if we look to the genuine

records, if we listen to those who have known the "Lady-in-Chief," even in her long seclusion, or read the few books and other writings that she has published from time to time, if we consider the deep friendship she won from some of the clearest and least romantic minds of last century, we shall see how false is the picture that the Early Victorian Age imposed upon itself. Even Kinglake, with his revelry in sentimental eloquence, chooses "forethought, agile brain-power, the organising and governing faculty," as the special characteristics of womanhood that redeemed the hospitals of Scutari and Balaclava. "Woman," he cries in a style more like himself, "can impel, can disturb, can destroy pernicious content!" It was Miss Nightingale's practical and organising power, not her tenderness or those "droppings of warm tears," that impressed the people who really had to work with her. In the letter in which Sidney Herbert as Secretary for War invited her to go, he speaks of her as the one person he knew in England who would be capable of organising and superintending the scheme. It is her "administrative capacity and experience" upon which he dwells, and in the very next sentence he foretells the disaster of turning "a number of sentimental enthusiastic ladies" loose in the hospital, as was the danger the moment that William Russell, of the "Times," called for devoted women to minister to the sick and suffering. Alas! we still know those sentimental, enthusiastic ladies who think devotion and a uniform can make a Florence Nightingale. Was not the Mount Nelson Hotel crowded with their pretty caps?

For many years before her opportunity came, Miss Nightingale had submitted to a strict course of hospital training, and had practised nursing in quiet but varied forms. It was knowledge that gave her power when the moment called her—knowledge and persistence of will. She was probably born with a taste as well as a faculty for rule, and hidden from the public as her influence remained after the Crimea, she was able to make it deeply felt on the side of reform, both in the Army and in India. "Woman is the practical sex," says Meredith emphatically, and the words give a much truer idea of the "Lady-in-Chief" than the common picture of angelic softness. Certainly, like most serious minds of her time, she was given to religious questionings, and an introspection that may seem to most people of to-day a little over-scrupulous. But the moment it came to action, all hesitation disappeared, and nothing morbid or hysterical could exist in the same mind with a humour that sometimes reminds one of Mary Kingsley, herself a heroine of nurses. We should say the temptations of her nature were rather to despotism and impatience with fools than to tears and effeminate pity.

It is forty-eight years since her "Notes on Nursing" were published, and they should still be read for their shrewd advice, and the straight-forward sympathy that knows the right thing to say and to do for patients without fuss. But they should be read far more as a proof of the great advance made within her lifetime, not only in sick-nursing, but in the more important things of healthy life. In those days her readers evidently thought it a dangerous paradox when she insisted on the healthiness of open windows and night air. Her rules for conciseness and quick decision in dealing with the sick appeared a little cruel. But it takes us further back to read that she considered a man "a far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman," because, "compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles," and "the dress of woman is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission,' or usefulness at all." Or when, again, she protests against "the commonly received idea that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse." We remember the violent opposition she herself had to encounter when she, a member of a county family, adopted a serious profession, and one "not suitable for a woman," as all the county said. And when we think of the astonishing change which has come over the ideals and existence of womanhood within the last half-century, we see that much as our soldiers and our hospitals and nursing-homes owe to Florence Nightingale, the women of our country owe her more.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE SECOND EDUCATIONAL COMPROMISE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The able summary of the educational position contained in your issue of February 29th presents the case for the Bill as a matter of *political expediency* as effectively as is possible within the limits of a leading article.

You appear, however, to regard either "consistent undenominationalism" or a "secular solution" as the only possible alternatives to compromise on the lines of the present Bill. There is, I believe, a third one.

It may be remembered that Dr. Macnamara drew public attention some twelve months ago to the system which has been in operation during the last thirty-five years in the town of Huddersfield. In the Council schools of that town the morning school is opened by a devotional service, consisting of hymn, the reading of selected passages from the Bible, and prayer. This service is religious in the best sense of the word; it has satisfied the Undenominationalists of Huddersfield ever since the School Board was formed, and none but the most bigoted Secularist, on the one hand, or Sacerdotalist, on the other, could object to it. If such a service were held in all schools, and facilities allowed in Council schools for Undenominational, and in Voluntary schools for Denominational Biblical instruction at the cost of those who desired it, the possibility would be attained of having a National Secular administration whilst allowing the desired opportunity for special religious instruction which many believe to be essential.

It is, I think, of importance at the present juncture that attention should be drawn to the economic waste caused by the effort to retain Biblical instruction in both Council and Voluntary schools—a waste which seems likely to be increased if the Bill should pass. The recent law case of the Managers of Garforth National School *v.* West Riding County Council affords a striking illustration of the inability of the Local Education Authority to secure efficient organisation with greater economy of staff by combining the children of the same standard from two school houses instead of maintaining a complete staff for all standards in each of the two. There are numerous big villages with two schools, each having from 100 to 150 scholars in average attendance. Under the present system these schools, if one or both be non-provided, cannot be combined, and consequently there are either two complete sets of teachers where one would suffice, or the teachers have to struggle with two or more standards in one class. This is obviously a most inefficient arrangement. The opinion is held by responsible administrators that the saving in staff and other charges of maintenance possible if the Local Education Authority could combine such schools, would pay the cost of building one modern school house to replace the existing premises, now forced upon the taxpayer, which are in such places generally ill-adapted to their purpose.

It is difficult to estimate the effect of the Bill in bringing non-provided schools under Council management or to determine whether it will reduce or increase the number of small schools.

The limitation of thirty scholars now imposed by the Bill, will close a fair number of the most costly and inefficient schools. It may be assumed that all Undenominational non-provided schools would be transferred at once. The difference between the cost of upkeep of schools with less than 100 in average attendance, which runs from about £2 10s. to £4 10s. per child, and the maximum grant of 47s., is such that the burden of raising subscriptions for such schools will not be faced. Even in respect of schools with an attendance of 100 to 200, the fact that a rate has to be paid in any case will be a powerful lever for transfer. Above 200, it seems likely that the grant will more than pay average working expenses. There is an unknown factor in the problem—the ability of the Board of Education to maintain the present efficiency. It should also be noted that at present an enormous number of Nonconformists attend non-provided schools, because, so long as there is accommodation, the Board of Education prevents building. Most of these would at once demand a free school if fees were charged.

On the other hand, the provision of the Bill that a Council school must be provided in urban districts wherever demanded—a fundamental principle of a national system—whilst permitting a non-provided school to continue alongside, under the contracting-out clause, renders possible an indefinite multiplication of small schools. At present there are many villages in urban districts served by a non-provided school which are so far from the adjoining village that such school is the only one available for the children of the village. They are, in fact, single-school areas, and it is unfortunate that the Bill has limited the compulsory transfer clause to rural districts. If such non-provided schools are able to "contract-out," and a Council school is demanded, the rate and tax payers jointly will be burdened with the building of another schoolhouse and the maintenance of two complete staffs where one has sufficed, so far as numbers are concerned.

In assessing the economic waste of this effort to continue the dual system, rendered necessary by the inclusion of Biblical instruction, two other items in the Bill must be considered—the administrative staff and the furniture, &c., placed by the Councils in non-provided schools.

Each Local Education Authority has, under the Act of 1902, created a staff sufficient to deal with all schools in their area—non-provided as well as provided. Every school which contracts-out will diminish the work of the financial and administrative officers of the authority in whose area it is. If contracting-out should be at all general, the services of a very large number of officials will be no longer required. If, as is probable, the ratepayers object to pay unnecessary salaries, the prospect is gloomy for educational officials, for whom the Bill makes no provision for compensation on loss of office or salary.

The value of the furniture and other apparatus, such as maps, reading-books, &c., placed by the Councils in non-provided schools will run to many thousands of pounds. As the Council schools are sufficiently stocked, such furniture cannot be transferred; to store it is out of the question, for good reasons. Is it to be given or sold to the contractors-out, and if so, at what price? On this question also the Bill is silent.

Contracting-out will also seriously interfere with the organisation created under the Act of 1902 for training teachers, and with that of woodwork, cookery, and swimming centres. In many cases, centres and classes for these subjects have only been made possible by the inclusion of scholars from non-provided schools, and the creation of a class of schools in respect of which the Local Education Authority will receive no grant, is bound to create great disorganisation.

The discussion upon the Bill has, so far, ranged almost exclusively round the religious question and contracting-out. It is time that more attention were given to the loss of efficiency and excessive costliness caused by the present system, which is removable only by a truly national system from which all features objectionable to any of the warring sects have been removed.—Yours, &c.,

March 10th, 1908.

L. M. B.

THE OBSTACLE TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—An article in last week's *NATION*, entitled "The Obstacle to Woman Suffrage," contains, first, an able refutation of the arguments brought against Woman's Suffrage, and, towards the end, a more or less specious plea for delay in settling the question. Women are entitled to the vote, but must not expect to get it from the present Government, is the sum and substance of the article. It is this reluctance to concede reforms admitted to be just that makes one despair of Liberalism, and will inevitably bring the Liberal Party to its ruin. Some glimmering of the fact that Liberalism is in danger seems to underlie the statement that the Suffrage is a logical consequence of recognised Liberal principles, and is bound to come in time if Liberalism survives. Woman Suffrage is certain to come, whether the Liberal Party lives or not; but how is it possible for Liberalism to survive unless the country has confidence that what the Liberals believe to be right, that they will do?

The excuses for delay in granting Woman Suffrage are,

broadly speaking, three in number. The first is, it appears, that Woman Suffrage is only one among a number of causes equally just, and ("since the function of this Parliament is to prove that organic social reform is compatible with Free Trade and Liberal principles") in some cases "more pressing." A strange view of the meaning of democracy is here revealed. Organic social changes necessarily affecting women are to be carried through without the consent or advice of women. What wonder that intelligent, self-respecting women are in revolt as a consequence of such high-handed treatment, and are determined no longer to submit to be legislated for by a Parliament over which they have no control!

Let me appeal to those who shrink from action in this matter of Women's Enfranchisement to pull themselves together, and to try to realise that in asking the Government to adopt Mr. Stanger's Bill we are not making any extravagant claim on the time and energy of the legislators. If those concerned will set to work in a business-like way, the remaining stages of the measure will absorb but a few hours of the time of the House of Commons. To carry this Bill into law in the present Session, with the result that the militant Suffrage agitation will cease, must necessarily involve far less interference with the schemes of Social Reform which the Government have it in their hearts to effect than will the opposition and obstruction from women to which the continued denial of Woman Suffrage will lead.

A second excuse for withholding the suffrage is that the question was not before the electors at the General Election. For this Suffragists are certainly not to blame. They tried to induce the Government to place Woman Suffrage on the election programme, but they were unsuccessful. Their neglect at the time of the General Election to submit the question to the electors is now made, by the Party in power, an excuse for refusing to grant the vote; but women cannot allow them to plead their own previous default as a justification for their present misdeeds. Though recent bye-election results are a sign that the men voters are, as a matter of fact, supporting the women in their struggle with the Government, yet the argument that the electors must be consulted in reference to Woman Suffrage is inadmissible, because it depends upon the entirely mistaken idea that women's right to vote is derived from the consent of men. As well might it be argued that men ought not to have obtained the franchise without asking the permission of women. If Woman Suffrage was not before the electors in a concrete form at the General Election, neither was the Plural Voting Bill, the Licensing Bill, and other measures which one might name. Yet those who would deny us the vote on that ground have nothing to say against the introduction by the Government of these measures for which the electors gave no particular mandate. The true position surely is that the Liberal Party was entrusted by the country at the General Election with power to give legislative effect to Liberal principles of which the enfranchisement of women is admittedly one. The claim which suffragists are making has so often, in bygone centuries, been the subject of constitutional struggles that it certainly does not need further endorsement.

THE NATION proceeds, in the third place, to say that there is no reason for giving Woman Suffrage preference over the reform of the male electoral basis, that the two injustices stand on the same footing, and that the order in which they are redressed is a matter of convenience. It is almost incredible that it should be found possible to overlook the fact that, whereas the extension of the male franchise now involves a mere change of machinery, the enfranchisement of women means the establishment of the principle of the political equality of the sexes and the admission to citizenship of people hitherto condemned by the accident of birth to perpetual disfranchisement. On demanding the immediate enactment of a Woman Suffrage Bill, we are often assured that the time for the extension of the franchise to women will come when a general measure of electoral reform is before Parliament. Some of us, knowing that attempts to secure inclusion of women's franchise in past Reform Bills have failed, have refused to wait for the vote until the whole electoral system is under revision.

The attitude adopted in THE NATION is a proof that we are right. Our eagerness to get the vote is not to be dis-

pelled or diminished by the prediction that our expectations in regard to the effects of Woman Suffrage may miss fulfilment. Certainly we realise that the women citizens' upward march may possibly be slow, but that is no reason for not hastening to begin it. Nor are we discouraged by the knowledge that the agricultural labourer has not yet gained as much as might have been hoped in consequence of securing the vote. We see very clearly that the vote is a weapon which, to produce its full effect, needs skilful manipulation. We think, however, that a sufficient number of women possess the necessary skill and insight to make the newly won vote a thing of great and immediate value. Those of us who are pursuing the militant campaign have acquired a stock of political experience which will stand us in good stead for the days of our enfranchisement.—Yours, &c.,

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

March 11th, 1908.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—For a "Liberal Woman" to say that the Government has not a mandate for Women's Suffrage is surely for her to misunderstand the whole position.

This Government has a mandate for Liberalism which says, "Taxation without representation is tyranny. Government by the people, for the people, through the people." It cannot, therefore, need a special mandate for Woman's Suffrage, which is the embodiment of these two principles. Her other arguments, that women do not yet sufficiently desire the vote, and are unfit for it, are quite beside the mark; similar arguments were used in 1884 to Mr. Gladstone concerning agricultural labourers; he, in answer, pointed out that they were really reasons why it should be given to them.

No, what we women want to-day is—not an "effective demand" but a Government that will be true to its principles and just to the women who have done so much for the party, and if we Liberal women will stand shoulder to shoulder together, and refuse to work any longer for a party that has flouted us, a party that by its present action is showing itself unworthy of the name of Liberal we should force the Government to action, and we should be acting in the best interests of our own party, for it would be a very black day indeed for the latter should Women's Suffrage be granted by a Tory Government.—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER LIBERAL WOMAN.

March 3rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as one of a number of Liberal women who do not "refuse to spend their strength for the Liberal cause until the legitimate, recognised, effectual instrument for work—the vote—be granted to them," say a word in defence of our action, and of our refusal to be coerced by other women into working for a measure of enfranchisement that will not satisfy us either as Liberals or as women?

For us Liberalism is no mere party label to be worn at election times for the sake of some individual candidate. It is a Cause, a Flag, a Faith. For it we are ready to "do or die," and we could not dream of forsaking it in order to drive our leaders into carrying out a measure which, however just in principle, would not, in its limited form, make for the general progress of the nation as some believe.

Let us imagine that a battle was raging between Christians and Mohammedans, in which the latter were to all appearance gaining ground, to the utter destruction of the Christian religion. What should we say to any body of Christians who, when the fight was hottest, chose to produce an ultimatum demanding Disestablishment of the Church, threatening to go over to or give direct aid to the hostile invader if their demands were not instantly granted? Would they be able to persuade any one of their sincerity as Christians? Would their argument be listened to (used similarly by the Suffragettes), that the victory of Mohammedanism in that case would not lie at the door of those who had acted as traitors, but of the bishops or other authorities who had refused their demands?

The illustration serves to explain why, fortunately for England, the bulk of Liberal women are keeping the faith, are realising that never before in the history of our country has the need been greater for loyalty and unity, and never has the urgency of the franchise been less than to-day, when we are face to face with the twin giant foes of Protection and Militarism, and when, moreover, the forces of Progress have at last a chance of success. Tariff Reform is no innocent rearrangement of taxes which could be changed as often as possible, and which, while being worth the lavish expenditure upon its propaganda of thousands of pounds, is yet said to be quite harmless, and really not likely to touch the people at all. Do people nowadays spend lavishly without hope of regaining, with interest, what they have poured out? Can anyone travel in body or mind in America and remain blind and indifferent to the hideous result on the people of a sovereignty of wealth and greed? "Fear not him who is able to kill the body, but rather fear him who is able to kill both *body and soul*." England's soul is in danger, for it is threatened with Protection—the weapon of Greed and Selfishness. Therefore it is in defence of England's soul that women are exhorted to rally round the flag and realise the country's urgent need for loyal citizens.

Your correspondent, Kate Hessel, falls into the common error of supposing that the vote will be exercised only by those women who will "heartily and intelligently throw themselves into the work of social and political reform." If this could be either proved or effected, no Liberal Government could withstand the demand for the vote; but surely if one thing is more certain than another, it is that women, like men, will vote according to the measure of their development. An enormous majority (on the property qualification) would naturally vote Conservative. The Women's Tariff Reform League boasts of more members than the Women's Free Trade Union to-day, the local Primrose Leagues than the Liberal Associations; at the time of the war a "Pro-Boer" woman of property hardly existed. Hundreds of women are now working actively for the forces of reaction behind the "Lords" and the "Trade." How, then, is the vote going to perform the alleged miracle, and convert all the wealthy middle-class reactionary women into "heartily and intelligent reformers"? As a matter of fact, it will do nothing of the kind. A limited franchise will make little or no difference in the general warfare of the nation. In those States of America where women do vote, there is absolutely no less political corruption or general evil doing. In those Colonies where they also vote, and where, be it remembered, the men also are immensely progressive, the women are both for and against certain measures of reform. Women cannot by the vote divest themselves of their human nature, and that will always remain inconsistent, uncertain, and generally imperfect in both sexes. Meanwhile, may I very earnestly plead with all Liberal women to stand loyally by their flag, and not be led away into lower paths of political morality, nor of substituting expediency for principle at a time when, of all others, the country needs their patriotism? If Mr. Ramsay Macdonald views the return of the Opposition to power with "terror," ought not we women to look at the Suffrage question with different eyes, and vow that never by any action of ours "Britons shall be slaves" to the greed and selfishness of a class tyranny such as we should get under Protection and Toryism?—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER "WOMAN LIBERAL."

March 16th, 1908.

THE NEW BOTANY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have for many years been interested in the natural association of plants, and I think that, if a more definite knowledge of the subject could be attained, it might be of practical use in the cultivation of our fruit trees. Take, for example, an orchard: it is quite unnatural that so many apple trees should be growing together on a limited space of ground, all drawing the same nourishment from the soil. Now, if it could be discovered what plants there are that thrive in company with apple trees and mutually benefit each other, and if such plants were to be put into the ground of orchards, it would undoubtedly be the surest way of keeping our apple trees healthy and free of insect

pests. Such a knowledge can only be attained either by a study of the natural association of plants or by experimental gardening.—Yours, &c.,

IDA SHARP.

March 17th, 1908.

ARE ARMAMENTS NECESSARY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In a recent issue of your valuable journal there occurred the following passage: "That a man shall reap as he has sown, that to-morrow will be as yesterday, that inevitable law shall bind and control the revolt of human passion against circumstance; these are the affirmations of moralist and philosopher against which the romantic spirit is in continual rebellion."

I write now to suggest that you should open your columns to a discussion on the secret of the inevitable law that we have crystallised in the phrase "the survival of the fittest."

Does this imply the survival of the most combatant and highly self-protected or of the most useful to the race?

In the vegetable world it is not the brambles, nettles, and thistles that have survived, but the wheat and fruitful crops. In the animal world the utility of the dog, the horse, the cow, and the sheep has proved a greater element of defence to its species than have the teeth and claws of the lion, tiger, and leopard; and if one reviews the history of nations and civilisations, the same inevitable law is visible in forceful operation. The Greek and Roman civilisations flourished so long as they were useful to the progress of humanity. The economic and moral inutility of a civilisation based on the slavery of the greater portion of the population was the ultimate cause of the decay of each. Sovereignty, nobility, the Church, each and every time-honoured institution, seems safe only so long as they remain adapted to our progressive civilisation, doomed no sooner than they fail to comply with such test. If, then, utility be the secret ultimately of self-protection, it can only be the romantic spirit referred to in the above quotation from your columns "in its continual rebellion against the affirmations" of experience that concentrates all our attention on the maintenance of a special standard of physical force, regardless of any sacrifice that such policy entails on the more essential factor of the utility of our Empire, as an economic and moral force to humanity at large.

If the laws that govern human affairs are indeed inevitable and unchangeable, and if utility be the secret of the stability of all human institutions, it must manifestly be quite futile to appeal ultimately to some other standard of safety that would appear to diminish our compliance with this, the most important factor.

Our armaments cost the country upwards of sixty millions sterling annually; but even thus the stability of this immense force is dependent on the general recognition that our object is defence, and not aggression.

What would be our position if we avowedly relied for our safety solely on the inevitable law of our utility, and diverted the immense sum of money at present employed in armaments for the purpose of rendering our Empire, both morally and economically, more useful?

Is it reasonable to suppose that such a policy would be a signal to our neighbours to attack and extinguish us?

To what extent would this immense sum saved from unproductive expenditure increase our economic utility?

What would be the moral force of such an example? If economically and morally sound, would not such action compel almost immediate imitation? There are matters in relation to Imperial defence closely associated with the inevitable law of the survival of the fittest, the elucidation of which seems hardly to have received adequate consideration.

So long as we accept force as the only standard of our safety, the increased burden of our armaments seems to be an inevitable corollary. Is force indeed the inevitable law of nature, or merely the pronouncements of the romantic spirit in its continued rebellion against the affirmations of all experience?—Yours, &c.,

A. R.

March 16th, 1908.

MOROCCO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was pleased to see that THE NATION of last week is of the opinion that the time has come for our Foreign Office to give some friendly advice to the French Government on the subject of Morocco.

It is absurd for M. Pichou to state in the French Chamber that Mulai Hafid is a rebel. The Tangier "Times" Correspondent, who is, perhaps, better informed on Moroccan affairs than any European, and certainly in a better position to speak with authority than M. Pichou, writes to his paper: "Abdul Aziz, in spite of many reports to the contrary, is steadily losing ground, or perhaps it is more correct to say that the Moorish people scarcely consider him any longer as a factor in the situation." As regards Mulai Hafid's reported hostility to France, it is as well to recall his own words: "We are ready to be the friends of France, but not her slaves." My own experience of travelling in Morocco is that if you respect the feelings of the people, they respect you.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

War Coppice, Caterham, Surrey,
March 12th, 1908.

"THE RICH MAN'S DILEMMA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article under this heading reminds me of a recent heresy of my own. It was suggested in my last published book, which, I think, did not reach you. The heresy is that poverty is the cause, and not the effect, of what may be deemed excessive luxury. What, then, is poverty? I cannot gauge it by pounds, shillings, and pence, and I do not believe anybody else can. It seems to be an insufficient supply of those material commodities which are essential for human life and comfort—food, clothing, shelter, and the rest. And I cannot regard a supply in the hands of producers and traders as sufficient if the prices render it inaccessible to those who need it. Nor is it "quite clear" to me "that the volume of employment, both for capital and labour, must be greatly reduced" by the saving and consequent use of more money "to furnish increased or improved plant and raw materials to industry." Will you allow the writer of your article kindly to explain? Such a condition might conceivably lead to over-production. But I strongly advocate over-production. By that means it seems possible that the prices would bring the goods within reach of a wider circle and a poorer class. It would be so much towards the alleviation of poverty. The increased demand for commodities would result in an increased demand for the means of producing them, including labour. And thus the spiral would continue the improvement. All this is, of course, rank heresy, and I do not expect anybody to take notice of it—in this generation.

Meantime, you are heroically seeking a solution of the problem of poverty and other social problems on altogether different lines, based on a quite contrary view. But I am bound to say you do not appear to be making much headway. Possibly I have "fuddled my intelligence with the delusions of J. S. Mills's wage fund." For the first economic daylight I saw was that an abundant wages fund of commodities actually available to human beings needing the means of life must be good for the people, whatever its effect on money wages. It was only another step in the same direction to believe that great need, and not great abundance, was what made workers offer their services for lower money reward—which is my heresy, as before mentioned. For the great need or poverty brings the mass of the people to minister to the luxury of the rich, who have purchasing power, as a means of obtaining some scant supply of the commodities of which there is so much fear of over-production. Holding the heresy that we suffer from under-production, and not over-production or under-consumption (and without questioning your conclusion as to the remedy which is not in its terms inconsistent with my own), I beg to remark that taxes under the "equitable system of taxation" to be efficacious, for good must be assessed directly on ownership of the only original source of production—the land of the country which alone belongs

to the people—and must not be increased, because the owner or any other person occupies and uses it. To assess taxation on use and occupation or on the income resulting from use and occupation or the commodities to be consumed will inevitably reduce the production. Perhaps I am wrong in thinking that reducing the production must reduce the possibility of consumption by the poor. But I do think it.—Yours, &c.,

F. N. LAYCOCK.

Sheffield, March 16th, 1908.

[Mr. Laycock opens up too many points of economic controversy for effective discussion within the limits of a note. I can only make these few and, I fear, of necessity, dogmatic comments on his letter. Over-production, attended by a general fall of prices, including the price of labour power, does not, in fact, produce the quick, automatic remedy which he thinks it should produce. I agree that need furnishes a large supply of labour for the luxury trades, but my argument was that a mere transfer on the part of the luxurious classes from demand for luxuries to demand for more machinery of production would not maintain a larger volume of employment. For the main problem of unemployment is the problem of the simultaneous employment of capital and labour in general industry during long periods of depressed trade. Land is not "the only original source of production" in a modern society, and economic rents of land are not the sole basis of "an equitable system of taxation."—The Writer of the Article.]

The Editor would be obliged if the writer of the article entitled "The New Botany," which appeared in THE NATION of February 29th, would send his name and address to the Manager.

Poetry.

BALLADE OF THE WORLD IN SHADOW.

DEAD are the gods that our fathers knew,
Less than the least of their charioteers,
One with the Titans they overthrew.
Borne on the wind of the faithless years
As the blown dust of a people's fears
Are the strown fires of their wisdom's breath;
Mocking with laughter its saints and seers,
The mad world sweeps through the dark to death.

Keeping course through the endless blue,
Blind with sorrow and spent with jeers,
The old world swings through the worlds made new.
Fond and vain are the pomps man rears,
All his life is a wind that veers—
Time the old in his wisdom saith—
Dust lies light on your dancing peers,
The mad world sweeps through the dark to death.

Rose-time fades to the time of rue,
Love is a vessel that no man steers,
Now, ere the singers be faint and few,
Mouthing dumbly, with deafened ears,
Sing, make merry, and kiss your dears:
For the world is weary, and hasteneth,
Down the shadow no dawn-star clears,
The mad world sweeps through the dark to death.

L'ENVOI.

Rust-red halberds and broken spears,
Prince, they are spoil for Astoreth,
She is the last lover each man hears,
The mad world sweeps through the dark to death.

ETHEL TALBOT.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

A BOOK of great interest, which will soon be published simultaneously in England, Russia, France, Germany, and Italy, is "My Relations with Tolstoy and His Work as a Writer," by Countess Leo Tolstoy, the wife of the great Russian author. Madame Tolstoy has always acted as her husband's literary adviser and helper, and he declares that on many occasions her counsel—that of a very well balanced and also benevolent nature—was of the greatest value. The book will, therefore, be the first authorised biography of the greatest of our living writers and teachers. It is a good augury that the task will be undertaken by one placed in so favourable a position for performing it to advantage, and who combines keen and affectionate sympathy with intimate knowledge and excellent discernment.

* * *

THE news that Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has just completed a new book will be welcomed by all who care for the finer qualities of contemporary English literature. Mr. Dickinson has already shown a remarkable gift of bringing the vital elements in classical thought to bear upon the political and social problems of our own day, and his mode of expression is a style of rare distinction and measure. We understand that the coming volume is in the form of a Platonic dialogue, and that its probable title will be "Justice and Liberty." Mr. Dickinson has been chosen to give the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard in the spring of next year. The lecture is always on the subject of immortality, and among recent lecturers have been Professors James, Royce, and Osler.

* * *

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE," by Miss Ellen Terry, is included in Messrs. Hutchinson's spring announcements. The record of Miss Ellen Terry's life should prove an attractive volume, since there is no English actress who has come in contact with so many people of eminence in art and literature as well as in the drama. A feature of great interest will be the illustrations, selected from Miss Terry's famous collection of portraits. Among them are photographs and drawings of the great actress from her earliest appearance in public to the present day, and portraits of many men and women with whom she has associated—a list that includes a great number of the celebrities of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

* * *

THE series of annotated editions of the chief masterpieces of English literary criticism issued by the Oxford University Press has already given us several useful and scholarly volumes. The next addition to the series will be "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century," edited by Professor Springarn, of Columbia University. The aim of the editor has been to collect all the material (except the writings of Dryden, which have been admirably edited by Professor W. P. Ker), necessary for a thorough study of the development of English criticism in the seventeenth century, and to furnish such notes as will make this development easily intelligible. The period is one of great interest in the history of criticism. The traditions of Elizabethan culture as expressed by Sidney underwent a twofold development. On the one hand, there is Bacon, who, although he touches the subject of criticism but lightly, gave it a scientific and historical bias which succeeding writers carried still further. Ben Jonson, with his classical training and reverence for Italian literature, helped to fix the interest on the external and objective sides of literary art. Both these tendencies were taken up by Dryden and the many lesser men who preceded Addison and Johnson. The essays selected by Professor Springarn show how this process was worked out. Amongst the authors represented in his volumes are Bacon, Ben Jonson, Webster, Chapman, Drayton, Suckling, Hobbes, Davenant, Cowley, Shadwell, Rochester, Mulgrave, Roscommon, Evelyn, and many others who reflect the progress of criticism during the period.

* * *

MRS. ROSA NEWMARCH'S book, "Tchaikovsky, His Life and Works, with Extracts from His Writings," ran out of

print directly after its first appearance, some years ago. A new edition has now been prepared by Messrs. Reeves, for which Mr. Edward Evans has written a series of essays upon Tchaikovsky's Instrumentation, Form, Idealism, Individuality, &c., as well as analyses of the most characteristic pieces. The new matter forms one half of the whole book, and should prove a useful help to the understanding of what is specially distinctive in Tchaikovsky's music.

* * *

THE recent discovery of a manuscript volume of 552 pages in Luther's handwriting has caused a considerable stir among scholars. The manuscript was found in the library of the late Prince Lwoff, a Russian collector of rare books. It consists of a number of theological treatises written in Latin, with a few notes in German on the last pages. The manuscript is almost certainly genuine, since it bears the seal of Wilhelm Gmelin, whose father-in-law, Johann Karg, was given the volume by Wolfgang Meusslin. Meusslin is known to have received a package of Luther's writings from a friend, and it is probable that the recently discovered manuscript was in this package. The volume consists of Biblical studies, which might well have been written by Luther before 1517, when he nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenberg.

* * *

THE fine library of the late Bishop of Truro will be sold at Sotheby's on Friday and Saturday. Most of the Shakespeare quartos have been sold privately, but there still remain some exceedingly rare books, including a splendid set of the first four folios of Shakespeare, the third having the rare imprint of 1663. The copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend" is the only known example in perfect condition. The collection is rich in early printed Bibles and Liturgies, and there is a unique copy of Pars Hyemalis of the Paris Breviary of 1533. A set of "The Original London Post," a newspaper published during the reign of George I., is certain to cause a keen competition, since it is believed to be the only set of this publication in existence.

* * *

AN important work on "The Edinburgh Periodical Press," by Mr. W. J. Couper, will be issued about the end of April by Mr. Eneas Mackay of Stirling. Mr. Couper has spent many years in collecting information on the subject, and has made researches in almost every public library of standing in England and Scotland as well as in a multitude of private libraries. The first part of the book deals with such topics as the methods of newspaper production and the distribution of periodicals during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Press censorship, the Town Council as Press censors, the Scottish essay-journal, and the Edinburgh Society of Running Stationers. In the second part there will be a chronological record of all Edinburgh journals down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, facts about their policies, editors, contributors, &c., and a large amount of material bearing on Edinburgh printing in general.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Letters from the Raven: Being the Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin." With Introduction and critical comment by Milton Brouner. (Constable. 5s. net.)

"The Admiralty of the Atlantic." By P. A. Hislam. (Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)

"Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen Consort of England." By L. C. Campbell. (Murray. 15s. net.)

"Parerga: A Companion Volume to 'Under the Cedars and the Stars.'" By Canon Sheehan, D.D. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Mozart: The Story of His Life as Man and Artist." By Victor Wilder. Translated by L. Liebach. (Reeves. 2 vols. 10s. net.)

"The Riddle of the Bacchæ: The Last Stage of Euripides' Religious Views." By Gilbert Norwood. (Sheratt & Hughes.)

"An Apostle of the North: Memoirs of Bishop Bompas." By H. A. Cody. (Seeley. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Human Boy Again." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

"Travail et Travailleurs." Par A. Millerand. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Petites Villes d'Italie," II. "Emile-Marches-Ombre." Par André Maurel. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Évolution des Sciences." Par L. Houllévigüe. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Amour qui pleure." Roman. Par Marcelle Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3fr. 50.)

"Die Regenverteilung in den deutschen Kolonien." Von R. Fitzner. (Berlin: Paetel. M44)

Reviews.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.*

THE witty authors of the "Hustlers' History" are entitled to our sympathies. They shot their bolt before the real quarry came in view, before the purveyors of the "Times" endeavoured to eclipse their previous records by offering to the public, for some ten guineas, the "Historians' History of the World." The title is not entirely satisfactory. There was once a meritorious venture called "The Penny Cyclopædia," and the Tories called Cobbett's "Register" "twopenny trash"; but there were still some titles left which might have suited, and we feel sure that the proprietors cannot have adequately realised the merits of "The Twopenny-halfpenny Cyclopædia" as a description of the contents of these volumes.

Only time and use will teach purchasers the real worth of productions like this. Experience has led the public to value a recent edition of an encyclopædia, which was even more extensively advertised than this history, at (approximately) as many shillings as the pounds for which it was sold. But before purchase the buyer has to rely on advertisements and reviews. One hardly expects an advertisement to tell the truth, and reviewers find it difficult. When a paper depends upon its advertisements, it tries to avoid offending the advertiser, and the lavish advertisement of these cyclopædias acts as a bribe to silence criticism. Some book-buyers, however, and most intelligent readers prefer an independent judgment to advertising puffs, and it may be worth while examining for a few minutes the claims of this compilation to be a compendium of up-to-date historical scholarship.

An imposing array of names decks out the title-page, and is designed to convey the impression that they guarantee the accuracy of the contents of these volumes. That impression is at variance with the fact. These eminent scholars have been induced to write a few pages each by way of introduction to the various sections, but their contributions are an inconsiderable proportion of the whole work, and the bulk of it consists of cuttings from third-rate text-books and antiquated writers selected without judgment and bound together in a loose, disjointed fashion by editorial rubble. The compilers, lacking independent knowledge of the topics with which they deal, are unable to speak authoritatively, and are thus driven to the expedient of counting the heads of modern writers instead of consulting original sources; and of these writers few are entitled to vote. Even when a respectable authority is cited, he is jostled on either side by sciolists, and the real historians are quoted as often on questions of which they had no special knowledge as on questions which they made their own. Take the late S. R. Gardiner, for instance. No one knew the first half of the seventeenth century as he did, and a compilation of this character might justifiably make extensive excerpts from his monumental history of that period. But he would have been the first to ridicule the idea of quoting his little school books as authorities on the early history of England or the sixteenth century. Yet no small portion of these school books is incorporated in these volumes.

Gardiner, however, was a trained historian, and, compared with many of the writers herein cited, he was a specialist even on the Anglo-Saxons. For instance, the first authority quoted on the character of Henry VIII. is Thomas Keightley. This gentleman was a prolific writer, who claimed to have written the best history of Rome in any language, and to have been the first to value at their proper worth both Virgil and Sallust! Such knowledge as he had of Henry VIII. was based upon a perusal of Lingard's "History." Other "authorities" on this subject are Charles Macfarlane, Thomas Thomson, and Charles Knight. Macfarlane was the author of a score of novels and historical compilations, of the feeblest sort, and Thomson was another literary hack. Dozens of writers of this calibre are solemnly cited as authorities on ancient, mediæval and modern history; and after pages upon pages of trash like this it is almost refreshing to find Hume quoted as an

authority on the Tudors, although a little book like Griffet's "Nouveaux Eclaircissements sur l'Histoire de Marie reine d'Angleterre," published in 1766, shows how inadequately Hume availed himself of the original sources which were accessible a century and a half ago. The futility of the whole thing consists in the fact that all these writers wrote long before the publication of the materials upon which all sound criticism of the period must rest. For half a century scores of scholars have been labouring at the publication of calendars of letters, State papers, and other original documents. So far as this pretentious compilation is concerned, their labours and the sums voted by Parliament for the purposes have been wasted; there might as well have been no Record Office publications, no Rolls Series, no Dictionary of National Biography, no Cambridge Modern History.

Occasionally the compilers have lit upon what they call an original authority. One such is the Spanish Chronicle of Henry VIII., which they quote as an authority on the details of Anne Boleyn's case, remarking that "much light has been thrown on the subject" by the discovery of this book. It has indeed. And part of this new "light" is the information that Cromwell took part in the proceedings against Catherine Howard, three years after his death (making a speech which the chronicler reports), and that Henry VIII. married Catherine Howard before he married Anne of Cleves. It requires the editor to equal this, and he does it in a note (Vol. xix., p. 192), where he considers the possibility of improper relations between Lord Seymour and the Princess Elizabeth "when she was eighteen years old," by which time the unfortunate Seymour had been dead three years. Another enlightening footnote (xix., 196) informs us that the Litany of 1544 was "the basis of the late Book of Common Prayer"!

Wherever we turn we find the same tale of reliance upon discredited authorities and ignorance of modern research. The compilers know as little of M. Aulard's work on the French Revolution and Mr. Fisher's on Napoleon as they do of Professor Maitland's and Mr. Round's on the feudal ages. The old errors about Domesday and Magna Carta are all repeated. Holinshed is regarded as an authority on the Norman Conquest, and the criticism of a generation of scholars upon the "Teutonic" view of early English history is ignored. So, of course, are the vast productions of the hundreds of historical commissions in Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Spain, and elsewhere. There is hardly a page of history which has not to be rewritten in the light of these *researches*, and a cyclopædia which incorporated their results would be a real boon to historians. But this compilation is largely a paste and scissors collection of cuttings from works which have long disappeared from the market as damaged goods. If there is an exploded theory it will here be quoted as sound; if there is a book which is out of date it will here be dressed up as the latest authority. The compilers have scavenged in all the dustheaps of history. It is only on its advertisement side that the venture is strong. Investors who have learnt no lesson from past experience are not entitled to sympathy; but a word of commiseration may be spared for the scholars who have suffered themselves unwittingly to be dragged into this company, and have been induced by their meagre contributions to provide a coating of whitewash for this sepulchre of dead reputations and dissolving historical views.

A. F. POLLARD.

A STUDY IN THE HALF SINCERE.*

THE voice of sorrow is always full of significance, whether the note be one of pure regret, or whether it be mixed with shame, physical pain and discomfort, and, worst sting of all, with the remembrance of what might have been and can be no more. Mr. Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" is such a voice, and with the same writer's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is an expression of anguish endured by an unusually sensitive nature, made to suffer almost everything, short of physical torture, that man, with a good or an evil end, can

* "The Historians' History of the World," 24 volumes. "The Times" Office.

* "The Collected Works of Oscar Wilde." Limited Edition. Methuen & Co. 12s. 6d. net each volume.

inflict on his fellows. Neither work is quite original or quite sincere; both are as original and as sincere as it was in Wilde's nature to be. Both, again, are extremely eloquent, and there are, in particular, passages in the "De Profundis" so beautifully written, so musical and so melancholy, that it is hard to imagine a more delicate and yet unforced usage of the English tongue, even at the hands of its greatest masters.

In the present sumptuous edition of Mr. Wilde's works which lies before us some passages excluded from the earlier edition of "De Profundis" have been added to the text. They have no great artistic worth, but they do something to fix the moral value of the entire work. They show that this man of genius without character set himself too high in the world of art and letters. In "that beautiful unreal world," as he called it, he imagined himself "a king." He thought that he had "altered the minds of men and the colour of things," that he had taken the drama, "made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet," and at the same time "widened its range and enriched its characterisation," that he had "awakened the imagination of his century," and "summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram." He compares himself with Byron, who shook a world where he influenced a coterie, owning slight affinity with the large, general movement of thought and feeling.

We must take this pathetic egoism for what it is worth. As a creative artist, in spite of his wit and feeling, his intimate sense of beauty, and his gift of style, Wilde was as inferior to contemporaries or predecessors of the æsthetic school like Ruskin, Burne-Jones, and William Morris as he was lacking in the power of discipline and self-control, the capacity for prolonged, consecutive labour, which test the character and determine the achievement of the art-worker of all ages. In long intervals of his life, which preceded its disastrous close, he was, as he confesses, "a *flâneur*, a dandy, and a man of fashion," surrounding himself with smaller natures and meaner minds until he declined to the base. His contributions to the drama were full of wit and artifice; but, with the exception of the beautiful dramatic poem, "Salomé," they added nothing to its forms, and, in a period of abundant and varied growth, were singularly bare both of ideas and of characters. His poetic gift was much rarer, and it displayed itself even less freely in verse than in the rich and melancholy cadence of this astonishing prose-poem, written in the prison cell, where each sight and sound repelled his fastidious sense, and brought back to him the irrevocable horror of his fall. It says something for the persistence of the artistic spirit that he could write so wonderfully, even when one cannot be sure that he was quite capable of the emotion he seemed to express. Yet it cannot with fairness be said that "De Profundis" is a mere pose, or that the touching recourse of this weak and much erring man to the speech and personality of Jesus was not a veritable impulse of the heart. For, strange as it may seem, many saints of the Christian Church have written less feelingly of its Founder and his spirit than Mr. Oscar Wilde has written. His "De Profundis" professes to trace a slow dawn of light in the soul, a dim recovery from despair and hatred of his kind—the hatred which turns prisoners' hearts to stone. The end was not destined to be achieved; the human material was probably too slight to attain a purpose that could fairly be called heroic. He remained, as he said, "antinomian"; reason, morals, everyday religion, did not appeal to him. But in this unfulfilled pilgrimage Wilde fell upon the study of the four Gospels, and found that they opened to him the other side—not "the sunlit side"—of the garden of life, and yet satisfied his æsthetic consciousness. He found in Christ the image of artistic perfection. "The very basis of his nature was the same as that of the nature of the artist—an intense and flame-like imagination." He wanted sympathy, and he found it. Christ's "morality is all sympathy—just what morality should be." "His justice is all poetical justice—exactly what justice should be." "For him there were no laws; there were exceptions merely." "There were Christians before Christ," he said, wittily. . . . "The unfortunate thing is that there have been none since"—except St. Francis. "He does not really teach one any-

thing, but by being brought into his presence, one becomes something."

"His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of Spring, and quite as natural. I see no difficulty in believing that such was the charm of his personality, that his mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life people who had seen nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of love and found it as 'musical as Apollo's lute'; or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death rose as it were from the grave when he called them; or that when he taught on the hillside the multitude forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this world, and that to his friends who listened to him as he sat at meat the coarse food seemed delicate, and the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odour and sweetness of nard."

Beyond this touching sentimentalism, close to the attitude of the adoring saint, and yet divided from it by a certain self-conscious fastidiousness of feeling and expression, and an inevitable want of moral integrity and simplicity, Oscar Wilde did not go. He looked vaguely for the fortification of his spirit, not so much to Christianity, as to the healing processes of Nature:—

"Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

But Nature could not heal him, for he could not heal himself; he desired rather to be wept over and consoled. To so sick a soul the mighty Mother could only say, "Iusisti satis," and open to him the way of release.

CRITICS FOR SOCIALISM.

I.—MR. H. G. WELLS.*

"ONE word is too often profaned," Mr. Wells might exclaim, "for me to profane it." Socialism, in the popular tumult of a growing Labour party, and the fear of it, has become the centre or rallying point of every kind of imbecile controversy. The author here desires, in plain fashion, to state his point of view: the criticism of present economic conditions, the great hope for some indefinite future, the appeal for effort in order that this hope may be realised. The book is the work of a mind extraordinarily receptive, agile, and inventive, expressing itself through a style of pliancy and strength. The habitual position is here completely reversed. The ordinary Socialist writer has many graces and qualities, but humour is not habitually one of them. He constructs his somewhat stiff picture of a reconstructed world, which is immediately assailed with every weapon of cynicism and ridicule by those who find no difficulty in annihilating a Bellamy "Utopia" or a Morris "Nowhere." Zola, once attacked for lack of laughter in his novels, replied, with some dignity, that an early youth spent in perpetual starvation amid obscurity or obloquy was not helpful to the cultivation of a sense of humour. And the Socialists who shriek and protest at street corners against the accepted order are much in the same position, and could offer much the same apology. Mr. Wells, after some experience of the struggle for existence amongst the lower middle classes, has escaped above it all, with a secure international reputation and a name which is itself an asset to any cause. He can, in consequence, turn with ease and dexterity the weapons of ridicule and biting criticism against the opponents of Socialism. The suggested impossibility of the Socialist future dwindles before the actual impossibility of the individualistic present.

This polemic is, therefore, in the best sense of the word, popular. It is written with a zest and sparkle and apparent delight in the work of impalement and dissection. The accepted jargon of "Surplus Value," "Labour unit," "the nationalisation of all the means of production," "the Social organism," is abandoned in favour of

* "New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. Constable & Co. 6s.

swift and rapid onslaughts upon the critics of Socialism and the advocates of the accepted order. The intellect may revolt against the prophecy of the future: the imagination is stimulated and diverted by the diagnosis of the present.

You may praise, for example, the glories of individualistic development; and Mr. Wells takes you to the South-Eastern Railway, engaged in its congenial work of strangling the enterprises and industries of the fairest of England's counties. The most violent anti-Socialist who lives in Kent will call this writer blessed for his vivacious impeachment of "a combine of two ill-managed and unenterprising railway companies, with no funds for new developments, grinding out an uncertain dividend by clipping expenditure." "A whole rich county now stagnates under the grip of this sample of private enterprise, towns fail to grow, trade flows sluggishly from point to point. No population in the world would stand such a management as it endures at the hands of the South-Eastern Railway from any responsible public body. Out would go the whole board of managers at the next election." Tell him, again, that the middle classes stand to lose by Socialism, and he will show you the middle classes "standing to lose" at present; in the picture, quick and vivid, and at once ludicrous and pitiful, of the small competing tradesman shambling to his inevitable ruin. Of a street in Sandgate he writes:—"I should say between a quarter and a third of the shops are such downward channels from decency to despair: they are sanctioned, inevitable citizen breakers." "This perpetual procession of bankruptcies has made me lately shun that pleasant-looking street, that in my unthinking days I walked through cheerfully enough. The doomed victims have a way of coming to the doors at first and looking out politely and hopefully." As might be expected in the work of a great novelist, all theories and hypotheses become transmuted into concrete illustration. Academic, uncompromising Marxian Socialism thus appears—in a biting piece of description—as "the dusky largeness of a great meeting at the Queen's Hall," with the back of Mr. Hyndman's head moving quickly, and the place "thick but by no means overcrowded with dingy, earnest people," and in the chair "Lady Warwick, that remarkable intruder into the class conflict, a blonde lady, rather expensively dressed, so far as I could judge, about which the atmosphere of class consciousness seemed to thicken." The impression was of "the gathering of village tradespeople about the lady patroness. And at the end of the proceedings, after the red flag had been waved, after the 'Red Flag' had been sung by the choir and damply echoed by the audience, someone moved a vote of thanks to the Countess, in terms of familiar respect that completed the illusion."

There is no mere gush or enthusiasm here, and the man who, despite so restless and critical a mind, can yet preach the Socialistic ideal as the way to better things, cannot be accused of coming to its advocacy in sentimental or vague pity. Even the Fabian Society, with whose policy Mr. Wells is, on the whole, in agreement, does not altogether escape; incarnate (as he finds it) in a "small, active unpretending figure with the finely-shaped head, the little imperial under the lip, the glasses, the slightly lisping, insinuating voice." Yet here, also, there arise "Webbites to caricature Webb" with excessive bureaucratic notions, and a belief that everything can be done without anyone wishing to do it; the disciple "who dreams of the most foxy and wonderful digging by means of box-lids, table-spoons, dish-covers—anything but spades designed and made for the jobs in hand—just as he dreams of an extensive expropriation of landlords by a legislature that includes the present unreformed House of Lords."

"New Worlds for Old" thus stands rather for brilliance of literary distinction than for originality of thought. The accepted argument is that familiar to all those who have studied the meaning of the newer Collectivist ideal: divorced from the extravagance of assertion of the earlier pioneers, from the advocacy of every kind of notion which too impetuous reformers have allied—in the public sentiment—with the vision of an economic change. Mr. Wells unfolds a Socialism in no way incompatible with private property, making towards, rather than away from, individual freedom, giving all that is best in the present in

far more bounteous fashion than is bestowed at the present, in the enrichment of the common life; in no way hostile to, because in no way concerned with, Christianity, the life of the family, the personal expenditure of each solitary taste and fashion. On the sex question, indeed, where this writer has suffered from a more than usually unfair twisting and distortion of his published utterances, he flares out with unusual vehemence of invective, slashing at one traducer after another, until he finishes with "a certain Father Phelan" of St. Louis, "the revolting ideas of whose pulpit eloquence," says Mr. Wells, "were not mine; they came from some hot, dark reservoirs of evil thoughts that years of chastity and discipline seem to have left intact in Father Phelan's soul."

Mr. Wells's demand for reorganisation is the result of an orderly and intelligent mind against the clumsiness and confusion of present things. The appeal is less to compassion than to reason. He gives, indeed, samples of the hideous life which swarms and festers at the basis of modern society, bald catalogues of squalor and ruin culled from unimpeachable investigation. But here it is the waste of it all, as much as the misery of it, which excites him to an impatient revolt. "If Socialism does not increase the total wealth of the community," he readily acknowledges, "Socialism is impossible." He has no belief in some "wonderful Monday morning" when the old order will suddenly give place to the new. Year by year the great change has to be brought about, "now by this socialisation of a service, now by an alteration in the incidence of taxation, now by a new device of public trading, now by an extension of education." He demands no transformation of human nature. He believes when the change is completed that the world will be a better world. He does not believe that it will be a perfect world. "It would be a world and a life," he frankly confesses, "in no fundamental respect different from the world of to-day, made up of the same creatures as ourselves, as limited in capacity if not in outlook, as hasty, as quick to take offence, as egotistical essentially, as hungry for attention, as easily discouraged—they would, indeed, be better educated and better trained, less goaded and less exasperated, with ampler opportunities for their finer impulses and smaller scope for rage and secrecy, but they would still be human." Yet he thinks that the struggle towards this development is "worth while": one of the few things worth while. He does not believe that the change will come automatically or mechanically, but only by a high effort and devotion of intelligent, efficient men and women. "Socialism is hope, but not assurance," the realisation in and through human effort and purpose of that "good will" from which there comes a regenerate world.

FROM COROT TO SARGENT.*

It is, perhaps, inevitable that Mr. Phythian's "Fifty Years of Modern Painting" should recall Professor Muther's well-known work in four volumes, the "History of Modern Painting." The treatment of the subject is similar, maybe necessarily so. The style is also similar, though possibly a little less picturesque; a difference that may be partly accounted for by the fact that Mr. Phythian has had less space at his command. The compression needed in this volume of under four hundred pages must have been enormous. Mr. Phythian, however, has largely discounted the disadvantage of severe compression, and increased the readability of his book, by concentrating on the schools that, in his opinion, matter most during the period under review. The book is mainly a study of two schools—the English and the French. Of the Dutch, Belgian, German, and Austrian he says but little, of the Italian and Spanish still less, of the Scandinavian practically nothing at all. The American painters are treated with slightly more detail in a gallant effort to show that, heterogeneous as the elements of their art may appear, they are united—or will be—by definite national characteristics. It is due to Mr. Phythian to say that he does his best to maintain impartiality in his treat-

* "Fifty Years of Modern Painting." By J. E. Phythian. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

ment of questions that are still being hotly debated, and this is no light achievement. As he observes, critics often take sides violently. The judge of art is nearly always the advocate of this or that style, this or that painter, or country. The present author begins by announcing his intention to avoid prejudice, especially national prejudice, and conscientiously acts up to the announcement. He is, perhaps, a little warm in his criticism of M. De La Sizeranne's criticism of English critics, which jars upon his conception of the *entente cordiale*, extended to matters of art. On the other hand, he is strenuous in controverting Mr. Holman Hunt, who wrote that Impressionism came from Paris, and was tainted with the profligacy of Parisian life. He will have no insular bias nor Continental imagining of vain things.

He has done well to lay emphasis on French art. Paris during the nineteenth century was the centre to which the eyes of artists in other capitals and countries turned. Parisian painting was the mainspring of that of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and, in a lesser degree only, of the German States and America. We, too, learned much from the same source. But, whereas the other countries gave back little or nothing in the way of artistic benefit for what they got, England to a certain extent repaid her debt in kind. The art relationship between France and England is a tale of action and reaction. Constable and the Norwich School did much to influence the Romantics of Barbizon, as the French themselves acknowledge. French impressionism, the logical development of that school, opened up undreamt-of possibilities for English painters, particularly landscape painters. These are the two main movements, the ebb and the flood from and to our shores. There were minor movements. Pre-Raphaelitism influenced one or two French artists—Cazin, for example. Our classical school, the school of Leighton, Albert Moore, Poynter, may have learned something from the conservatives on the other side. We need not, however, attempt to estimate the obligation. The establishment, then, of the relationship between English and French art, is one of the chief aims of Mr. Phythian's book. With this is intimately bound up the question of Japanese influence, set free to operate by the opening of the treaty ports in 1853, which has affected the art of both countries to an almost equal extent. A second and not less important aim of the book is to demonstrate the far-reaching importance of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. This, of course, has been done very often before. Mr. Holman Hunt has written volumes upon the subject. Mr. Phythian himself has devoted a book to it. It looms large in every biography of every contemporary British painter. Mr. Phythian cannot, and does not, add anything fresh to our knowledge of it. Yet a full and clear statement of its phenomena and their meaning are as necessary to a book of this character as are print and paper. The movement, or rather the main tendency it embodied, is virtually the *fonds et origo* of all British art during the last half century. How much more it means than Millais, Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Phythian makes abundantly clear.

With many of Mr. Phythian's findings on individual artists we are in cordial agreement, but a few are rather too nebulous to be convincing. Thus "Rossetti stands alone in having expressed himself with great, and not greatly unequal ease and power, in both poetry and painting." The truth of this equality is more than doubtful; and Mr. Phythian casts doubt upon himself and ambiguity upon the reader by remarking, a few lines further on, "Technically his painting was inferior to his poetry." Of Jean François Millet he says truly that he "painted the life of the fields in all its stern simplicity," but thinks that Corot far excelled him in craftsmanship. Corot was essentially a painter by temperament. Millet was a draughtsman. Their excellences lay in separate fields. To censure Millet for inferior craftsmanship in painting is to blame him for not being Corot. Mr. Phythian's criticisms on living Academicians may be described as those of an admirer of the New English Art Club and should cause some innocent entertainment. We notice one or two errors of fact. Eugène Carrière did not die in 1896, but in 1906; and, to the best of our knowledge, Mr. A. L. Baldry is no longer a member of the New English Art Club, as stated, having left the Club six or seven years ago. The book is excellently illustrated.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

MRS. THURSTON's new story sets the critic moralising anew on the supreme difficulty of art. The practical man smiles when he is told that to conquer and rule a province is a small achievement in comparison with the creation of a perfect work of art such as Velasquez's "Philip II." Ask the botanist, however, to create the perfect image of a leaf in wood or wax, and he will tell you it is impossible. So to mirror the infinite subtlety of life by a picture or novel is a task susceptible of infinite degrees of delicacy. The "plain man" neither perceives the difficulty nor comprehends the achievement. Here in Mrs. Thurston's novel, he will say, is a picture of a Waterford solicitor's household, with the main situation between Stephen Carey, the husband, his wife Daisy, and Isabel, the young girl with whom he falls passionately in love. What is there difficult in that? The answer is that this "simple" situation is highly complex, when you come to look into it, and that it includes a thousand aspects, all depending upon a variety of meaning, minute touches. If each touch be obvious, then we have a commonplace novel: if false or exaggerated, then we have a bad novel. But as the subtleties of human life and character are limitless, so, too, the fineness of perception in an artist ranges from the zero of mediocrity to the perfect vision of a Velasquez. The "plain man," thinking only of art as an amusement, fails to grasp that to reveal the meaning of life, and present it æsthetically, through the illusion of art, is a feat which competes with Nature on her own ground. But he may comprehend it better if he realises that on the ladder of art, as on the ladder of life, there is "plenty of room at the top."

The position that "The Fly on the Wheel" occupies, on the rungs, may be indicated by saying that it is lifted well above the mediocre, but is beneath the original pieces of art. While honest and interesting, it is not distinguished by any marked artistic depth or subtlety of outlook. But the novel is to be welcomed, for every honest analysis of life helps to supplant the false standards raised on high in the market-place.

Stephen Carey, a Waterford solicitor, at the age of thirty-eight, finds himself in a secure position, with a good practice, comfortable means, a pretty, commonplace wife, and three small sons. Saddled in youth with heavy responsibilities, bequeathed to him by a bankrupt father, Carey, a man of forceful character and good brains, has had to carve out his own career unaided. But the price he has paid for doing his duty is the sacrifice of his ambitions. He has had in youth "big dreams," but tied down to the petty routine and restricted horizon of life in a small provincial town, he realises bitterly that he will never get his head free from the collar. He has "had to conform in every way," he has been forced to marry for money, and even his work is not what he would have chosen had he been free to go out into the big world, with the struggle and excitement of playing for big stakes.

At this point in his life Carey is suddenly thrown across the girl Isabel Costello, who has just returned from Paris, where she has become engaged to his young brother, Frank. Frank Carey is a weak youth, absolutely dependent for funds on his brother, while studying abroad as a doctor. Carey forbids the match, as quite impracticable: Frank has no prospects for years to come, and the solicitor determines that he will cut off the young man's allowance, if he is such a fool as to encumber himself with a penniless wife. But, the same week, Carey meets Isabel at a local dance, and he realises that in essential womanhood, in the charm of her passionate vitality, she is all that he has wanted, all that he has missed and lost for good when he married the doll-like and narrow little Daisy. The success of the novel certainly lies in the character-drawing of Isabel, this passionate, proud, and vital nature, which is mixed of Irish recklessness and "the beat of warmer blood" inherited from a Spanish grandmother. Mrs. Thurston indicates with not a little delicacy, how the man and the girl are fated by nature to fall in love, and how at the touch of Carey's forceful temperament the image of Frank in the girl's heart fades into insignificance. She has, in fact,

*"The Fly on the Wheel." By Katharine Cecil Thurston. William Blackwood. 6s.

engaged herself to Frank, not because she loves him, but because she is eager to feel her own inner forces. She wants excitement, glamour, "fire or sun, battle or ecstasy," but now she realises that Stephen Carey is the man, and that Frank is just a shadow of his brother. Carey, by his swift masculine anger, in sweeping Frank and his wishes aside, has fascinated the girl, and with feminine subtlety she comes to him unexpectedly and gives up Frank. Man-like, he is touched and grateful, and fails to perceive that she is doing it to draw him, insensibly, to her own side. A good example of the absolute precision of touch that Mrs. Thurston fails to reach in one passage, and succeeds in achieving in another, is afforded us in two successive pages:—

"Mr. Carey," she said, the nervous note of tense excitement thrilling in her voice—"Mr. Carey, why do you treat me as if I were a sort of enemy? Why do you speak to me as if I was trying to bring Frank back to ruin, just out of spite? Why have you never asked me to break off with him as—as a sort of favour—as a sort of kindness?"

She looked down at him, her finger-tips resting on the desk, her face brimming with expression.

"Why haven't you ever thought that I might do it to help you—to please you?"

Carey glanced up. "I suppose I only know one way of getting things."

She threw back her head. "And you think women like that way?"

He was silent. It did not come to him to tell her that all his life he had commanded, not asked of, women.

"Don't you think if you had asked, things might have been different?"

"I never ask."

"Ask now!" The words were almost a whisper—a whisper in which he could hear the catch and quiver of her breath.

He twisted round in his seat. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say. Ask now!"

Native suspicion ousted the surprise in his face. "I don't like being made a fool of!"

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"... As for compliments, I can't pay them, I can't pay them, but I'd like to ask you to forgive me for—a lot of things; and I'd like—I'd like, if it's possible, to be friends."

Her glance, quick and warm, flashed to him. "You're sincere when you say that?"

"Yes. I am."

She held out her hand in a swift, free gesture. "Then I'll go. I wanted to say it. Good-bye!"

He took her fingers in his hard, strong grasp.

"Good-bye! And thanks!"

This was their parting. No promise of a future meeting, no suggestion of all that was yet to come. A favour given, a favour received; a clasp of the hands, and an inarticulate sense of mutual understanding.

The reader will have perceived, from the first quoted passage, the awkwardness and unnaturalness of the girl saying openly to the man: "Why haven't you ever thought that I might do it to help you—to please you?" If she had been clumsy enough in feeling to say this, Carey would have at once been placed emotionally on his guard. He would have subtly resented it, and she would have had to retrieve, later on, this false step. In the second passage, however, the analysis does not err. The root of her nature is conveyed in a line, "her glance, quick and warm, flashed to him. 'You're sincere when you say that'"; and the parting waits on the right note of "their inarticulate sense of mutual understanding." The reader will, however, perceive that, even though the fineness of nature be caught, here and there, in the analysis, there is little artistic individuality in the rendering. Hundreds of novelists might treat the situation thus, while, in a subtle or exquisite piece of art, we are always conscious of a special manner of creation. As complex, indeed, as the fleeting expressions of a living face are the fine shades implied in a work of the creative imagination.

We must apologise to Mrs. Thurston for taking her novel as an illustration of the fineness of quality necessary to a true artistic achievement. Let us hasten to add that she has created several living figures of no little interest. Carey's sister-in-law, Mary, always watchfully ready to wound others, and keen to resent any slight, is cleverly observed. Mary's hostility to Isabel when Carey has made his colourless wife, Daisy, invite the girl to join them in the country, of course brings the two into complete unison. Man is fire and the woman is tow, as the proverb says, and the night comes when Carey throws all restraint aside, and tells the girl who has kindled his one deep passion, "Then,

by God, I'd go down to hell for you!" We confess that when Carey said this we suspected a false note. Either he is possessed by the thought of her and all rhetoric is far from him, or else he is the emotional Celt of fiction or of fact, and he will eat his own words. And the final scene, in which Father James, the altruistic priest, brings Carey to the renunciation of his love and to going back to his life with the wife he does not love, is not particularly convincing. Nor do we believe in Isabel's suicide on the last page. It is a clever piece of effective stage management; it is, in a manner, impressive; but it annihilates all that she stands for—her scorn, her fierce pride, her independence of soul. The reader may, however, be here asked to send for "The Fly on the Wheel," and decide the delicate questions raised by it for himself.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE late Mr. Albert Pell, who for many years represented South Leicestershire in Parliament, left behind him a volume of memoirs which Mr. Thomas Mackay has prepared for publication and issued under the title of "The Reminiscences of Albert Pell" (Murray, 15s. net). The book makes delightful reading, full of racy anecdote, and marked throughout with the stamp of a sturdy, genial, and rather original temperament. A country gentleman of the old-fashioned type, Mr. Pell had many of the prejudices of his class, but a strong vein of common sense saved him from being the dupe of party phrases and formulas. Though he regarded himself as a Conservative, his political opinions, says his old friend Mr. Bryce, who contributes an interesting "Appreciation," might be best described as half Tory, half Radical. The two subjects he was most interested in were the Poor Law, which he wished to see severely administered, and agriculture, of which he had the knowledge of a specialist. The interest of his reminiscences does not, however, lie so much in what he has to tell us about these questions as in the glimpses he gives of the social conditions which have long since passed away. "Born in 1820," he says, "now over eighty-six years ago, time has carried me through many changes; from tallow candles, snuffers, and rushlights to electric glare; from the tinder-box and brimstone matches to lucifers, . . . from the hobby-horse to the bicycle; from the Margate hoy and waterman's wherries to the excursion steamer, Thames tunnel, and tubes; from Vauxhall Gardens to the Crystal Palace; . . . from the twopenny postman and eightpenny letter to the halfpenny postcard and the telephone; . . . from the sale of our wives to the Divorce Court; from paving-stones to wood and asphalt; from the cesspools to sewers; from the black gown to the surplice; from Tate and Brady to Hymns, Ancient and Modern." He writes about all these and other changes with humour and vivacity. Indeed, it would be hard to find a more entertaining chronicle of the Victorian era than these pages furnish. Every line bears the impress of Mr. Pell's breezy personality, and even Whigs, philanthropists, and Church advocates of what he called Eastward Ho! practices—three classes against whom he had a strong prejudice—will smile as they read the anecdotes in which they are held up to ridicule. Mr. Mackay contributes an excellent introduction, in which some characteristic "Pelliana" are recorded.

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To many readers the account of the fortunes of the Jewish population in this country, given by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson in his scholarly "History of the Jews in England" (Chatto & Windus, 4s. 6d. net.) will be something of a surprise. We are so accustomed to think of them as having undergone so great a degree of persecution, that it is difficult to grasp the idea that there have been periods in our early history when the Jews were not merely tolerated but encouraged. Such a period existed during the reigns of the first three Norman Kings, when the Jews performed the functions of a middle-class, then lacking, and held a useful and even honoured place in the machinery of commerce. William Rufus went even to the length of compelling Jews who had been converted to Christianity to return to their original faith. The early persecutions seem to have been

due to envy, excited by the wealth which rapidly became accumulated in Jewish hands. The Church, too, threw its influence on the side of intolerance, and the outburst of fanaticism coincident with the Crusades gave rise to those horrible massacres which disgrace the history of England and of every European nation. Henceforth we see continual alternations of prosperity and persecution, until in 1657 Cromwell granted the right of unrestricted residence, as a result of the efforts of that champion of the Jewish cause, Manasseh ben Israel. Then followed the protracted struggle for the full rights of citizenship, which only ended in 1866. Mr. Hyamson's narrative is written with impartiality and care. It is a useful contribution, not only to Jewish history, but to the history of England as well.

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"To help the reader to understand why he feels that some towers are nobler than others, and to appreciate all towers more truly from a knowledge of their architectural history," is the object which Mr. E. Tyrrell Green, who is Lecturer in Architecture at St. David's College, Lampeter, has set before himself in "Towers and Spires: Their Design and Arrangement" (Wells, Gardner, Darton, & Co., 10s. 6d.). He has certainly furnished the reader who has no special knowledge of architecture with a pleasant volume, which will probably stimulate his interest in that study. Towers and spires have a fascination for most people, and Mr. Green begins by a well-written account of their origin, and a discussion of the main purposes which they have served. He then traces their development through the different periods of architecture, down to the eighteenth century, and ends by chapters on some details of design, and on the position and arrangement of towers. An excellent feature is the series of illustrations, which are well produced, and have been chosen with great care. Most of the drawings are of towers in Great Britain, but examples from Ravenna, Siena, Rouen, Louvain, Bonn, and other Continental cities are included. There are also two maps, one of the Saxon churches in England, and the other showing the distribution of building material in England and Wales.

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THE Northern Territory of South Australia has hitherto received more attention from romancers than from historians. We believe that it was in this region that De Rougemont performed his famous turtle ride and other feats, the tale of which was received with an unwarranted scepticism. The country has been "discovered" a long time. Its coasts were first sighted in the sixteenth century. The first Englishman to visit it was Dampier in the seventeenth century, and in 1814 was published Captain Flinders' book, "Voyage to Terra Australasia." To add to our stock of information about this queer, dark continent comes Mr. Alfred Searcy's commodious volume "In Australian Tropics" (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Searcy spent fourteen years at Port Darwin, in the north-west corner, as a sub-collector of customs. He was sent there in 1882 to enforce the tariff levied, two years previously, against the Malay owners of proas engaged in trading and fishing, and when he left for a more civilised spot in 1896, he carried with him a huge store of entertaining reminiscences, which are now embodied in the book before us. His encounters with the Malays and the Myall aborigines furnish exciting reading. Solid information is provided on the geography and climate, the industries and pleasures, the flora and fauna of those parts. His tales of rats that display an undesirable familiarity, of cockroaches that nibble one's toe-nails, of white ants that can bury a man unawares, of alligators, and of a human species that clothes itself with a strap and a revolver, will be read with all the avidity that the unusual provokes. The "native question" is difficult of solution here as elsewhere, and—as usual—it is complicated by cosmopolitan scoundrelism, the fruit of the fusion of the dregs of many races. Drink and knavery make dark streaks in the side of a narrative that is otherwise light and gossipy. The writing is quite unprofessional; incident follows incident without any unbusiness-like expenditure of words, and the story is embellished with recondite phrases of Colonial slang, as used by persons who "irrigate" when they drink, and talk about empty bottles as "dead marines." Withal, it never pretends to anything more literary, and the absence of affectation gives

it a freshness and a value of its own. Mr. Searcy's estimate of Port Darwin as a place of residence seems to be that it is the right place for the right man. He admits that it has all the disadvantages of a tropical country without some of the compensating advantages of the eastern tropics; but he claims for it a certain magnetic fascination, and intimates that a common-sense method of life will keep the European alive. He forecasts, moreover, a future for the port as a strategic base. The book is illustrated with some interesting photographs.

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THE excellent handbook by Mr. G. W. Eve, on "Decorative Heraldry" (George Bell, 6s. net), which was first issued eleven years ago, has now attained the dignity of a second edition. One may recall that the author treats his subject mainly from the artistic standpoint; but he has a sound knowledge of its scientific side, and his second chapter, entitled "A Primer of Heraldry," gives information on terms and technicalities which is valuable to all save the most advanced students. The origin, development, the decay and modern revival of the art, are traced with surprising thoroughness considering the limited space at the author's command.

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THERE is something for regret as well as for approval in the new "Municipal Year-Book" (Edward Lloyd, 7s. 6d. net). It now appears well-nigh double in size and price. While one welcomes much of the additional matter, one cannot help regretting that this useful annual has now passed out of the circle of popular hand-books and attained to something like the solemn dignity of an official encyclopædia. Everything bearing any relation to municipal life has been squeezed within its thousand pages, from the working of the Allotment Act to the latest profits from water and tramway services. The work of all the municipal corporations in the Kingdom is detailed. By the inclusion of the smaller authorities, like urban and rural councils and joint boards, the "Year-Book" can now claim to be the most comprehensive guide to the work of our local authorities published. The new sections include specimen fair-wage clauses, inserted by public bodies in their contracts. First place is given to that of the London County Council, though the "Year-Book" ought not to have classed that body in the section under the head of municipal corporations. We are told that the London County Council fair-wage clause provides that the contractor shall pay his workmen rates of wages not less than the rates "stated in the schedule hereto." Surely it is a serious omission not to give a typical schedule. Or, failing a schedule, the reader ought to be told that the principle on which the schedule is drawn up stipulates that the wages shall be those agreed upon by associations of men and masters, and in practice obtained. This is an important principle, and one that the Labour Bench at the London County Council, under the leadership of the present President of the Local Government Board, had a keen struggle to obtain. Another new section relates to Dock and Harbour Boards. This section is also deficient, in that it does not give the tonnage dues, but simply the total sum the dues yield. What would have been particularly serviceable to the municipal world this year, in view of the Government's promised legislation on the Port of London, would have been a list of the varying rates per ton charged at British ports. A contrast with Continental port charges would have made the list doubly valuable. These omissions notwithstanding, the "Municipal Year-Book" is invaluable to members and officials of local governing bodies.

* * *

WE have received from the Great Western Railway a number of guide-books dealing with the districts to which the company's trains give easy access. The books are prettily illustrated from photographs and old prints, and they contain much information which will be useful to those who are choosing a place in which to spend the Easter holiday. "Historic Sites and Scenes in England" is a little volume which, though intended for the use of American visitors, can hardly fail to interest other readers as well. The books are issued at the low price of threepence each.

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WESTMINSTER

The Week in the City.

WITH the Bank rate reduced to 3 per cent. the period of easy money has commenced. This will help business men and stimulate enterprise. But recuperation will be slow. Trade and employment are still on the down grade, as the "Labour Gazette" unfortunately shows, though we are still doing wonderfully well compared with either the United States or Germany. In the States the commercial depression has just begun to mend; but progress is likely to be very slow, and the era of commercial failures and receiverships is not yet over. Several of the German bank reports make very unpleasant reading, and the losses of the Dresdner in Canada and elsewhere have awakened sharp criticism in Berlin. Here cheap money has not yet stimulated activity on the Stock Exchange, and the flood of new issues is causing anxiety. As I anticipated, there is not much new capital forthcoming, and the demand for new loans, even at tempting prices, is not keen. The attempt of the directors of the Chartered Company to raise money by a sort of lottery loan was unsuccessful. The underwriters were saddled with 96 per cent. of the San Salvador issue, and many of the new creations are at a discount. People are wondering how and at what price debtor nations like Russia, Turkey, and Germany will get their accommodation. I hope that the pecuniary embarrassments of Constantinople, which are now acute, may lead to the adoption of Sir E. Grey's scheme for Macedonia. Relieved of the Macedonian deficit, the Sultan would be in funds, and he might even be able to find money for the Germans who have contracted to build the new bridge across the Golden Horn. They have been waiting two years without being able to find anything in Turkey to mortgage. As for Russia, her financial position is inscrutable, as usual. The only thing certain is that large sums will be required to keep the Czar's Government in being. The amount will, of course, depend on the military and naval expenditure. If this shows expansion, a further depreciation of Russian credit will occur. Japan is also in some straits. Many small bank failures are reported from Kobe and Osaka. The Government's attempt to nationalise the railways seems to have broken down for want of funds and administrative capacity, and there is talk of a European syndicate to take over the lines. There has been similar talk about the Russian railways. It would be a curious sequel to the Russo-Japanese war if the railways of both countries fell into the hands of foreigners owing to the impoverishment of national capital.

MEXICAN MINERALS.

I am amused to read in a Mexican paper the following "special dispatch," dated Chihuahua, February 27:—

"H. Lawrence Read, a noted mineralogist of Australia, has arrived here. He comes with special mission from the British Government, to study the mineral resources of Mexico. He has visited the mining exhibition, expressing surprise at the variety and richness of the samples displayed. 'If I could send this collection to London,' he said, 'a great number of English business men and miners would come to Mexico and invest their money in mining enterprises.'"

I should advise investors to be very careful not to embark money in Mexican mining ventures, however much surprise may be expressed by noted mineralogists at the variety and richness of Mexican samples. Mexico, no doubt, has been making great progress under the wise rule of President Diaz; but the country is at present suffering from a banking crisis, and there are still many elements of risk and instability. It is obvious, however, that French, American, Canadian, and English financiers are busy preparing to work up a Mexican boom, and we shall probably hear more about "mining samples."

A CANADIAN MORAL.

Perhaps would-be investors in Mexican mines may like to be reminded of a Canadian incident suggested by the report of the Granby Consolidated and the passing of the dividend at the beginning of this month. The Granby Consolidated hails from British Columbia, and everyone concerned in mining and financial undertakings will remember the boom which took place in mining in British Columbia about twelve years ago. For a time everyone talked of the wonders of the Rossland camp and various other would-be

mining sections of the Western Province. Scores of mines were organised and floated; mining exchanges were started in Montreal, Toronto, Rossland, and other interested places; and for months interest was diverted from the regular stock exchanges to the mining exchanges. Price fluctuations were enormous, and sensational fortunes were made and lost. But when the boom collapsed, as a Montreal paper reminds us, nothing was left to the holders of the stocks save the certificates. Of the scores of mines floated upon the market, those which are operating to-day, or which are worth much more than the cost of printing the scrip, may be counted on one's fingers. In the Rossland camp a few consolidated groups of mines are still operating. In other parts of the province a few lead and other mines are struggling along. "Granby Consolidated is probably the only copper proposition which has gone straight ahead from the time of its organisation, and has never experienced a really severe set-back." But even that has now been forced to pass its dividend.

AMERICAN RAILWAY NOTES.

A New York contemporary pointed out the other day that, during April, maturing note and bond issues and instalments due on stocks will call for more than \$1,000,000 every day, the grand total being \$33,435,100. The principal note issue, \$6,000,000 Rock Island 4½ per cent. collateral trust gold notes, has been provided for, Messrs. Speyer & Co. having arranged for their extension for another year at 6 per cent. interest. Erie's financial future is still causing concern, but during the last few days a more cheerful view seems to have supervened, and a good judge of affairs in New York tells me that he considers the possibility of a receivership to have been discounted. No important obligations fall due between now and April 1st. The list for next month is:—

NOTES.					
Rock Island 4½s	\$6,000,000
Erie Railroad disc.	5,000,000
Norfolk and Western equip	300,000
St. Louis and San Francisco equip	154,000
Total	\$11,454,000
BONDS.					
Great Northern 5s	\$4,700,000
Am. L. and T. 3½ per cent. instalment	500,000
New England Tel. 6s	500,000
New Haven 4s	66,100
Total	\$5,766,100
STOCK INSTALMENTS DUE.					
Great Northern 5s	\$3,000,000
Northern Pacific, 12½ per cent.	11,625,000
Soc. stock, 20 per cent.	840,000
T., C. and I., 20 per cent.	750,000
Total	\$16,215,000
Grand total	\$33,435,100

So far as can be judged, trade is beginning to improve a little in the United States, especially in the West, and when the importation of commodities revives (as it soon must) railway traffics ought to recover. In that case genuine investments in good American railway stocks will probably turn out well, though, of course, there may be set-backs.

RAILWAY RECEIVERSHIPS.

The receivership for the Western Maryland made the seventh railroad in the United States that has confessed bankruptcy since January 1st. Including the Western Maryland, the mileage involved is 6,842. This is by far the worst showing made since 1893. Practically all the roads (we are reminded by the "New York Evening Post") that failed fifteen years ago remained in the hands of receivers until severe readjustment of fixed charges had been made. In some cases it was a question of months; in others of years. A table gives the list of failures for 1908:—

	Mileage.
Seaboard Air Line	1,474
Chicago Great Western	2,821
Macon and Birmingham	97
Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton	435
Chicago, Cincinnati, and Louisville	283
International and Great Northern	1,149
Western Maryland	583
Total Mileage	6,842

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SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1908.

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Diary of the Week.

THE wording of the later bulletins on the Prime Minister's illness has quickened the universal and keen sympathy on his behalf. It is a relief to know that he suffers no pain, and bears his disablement with the tranquil courage and unvarying sweetness of temper which are his characteristics, and which endear him to those who have the happiness to serve him or to be in personal relationship with him.

* * *

WE observe that the "Times" of this (Friday) morning deals with the technical difficulty as to re-election which might arise if Mr. Asquith were to be called on to undergo a change of offices, and to combine the headship of the Government with the post of the First Lord of the Treasury or of Chancellor of the Exchequer. We deprecate these speculations, but it is clear that if at any later period a change should occur, the considerations which would arise would be political no less than mechanical. It would be necessary to consider the general balance of forces in the Government. Clearly the more advanced section could not suffer in any such arrangement. It would be natural, for example, to say that, if Mr. Asquith relinquished the Chancellorship, it would be at the disposition of the most distinguished personality in the Cabinet, and that, if Mr. Morley declined it, the claims of the President of the Board of Trade could not well be ignored. There is the further point of the introduction of fresh blood, and of Mr. Churchill's long-contemplated and well-deserved promotion to Cabinet rank.

THE Peckham election has resulted in the return of Mr. Gooch, the brewers' candidate—we can hardly describe him as a Conservative or a Unionist—by a majority of 2,494—slightly larger than that which Mr. Goddard Clarke secured at the General Election. The Conservative poll, indeed, was very nearly doubled. The contest in 1906 was not entirely political, for this highly Conservative constituency was aggrieved by the rejection by the House of Lords of the Bill carrying the Southern tramways over the Thames. But if the contest of two years ago was unusual, the battle of last Tuesday was unprecedented. The constituency was swept from end to end by a mass of outside campaigners and almost buried beneath a shower of posters and pictorial appeals. The politics were, in the main, those of the public-house; but coalowners, suffragettes, racing tipsters, and the Tariff Reform peripatetics also lent their aid. Every tavern was an informal committee-room for Mr. Gooch, and the narrow streets, with their rows of orators on tubs, looked and sounded like Epsom course on a race day. The "Morning Post" complains of the "excesses" of the publicans' party, but the tactics succeeded. The suffragettes claim, rightly or wrongly, a share of the success, with a view, doubtless, of building up a claim of gratitude on a coming Conservative Government. Their tactics are bold, but we are afraid that their identification with the liquor trade ends the hope of a Liberal Suffrage Bill.

* * *

THE proper answer to the Peckham election was given in a firm speech by Mr. Lloyd George at a mass meeting of temperance reformers at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday night. Naturally, no Administration could yield to a virtual demand on the part of "the trade" to turn its "expectations" in the matter of licences into a freehold interest, planted for ever on the community. Mr. George denounced "the trade" as equally powerful, unscrupulous, and ruthless. Peckham was only the opening of the fight, which would be sustained without flinching until the Government and the party had seen it through.

* * *

BOTH the Primate and the Bishop of London are standing firm in support of the Licensing Bill, in spite of the hostile action of the minority of the episcopate, led by the Bishops of Manchester and Chichester. The Archbishop of Canterbury repels the threats of "the trade" against the Church, and says that "it is difficult to conceive of any course of action less likely to influence our opinion." He added that in principle the Bill gave effect to the policy of the Church of England Temperance Society, but hinted at "more generous" terms in regard to the time-limit. The general machinery of the Bill, he insists, is also in harmony with the temperance propaganda of the Anglican Church.

* * *

WE have not seen in the Press a neater exposure of one side of the bellowing attack on the Licensing Bill than that which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the novelist and playwright, contributes to the "Daily Telegraph." It runs as follows:—

If—as we are solemnly assured—the closing of public-houses will not diminish drinking, why should

the brewers and their shareholders object to the bill? In other words: If the breweries, through the medium of the 60,000 public-houses to be left standing, are going to sell precisely the same amount of liquor—some enthusiasts say more—as they now get rid of through the present medium of 90,000 houses, what in the holy name of dividends have the widow and the orphan to complain of? It seems to me that, according to their own showing, the bill is going to save the owners of tied houses some 33 per cent. of their working expenses without lessening by a penny piece their takings. I have put this point before our local "Committee for the Promotion of True Temperance Reform" (temporary office at the Blue Lion), but they do not seem to know the answer.

* * *

THE Duke of Devonshire died on Tuesday at Cannes in his seventy-fifth year. His work in politics was done, for the Liberal-Conservatism for which he stood has almost ceased to exist. He had three chances of the Premiership—first, as an alternative to Gladstone in 1880, and, secondly and thirdly, as the head of the Unionist combination. He would have accepted the first opportunity if his great rival and the Liberal Party had been willing. The other two he declined. He was a man of loyal but rather stubborn temper, having little sympathy with the two statesmen whom he alternately supported and opposed—Gladstone and Chamberlain. His moral strength, which was great, lay in the sincerity and unity of his mind and character. Mr. Asquith said truly that no other public man enjoyed such full measure of general respect, and that this was due largely to his "tranquil indifference to praise or blame." It was also the tribute to his very English temperament and his great position. Mr. Balfour thought that the Duke was "the most persuasive speaker" he had known, largely because he told his hearers the "processes of his mind" as well as their results. Lord Rosebery added the further criticism that the Duke's aim was always to arrive at "the kernel of the matter," and that men so truthful formed the "glory of their country."

* * *

THE Parliamentary Commission, representing the chief members of various parties in the Belgian Chamber, have accepted the new Colonial Law, which regulates the government of the Congo State, and have assented to annexation to Belgium. The law has been improved since its first draft, but, even as it stands, it maintains the most serious abuses of the Leopold Administration, and Sir Edward Grey is being strongly pressed to declare his disapproval of it.

* * *

ON Tuesday Prince Bülow made his long-expected declaration on foreign policy. His attitude to France over Morocco was friendly, with a touch of ice in it, and he treated the episode of the Tweedmouth letter with great discretion and good temper. The form of the Kaiser's letter was private, its contents political, but the assertion that the Emperor desired to influence British armaments was an "absolutely unwarranted misrepresentation." The British Fleet was many times stronger than the German, and "British world-supremacy" (a large phrase) should be guaranteed as British statesmen thought fit. Prince Bülow hinted that the Emperor had expressed his pride in his post of Admiral of the British Fleet, and his fondness (which is well known) for British life. Why should there be a "reckless and malicious" campaign in England against Germany and Germany alone, considering her purely defensive attitude on the naval question?

* * *

THIS week has yielded a semi-official Austrian pro-

nouncement on Sir Edward Grey's proposal for the appointment of an independent Governor of Macedonia, and an oblique criticism by Prince Bülow. The Austrian *communiqué* finds the scheme impracticable, among other reasons because the Great Powers could not give the Sultan a territorial guarantee against the encroachments of the Balkan States. Prince Bülow cannot approve "dangerous innovations" which would "imperil the sovereignty of the Sultan, and thus provoke Turkey and her Mohammedan population to extreme resistance." This ignores the fact that members of the Concert could not take a more effectual way of inviting Turkey to resist a proposal than themselves condemning it beforehand. The Macedonian situation seems now to be that the Müritzsteg programme is dead. But Sir Edward Grey's bold and statesmanlike proposal is alive, whatever the Austro-German coalition may do. A strong address of support has been signed by over one hundred members of the House of Commons, and English public opinion is practically unanimous in its favour. Italy and France will probably develop support of it.

* * *

THE London County Council Moderates appear to have got more than they bargained for in the report by Messrs. Peat & Pixley, chartered accountants, on the Progressive tramway accounts. The origin of this remarkable document is to be found in the charges of "cooking," "rigging," and "faking" the tramway accounts which the present majority brought against their opponents at the last County Council election. The auditors lay down three principles:—

(1) They regard the capital spent by the Council in the acquisition of the horsed lines as a "loss" because some of those lines are now superseded by electric traction, and they contend that this "loss" should be written or paid off at a more rapid rate than is provided for under the Council's statutory obligations;

(2) They suggest that the renewals reserve fund is £77,000 short; and

(3) They demand that the tramways shall be charged with a larger proportion of the cost of street improvements, although they avoid stating how much that proportion should be.

The auditors' recommendations are accompanied by so many qualifications that it is quite impossible to estimate the amount of new liabilities which would be thrown upon the tramways accounts in the event of the suggestions being adopted. As, however, the "loss" on the horsed lines is placed at a million sterling, it is clear that those liabilities would be so great that they could only be met by increasing the tramway fares or by making a demand upon the rates.

* * *

THE principle that superseded assets are a "loss" that ought to be written off or repaid without delay is absolutely novel in municipal and company finance. In the present case it is assumed that when the London County Council purchased the tramways it merely acquired old iron rails and worn-out rolling-stock. The fact that the Council at the same time acquired the freehold of the streets for tramway purposes—itsself an asset which a well-known tramway engineer was willing to rent at the colossal sum of half a million a year—is ignored. Judged by the commercial standards which Messrs. Peat & Pixley wish to apply to the tramway accounts of the London County Council, very few tramway enterprises belonging to private companies are in a satisfactory financial condition. The superseded plant value of the Metropolitan Electric Company is set down in the Board of Trade returns at £219,200; the avail-

able reserves, apart from repairs and renewals, are *nil*. The Swansea, Gateshead and District, South Staffordshire, Spen Valley, and the Wakefield and District Companies return their superseded plant values at amounts ranging from £3,500 to £102,900. Their available reserves at the date of the last Board of Trade returns were *nil*. What would happen to these and many other companies if they were suddenly called upon to return these superseded plant values to the shareholders? The municipalities, as a matter of fact, are in a much sounder position than private companies in regard to this matter, as, by means of their annual sinking fund payments, they are paying off their debts at a comparatively rapid rate.

* * *

TAKING, for example, the six municipalities of Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Bradford, Manchester, and Sheffield, and comparing them with the six companies of Blackpool, Dudley, Gateshead, the Metropolitan Electric, Swansea, and Wolverhampton District, we find that, whilst the former have sinking funds amounting to £126,000, only one of the companies named has a sinking fund at all, and that is represented by the trivial sum of £1,500. The startling propositions contained in this report have created a sensation in financial circles. Their reception by the London County Council Moderates was amusing. After bestowing upon them a shy and half-hearted blessing, the Chairman of the Finance Committee on Tuesday explained that the recommendation on superseded assets could not possibly come into operation until all the horse lines are electrified. As this is not likely to happen for ten years at the rate at which the Moderates are reconstructing, the present majority will presumably continue to conduct tramway finance on Progressive lines.

* * *

THE American Fleet has reached the Pacific coast, with no greater loss than the shedding of its commander, Admiral Evans. It is to return by the Suez Canal, and to visit Australia on its way. The Australian invitation has been ingeniously countered by the Japanese Government, for Japan has likewise issued an invitation which, after a little hesitation, the United States Government has accepted. The situation is not without its humour, though it is a little difficult to see what America is getting from this expensive and elaborate parade. When it was first announced, the official explanation was that the only object was a purely naval exercise, but President Roosevelt has just been telling M. André Tardieu of the "Temps" that he had two reasons—first to drive a love of the navy into American heads, and second, to show the Powers the might of the United States. In his faith in "the big stick" in International affairs, President Roosevelt is very like his friend the Kaiser.

* * *

THE intimacy of the relations between Church and State in Austria is being illustrated by the dispute now raging round Professor Wahrmund. Professor Wahrmund is Professor of Canon Law in the legal faculty of Innsbrück University, and he delivered some lectures, afterwards reprinted, in which he criticised, with some touches of not over fine irony, Catholic doctrines. The Papal Nuncio, therefore, requested his dismissal, on the ground of heresy, and by the manner of doing so raised another and quite different conflict with the Foreign Office. The Nuncio's request has been met by a protest from the Senate of the Vienna University against a step which would subject the Universities to

clerical control. Professor Wahrmund, it should be noted, is a professor in the legal, not the theological, faculty, and since the denunciation of the Concordat the Papacy has no formal rights over University education; but a large section of the Reichstag and several Ministers would apparently dismiss the Professor had not the Nuncio indiscreetly provoked conflict with the Foreign Minister.

* * *

SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN, who died on Tuesday at the age of seventy, like his more famous colleague, Lord Cromer, with whom he more than once exchanged offices, had a mixed Indian and Egyptian career. Its most famous passage arose from his appointment as English Comptroller of the Egyptian Debt. He showed great personal courage during a turbulent phase of the Arabi movement, when he stood by the Khedive's side and urged him to be firm before the soldiers, and he was one of the most powerful personal factors in the hardening of British power in Egypt. He was unsympathetic to the national movement, and developed similar tendencies in his later Indian career as Finance Minister and Lieutenant-General of the North-West Provinces.

* * *

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, whose death at Beaulieu was reported on Wednesday, saw fifty years of public service, chiefly in the administration or inspection of prisons. He was a disciplinarian of the kind approved by the late Sir Edmund Du Cane, to whose period of authority at the Home Office may be traced the more rigid characters of the present system of penal servitude. "Your punishments seem rather severe," said Mr. Secretary Cross to Major Griffiths at Millbank. "I have found that severe punishments pay best, sir," was the answer. It was Major Griffiths who was mainly responsible for the building of Wormwood Scrubs, and this was a difficult task, cleverly and tactfully performed. The builders were almost all long-sentence men, whose terms were coming to an end, and, to borrow an historic phrase, they "behaved splendidly." In 1877, the year in which the Government took the prisons over from the local justices, Major Griffiths was made an inspector, and this office he held till his retirement in 1896. A voluminous writer, a little careless in his style, and not unassailable as to facts, he has left two works of very fair value—the "Memorials of Millbank," and, more especially, the "Chronicles of Newgate." He had a wide personal popularity, a bright youthfulness long after he was sixty years of age, an esoteric knowledge of the art of dining, and uncommon gifts as a raconteur.

* * *

THE Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours opened this week. So far as we can judge, the number of exhibitors who have nothing to say, and no particular skill in saying it, has slightly increased; otherwise the character of the collection is the same as that which has sufficed for the Society for some years past. A drawing of some importance is shown by Mr. Dudley Hardy in his "Toil—Pas de Calais," where he renders a crowded seashore scene under a silvery effect of storm and rain, and imparts to it an animation and a sincerity which are not so apparent in his smaller works in the too modern Dutch manner. Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. James Orrocl, Mr. R. Talbot Kelly, and Mr. W. Rainey, among the older members, and Miss Frances Drummond, Mr. A. Van Anrooy, and Mr. A. C. Gould, among the unattached, help to raise the standard. The humorists, unfortunately, are disappointing this time.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ANSWER TO PECKHAM.

WE can understand the tempered spirit with which the reputable section of the Conservative Press surveys the dubious blessing of the Peckham election. If, during the next year or so, the art of electoral appeal is to be summed up in a poster embroidered with the simple device, "Bung for Blanktown!" and a warning that "Your beer will cost you more," the conduct of political forces may present some difficulties. Who can say that even "Tariff Reform" has benefited by the Peckham election? We doubt whether the bulk of the men who returned Mr. Gooch to Parliament gave half-an-hour's thought to it, or troubled themselves to understand even the coarser fallacies of its propagandists. The issue was largely focussed on a single personal habit of the people, and was directed by the trade which profits by it. Other forces, bearing similarly on intimate facts in the lives of the very poor—the rise in the price of food, the possibility of a rise in the price of fuel, as the result of a shorter day for a favoured body of fellow-workers far away in the coal-fields of the midlands and the north—worked together in a kind of lime-light electioneering, under which the bewildered inhabitants of mean streets saw the familiar necessities and comforts of their daily lives being visibly snatched away from them. The moral of such a contest is psychological as well as political. To great masses of people, only the simplest, barest statements, or mis-statements, of fact, pictorially and dramatically set forth, appeal. They cannot think things out. When, at long intervals, they are brought to consider political questions, the hard drive of daily experience, the need for cheap food, the fear of unemployment and old age, the rent, the evening gossip at the public-house bar, obviously bulk largely in such judgment as they are able to exercise. It is not surprising, therefore, that when a threatened interest, strong in its contact with the lives of the poorest, comes down on a constituency like Peckham, with its money, its blatant talk, its selfish fears disguised as cheap morality, its blare of noise and profusion of colour, thousands should be swept off their feet. Such a campaign is too like many of the newspapers they read, the entertainments they frequent, the songs they sing, the catchwords they delight in. Serious folk may weep over such a display, and cynical observers may laugh at it. But it is a factor in modern politics, especially in so feverish and light-minded a community as London, and Liberals and social reformers must make the best and not the worst of it.

We are bound to add that the very worst use that the Liberal Party and the Liberal Government can make of such an event as the Peckham election is to be frightened at it, or so to deflect its policy as to widen the breach between it and the poorer classes of voters. That is certainly not the moral either of the General Election or of the political situation to-day. We won in 1906 on cheap food and social reform. We lost in Peckham on a cry of dear beer, dear fuel, and unemployment. That

is no reason for abandoning a just and reasonable measure of social improvement, in which the interests of the workers and of the whole community are deeply concerned. If "the trade" thinks that the Government will capitulate to it at the first skirmish, and allow it to plant its interests in the centre of our political life, it is gravely mistaken. The occasion is one rather for cementing, if possible, the union of religious leaders in the Church and in Nonconformity which the attitude of the Bishops on the Licensing Bill has brought about, for calling on men of good-will to stand together to prevent the depravation of politics, and for asking the Labour Party to remember that the spirit and the forces that prevailed at Peckham are not less hostile to them than to the Government, and will be used to dissipate or weaken their movement at the General Election. But to talk, as, for example, the chief Liberal Whip talks, as if Socialism were the enemy, when, as a matter of fact, the peril is plainly revealed to be the too great power of wealth in this country, and the too weak resistance of the people to its influence, is to go straight against the signs of the times. Much that the Government proposes stands aloof from average working class experience, or only touches it by interfering, for purposes of the public good, with its prejudices or its routine. And on other questions, such as unemployment, its tone has been far too negative.

Happily, there is one point in its programme which closely touches such issues as were raised in the Peckham election, and that is old-age pensions. Here is something tangible, something that goes to the heart of working-class experience, and appeals not only to the compunction of the well-to-do classes, but also to the most pathetic need, the most melancholy and irretrievable failure, in the civilised State. Those who have surveyed the working of the system of pensions in New Zealand testify to the instant effect it produces on the imaginations of the work-people. It operates both as a sensible relief of wages, and as a sign that the State has some care and thought for its humbler servants. Some such softening and ameliorating influence is especially desirable at a moment when the Government has to defend a scheme like the Licensing Bill. That measure should greatly raise the standard of working-class comfort and self-respect. But it may easily be misrepresented as an undue interference with personal habit, and these descriptions of it, coming from thousands of public-house keepers, compelled to obey the orders of "the trade," have their weight. The people have therefore to learn that this measure proceeds from friends anxious to redeem the large promises made at the election of 1906, and acquainted with the deeper anxieties of the workman's life. Even the Peckham election, with all its perversity, shows that a party which means, if it wins, to cut down the purchasing power of wages will be overthrown as soon as it is found out. If the Government can effectually dramatise the capital point of their social policy, Protection may never get its chance.

THE LAST OF THE CONSERVATIVES.

WE shall not pay the late Duke of Devonshire the conventional tribute of saying that he was a great Liberal statesman, and that the party of progress in politics is the poorer by his death. "Was he ever a Liberal?"

Gladstone, his master and, happily, his successful rival, once asked of him, and it argues little comprehension of the Duke's eminence and public usefulness to assign to him qualities and opinions which he did not possess. For a good part of his career he was in nominal union with the Liberal Party; for another long period he was actively dissociated from it; for a short closing phase he was reunited with it on the single issue of Free Trade. But in all these aspects of his public life, he remained essentially the same man, maintaining a consistent attitude. In the Liberal Opposition of the late seventies, he stood as the moderating force to Gladstone's personality and humanitarian sympathies. Had the party willed it, he would, quite properly, and with no breach of personal loyalty to his old chief, have assumed the lead of the Government of 1880. In that Government he was the steady foil to Mr. Chamberlain's democracy, resisting not merely Home Rule, but the moderate and plausible compromise of a National Irish Board. In the third period he accepted, in alliance with the organised mass of Conservative voters, just so much of Tory democracy as would suffice to kill Home Rule and stay the Radical advance. When this phase of British politics was thoroughly worked out, and Imperialism began to wane, the Duke again stood in the breach to avert a quick change to a Protectionist State, called for by the statesman whom he most disliked and distrusted. Such a record makes a singularly well-rounded career, firmly and truthfully conceived. But it is the career not of a Liberal, but of a Conservative, perhaps of the last of our Conservative statesmen. Each step in it was consistent with its predecessor. The Duke of Devonshire began and ended as a Unionist Free Trader; above all, as a Moderate, holding to fixed points in his creed, interpreting them literally and without bigotry, but also without imagination. In this steadfastness and simplicity of view he was distinguished from all his contemporaries, from Gladstone, the humanitarian; from Chamberlain and Churchill, the demagogues; from Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, at once reactionary and opportunist.

The Duke of Devonshire's career is a remarkable example of the way in which our aristocratic system tempers the course of British politics. It is impossible to say that the Duke was a man of great intellect; it was possible to hear his worst speeches, though not his best, and to conclude that his endowment was small. But we quite understand Mr. Balfour when he says the Duke of Devonshire was the most persuasive speaker he had ever heard. It would be hard to determine what part of this quality of persuasiveness was due to force of character and integrity of mind, and what he owed to his great wealth and his position as the head of a family long connected with the ancient art of politics, and to the self-confidence and self-respect, the long start on the spacious ways of life, that such an association secures. No other modern country owns such an aristocracy, or now puts it to such uses. Is it an asset to be despised? Were there not moments, for example, when it was very fortunate that the country possessed an aristocrat like the Duke of Devonshire as a make-weight to "men of the age," of the type of Mr. Chamberlain? Would not France and the United States, for

example, be glad to possess such a type, and to draw on it in periods of instability in their national life? There is something to be said for this view. Old countries look to leaders from the old types and families, and will take from them what they will not accept from younger growths. But we doubt whether on the whole democracy benefits by them. With all his individuality of view and personality, the Duke of Devonshire did a good deal of quiet obstruction of progress. He stopped the settlement of Ireland. He greatly delayed the shaping of the old Whig-Liberal Party into an efficient instrument of democracy. His personal leadership of that party was singularly unfruitful. It promised no advance in conceptions of international politics which Gladstone secured. It was entirely indifferent to social questions, and must have ended, had it been prolonged, in a complete severance of the two wings of the party, or in an early and triumphant rise of Socialism.

The Duke of Devonshire's best contribution to our politics was, indeed, that which derived directly from his character. This was simple and honest, and it was joined to a good, if slow, intellect. He did not shine as a man of action in the emergencies in which quicker minds like Gladstone (whose conversation he "could not understand"), Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour sometimes plunged him. He took time to think, and the event flowed past him. But when he recovered the full use of his powers, he became a formidable, massive, and determined opponent. During the Free Trade controversy, the full value of an intelligence that would not, and, indeed, could not, be hurried or coerced was apparent. Steadiness in a sensational time serves the business of fair and right Government. Mr. Balfour truly said that the processes of the Duke's mind, which was singularly candid, were discernible in his speech, and gave a marked impression of his sincerity. This was the secret of his considerable moral force with his countrymen. Not without a tinge of class selfishness, he could also think and feel for the nation as a whole, and could thus justify its belief in the honesty and public spirit of its leaders. He was, indeed, close to a phase of its mind, and was, as many have called him, a rather typical Englishman. He comforted the slow and the timid, and kept them attached, even loosely, to a form of Liberalism. He had conscience, and at three decisive periods of his life he kept his ambition, which was not inconsiderable, in marked subordination to his view of the public interest. As he saw truth he pursued it. It is only when we compare his figure with that of the leaders of mankind, even in the devious course of political action, with Lincoln, with Cavour, with Cobden, Gladstone, or even Peel, that we are sensible of the want of imagination which, as we sum up his character and life, fix him in a rank behind that of the greatest. No powerful mind conceives a society like ours as stable or as insusceptible of large, even of vital, change. The Duke of Devonshire stood as still as he could in a world that moved rather fast.

THE REBELLION OF NATAL.

No one acquainted with the ways of Natal politicians will feel surprised that Mr. Moor, the Premier, should designate questions put by members of the Imperial

Government relating to the extraordinary state of affairs in that Colony as "damnable interference." But it is full time to realise the strange and unprecedented constitutional doctrine which underlies the recent conduct and claims of the Ministry of this self-governing Colony.

Last September the Natal Government, alleging that Dinizulu, the paramount chief, was engaged in fomenting rebellion, applied for the use of Imperial troops to assist in arresting him, and in repressing the resistance which, they asserted, was likely to be offered by the Zulu tribes. Lord Elgin, holding that no sufficient case for armed repression was made out, refused Imperial troops. At the beginning of December, however, the Governor, urged by his Ministers, proclaimed martial law in Zululand and North Natal, and moved up Colonial troops. Dinizulu, who had never shown the least intention to resist, and who, quite recently, had submitted of his own accord to an informal investigation, surrendered at once, and no single action on the part of Zulu chiefs sustained the charges brought against them. It is not alleged that any resistance was anywhere encountered, in spite of the provocation afforded by the removal of Dinizulu by armed forces. But, though no state of warfare arose, martial law was maintained, a number of arrests were made, many natives were flogged, and other acts of violence were perpetrated. Only last week Cakojana, against whom lies a charge of complicity with murder, and who had surrendered voluntarily at Pietermaritzburg, was sent back into the area of martial law to be subjected to the brutality and illegality of a court-martial. Dinizulu, who, on the urgent representations of the Imperial Government, was to be allowed a trial in the ordinary court, has been precluded from preparing his defence by the refusal of the Government to allow his legal representative free access to documentary and other evidence inside the area of martial law.

More serious, however, is the recent announcement of Mr. Moor that the Ministry intend to retain martial law until the Natal Parliament has met and an Act of Indemnity has been passed. This Act they will then remit to the Imperial Government, claiming a formal ratification, as they did two years ago. It is in the light of this avowed intention that we must read the language of Mr. Moor about "damnable interference." If the Natal contention is correct, a self-governing Colony is free at any time to throw off all those restraints and guarantees of order and justice imposed and accepted in her Constitution, and to revert to the methods of military anarchy, calling upon the Imperial Government to endorse, as a mere matter of form, the legal whitewash which the Colonial Legislature is compelled to give. Were the Imperial Government to accept this view, no security for life or property would remain for the subject race. For example, it was provided in the Annexation Act of 1897, by which Zululand passed under the control of Natal, that no grants of land should be made without the approval of the Crown. But if no limits are set upon the illegalities under martial law which a self-governing Colony is permitted to include in its indemnity, what is there to prevent the use of this convenient

instrument to promote the land-grabbing policy which in Natal, as elsewhere, underlies so much of the native policy? In a word, it is impossible for the Imperial Government to accept the view of Mr. Moor without abrogating entirely the responsibility of Empire. If Lord Elgin is correct in holding that in the declaration of martial law the Governor of a self-governing Colony is bound to act on the advice of his Ministers, this serves only to throw into stronger relief the responsibility of the Imperial Government in the ratification of the Act of Indemnity. It is to this action that the questions in our House of Commons are directed. But it is abundantly clear that no such questions will serve to enable our Government intelligently to perform its duty of learning the meaning of the Act it will be called upon to ratify. At present all specific questions put by our Government to the Natal Ministry are treated with contumely. Why not? Two years ago a "bogus" rising, repressed with immense slaughter and gross barbarities, was taken quietly over here, and the testimony of the actors as to the necessity of the crimes committed under martial law was accepted without cross-examination. Why not a second time? The Natal theory that martial law is to continue, not as long as the internal conditions of disorder which justify it, but until all the acts involved are duly legalised, is, of course, fatal to any intelligent endorsement on the part of the Imperial Government. For, as the case of 1906 shows, the whole period of the operation of martial law can never come within the purview of the Imperial Government. After the Natal Government had passed the Act of Indemnity and sent it over here, they still claimed to apply martial law, and did, in fact, try and condemn the Zulu chief Tilonko under this procedure. In a word, the claim of Mr. Moor amounts to this—that Natal shall be at liberty to declare and to maintain a state of anarchy just as long as she likes, and still, after issuing an Act of legislation, both retrospective and prospective, ask our Government to sign it blindfold.

Now we do not hesitate to describe this as a monstrous proposal. We urge the Imperial Government to lose no further time in making it quite clear to the Natal Ministers that they will not be guilty of any such dereliction of a plain Imperial duty, and that before signing any Act of Indemnity they will insist upon a full and impartial inquiry into the necessity of the original declaration of martial law, its continuance over so long a period, and the operations during the whole time it remains in force. The Natal Government should be given to understand that, until the report of this impartial inquiry has been received and considered, our Government will not consider the question of ratifying an Act of Indemnity; and the Governor should be urged to represent to his Ministers the propriety of postponing the trial of Dinizulu until this inquiry, which would open up large tracts of evidence relevant to this trial, has been completed.

The recurrence of these disorders in Natal and Zululand, and our total inability to extract from the Colonial Government any sufficient explanation of them, render the immediate appointment of an Imperial Commission of inquiry a matter of grave urgency. The experiment

of granting full self-government to a Colony where 22,000 white electors control the destinies of more than a million coloured people was precarious from the outset. These repeated confessions of her inability to apply the ordinary methods of civilised government would warrant the Imperial Government in reconsidering the advisability of leaving the country to the mercy of a Constitution which, on the acknowledgment of those responsible for working it, so frequently breaks down.

THE END OF A WAR-SCARE.

It is at last possible to speak of the friction between the United States and Japan in the past tense. The Japanese Government, with diplomatic magnanimity, has addressed, and the United States Government has not less wisely accepted, an invitation to the American fleet to visit Tokio. Thus happily ends a disagreement which, during the last eighteen months, has sent more than one disquieting shiver through East and West alike. The forebodings which greeted the voyage of the American fleet to the Pacific were not solely of American origin. If they had been, it would have been easy to dismiss them. The Americans have not yet matured to the point of discussing their external problems with the moderation which is one of the marks of moral self-possession. There is, indeed, no subject that excites them so quickly to outbursts of hysteria and unreason. But in this case Europe, too, watched the developments of the dispute between Washington and Tokio with an unmistakable nervousness, and was not unnaturally inclined to read into the sudden transfer to the Pacific of practically the whole of American sea-power something more than a mere warning of sinister possibilities. These apprehensions were never, perhaps, quite warranted by a cool study of the facts. To begin with, it could not be said that the voyage of the American fleet had an exclusive connection with the issue between the Japanese and American Governments. To regard it, indeed, in that light is to miss a good part of its significance. Its true explanation is to be sought in the extraordinary changes that within the last decade have depressed the Atlantic and correspondingly elevated the Pacific in the balance of America's political interests. Since the expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico, since the happy revolution in Anglo-American sentiment, and since the growth of the American navy has rendered the Monroe Doctrine virtually unassailable, it is scarcely too much to say that the menace of war has been dissipated along the whole length of the Atlantic seaboard. But simultaneously with this appeasement of their more pressing anxieties in the ocean that washes their Eastern States, the Americans have acquired a new set of interests and responsibilities in the Pacific. They have annexed Hawaii; they have bought the Philippines; they have taken a stake in the destinies of China; they have found in the Orient markets whose value they are inclined, if anything, to over-estimate; and they have felt the reflex action upon their commercial and political interests of the swift march of Japan to the hegemony of Asia. It was inevitable that these develop-

ments should sooner or later react upon the distribution of American sea-power. The United States could not indefinitely continue to accumulate interests in one ocean while her fleet remained stationed in another.

We take, therefore, the cruise of the American battleships to be at bottom a consequence of the events which have transformed the United States into a Far Eastern Power and have accustomed her people, always ready to expand their notions of world-policy, to think that their external problems embrace both oceans, and that their trade, possessions, and prestige demand, in the Pacific, as well as in the Atlantic, the visible guarantee of the nation's willingness and ability to protect them. The event has justified those who argued that the voyage of the fleet, with its ultimate implication of a powerful and permanent squadron in the waters of the Pacific, should be considered apart from the issue of Japanese immigration. Whether it would not have been better to postpone it to a period when it was less liable to be misinterpreted is still, however, another question. We think ourselves it would, but it is clear that among the many influences that have urged the United States to assert herself in the Pacific, the immigration difficulty cannot claim an exclusive place. Moreover, the dispute itself, so far as it concerns the United States and Japan, has at no time been really crucial. It has been complicated by injudicious handling at Washington, by the intricacies of the American political system, and by the hectoring heedlessness of American journalists and politicians; and it has taken on a certain importance as part of a far wider problem which will undoubtedly one day demand the best thought that East and West can give it. But taken by itself, it was never of sufficient gravity to justify talk of war. The Governments of the United States and Japan soon came to see eye to eye on the fundamental point at issue. That is to say, both countries, though for different reasons, were equally desirous of reducing Japanese immigration into America to the lowest possible figure. The Americans do not want it at all, and the Japanese want to divert it to their spheres of influence on the Asiatic mainland. The Mikado's Government undertook some months ago to deflect the stream of emigration away from California. The American Congress, less courteously and with doubtful legality, empowered the President to forbid the passage of Japanese labourers from Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, and the Panama zone to the United States proper. It is true that these expedients may fail to achieve the desired result, and that a more drastic and, no doubt, a more offensive remedy may have to be sought. But nothing can alter the fact that the difference between the two Governments is in reality not one of aim but of means and manners.

Within the limits of this difference, however, there is still room for a certain amount of friction and ill-will. We may fairly postulate it as one of the fixed elements of the situation that the Americans are bent upon excluding Japanese labourers from their shores. If the restrictions on emigration voluntarily imposed by the Mikado's Government prove effective, well and good. But they are highly unpopular in Japan, and, we should say, very difficult to enforce. In the event of their breakdown, the Americans will probably have recourse either to a Treaty or an Act of Congress. To a Treaty, Japan, on the score of dignity and of existing rights, will not agree; and a discriminatory Act of Congress she will undoubtedly, and with reason, resent. But there is a wide gap between resentment and war. The worst, we think, that can happen is that the arrival of the battleships off San Francisco may powerfully stimulate the anti-Orientalism of the Pacific States, and that the Californian representatives will press forward, and Congress will ultimately adopt, a measure specifically prohibiting Japanese coolie immigration. But, quite apart from the fact that foreign labourers, and Americans among them, are already excluded from Japan, and that the practical effect of an Exclusion Act would, therefore, be to

equalise the policies of the two Governments, the developments we have sketched can hardly result in a rupture of the peace. Japan needs, above all things, a generation of freedom from outside complications. She has enormous tasks on hand in Korea and Manchuria; she has to consolidate her political position in China, to lay the foundations of a vast Oriental trade, and to husband her resources with a frugality of which spend-thrift Europe has almost lost the sense. Is it conceivable that her prudent statesmanship would jeopardise so bright a prospect by plunging into a war in which defeat would mean ruin, while victory would serve no direct national interest—a war waged to compel the United States to receive Japanese immigrants on an equality with whites? Such a conflict may come one day, but not now. Nor are the guarantees of peace less binding on the American side. The first condition of American security in the Pacific is friendship with Japan. Without that friendship not only the Philippines, but the whole future of American commerce in the Far East, are exposed to the peril of a permanent instability.

These are facts which the visit of the fleet to Tokio will pointedly emphasise; and the more clearly they are grasped, the greater becomes the assurance of peace and sanity.

Life and Letters.

COMFORT.

THEY lived in a flat on the fifth floor, facing a private park on one side, and on the other, through the branches of an elm tree, another block of flats as lofty as their own. It was very pleasant living up so high, where they were not disturbed by noises, by scents, or by the sight of other people—except such people as themselves. For, quite unconsciously, they had long found out that it was best not to be obliged to see, or hear, or smell anything that made them feel uncomfortable. In this respect they were not remarkable; nor was their adoption of such an attitude to life unnatural. So will little Arctic animals grow fur that is very thick and white, or pigeons have heads so small and breast feathers so absurdly thick that sportsmen in despair have been known to shoot them in the tail. They were, indeed, in some respects not unlike pigeons, a well-covered and personable couple. In one respect they differed from these birds—they had no wings, they never soared. But they were kindly folk, good to each other, very healthy, and with every wish to do their duty in the station to which they had been called. They had three children, a boy and two little daughters, who were all of them plump, and healthy, and good-looking. And had the world been made up entirely of themselves, their like, and progeny, it would—one felt—have been Utopia.

At eight o'clock each morning, lying in their beds with a little pot of tea between them, they read their letters, selecting first—by that mysterious instinct which makes men keep what is best until the end—those which looked as if they indicated the existence of another side of life. Having glanced at these, they would remark that such and such seemed a deserving sort of charity; that so and so, they were afraid, was hopeless; and it was only yesterday that this subscription had been paid. These evidences of an outer world were not too numerous; for, living in a flat, they had not the worry of rates with their perpetual reminder of social duties, even to the education of other people's children; the hall porter, too, would not let beggars use the lift; and they had set their faces against belonging to societies, of which they felt that there were far too many. They would pass on from letters such as these to read how their boy at school was "well and happy"; how Lady Bugloss would be so glad if they would dine on such a day; and of the awful weather Netta had experienced in the South of France.

Having dispersed, he to the bathroom, she to see

if the children had slept well, they would meet again at breakfast, and divide the newspaper. They took a journal which, having studied the art of making people comfortable, when compelled to notice things that had been happening in a cosmic, not a classic, sort of way, did so in a manner to inspire a certain confidence, as who should say: "We, as an organ of free thought and speech, invite you, genteel reader, to observe these little matters with your usual classic eye. That they are always there, we know; but as with meat, the well-done is well-done, and the underdone is underdone—for one to look too closely at the other would be peculiar, not to say subversive of the natural order of the joint. This is why, although we print this matter, we print it in a way that we are sure will enable you to read it in a classic, not a cosmic, spirit."

Having run their eyes over such pieces of intelligence, they turned to things of more immediate interest, the speeches of an Opposition statesman, which showed the man was probably a knave, and certainly a fool; the advertisements of motor cars, for they were seriously thinking of buying one; and a column on that international subject, the cricket match between Australia and the Mother Country. The reviews of books and plays they also read, noting carefully such as promised well, and those that were likely to make them feel uncomfortable. "I think we might go to that, dear; it seems nice," she would say; and he would answer: "Yes! And look here, don't put that novel on the list, I'm not going to read that." Then they would sit silent once again, holding the journal's pages up before their breasts, as though sheltering their hearts. If, by any chance, the journal recommended books which, when read, gave them pain—causing them to see that the world held people who were short of comfort—they were more grieved than angry, for some little time not speaking much, then suddenly asseverating that they did not see the use of making yourself miserable over dismal, sordid matters; it was sad, but everybody had their troubles, and if one looked into things, one almost always found that the sufferings of others were really their own fault. But their journal seldom failed them, and they seldom failed their journal; and whether they had made it what it was, or it had made them what they were, was one of those things no man knows.

They sat at right angles at the breakfast table, and when they glanced up at each other's cheeks their looks were kindly and affectionate. "You are a comfort to me, my dear, and I am a comfort to you," those glances said.

Her cheek, in fact, was firm and round, and rather pink, and its strong cheekbone mounted almost to the little dark niche of her grey eye. Her hair, which had a sheen as though the sun were always falling on it, seemed to caress the top curve of her clean pink ear. There was just the suspicion of a chin beneath her rounded jaw. His cheek was not so strong and moulded; it was flat, and coloured reddish brown, with a small shining patch of special shaving just below the side growth of his hair, clipped close in to the top lobe of the ear. The bristly wing of his moustache showed sandy-brown above the corner of his lips, whose fullness was compressed. About that side view of his face there was the faintest suggestion that his appetites might some day get the better of his comfort.

Having finished breakfast they would separate; he to his vocation, she to her shopping and her calls. Their pursuit of these was marked by a direct and grave simplicity, a sort of genius for deciding what they should avoid, a real knowledge of what they wanted, and a certain power of getting it. They met again at dinner, and would recount all they had done throughout that busy day: What risks he had taken at Lloyd's, where he was an underwriter; how she had ordered a skirt, been to a picture-gallery, and seen a Royal Personage; how he had looked in at Tattersall's about the boy's pony for the holidays; how she had interviewed three cooks without result. It was a pleasant thing to hear that talk, with its comfortable, home-like flavour, and its touching reliance on a real sympathy and understanding of each other.

Every now and then they would come home indignant or distressed, having seen a lost dog, or a horse dead from heat or overwork. They were peculiarly affected by the sufferings of animals; and covering her pink ears, she would cry: "Oh, Dick! how horrible!" or he would say: "Damn! Don't rub it in, old girl!" If they had seen any human being in distress, they rarely mentioned, or, indeed, remembered it, partly because it was such a common sight, partly because their instincts reasoned thus: "If I once begin to see what is happening before my eyes all day, and every day, I shall either feel uncomfortable and be compelled to give time and sympathy and money, and do harm into the bargain, destroying people's independence; or I shall become cynical, which is repulsive. But, if I stay in my own garden—as it were—and never look outside, I shall not see what is happening, and if I do not see, it will be as if there were nothing there to see!" Deeper still than this, no doubt, they had an instinctive knowledge that they were the fittest persons in the State. They did not follow out this feeling in terms of reasoning, but they must have dimly understood that it was because their fathers, themselves, and children, had all lived in comfort, and that if they once began diminishing that comfort they would become nervous, and deteriorate. This deep instinct, for which Nature was responsible, made them feel that it was no real use to concern themselves with anything that did not help to preserve their comfort, and the comfort of those they were likely to be breeding from, to a degree that would ensure their nerves and their perceptions being coated, so that they literally could not see. It made them feel—with a splendid subtlety which kept them quite unconscious—that this was their duty to Nature, to themselves, and to the State.

Seated at dinner, they were more than ever like two pigeons, when those comfortable, home-like birds are seen close together on a lawn, looking at each other between the movements of their necks towards the food before them. And suddenly, pausing perhaps with sweetbread on his fork, he would fix his round light eyes on the bowl of flowers before him, and say: "I saw Helen to-day, looking as thin as a lath; she simply wears herself to death working down there. Such a pity! She'd be quite good-looking!"

When they had finished eating they would go downstairs, and, summoning a cab, be driven to the play. On the way, they looked straight before them, digesting their food. In the streets the lamplight whitened the wet pavements, and the wind blew impartially on starved faces, and faces like their own. Turning to him a little suddenly, she would murmur: "I can't make up my mind, dear, whether to get the children's summer suits at once, or wait till after Easter." When he had answered, there would again be silence. And as the cab turned into a by-street, a woman, with a shawl over her head and a baby in her arms, would pass, perhaps, just before the horse's nose, and turning her deathly face, mutter an imprecation. Throwing out the end of his cigar, he would say quietly: "Look here, if we're not going abroad this year, you know, it's time I looked out for a fishing up in Skye." Then, recovering the main thoroughfare, they would reach their destination.

The theatre had for them a strange attraction. They exulted beneath its roof a peculiar sense of rest, like some man-at-arms would feel in the old days when, putting off his armour, he stretched his feet out in the evening to the fire. It was a double process that produced in them this feeling of repose. They must have had a dim suspicion that they had been going about all day in armour; they must have known that here, and here alone, they would be really safe against gaunt realities, and naked truths; they must have felt that nothing here could possibly assail their comfort, since the commercial value of the piece depended on its pleasing them. Everything would therefore be presented in a classic, not a cosmic, spirit, suitable to people of their status. Dimly they must have felt all this; but that was only half the process which wrought in them this sense of ease. For, seated side by side, their attentive eyes fixed on the stage, the delightful thrill

of "seeing life" would come; and this "life"—that was so far removed from life—seemed to bring to them a blessed absolution from all need to look on it in other forms.

And they would come out, subtly inspired, secretly strengthened. And whether the play had made them what they were, or they had made the play, was another of those things that no man knows. Their spiritual exaltation would take them to their Mansions, and elevate them till they reached their door.

But when—seldom, luckily—their Journal was at fault, and they found themselves confronted with a play subversive of their comfort, their faces, at first attentive, would grow a little puzzled, then hurt, and lastly angry; and they would turn to each other, as though by exchanging anger they could minimise the harm that they were suffering. She would say in a loud whisper: "I think it's a perfectly disgusting play!" and he would answer: "So dull—that's what I complain of!"

After a play like this they talked a good deal in the cab on the way home, of anything except the play, as though sending it to Coventry; but every now and then a queer silence would fall between them. He would break it by clucking his tongue against his palate, remarking: "That play's left a beastly taste in my mouth!" And she, with her arms folded on her breast, would give herself a little hug of comfort. They felt how unfairly this play had taken them to see it. So wonderful their instinct for keeping harmful things away, so beautifully thick the feathers on their breasts!

On evenings such as this, before going to their room, they would steal into the nursery—she in advance, he following as if it were queer of him—and, standing side by side, watch their little daughters sleeping. The pallid radiance of the night-light fell on the little beds, and on those small forms so confidently quiet; it fell, too, on their own watching faces, and showed the faintly smiling, soft, proud look about her lips, over the feathered collar of her cloak; showed his face, above the whiteness of his shirt front, ruddy, almost shining, craning forward with a little, pleased, and puzzled grin, which seemed to say: "They're rather sweet; how the devil did I come to have them?"

So, often, must two pigeons have stood, looking at their round, soft, grey-white young! Then, turning, they would touch each other's arms and point out a tiny hand crumpled together on the pillow, or a little mouth pouting at sleep, and steal away on tiptoe.

In their own room, standing a minute at the window, they inhaled the fresh night air, with a reviving sense of comfort. Out there, the moonlight silvered the ragged branches of the elm tree, the dark block of Mansions opposite—what else it silvered in the town, they fortunately could not see!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE NEW ELECTIONEERING.

Two separate elements are responsible for the new electioneering. The one is the presence of the city crowd—especially the London city crowd—which cares far more for fun and excitement than for political principles. The other is the plunge into the electoral struggle of all kinds of adventitious agencies, fomenting enthusiasm for their own causes, either as a means of directly influencing the actual contest, or as occupying a fruitful field for propagandism. The result of the two combined was the conversion of a respectable London suburb into a delirium. Peckham for a week became pandemonium. We have laughed in good-natured contempt at the methods of electioneering adopted in America, where the political differences between Republican and Democrat have almost ceased to exist, but where concerted howlings and yelpings, Bengal lights and fireworks, prolonged cheering, maintained for two hours without a break, and every evidence of an organised hysteria are utilised as arts for the triumph of one side or the other. Much the same psychological influences are being exercised in the electioneering crowd to-day. For this week of frantic demonstrations every evening an appreciable

percentage of London's four million inhabitants poured into the streets of Peckham. They surged up and down the narrow ways, chaffing each other, cheering the candidates, keen, alert, glad each to find himself in the heart of a London crowd. Any man or woman upon whom fell the itch of speech secured a box, mounted on it, held forth to those who would listen, on teetotalism, or vaccination, or the wickedness of the Government, or the variable price of beer. And the crowd listened, as it may be seen listening to any distorted nonsense in the public parks on Sunday afternoons: with an aspect of intense seriousness, the respect which the inarticulate Englishman instinctively feels for the voluble. Party feeling was supposed to run high, the newspapers on each side called shrilly for the defeat of plunderers and miscreants; "'Thou shalt not steal,' there is no time limit to that," in huge letters, stretched across the street, challenged the cries from Liberal placards that unless the people strangled the drink monopoly they would be strangled by it.

Yet it seemed that the great mass of this astonishing aggregation—the good-tempered, short-sighted happy-go-lucky London working-man—regarded all such fiery invective with fortitude, if not with indifference. He was out for fun: to hear a little politics, though not too much; speakers who attempted argument or quotation were speedily deserted; what he liked was noisy rhetoric and denunciation. "Give it 'em hot!" was his favourite advice to any speaker of either colour. He delighted in quick repartee, the ready scoring off an interruptor, the good telling of some story with a very obvious point at the end. He liked to see the coal carts wading through the crowded streets, with the big and little sacks of coal; and the so-called procession of the unemployed from Woolwich, actual, tangible figures, visible before his very eyes; and the huge painted donkey, half as high again as himself, bearing the legend, "My brother is going to vote for Gautrey;" and the Suffragettes there in person, the very women (some of them agreeable to look at) who had been carried out of Parliament by the police, and done their "time" in Holloway Gaol. He sought above all a new sensation: cheering, now a man who, from the summit of a soap box, proclaimed the approaching end of the world; and now Mr. Hunnab, as he surmised that in the coming University boat race both Oxford and Cambridge will be found in the first three; and now a sad-faced woman, whose contribution to the discussion consisted in ringing a huge dinner bell for half-an-hour without stopping, whose thoughts, like the thoughts of the Turk who followed Anacharsis Cloutz, in the French Convention, "remain conjectural to this hour."

And if the first novelty is this hunger of the city individual for the city tumult, of the inhabitant of each busy drab house, in a multitudinous labyrinth of drab mean streets, for colour, crowd consciousness, and adventure; the second novelty is the sweeping away of the party organisation before outside agencies. In the old days everything else was merged in the struggle between the blue and the yellow. In the historic struggle at Lambeth in 1880, over twenty thousand pounds were spent by both Liberal and Conservative alike. And from this and similar scandals was born the Corrupt Practices Act, which rigidly limited the amount that should be spent on an election. The object of that Act was not (in the first place) to save the pockets of the candidates, or the funds of the Parliamentary parties. It was to guarantee that unlimited command of money should not be permitted to exercise undue influence at election times; that the poor individual or the poorer party should not be swamped under all the indirect methods of exercising influence that money can buy. The system there established has lasted till recently, with some attempt at fair working. It has been gradually breaking down, and at Peckham it finally collapsed. An indiscreet brewery company sent a cheque to Mr. Gooch for his election expenses, which he promptly returned with the intimation that he preferred to pay himself. The saner brewery companies had no difficulty in disposing of their cheques in far more effective fashion. Permanent

organisations, standing outside the political parties, swarmed into the constituency—such as the Tariff Reform League, the Free Trade Union, the Temperance Organisations, the Women's Suffrage Societies. But in addition to these, ephemeral organisations sprang up like mushrooms, took upon themselves high-sounding names, dispatched long lines of sandwich-men to parade the streets with terrifying legends on their backs, and ready quick orators, to discourse upon some iniquity or advocacy wherever two or three were gathered together.

So a "Coal Consumers' Defence League," suspiciously resembling the old Municipal Reform Party with their coats turned inside out, asserted, with monotonous insistence, that coal would rise in price if Mr. Gautrey were elected: and attained the hypnotic success which always recompenses a monotonous insistence sufficiently prolonged. And the Brewery Debenture Shareholders' League announced the approaching misery of the widow and the orphan. And long lines of street bookmakers, in tall white hats and genial, vacant, or bibulous faces, inquired of the passing mob why they should not be allowed to bet in the streets if they wished. And every public-house became a Tory committee-room, with all its windows plastered with Tory bills and cartoons, and the evidence of a brisk trade and many conversions within its walls. Outside the Metropolitan Gasworks at the dinner hour, and in Peckham High-street after nightfall, a cloud of mingled, confused oratory and invective rose to the unconscious stars; as six or seven meetings, each within easy earshot of each other, shouted in hoarse accents for women's votes or cheaper food or the rights of the publican. Wagon-loads of pictorial illustration wedged their way through the coagulated masses of South London, now lit with fierce glares of torches, now disguised as an illuminated fire-engine pumping truth upon the Liberal mendacities; now loaded with slum children, looking, it must be confessed, exceedingly happy and healthy, but dolorously labelled "Victims of the Public-house monopoly." Hysteria, as in all such crowded deliriums, was never far away; women shrieked aloud at meetings and had to be removed; madness fell upon a boy of twelve, and he stood on the top of a barrel, talking Tariff Reform. The extraordinary good humour, the extraordinary stupidity, and the extraordinary latent forces, so concealed as to be unknown even to themselves, in these shabby, cheery, inefficient multitudes of bewildered and contented men and women, were the dominant impressions at the conclusion of this gigantic entertainment.

Do they care? Yes, undoubtedly, with, beneath all the love of fun and frolic, a really pathetic desire to know the truth: to understand what really lies behind these fluent orations and facile statistics and all the fury of illustration and argument which has descended upon their inconspicuous abodes. Will they ever know? That is an unanswerable query. There are the knots and gatherings of convinced politicians, who will cheer for Chamberlain or denounce Protection, just as there are the knots and gatherings of convinced religious adherents, who, crystallised out of the huge aggregation of indifference, worship in various forms a God who is unknown to the general. But the physical conditions of the city life are so novel to them, the hustle and violence of it all so insistent, the effect of the mechanical labour, the little leisure, mostly consumed in transit, the grey, similar streets of tiny houses so desolating, that it is hard to stimulate a high political, social, or religious aspiration. They will continue, for the most part, tacking from side to side in blind, uncertain fashion, firmly convinced at one moment that they have solved the secret, firmly convinced a few months afterwards that they have been mistaken, continuing their hurried, uncertain lives with indomitable patience, courage, and hope always for "better times." They will be deluded, and after a time they will recognise their delusion, and be then as readily deluded again. Yet they have a fine loyalty to individuals, when they have really come to trust them. London in politics, as in religion, will only be held and converted by the influence of that individual and personal devotion.

A DANCE OF DEATH.

"THEY describe," says Bagehot of the French memoirs, "a life unsuitable to such a being as man in such a world as the present one: in which there are no high aims, no severe duties, where some precept of morals seems not so much to be sometimes broken as to be generally suspended and forgotten—such a life, in short, as God has never suffered men to lead on the earth long, which He has always crushed out by calamity or revolution." Mr. Upton Sinclair, in his study of the wealthiest society of New York ("The Metropolis," Edward Arnold), depicts a life also "unsuitable to such a being as man," only distinguished from the life which was consumed in the French Revolution, by lack of that wit and grace and polished human intercourse which in part redeemed so selfish and profitless a company. The picture may possess a note of exaggeration: it flares a fierce white light upon a certain society, with no toleration of shadows or half tones: the thing stands ugly, in its pitiless glare, a vision not good to look upon. Yet the essential facts remain. The book could be annotated with references to actual events for each of its main incidents. The picture is only not a caricature, because the life it describes is itself a caricature. The forces which have moulded it have driven it inevitably along certain paths: resistance is useless. Enormous wealth—not only beyond "the dreams of avarice," but in such aggregations of millions as make it inconceivable even to its possessors—have descended upon a tiny group of persons who have exploited the resources of a Continent. The first generation accumulated these great possessions, in a desperate, fierce, hand-to-hand conflict in which strength and cunning triumphed, and polish and pleasantness of manner and kindness counted for nothing at all. To the second generation is given the spending of it. There are no high traditions of social service. There are no feudal or communal responsibilities of social obligation. Charity is resented by the recipient and tiresome to the giver; the founding of Universities becomes too commonplace to attract; settlements are voted drab and unsatisfying; religion has become a plaything. All other avenues being thus closed, there remains but a self-indulgence which in itself breeds satiety, and a frantic competition of luxurious display, which, in its more advanced stages, passes into an actual insanity. The second generation, here, as always, is weaker than its fathers. The fierce will-power which ensured financial success in the most terrific financial struggle that the world has ever seen, has exhausted the capacities of the family lineage. It has been raised on the principle of "doing as one likes." It pursues its dolorous existence through its unreal, fantastic world, in a luxurious expenditure more fantastic and horrible—a veritable "Dance of Death"—than the world has ever known.

Here is Castle Havens. "It had cost three or four millions of dollars, and within the twelve-foot wall which surrounded its grounds lived two world-weary people who dreaded nothing so much as to be left alone." The house had many gables, in the Queen Anne style: from the midst of them shot a Norman tower decorated with Christmas-tree wreaths in white stucco: overlapping this was the dome of a Turkish mosque rising out of this something like a dove-cot: out of that, the slender white steeple of a Methodist country church: on top a statue of Diana. "Has there ever been any insanity in the Havens family?" is the natural query of the visitor, as he gazed at this astonishing erection. All round are the "second generation": Freddie Varden, of whom it was said that "if only he had had a little more brains, he would have been half-witted": women "who boast of never appearing twice in the same gown"; one dreadful personage in Boston who wears each costume once, and then has it solemnly cremated by her butler: women who artificially make themselves barren, because of the inconvenience incidental to motherhood, and lavish their affections upon cats and dogs. "It was the instinct of decoration, perverted by the money-lust." The men are

busy making money in order that these idle women may attain supremacy in this mad race for display. The "second generation" are so bored that ever more bizarre amusements are sought to stimulate jaded interest. The one thing they dread is to be left alone. "There was a woman who had her teeth filled with diamonds: and another who was driving a pair of zebras. One heard of monkey dinners and pyjama dinners at Newport, of horseback dinners and vegetable dances in New York." "One would take to slumming and another to sniffing brandy through the nose: one had a table-cover made of woven roses, and another was wearing perfumed flannel at sixteen dollars a yard: one had inaugurated ice-skating in August, and another had started a class for the weekly study of Plato." People's health broke down quickly in face of this furious pursuit of pleasure; then they ate nothing but spinach, or lived on grass, or chewed a mouthful of soup thirty-two times before swallowing it. "There were 'rest cures' and 'water cures,' 'new thought' and 'metaphysical healing' and 'Christian Science.'" The young men were filled with the same delusion as the older women. "Some were killing themselves and other people in automobile races at a hundred and twenty miles an hour." "There was another young millionaire who sat and patiently taught Sunday school, in the presence of a host of reporters: there was another who set up a chain of newspapers all over the country and made war against his class." Behind this appalling second generation there was even the nightmare vision of a third, growing up in the heat of such a chaotic nightmare: a third generation in which there would no longer be even the memories of the early struggles of the first pioneers of great fortunes, to connect them with reality.

That reality it is impossible for these people to apprehend. Newspaper criticisms leave them entirely unmoved. The more unblushing the record of scandals and viciousness and fantastic, distorted luxury in any "society" paper, the more secure its circulation amongst the very people who are assailed. They are indifferent to the onslaughts upon their lives by persons "outside"; they know that these people are not, as a matter of fact, condemning their lives: they are only expressing their discontent at not being "inside." The pauper wants fresh meat instead of canned; the business man wants his thousand a year to become two thousand a year; the anarchist who demands revolution can be bought with a secure guarantee of a steady income. It is a society organised from top to bottom on a "money" basis, a business basis, with everything else as a side show. The men listen to President Roosevelt's fierce words about the Trusts and Corporations: they have no resentment: it is "only Teddy's way": it cheers up the people with the hope that something will be done, while they themselves are secure in the knowledge that everything which can be done is in the control of the money power. When they find a reformer whom they can silence by force, they crush him: if they cannot crush him they purchase him: if he can neither be crushed nor purchased, they ignore him. Religion is easily woven into the scheme of things. The Bishop of London preaches in Wall Street, eloquently urging the business men to regard their wealth as a stewardship for God. So far from resentment, the business men abandon their cut-throat competition for a quarter of an hour, press round the Bishop to shake his hand. "Bishop," they say, "that discourse of yours made me feel real good." Then they return to the Stock Exchange gamble. A prominent preacher is lured over at an immense salary from England to preach to the church of Baptist millionaires. He nerves himself to a great effort and denounces their wealth, their works, and their ways. He expects an outbreak of indignation. He discovers instead a universal congratulation. The millionaires and their wives flock to his church, hoping to hear some more. The receipts of the pew rents double; they talk of raising his salary. The more he denounces, the more they applaud. The experience indeed is common to all similar societies: since the day when the prophet pathetically complained that his listeners crowded to hear him as he denounced

their vices, "and so," he declares to himself, "thou art unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument."

Only some realities cannot be altogether excluded. Change and Death knock occasionally with gaunt hands and refuse all proffered monetary bribes. Here a frantic millionaire, going blind, offers two million dollars to anyone that can cure him. The high gods remain indifferent to the challenge. Teeth drop out, hair drops off; old age creeps on apace: the wealthiest are trembling at the approach of death. The visitor to "The Metropolis" from the south beholds "a golf course, a little miniature Alps, upon which the richest man in the world pursued his lost health, with armed guards and detectives patrolling the place all day, and a tower with a search-light whereby at night he could flood the grounds with light by pressing a button." Mr. Upton Sinclair, with a touch of genius, refuses the inevitable and oft-repeated contrast of this extraordinary society with the ravenous, starved life of the poor. Instead he shows it sharply judged and condemned by the battles of the Wilderness of forty years before: with multitudes of blue-clad and grey-clad soldiers going gladly to their death, for the sake of a Cause, a Hope, and a Vision.

WARRIORS OF SPRING.

THE annual tilting of the planet now makes our part of it greener every day, but a close examination shows that, so far, it is from the point of view of cow or rabbit, snail or caterpillar, largely a delusive greenness. The very early flowers either come up without leaves at all, or have their leaves in some way or other protected from the attentions of the four-footed and other vegetarians. The former plan makes the floral display wonderfully effective, as testify our railway embankments, even within the limits of London proper. They are strewn with the pale gold of colt's-foot, as though the nearly bladeless gravel had received a shower of tiny stars from heaven during the night. The colt's-foot bloom has nothing to fear from the hunger of mortal enemies, but its stalk and floral envelope are covered elaborately with a thick down, well calculated to preserve them from the violent alternations between mid-day sunniness and the frost of midnight. The same can be said of the first leaves of the yellow mullein now crowding round the tall bare spikes that lit candles on the embankment last summer. Thicker felt you cannot find in Nature than the spring leaves of "Adam's flannel," though you will see that, as summer advances, the plant proceeds to put on something a little more like summer clothing.

What traveller has not noticed that most railway embankments are more blessed with flowers than the fields lying just behind them? We are more forced than ever to see this in these early days of spring. Besides the colt's-foot the more generous suns of the dandelion are here strewn thickly, though the children in the village have scarcely found their first blossom. And all manner of green mounds are rising, as fool's parsley, gout weed, and other luscious things come shooting up as they dare not do in the field. The well-drained slope no doubt suits them well; but there is no doubt, also, that a long immunity from grazing is largely to account for the precocity of these ribbon-like areas piercing England in all directions. When summer has come, the fool's parsley will stretch yards into the field, whence it will sweep in a foaming wave almost to the top of the rose-canopied hedge. But just now, not a fern-like leaf is showing beyond the shelter of the clawed blackberry briars or the sturdy, bayoneted blackthorns. The same phenomenon presents itself both on the south side of the hedge and on the north, whence we may conclude that it is not only climatic shelter that is to account for this partiality. The roots that lie out in the field are the inheritors of an experience that taught that it is not worth while coming up till there is plenty of grass to offer better attraction than parsley for the cattle that inhabit the region.

Poison is the chief weapon by means of which the early plant preserves its leaves from the hunger of other creatures. Green as the world is, the rabbits are still nibbling the bark of standing or thrown trees, and the cow goes questing among verdure for a sweet bit of last year's grass. As we pass an old wall, we find that some disintegrating force has thrown out of their cranny a bundle of snails, still glued to one another in winter sleep. There is as yet nothing for them to eat in the wood where they revelled last summer. The spurge laurel, not content with rearing its crown of leaves high on a palm-like trunk, has made its leaves and its yellow-green blossoms one of the most poisonous things on the hill. The bright green fountains of the setterwort are equally unwholesome, and advertise the fact in an odorous manner, that has given it the name of "stinking hellebore." But here and there some curious rabbit has sampled the setterwort. Why does it shine like green light through the wood, if it is not to be eaten? We find the place where the rabbit sat on the side towards which the blossoms nod, and where he has dropped every particle of the green-and-purple bell that he had thought to eat. But snails and slugs will eat even poisonous things, as witness the white bites seen on the most potent of fungi in the season of fungi. The blue-bells and daffodils, now spreading their greenery apace, rely on more than mere poisonousness to save them from snails. Their oxalic acid is distributed among the desirable green tissue in the shape of needle-like crystals, capable, if not of breaking the snail's teeth, of piercing the soft parts of its mouth or digestive apparatus. Microscopic as are these raphides, they are formidable enough to cause serious trouble to those engaged in picking daffodils for the market, giving them painful and even disabling sores, though the simple precaution of oiling the hands before work is said to break down the flowers' defence. No plant is better armed in this respect than the wild arum, whose inviting leaves we find unrolling in every corner that the "lords and ladies" love; and no plant can display foliage so intact from the bite of a slug. Yet it was shown by Stahl that snails would greedily devour leaves that had been treated with acetic acid, and the raphides thus dissolved. Our tender lilies, then, must be set down as plants that protect themselves from destruction by means of prickles.

Tender as the young nettles are, there is none but man to hinder them as they spring up among the hard, dry stems of last year. They are at liberty to choose their own time and place, and they elect to begin the year early. These spring things refuse to take the risks that the soft summer blossoms cheerfully face. The game of producing millions that a hundred may survive is all very well for June, but it will not do for March. Even the modest violet, that delights us with its scent, most probably uses the distinction as a means of keeping away something hungry. The primrose, on the other hand, is good eating, as may be seen by adventurous roots nibbled short off. But, numerous as primroses have already become, their numbers are as zero by comparison with what they will be a month hence. It is only the erratic primrose that blossoms before Lady Day, while better protected flowers put out their whole bloom in this blustering month of March.

It is plain that the blackthorn buds are coveted. Each button now nearly open sits behind a long, sharp bayonet, well fitted to guard it from its infancy till the time when it has been succeeded by leaves, and they again by fruit. The fresh leaves of the hawthorn are just as effectually guarded, and in this case we may note that the upper branches, which are beyond the reach of any grazing animal, are far less prickly, and often entirely without spines. Grant Allen noticed the same thing with reference to the holly, and drew from it his strongest conclusion that the prickles of such plants are evolved by the attentions of grazing animals. It was, perhaps, only half the story, but that does not excuse the modern scientist for insisting only on the other half. According to some of them the prickles, which can usually be shown to be modified leaves or

branches, are the result of starvation, and are only to be found on plants having dry habits or conditions of growth. Even the water-soldier, that lives up to its neck in water, must, for the purposes of this argument, be written down a xerophyte, a fact that makes the theory sufficiently absurd to prevent it from becoming very popular. We prefer to believe that necessity has taught the blackthorn, the bramble of rose or blackberry, the holly, and others, to protect themselves from the molestation of cattle, by converting a portion of their greenery into spikes and prickles. They preserve their beauty at the point of the sword. Meanwhile, high above their heads, the unprickly elms are one mass of rosy bloom. They and other notable ones are removed by a generous growth from the necessity to fight for the privilege of an early spring.

Fiscal Fallacies.

I.

A TARIFF AS A CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

AFTER a long period of fumbling, Tariff Reformers seem, judging by Tuesday's debate on Mr. Goulding's motion, to have decided to play unemployment as their trump card. During the controversy of the last five years the assertion that a Protective tariff can secure employment has frequently been made, but so long as trade was good it carried little weight. Now that trade is slack, and threatens to become still slacker, the platform value of the argument "We will give you work," becomes more manifest. If trade keeps bad enough until the General Election (upon this misfortune Tariff Reformers build their hopes), the bitter cry of the unemployed may turn the electoral scale. Such is the sanguine calculation.

Now it is foolish to ignore the plausibility of the appeal which can be made by Protectionists to members of an industry suffering from foreign competition during the period of depression. To tell them, as a Minister was reported to have told an interruptor at Leicester who asked "What about the 2,000 shoe operatives out of work?" that "they would get work again when trade came round," does not meet the requirements of the case. Though Free Traders are correct in maintaining that a tariff cannot increase the aggregate employment of capital and labour, they have not, we think, succeeded in bringing the heavy guns of economic principle on to the field of practical controversy, so as to be effective for action.

Let us state the Tariff Reform case for curing unemployment in its full plausibility, taking for our example a trade which has often figured in this line of argument. Suppose that in this country £10,000,000 represented the annual demand for motor-cars, of which £9,000,000 was spent on cars of British make, and £1,000,000 on French cars, though the British motor-car trade had unemployed plant and labour enough to satisfy the whole of the demand. If a sufficient duty were put upon French cars, the £1,000,000 spent on them would go to buy British cars, and would thus employ the 10 per cent. of unemployed labour in that trade. So urges the Tariff Reformer. To this the Free Trader generally replies by pointing out that, if the importation of French cars were thus stopped, the exportation of £1,000,000 worth of British manufactures, which in the ordinary course of exchange constitute the real payment for the French motor cars, would also be stopped, and so a blow would be struck at our export trade. This is often considered a triumphant reply, and the argument is allowed to lapse. But, if the Tariff Reformer understands his business, as occasionally he does, he will not let it lapse. He will grant the reduction of manufacturing exports, which will result upon the stoppage of the importation of French cars, but he will point out that this does not signify that the British producers of these export goods will be thrown idle. They will continue to produce the same goods as before, but, instead of exchanging them against French cars, they will

exchange them against British cars: London workmen, otherwise unemployed, will consume these goods, instead of Paris workmen, that is all. So, as the result of the Tariff, there will be two sets of capital and labour employed in this country, instead of one here and one in France. The net result, he argues, is to transfer a certain amount of unemployment in the motor-car industry from this side of the Channel to the other.

Old though this argument is, when clad in fresh local circumstances it is extremely telling. In considering how it should be answered, we must distinguish the full economic refutation and the refutation which is "available" for platform use. For the real value of this argument to the Tariff Reformer consists in the difficulty imposed upon his adversary in finding a reply simple enough to reach an uninstructed audience. The economic refutation runs thus: If the tariff stops the importation of French cars, it will not simply result in the British buyers buying £1,000,000 worth of British instead of French cars. The tariff will have the effect of raising the price of *all* British motor cars. This follows from the fact that the total available supply of motor cars is reduced, while the demand is presumed to remain as before. Another way of stating the same fact is to say that, now that the unemployed capital and labour in the British motor-car trade is sucked up into use, the competition of sellers in the trade will be less keen, and so there will be less tendency to cut prices. But the least reflection compels the admission that British prices throughout the trade must rise. Now one or two results must follow. If £10,000,000 is still spent on motor cars, this sum will buy a smaller number of cars than before. In this event the unemployed capital and labour in the trade is not absorbed. If the rise of price of cars amounted to 10 per cent., £10,000,000 would buy no larger number of British cars sold than £9,000,000 bought before, and no unemployed capital and labour would be absorbed. If, on the other hand, a larger sum of money was expended in buying the same number of cars as before, and so full employment was secured in the motor trade, we have to reckon in the effect of withdrawing expenditure upon other commodities in order to increase the expenditure on cars. If £11,000,000, instead of £10,000,000, are now spent in giving full employment in the motor trade, it is evident that the increased employment in this trade is counterbalanced by diminished employment in other trades, for the extra £1,000,000 spent on motor cars means £1,000,000 less spent on other commodities.

In point of fact, the real effect of the tariff would, of course, be a blend of these two results. There would be a rise of price and a shrinkage of demand, and the net result might well be an expenditure of £10,500,000 in buying British cars, at an enhanced price amounting to 5 per cent., thus absorbing half the unemployed capital and labour. This would mean that half the unemployment of the British motor trade had been shifted, not across the Channel, but upon some other British trades, which will suffer from the transfer of expenditure from the goods they made to the motor-car trade. No increase in the total volume of British employment is thus brought about: the real result of the tariff action is to substitute the manufacture of some British motor cars, which *ex hypothesi* were worse or dearer than those made in France, for some other British manufactures. The net quantity of employment is the same as before, but the amount of commodities it turns out is somewhat reduced.

This is the valid economic answer to the claims of the tariff to cure unemployment. But it is not simple enough for the platform or the short leaflet. For these purposes it is better to admit that, if a tariff could be made for the sole purpose of protecting the motor-car, or any other particular trade, it might cure this particular unemployment. But since a tariff could only operate by raising prices, this would mean that money which would have been spent in other trades is drawn away into the buying of motor cars, thus causing capital and labour in these other trades to become unemployed. These trades will now claim the protection of a tariff, in order to stand on the same footing with the motor car,

and by raising their prices will prevent more money being divested from them to buy motor-cars. But since the cure of unemployment in the motor-car trade is dependent on this diversion of demand from other trades, this extension of the tariff invalidates the cure. In other words, the whole plausibility of the Protectionist claim can be shown to rest upon the supposition that the motor-car trade is to be allowed to injure other trades in the country with impunity.

We believe that this argument could be put intelligibly before an audience of average intelligence. It is better than the ordinary answer, which consists in refusing to meet the direct contention of the *Tariff Reformer*, and in appealing to the fact that the tariff does not secure full employment in Protectionist countries. For the *Tariff Reformer*, skilled in debate, will not allow the issue to be turned from the concrete instance he has taken to the general situation.

J. A. H.

Contemporaries.

THE CELEBRATION OF GENIUS.

THE week has seen the formation of two distinguished Committees, each to celebrate aright the honour due to genius. We think it is not our hopes alone which tell us that the first object of one Committee is already gained. Outside a very small circle of stonemasons, academic artists, and a millionaire or two, we suppose there is not a human soul who would feel the happier for seeing such a statue as we could erect to Shakespeare, even for £200,000—no human soul who would imagine that such a memorial added to his honour or expressed our admiration. Prince Albert was not a bad sort of man; he was rather emphatically good. But does anyone think better of him for the thing we perpetrated to his memory? Does anyone at sight of it realise with a thrill of emotion that it expresses our national devotion to virtue? Having done our unhappy best in Hyde Park for goodness, we do not wish to repeat the performance in Regent's Park for genius. The suggestion for an immense "Shakespeare Memorial" has faded away almost as soon as it was born, and we believe the Committee which has just been formed to put an end to it, hardly arrives in time for the burial.

We do not blame the learned and artistic people who started the statue scheme. We only call on them to forget the baseless fabric of their vision, and seize the opportunity which they have created for a better purpose. Now that the Censor and the managers allow little but frivolous indecency on our stage, the chance of establishing an independent theatre to carry forward the development of true drama, and to maintain the tradition of our past dramatic greatness is peculiarly opportune. We have long listened to vain demands for a national playhouse. The highest honour we can do to a dramatist is to act his plays; the next highest is to honour his art, to encourage his successors, to give opportunities for progress along the lines he might himself have followed. If the proposal of the Memorialists brought in enough money to build and endow a truly national theatre with these objects, how much happier we should feel, how much more truly we should be honouring Shakespeare's spirit, than if we burdened the soil of London with another depressing monument!

The other Committee of which we spoke has been formed to honour a kind of genius as unlike Shakespeare's as Russia is unlike our country. We need not follow the contrast; it is shown in every phase of life, every form of expression, except in the one gift of supreme creative power common to Shakespeare and Tolstoy. But if you want an instance, take the historic record. In Shakespeare's time, the whole world known to him was cleft by religious divisions that disturbed or directed the existence of households and

empires alike. Yet in all Shakespeare's works there is hardly a hint of any such divisions, and we believe both Catholics and Protestants might claim him as their own with exactly equal absurdity.

Very different is it with the rugged and prophetic personality who this year reaches his eightieth birthday on the Central Russian plains. In the great controversies of our age, he has allowed no one ever to doubt on which side he stands. He abides our question. The whole world may know the intimacy of his spirit. Far from standing aloof as the spectator of time and existence, he himself still strives in the centre of the contending hosts, battered with conflict, steadfast in the faith of victory. Against him have long been ranged all the powers of Empire and State, of autocrats and priests, of capitalists, landowners, and soldiers. One by one, and all combined, he has defied them. In childlike sincerity, strangely armed with worldly knowledge and uncompromising reason, he has stood there for the cause of the poor, for the unperverted man, and the simple-hearted goodness to which all hearts smile in return.

It sounds rather gentle—a little soft, perhaps. When the poor and goodness are coupled together, people feel comfortably secure, and think of philanthropists—a comfortable thought. But from Tolstoy they will not get that comfort. We suppose him to be about the most uncomfortable writer that ever wrote, just as he is now the chief rebel in the world. He, too, came to bring not peace on earth, but a sword. With the sword he has struck not only official authority but ordinary custom to the heart—and no one is comfortable while authority and custom are in death agony. It is true that in the present revolution in Russia Tolstoy has few followers and no party. The time has called out other weapons than his. But if despotism had been wise, if it had not been deterred by the great writer's fame throughout Europe, it is Tolstoy whom it would have hanged long ago or dropped into Siberia, far rather than the preachers of barricades or the organisers of assassination. For no single man has done more to tear away the superstition that hedges authority, and to expose the imbecility of official grandeur.

But it is not only the common idea of the State that this peaceful Anarchist has shattered; his examination into the ordinary habits of life has been far more disturbing to the ordinary man. With that imperturbable sincerity and logic of his, he looks into just the commonest things of the time and reveals their contrasts of horror and human nature. He looks into the police-court, the brothel, the gaol, the ordinary marriage, the average man's sick-room, and he shows us below the surface all the longings and sorrows, the constraints and despairing hopes of the human spirit. Under his guidance we cannot enter upon the simplest scenes of day and night without a new sense of awe and overwhelming pity for the heart of mortal things. To read the trial scene in "Resurrection," or Anna's visit to her little son, or to see Levin beside his drunken brother's bed, or hear Ivan Ilyitch in his lonely sickness asking himself, "What for? What for? Life surely cannot have been so senseless, so loathsome!"—these things come like revelations of the depths of sorrow and holiness lying hidden in the commonplace. We can never again approach such scenes in the same calm spirit of indifference. Custom, that horny shield of existence, has been pierced, and the new realisation holds us in torment. In regard to the poor, it is bad. We could bear it with equanimity when, now and again, Shakespeare, in beautiful words, told us of their houseless heads and unfed sides, their loop'd and window'd raggedness. But Tolstoy has made the picture of the poor hardly endurable for human pity. In regard to the poor it is bad, but it is worse when he comes to pictures of ourselves.

A common distinction is made between Tolstoy the artist and Tolstoy the prophet, and people will draw a line almost at the year when his works cease or begin to interest them, because they are no longer art. It is true that this great writer has not always used the same form; it is seldom that great writers do. But the essential qualities of his

power have been the same from his first page up to now, and the basis of his teaching has never altered. By his essential qualities we mean imaginative sympathy and that penetrating sincerity which Goethe identified with genius. It is true that in his later works we are more conscious of the remorseless consistency, the rather inhuman logic with which he drives us on from a readily accepted Christian premiss to a conclusion far less acceptable to our common frailty. But the teaching is, in reality, exactly the same as the profound sense of destiny and judgment which gives so grave a seriousness to all the brilliant and varied life depicted in "Anna Karénina" or "War and Peace." In any celebration for Tolstoy's honour, this identity of principle as the basis of all his works must be remembered, and we look to the Committees of our own and other countries to maintain a reasonable catholicity in their difficult task, neither rejecting the artists as merely literary nor despising the reformers as faddists and cranks. If inspired by a single spirit of sincerity like Tolstoy's, it would be hard to say whether art or conduct has the finer power on mankind.

Art.

MR. BRANGWYN'S EXHIBITION.

CONSIDERING the important position he holds in the art world, Mr. Frank Brangwyn is not a prolific exhibitor of pictures. He is known chiefly as a painter of decorative panels for public buildings. People who stay away from picture-galleries on principle know him through the panels at the Royal Exchange. In the decoration of other important architecture throughout the country he has made his mark by an individuality of style that defies forgetfulness and induces respect. He is one of the very few artists who have found in this direction a suitable and sufficiently wide opportunity for their talent. This fact and the comparative rarity of his appearances at London exhibitions enhance the interest of the show that has been organised by the Fine Art Society. A good one-man show by a good painter is always interesting; when to that can be added the charm of comparative novelty, it becomes more interesting still. The collection in New Bond Street is very complete. There are cabinet pictures and etchings, old and new. A couple of panels, which formed part of the decoration for the British Room at the International Exhibition held in Venice last year, represent his architectural phase. The whole is discreetly arranged, and—most discreetly of all—there is not an inch of gilt framing anywhere. Heavy black frames encompass the oil paintings, and the lighter ones for the etchings are of similarly chastened hue.

The discretion of these black frames is evident to anyone acquainted with Mr. Brangwyn's painting. His deep and rather sombre colouring, the quality of richness that he achieves, could scarcely fail to be impaired if he framed his canvases in modern gilt. As a colourist, the artist is interesting, though not greatly daring. While his schemes are rich enough, they are comparatively limited in range. He views nature, as it were, through slightly darkened spectacles. When one has gazed sufficiently long at the sun or any other intensely luminous spot, one sees the opposite landscape and the sky, to which one afterwards directs one's eyes, in a warm twilight, even if it be noon-day. Mr. Brangwyn's paintings suggest that he has first looked at the sun. He does not attempt to rival the gamut of nature's tones, from highest to lowest, but contents himself wisely with expressing nature's *tone* as completely as the limitations of his palette allow. This, of course, was the aim of the early impressionists. But in seeking for tonality they lost colour altogether, and in their quest of perfect harmony missed the value of perfect contrast. Mr. Brangwyn does not fall into this error. He achieves his tonality without the sacrifice of contrast or colour. In a picture like the sunlit "Festa, Venice," he shows how much contrast and colour may be combined with a tonality insistent enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic exponents of the "grey" school. Mr. Brangwyn is essentially a modern in that he has taken from impressionism what he wanted,

and has left the fads and fancies of the cult, the "isms" and fashions, to look after themselves. In the handling, too, of his pictures, he is a modern product of impressionism. He paints with a broad brush broadly. Superfluous detail is foreign to him; he composes in masses, and keeps the masses as simple as is consistent with the suggestion of form. His crisp touches of pigment are put on with the apparent ease that proceeds from knowledge of where and how to put them. Every touch tells in the powerful visualisations of nature that he sets forth on these canvases.

In decoration, as typified by the two large Venetian panels, his method is impressionism modified by convention. He calculates the distance at which the thing is to be seen, and paints it to produce the correct effect at that distance. The convention appears in the design, where he is content to follow the laws of balance established by the great decorators of the past. The composition in both these panels is tripartite. The first represents a Venetian festa at night with sturdy figures, gondolas, and Chinese lanterns, where the design is broken up into three divisions by upright poles. In the companion panel there is no such formal division; but the principal groups of figures are three in number, disposed symmetrically in the centre and at the wings. The handling of these pictures is Mr. Brangwyn's own, and it will afford no gratification to the spectator who investigates wall decoration through a telescope. It will appear to him that the artist has greatly transgressed not merely in regard to the omission of details, but in respect to the elimination of outline. Examined closely, these compositions do not give one the idea of having been drawn at all. They suggest a space on to which colour has been flung in handfuls and left to sort itself out, and the fact that it does so with such remarkable success would probably be attributed by the telescope critic to an unlawful necromancy. Yet the panels in their place, viewed by the spectator in his, "carry" with a quite peculiar force, and if one cannot step up to them and smell them, as one can with the Leighton frescoes at South Kensington, it is because Mr. Brangwyn is not Leighton. It does not follow, therefore, that the former is an unworthy exponent of decorative art. On the contrary, he embodies to a great extent the modern spirit in decoration, the key-note of which is independence not of laws but of examples. We can liken Mr. Brangwyn's rugged individuality to nothing contemporary or otherwise. But his art is tempered beyond a doubt, even ordered, by the principles that an aggregation of examples have ordained.

The robustness underlying Mr. Brangwyn's work is that of colour well controlled rather than of form. His human types are big and powerful, but they are not powerful as the men and women of Michael Angelo are powerful; they are not alive with the terrific sense of movement that makes the epic of the Sistine Chapel pulsate; their movements are comparatively lethargic. In this respect they observe more closely the canon of decoration that demands repose, without, however, being wholly reposeful in the manner of decoration that aims only at a pleasingly quiescent pattern and a graceful flow of line. Mr. Brangwyn does not conceive his forms either in the dramatic vein of Michael Angelo or the lyric vein of Puvis de Chavannes. That their colour is robust is due to temperament; to a temperament which asserts itself throughout the whole field of his activity, and in the domain of etching literally overflows. We have left ourselves but little space to deal with the etchings in this exhibition, but those acquainted with the Royal Society of Painter Etchers will know their character. To us the etchings have always suggested that the artist, instead of using the burin, should have used a household poker, for the lines on the zinc he employs are deep bitten with a fury as if of impatience of the ordinary instrument. He achieves some marvellous effects, however; in the blacks of "Santa Maria from the Street" there is almost the richness of mezzotint, the "Meat Market, Bruges," gleams with colour in its vivid light and shade, and the many scenes of human toilers are worthy of Meunier in their intense force and dignity. Elsewhere, as in the "Assisi," robustness approaches rather too nigh to brutality; one feels this a little perhaps, of all these tremendous plates, tremendously etched. But they are a consistent and significant part-outcome of Mr. Brangwyn's temperament.

Communications.

THE NEED FOR A NEW CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have fought five elections, and have sat ten years (1885-1895) in Parliament. Long before I entered Parliament, after the passing of the Franchise Act of 1867, a Committee was formed for the purpose of preventing the improper use of money in politics. Mr. John Stuart Mill was its Chairman, and it was my privilege to be its Honorary Secretary. I can well remember the speech—I think it was the first political speech he made—at its first meeting, when he warned us that the most serious danger against which democratic institutions would have to contend was the lavish and unscrupulous spending of money, not only at elections, but *before and after* elections.

Experience has quite confirmed his prescience. The Corrupt Practices Act of 1883 has been a failure because it dealt with a part only of the evil—the mere expenses of the election itself, and dealt with that part ineffectively. It left untouched the far graver evil. It did nothing to protect constituencies from, to use the emphatic words of the Prime Minister, being “demoralised, degraded, and debauched” by the contributions and subscriptions of candidates. And so we have this grotesquely absurd state of things. A candidate is disqualified with the subtle assistance of the judicial mind because a few of his voting cards had been stuck above laths, whilst his opponent, who for months before the election had been lavishly spending money in giving treats, in standing drinks at social evenings, in distributing thousands of soup tickets, is held to have done nothing illegal.

This unworthy and unscrupulous use of money is the grave peril with which we are menaced. It is the dry rot which has sapped the foundations of great empires in the past—which threatens the very existence of democracies in the future. To quote the words of an Anglican Bishop at the last Church Congress: “We see the tide of a great movement which, whether we like it or not, is going to be the master current of the life of the people of England in the twentieth century.” This current will never go too fast in this country. If it is wisely and judiciously directed we shall solve the many great social and economical problems which must sooner or later be faced and solved in a far more satisfactory manner than they can be dealt with either on the European Continent or in the States, where there is indeed imminent danger of revolutionary and ill-considered action.

The leaders of the great party which is trying to direct this current will, I hope, always treat with broad and tolerant sympathy those who make even crude proposals of social reform. Recent discussions show clearly that nothing visionary or impracticable will survive the scrutiny of such an Assembly as the House of Commons. What we have to fear is that the current will be arrested by the organised and unscrupulous use of money and a subsidised press working upon the prejudices and fears of those who cannot, or will not, think for themselves. Of this danger the recent orgy of electioneering at Peckham, where money has been profusely spent by outside organisation, is an ominously sinister indication.

The House of Commons, with all its defects—which, after all, are merely administrative and can easily be amended—is the greatest institution of its kind the world has ever seen. By it and through it we have become what we are, a people far beyond all experience of mankind and masters of our fate. It is of supreme importance that the influence of money shall not be allowed to lower its tone or character by lowering the tone and character of those who elect its members. The person of all others to whom a constituency should be under no pecuniary obligation is the man who seeks to represent it, or does represent it, in Parliament. We are demanding—very properly—not only that his election expenses shall be paid, but that he shall be paid for his services. Yet if he happens to be well off, he is not only expected to contribute largely to the expenses of local organisation and registration, but he is approached from all quarters for local subscriptions. Surely the time

has come when such a demoralising state of things should be made impossible.

This, at all events, is a reform which every section of the Progressive Party in the House of Commons would welcome; though I am afraid some for obvious reasons would prefer not to take an active part in promoting it. But it is of vital importance to those who represent the working classes in that House, to whatever wing they belong, that this sinister influence should cease to handicap them both in the House and in the constituencies. They need have no hesitation about promoting an effective Corrupt Practices Bill; and I am glad to think that in my native Wales, and in many other constituencies, such a Bill would be cordially supported. When I was asked to stand in 1885 for South Glamorgan, I told them I could only do so on the understanding that I could not sacrifice my own self-respect by “ingratiating” subscriptions, and during the ten years of my service they loyally and generously respected my wish. It is true that my four contests and preparing for them cost me a good deal of money, but far less than my first contest for Birkenhead; for the admirable organisation of my large constituency by my agent, Alderman Hughes, and the earnest and intelligent voluntary work of my supporters, reduced the expenses to a minimum. Other Welsh constituencies have proved by admirable self-denial that large contributions by wealthy men to party funds are as unnecessary as they are undesirable. In these counties the Liberal electors, most of them small farmers, tradesmen, and labourers, have set an example honourable alike to themselves and their member. They have elected men not because they can send big cheques to local party funds or churches, or even to the small Nonconformist chapel, but because they have shown conspicuous ability; because they feel they understand not only the needs of Wales, but the great problems which affect the great body of the people. Those constituencies which have sent to Parliament Labour members, to whatever section they belong, will be making a fatal mistake if they do not at once combine with such constituencies as these to obtain, before the present Parliament dissolves, an Act which will deal in a thoroughly effective way with this—one of the most serious dangers they have to confront. I know that it is an evil which seems so elusive that it will require great skill and courage to grapple with it. But it can be done, and should be taken in hand at once.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR J. WILLIAMS.

March 26th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

LICENSING AND INSURANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Whilst the precise value attaching to the recent meeting of “Brewery Debenture Holders” will have been rightly appraised by the average citizen as a somewhat hasty and partisan attempt to strike a singularly weak blow at the Government, it is doubtful whether the full implications of the speeches then delivered (and of Lord Rothschild’s alarmist utterance in particular) have been realised, or are such as can prove satisfactory, when regarded apart from the heat of party polemics.

For, dismissing (as quite what we might expect) the academic expressions of abhorrence of drunkenness, and the ready flow of purely negative criticism, what is the legitimate inference to be drawn from the Chairman’s statements, unchallenged by his auditors? Briefly it would appear to be this: that a number of gentlemen of high and deserved standing in the realm of finance have been in haste to admit that, as regards their own affairs, they have been careless in their investments and, as concerns their actions in a fiduciary capacity, they have been woefully lacking in discretion and foresight.

If it be the case, as Lord Rothschild declares (*vide* “Times” report), that there is “hardly an insurance company which was not the holder of brewery debenture stocks, and perhaps of some preference shares also,” whilst the “principal security of the debenture holders is the licence values” (to quote the signed statement of the secretary of one of the largest brewing companies), we are confronted

with an exceedingly serious situation, one which will not conduce to the peace of mind of policy holders. When one considers the principle, or want of principle, upon which for a very long time past many companies engaged in the brewing industry have regulated their peculiar financial engagements, the declaration of his Lordship is realised as undoubtedly ingenious in its attempt to claim insurance interestees as opponents of the Bill, but equally it is recognised as being very ingenuous, and it may yet be that the blow aimed obliquely at the Government will recoil directly in the quarter where it was least expected.

The merits or demerits of the Licensing Bill are quite apart from the question thus raised. "Expectancy" as a debenture security may smack of novelty, but it will not allay the serious doubts of the ordinary folk who have hitherto (mistakenly, as it would now appear) associated something more tangible with their notions of the premier security.

Truly we are getting on in our discussions under this "campaign of unreason"! Must we assume that the tied-house gambling system has spread its ramifications so far afield as to find buttresses in the insurance world?

Some responsible declaration on the subject appears to be imperatively called for.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST W. LEIGHTON.

Woodford Green, Essex,
March 24th, 1908.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND THE RIGHTS OF PARENTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The report of the Education Committee of the London County Council, published recently in the "Times," deserves the careful attention of all who would understand what exactly is meant by the indefeasible right of the parent to have his child brought up in his own religious opinions. Neither the present Education Committee nor the Governors of St. Dunstan's College will be suspected of too Liberal proclivities. In the abstract at least they probably both denounce Mr. McKenna and all his works, and especially his attempt to impose the indefinite horrors of unsectarian religious teaching on parents who long for something definite. Here we see them face to face with a concrete instance of the difficulty, and we venture to commend their remarks to all who look on education as something more than a party cry, and would find the solution of our troubles in the practical wisdom of schoolmasters and administrators, rather than in the plausibilities of Bishops and politicians.

St. Dunstan's College (Lewisham) is conducted under a scheme which requires that religious instruction shall be given in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England. St. Dunstan's College is also naturally anxious to share in the higher grants which Mr. McKenna has provided for schools in which (among other conditions) sectarian teaching is provided for those scholars only whose parents desire it, and not out of public funds. Under article 43 of the Regulations for Secondary Schools the Board of Education has power in certain cases, and upon the application of the local education authority, to waive these conditions. Accordingly, in July last the London County Council asked the Board to waive these conditions for the current year in respect of all the Secondary Schools aided by the Council. In the case of St. Dunstan's College the Board has not seen its way to comply with the Council's request, and the Governors have been asked to submit to the Board of Education their proposals for providing denominational instruction for those pupils whose parents desire it. A model form is submitted to the Governors as a suggestion only, and an assurance is required that the cost of any instruction to be given in the doctrines, catechism, or formularies distinctive of any particular religious denomination shall be met out of funds other than grants made by the Board or by the Council.

The Governors do not, in fact, teach any catechism or formulary. They "would greatly deprecate anything which might possibly create any religious difficulty, which has hitherto been non-existent at the college, nor do they contemplate making any change with reference to the religious instruction which has obtained in the school since its founda-

tion in 1888, and which has proved to be satisfactory to the requirements of the neighbourhood." In fact, no doubt, the usual solution has been adopted. Simple unsectarian Christianity has been taught. The instruction has been practical, not doctrinal. The scheme requires that the religious instruction shall be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England. The Governors contend that "the religious teaching already given, so far as it goes, is in accordance with those doctrines."

The difficulty lies "in the determination of the extent to which doctrines, catechism, and formularies are required by the Board to be taught, as a minimum fulfilment of the requirements of the schemes." If parents are to be invited to demand that, in addition to the present teaching, instruction shall be given in doctrines, catechism, and formularies, "then, if once the discretionary power of the Governors in interpreting the requirements of the scheme is interfered with, it is difficult to say who is to determine the minimum extent to which doctrines, catechism, and formularies shall be taught. Apparently it is the parents, and the parents only, who are to demand the instruction which they think sufficient, and one parent may be content with the creeds, another may require the Catechism, a third the text of the Articles, while a fourth may demand that the Articles shall be studied critically and historically."

Now the model form submitted by the Board of Education does undoubtedly suggest that the parents shall be asked whether they desire such specific instruction, and that the school is bound, under its scheme, to provide it for those scholars whose parents duly notify their desire. But, as the Committee justly urges, "the transfer of the discretionary power of interpreting the extent to which religious instruction shall be given from the Governors to the parents would probably create an impossible position; and the only way in which a workable system can be created under the model regulations would appear to be the publication by the Board of Education of a syllabus of religious instruction for each denomination which, in the opinion of the Board, met the requirements of a scheme demanding that religious instruction shall be given in accordance with the doctrines of that particular denomination."

No argument is needed to point the absurdity of such proposals. We would rather return to the simple question at issue, the more so that we believe that St. Dunstan's College is quite typical of the majority of our older foundations.

The school is nominally an Anglican school. In fact, it is probably used impartially by all sects. Parents ask whether the teaching is good and the moral tone sound. They seldom worry about the precise religious views of the teachers. Not infrequently they even allow their children to bow down in the House of Rimmon rather than separate them from their fellows. Every parent who sends his son to Winchester or Rugby has a statutory right to withdraw him from the religious instruction. How many parents use it? Here, at any rate, at St. Dunstan's College, we are assured that religious difficulties are unknown. Meanwhile, public monies have been voted from time to time and applied to the schools, and last year Mr. McKenna made it a condition of receiving the new increased grants that the ordinary teaching should be unsectarian, and the teachers free from religious tests. What legitimate place is there for sectarian teaching or sectarian tests in such a school, supported by public money and used by parents of all creeds and none? —Yours, &c.,

G. L. BRUCE.

LIBERAL ORGANISATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As an active member of the rank and file of the Liberal Party, I should like to suggest that the time is over-ripe for our responsible leaders and organisers to take stock of the general organisation of the party throughout the country.

There is a lack of coherence and co-operation that should give pause to all those really interested in the welfare of the party. The majority of our Federations are not in sufficiently close touch with our local associations. This ought to be possible, and we might with advantage take a leaf out of the book of the National Free Church Council in this respect.

It is sheer foolishness for our organisers to trust entirely to local men in organising a great party. It might be an advantage to have some tactful organisers who could spend a week or two in various districts assisting the local people to put their houses in order.

I expect I shall be told that any such interference as is here outlined would be resented by our salaried agents, but that would depend on the way in which it was carried out, and would only be a temporary difficulty if it did actually arise. Personally, I believe such outside assistance would be welcomed.

Mid-Devon would justify such an appeal as mine. How much organising work had been done there between the General Election and the by-election? What steps had headquarters taken to find out the condition of the local organisation during that time—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GRIFFITHS.

Chester, March 5th, 1908.

WOMEN AND THE PECKHAM ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You will doubtless be inundated with more or less omniscient explanations of the cause of the recent overwhelming defeat of the Liberal candidate in Peckham. May I, as a quite impartial observer, who am neither a Conservative nor a Liberal, a drunkard nor a teetotaler, suggest that the *débâcle* resulting in a turnover of almost 5,000 votes against the Liberal candidate was not entirely due to beer. Mr. Gooch, the founder or president, or whatever he is, of a Band of Hope, has not climbed into Parliament entirely on the shoulders of the toppers of Peckham. A very important factor in this election, as in that in Mid-Devon, was the influence exerted by the Women's Social and Political Union. There is not a man in the National Liberal Club to-day who does not know that Mid-Devon was lost to the Liberals because of the adverse action of the militant Suffragists—a fact which was patent even to the rowdy mob which rolled Mrs. Pankhurst in the mud when the result of that poll was declared. There is not a Liberal member to-day who does not dread the prospect of a General Election with the absolute certainty that he will have to fight not only the usual enemy, but also a very determined body which at the present time has no political creed other than that expressed in the three words, Votes for Women. I am wrong; there is one man who does not seem to realise all this, to whom Mid-Devon was not a warning, to whom, no doubt, Peckham will convey no sign of further trouble—the Premier-elect, Mr. Asquith.

Is it not time that Mr. Asquith gave up minimising the importance of the Suffragists? I confess this Peckham election has been a revelation to me of the perfectly wonderful forces which the Women's Social and Political Union are bringing to bear on by-elections. In the first place, the oratory of the Suffragists is distinctly superior to that which was to be heard either on the platforms of the Liberals or the Conservatives. You, Sir, cannot realise the influence which a speaker like Miss Christabel Pankhurst, fluent of speech, quick-witted, good-humoured, can exert on that great army ever present in each constituency which is always on the wobble.

I found that most of the meetings held by the Suffragists were well attended. They usually began by a number of small boys and disorderly hobbledoys making the usual pathetically un-funny remarks; but there was always a substantial leaven of serious people anxious to hear, willing to listen, to what the Suffragists had to say; and the rowdy element, receiving no encouragement, expired from sheer inanition. What impression Miss Pankhurst's oratory made on the ballot-box cannot, of course, be estimated in cold votes, but I am perfectly certain that that impression was not slight. When a crowd begins by slight jeering or listening coldly, and ends by cheering enthusiastically, the influence exerted between the two periods of time denoted by the beginning and ending of a political oration cannot be small.

As a purely impartial observer of the Peckham election, I submit to you, Sir, and to the Liberal Party, that it is

time they started doing something for the women. The mandate may not have been there in 1906, but it most certainly is there now.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

13, Champion Park, Denmark Hill, S.E.,
March 25th, 1908.

WOMEN AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your "Woman Liberal" correspondent of last week makes a strong bid for the continuance of the party loyalty of Liberal women, but she overlooks a point that is having some weight with the women of Lancashire and Cheshire with whom I am in touch. It is no longer a question of being "a Liberal before I am a woman," but of putting party before principle.

Has it, or has it not, been one of the most cherished maxims of our constitution that taxation without representation is tyranny? Has it, or has it not, been the battle-cry of reform that the Government should be "of the people, by the people, for the people"? Even the lawyers have not yet taken from women the right to be called "people," and it is left to a Liberal Government to turn a deaf ear to a cry for reform that is stronger and more persistent than has been any other (if we may judge by the volume and number of petitions presented to Parliament) in the last two centuries. This, the one constitutional method of asking for the redress of a grievance, Governments of both parties entirely ignore. Of the Conservatives, Liberal women naturally expect little, but that their own Government should still turn a deaf ear to the cry is straining party loyalty to the breaking point. Liberal women know enough to realise that, unless they get a pledge from the Government to make Women's Suffrage a plank in their platform and bring it before the electors, they will be met by the same "non possumus" even in a new Parliament. It is this pledge which is withheld. Every reform is beset with difficulties, this perhaps with fewer than most, for it seeks to change no existing franchise, but merely to make it fully operative. It is not at all a question of all women, or even of a majority of women, wanting the vote; it is whether a large minority of the nation are not suffering a great injustice which is an injury not to the women alone, but to the nation as a whole. Many Liberal women believe this, and, cost them what it may, will give up their party for the sake of principle.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET ASHTON.

President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union
of Women's Liberal Associations.

Fairfax House, Didsbury, Manchester,
March 5th, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Would you permit me to point out, in reference to your article on Woman Suffrage, that there is one very strong reason for giving this reform "the preference which its advocates demand over the reform of the male electoral basis" since, at present, nearly eight millions of men are enfranchised but not one woman has the vote? It is true that certain electoral anomalies prevent some men from having votes when a General Election comes round. But every one of these men is a political voter; he knows, too, that no law will be passed in which man's point of view is not represented. The difference is so vast between a voteless woman and a voteless man under these circumstances that it is surprising to find comparison being seriously made between them. "The two kinds of injustice" emphatically do not "stand upon the same footing," and in no sense can the redress of the woman's grievance be called a matter of convenience. Woman's political disability is not an "inconvenience"; it is, besides being an injustice whose existence is a reproach to a progressive Government, a serious handicap in the battle of life, and one which affects the well-being of the whole race. And this handicap is placed upon what is called, by those who usually oppose Woman Suffrage, the weaker sex. We look, Sir, to you, who always show yourself so courageously on the side of progressive justice, to advocate rather than to seek to postpone, the

immediate consideration of a reform which will bring so many more in its train.—Yours, &c.,

HELEN VIOLET NAYLOR.

41, Endymion Road, Finsbury Park,
London, N.,
March 9th, 1908.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Another Woman Liberal," puts into plain words the prevailing misconception in most of the Women's Liberal Associations to-day, viz., that supporting a party is equivalent to supporting a principle. It is not to be feared that the members of these associations will be "coerced" into giving up this misconception; but, as its removal is as desirable as that of the fiscal conceptions "Another Woman Liberal" laments, continual endeavour has to be made to remove it. It is not surprising that the women who feel that the political enfranchisement of their sex is the most urgently needed reform should dissociate themselves from organised bodies whose inertia is one of the great hindrances to its achievement.

Since the very root-principle of British constitutional liberty is involved in the recognition of the claim of women for political existence, the opportunist theories and counsels put forth carry no weight. Why delay on the grounds that the basis of the franchise is not ideally perfect? The measure of enfranchisement demanded, "on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men," need not be less satisfactory to the one sex "as Liberals or as women" than it is to the other as Liberals or as men. If both should be dissatisfied, then let both together press for further reform.

Then also there appears to be a marked strain of opportunism in "Another Woman Liberal's" suggestion that women of property would support Conservative policy. She appears to ignore the many women earners who would be enfranchised. The professions and industries are full of such; all paid at a lower rate than men for equivalent services, and whose earnings are taxed at the same rate. It can hardly be urged that the "total expectation" of the political sympathies of enfranchised women is in the reactionary direction.

But even if it were so, it would not be in accord with Liberal principles to withhold from British women subjects their right of citizenship, though, alas! it is seen to be easily in accord with the aims of the Liberal Party. The argument that hardly one woman of property could be found amongst the pro-Boers is not a very weighty one. Women of property form a very small class, so that it is not surprising that they should have fewest supporters of an unpopular cause.

In conclusion: Did Kate Hessel in her letter of the previous week make such a mistake as "Another Woman Liberal" notes? I nowhere read that she claimed that every woman voter would be an intelligent and capable supporter of political and social reform, any more than every man voter. But she justly claimed that the possession of the vote by women would release and bring into effective action a great force of hearty and intelligent work for the public good. So much might be granted, if only the members of Women's Liberal Associations were to be enfranchised.—Yours, &c.,

SUSAN CUNNINGTON.

March 21st, 1908.

"THE RICH MAN'S DILEMMA."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The matter raised in my previous letter and your contributor's note stands for more than this title indicates, and I trust you can give space for further elucidation of the questions which stand at the front of the poverty problem. I do not demur to your contributor's statements. My only complaint is that he does not sufficiently analyse them. "Over-production, attended by a general fall of prices, including the price of labour power," would not answer my suggestion of an automatic remedy at all. The "over-production" I suggested would not be attended by a fall of the price of labour power; and though it would tend to a fall

in prices of commodities, there could be no certainty on that point, just as there can be no certainty of a rise of prices from Protection. The increased demand in the case of the "over-production" I advocate would probably keep up the prices, as the falling-off in demand in the case of Protection has the effect of defeating the purpose of those who seek to raise prices by it. But the consequences to the community differ as bright sunlight differs from pitch darkness. The one case means superabundance, with general prosperity, the other scarcity and yet no demand. The "general fall in prices" which we experience results from stopping production.

This may sound paradoxical, but is simple when the circular motion of trade is realised. For demand does not fall off from lack of capacity or desire to consume, but from want of power to get. The labourer does not reduce his price of labour because his subsistence is easier to attain. On that we seem agreed. The old doctrine that his wages depend on the cost of maintaining him is surely by this time exploded. The rate of wages falls because the demand for labour falls off, which is a very different thing. But the demand for labour does not fall off until either its price has been raised beyond the point at which it affords a profit to its purchaser, or the demand for the product has fallen off. No power on earth can maintain a general demand for labour which affords no profit. The pump handle of taxation can do it for a few to the loss of the remainder, and so increase the evil; but that absolutely cannot be done for all. Use of a commodity, it ought to be said, is profit to the ultimate consumers. And the demand for the product (as for labour) falls off by reason of high prices. If, therefore, several hindrances stand in the way, making it necessary to impose high prices to the consumer; such as taxation on the use or occupation of land, taxation on improvements aiding production, taxation on importation of the commodities obtained in exchange from other nations; the demand must be diminished. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. The whole question at issue is whether, on the one hand, an attempt should be made to stop the supply or increase the demand, or whether, on the other hand, production of supply should be so far freed that natural forces result in increased demand. The Protectionist says "Stop the supply." His error is crude. The orthodox of our time says "Increase the demand." Your contributor, without using the words, is obviously orthodox in this sense. The notion appears to be to take the power of demanding from those who have it, and give to those who are without. I am a heretic. I point to hindrances which make supply more difficult and costly. Because of them, prices are high compared with ability to purchase, and demand flags, naturally producing want of employment, which further diminishes demand. Here is the "period of depressed trade," naked and palpable. Taxes imposed on use of land and on the exertion of industry in profitable occupations to find employment for men at a loss or a remotely prospective profit cannot solve the difficult. Taxes on those who produce ought, on the contrary, to be diminished, and those who hold idle without using must no longer be exempt from taxes.

Thus will production be encouraged, and also more demand for commodities by the double cause of more wages for labour and lower prices of commodities. More money put into productive enterprise would tend in the same direction, which is my answer to your contributor's original point. But "the rich man's dilemma" would no longer exist, since the poor man would be producing comforts for all, instead of begging leave to produce luxuries for the rich. And if there is any other original source of production held idle besides land, let that also be taxed. I do not know of such a source, unless it is a question of words, and I ought to have spoken of the earth so as to include the sea as well as the land. Human effort is an essential means (but not a source) of production, while tools and stock are only an aid to human effort.

The source of production is now, ever was, and ever will be, the earth; and those who have monopoly of it should pay taxes according to the value of their monopoly, and not according to their use of it, or their produce from it. In this way the rich man will be saved from his dilemma, and, so far, the poor man from his poverty.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. LAYCOCK.

Sheffield, March 21st, 1908.

THE PERILS OF LAND PURCHASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At a time when the landless rural population of England is indulging the hope that dreams of freedom and competence are about to be realised through the operation of the Small Holdings Act, it is particularly necessary that those responsible for the raising of that hope should recognise certain dangers which enthusiasm may create and omit to avert.

The term "land hunger" is glibly used, but its stimulation and improper satisfaction has been a potent cause of human misery and national disaster. It has been the experience of the writer to see land settlement schemes brought into operation which have failed to realise the hopes of their advocates, and as in each instance the underlying cause of total or partial failure has been the same, a reference to it and to the likelihood of its operating to the detriment of the present movement in England may not be wholly out of place. The land settlement policy of Lord Milner resulted in a complete fiasco, and an acute observer who correctly diagnosed the cause said: "Lord Milner went about buying land with a brass band." That is to say, Lord Milner, impressed with the importance of his scheme and confident of its success, went into the market with borrowed millions and a flourish of trumpets to procure land. The natural result was that he created a "land boom," and the price went up by leaps and bounds. The would-be settlers who came to the Transvaal after the war with capital and experience, and more particularly the Australians and New Zealanders who had knowledge of "land booms," seeing at a glance how matters stood, left the country. Others less well equipped as regards experience procured land, and before long bewailed their fate and Lord Milner's ineptitude. The débris of these land settlements is now scattered throughout the Transvaal to mark the ghastly failure of this particular effort to settle men upon the soil by way of land purchase.

These delusive hopes would never have been raised and this fiasco would not have come about had the lesson of Australasian experimental legislation been applied. There was a time when Australian politicians thought to solve the problem of land settlement by way of schemes based upon purchase. But here again the same cause has operated to wreck enterprises belauded at their inception by enthusiastic promoters. Ahead of State endeavour has risen the price of land, ever tending to make men thus settled slaves of the soil they hungered to acquire. So well defined has been this result that land purchase has come to be a recognised Conservative policy, harmonising with the interests of the great landowners.

These results from colonial land settlement experiments naturally suggest the thought that there are grave dangers in the stimulus being given by the Small Holdings Act to land acquisition in England. Here again we find that land is to be purchased or hired to a brass band accompaniment, and everything is being done to stimulate a land boom. Already the price of land is going up, and where that rising tendency will stop no one can say. It may, however, be predicted with confidence that if nothing be done to check this tendency the result will be disastrous not only to the small holders but also to all present land users. For the former will have to pay a rental which will unduly cut into the narrow margin of possible profit, and the latter will have present rents increased. Mr. Winfrey, M.P., has stated he estimates that the price of land will advance twenty-five per cent. as a result of the Small Holdings Act, but the probability is that this estimate will be exceeded. The price of Irish land has advanced over sixty per cent. since the last Land Purchase Act came into operation, and one investigator is already setting down a fifty per cent. increase on present rent as the rent to be paid by small holders.

Consequently it cannot be denied that the Small Holdings Act by creating a land boom may bring about a condition of affairs opposed to the interests of all land users, present and prospective. The question therefore arises whether the State can do anything to avert this calamity, for such it would undoubtedly be. Here the experience of the Australasian colonies is extremely valuable. As has been shown, land settlement schemes based upon purchase are no longer regarded as providing a solution of the land problem.

Another policy now holds the field, championed by the democracy of every colony, and initiated with success in almost all. This is the taxation of land values. This method of dealing with the problem of land monopoly has exactly opposite results to those following upon land purchase. Instead of land being run up to a fictitious price or rental through State action, the effect of the land values tax is to check speculation in land and force it into use on terms relative to its present producing capacity.

Consequently it may be urged that a land values tax is the necessary complement of the Small Holdings Act, and that it should be imposed to avert the dangers that have been alluded to. Were this done the present position would be entirely reversed. Instead of a land boom created by an active demand on the one hand for land and a close monopoly control on the other, there would be an active desire on the part of land owners to procure land users.

For it would then no longer be profitable to hold land out of use or full use in the confident expectation that future years would bring fresh increments of value. The prospect would be changed to one of fresh increments of taxation. Australasian experience has placed this result of the taxation of land values beyond the region of theory, and it holds the field as the only method of dealing with the evils of land monopoly.

And whilst the land values tax would have this beneficial result from economic forces it would set in operation, it would provide a revenue from an untapped source which would enable the Government to embark on supplementary social reforms.

In conclusion, it may be urged that this question is one of paramount importance to the whole community. Should the result of the Small Holdings Act be the placing of large numbers of men upon land acquired at a fictitious price or hire from present holders, and an increase of rent to small farmers, it will inevitably follow that those burdened with an inflated rent as a result of State action will ultimately call upon the State to provide a fictitious price for the produce of that land. An insolvent peasantry may be relied upon to be bigoted opponents of free food importation, and consequently the cause of Free Trade is involved in this matter.

Land settlement by way of purchase is as a new toy to the English public, but to a land reformer who has seen the system in operation it is like a double-edged knife without a haft—a dangerous thing to handle. But a haft can be provided to make the weapon safe and serviceable, and it can be found in a land values tax.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. OUTHWAITE.

Poetry.

THE KEEPER.

God placed a Life in my hand
As I passed Him by on the Waste,
And He said, "Dost thou understand?"
And I answered "Yea," in my haste.

And the Life held life and waxed strong,
And its beauty was fair to see:
And it knew not of right nor of wrong,
And went in my ways with me.

But one day it left my care,
And stumbled on, slow, behind;
And at last, from I knew not where,
I heard its cry in the wind.

I passed God by on the Waste—
I had no Life in my hand—
And God stayed me long from my haste,
And taught me to understand.

ALEX. J. GRANT.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE understand that Mr. Balfour has just completed a volume on philosophy which will probably be published during the autumn. It will be interesting to see in what direction the mind of the author of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" and "The Foundations of Belief" has moved since the publication of those volumes.

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MR. JOHN LANE has made arrangements with M. Anatole France and his publishers to issue an English translation of all M. Anatole France's works, including "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," the second volume of which has been issued this week. The series will be edited by Mr. Frederic Chapman, and amongst the translators are Mr. A. R. Allinson, Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, Miss Winifred Stephens, Mrs. John Lane, Miss M. P. Willcocks, and the editor. The English rights of Lafcadio Hearn's fine translation of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" have also been secured. The first volume to be issued will be a rendering of "Le Lys Rouge."

* * *

THE same publisher has in preparation "French Novelists of To-day," by Miss Winifred Stephens. The book is intended to be a guide to English readers who wish to keep in touch with the best French fiction of the day. Miss Stephens has spent much time in France, and has made a careful study of the main currents of French thought, especially in their bearing upon the works of the modern school of novelists. The authors dealt with are Maurice Barrès, René Bazin, Paul Bourget, Pierre de Coulevain, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Marcel Prévost, and Edouard Rod—an interesting and representative selection, though the brothers Margueritte, the brothers Rosny, and Madame Marcelle Tinayre ought to be included.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY which should prove of great interest is that of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, which will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray. It has been written by Mr. John Martineau, to whom we already owe an excellent book on Sir Bartle Frere. Mr. Martineau has made use of the family papers and other unpublished documents, and in the coming volume he attempts to clear the Duke's memory from a great part of the blame which he incurred for the maladministration of the Crimean War. It will be remembered that it was the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Lincoln, who, by his father's influence, first secured a seat in Parliament for Gladstone, and long remained his close friend. The Duke was one of Peel's trusted followers, holding in succession the offices of Secretary of State for the Colonies, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for War. His letters may therefore be expected to throw fresh light both on the Crimean War and on Peel's attitude towards the Free Trade agitation.

* * *

To their useful "Library of Early Novelists," Messrs. Routledge are about to add a Picaresque section, under the general editorship of Mr. H. Warner Allen. The first volumes to appear are "Celestina" and "Lazarillo de Tormes," both works of capital importance in the study of Picaresque fiction. "Lazarillo" appeared in 1554, and has been assigned, though without much evidence, to the Spanish poet and statesman, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. It enjoyed an amazing popularity in Elizabethan times, having been translated into every European language, and its influence may be traced in the work of many of our early novelists. Cervantes is known to have studied it, and Le Sage borrowed from it. "Celestina," a tragi-comedy by F. de Rojas, was translated into English by Mabbe in 1631, and has been edited by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly in the Tudor Translation Series. Messrs. Routledge's reprint will contain a lengthy introduction on the Picaresque novel by Mr. Warner Allen.

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"THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL.D.," by his daughter, Miss Arabella Kenealy, which will shortly

be published by Mr. John Long, should make interesting reading. Dr. Kenealy took part in many famous trials. He defended Palmer, the poisoner, prosecuted Overend and Gurney, showing great powers of attack, and finally sunk his considerable reputation in the struggle to save "The Claimant" to the Tichborne name and estates. He afterwards sat in Parliament as member for Stoke-on-Trent—not a happy experience for him or the House. On one occasion Dr. Kenealy declared that he would shake off calumny "like dew-drops off a lion's mane." Several writers drew attention to the forcible simile, believing it to be original. It was, of course, taken from a passage in "Troilus and Cressida."

* * *

THE success of "The Virgil Pocket-Book," which was reviewed in our columns on April 27th last, has encouraged Mr. S. E. Winbolt to compile a companion volume, "The Horace Pocket-Book," which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Constable. It is agreeable to see that even in these days of half-penny journalism and slipshod style there are still people who value the severe and careful phrasing of the great Latin classics. Horace, who lived in an age so like our own, lends himself to Mr. Winbolt's purpose even more than Virgil did, and he has supplied more quotations bearing on the life of to-day than has any other ancient writer outside the Bible. As in the former volume, an English prose translation of each Latin extract will be printed on the opposite page.

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AN American writer, Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, has aimed at producing a book on English political institutions similar in scope to Mr. Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." It is to be in two volumes, and will be published next month by Messrs. Macmillan.

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THE much-needed catalogue of the Gladstone library at the National Liberal Club has been issued, a bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages. Mr. F. G. Haley, the librarian, has done his work well. The elaborate subject-catalogue is most useful, and fully justifies the immense amount of labour it entailed. Founded in recognition of Mr. Gladstone's services to the country, and opened by him in May, 1888, the library contains to-day 24,460 bound volumes, and 20,152 unbound pamphlets. From the first it has been of the greatest service for writing, as well as reading, and, we might add, for drawing also, since some of "F. C. G.'s" famous cartoons were conceived and sketched there.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "The Story of the Guides." By Colonel G. J. Younghusband. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Folklore as an Historical Science." By G. L. Gomme. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop." By Lady Laura Ridding. (Arnold. 15s. net.)
- "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman." By Sir William Leo-Warner. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)
- "Some London Churches, Ancient and Modern." By T. Francis Bumpus. (Werner Laurie. Two vols. 6s. net each.)
- "The Search for the Western Sea: The Story of the Exploration of North-Western America." By L. J. Burpee. (Alston Rivers. 16s. net.)
- "Beau Brummell and His Times." By R. Boutet de Monvel. (Nash. 10s. net.)
- "A Star of the Salons: Julie de Lespinasse." By Camilla Jebb. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Real India." By J. D. Rees, M.P. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope." By H. A. Vachell. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The King's General in the West: The Life of Sir Richard Granville, 1600—1659." By the Rev. R. Granville. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Diary of a Looker-on." By C. Lewis Hind. (Nash. 7s. 6d.)
- "Christ and the Nation." By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (Unwin. 6s.)
- "From Their Point of View." By M. Loane. (Arnold. 6s.)
- "The Thief on the Cross." By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. (Nash. 6s.)
- "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," Tome Deuxième. Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7fr. 50.)
- "Trois Eglises et Trois Primitifs." Par J. K. Huysmans. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Science et Religion dans la Philosophie Contemporaine." Par Emile Boutroux. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE PRO-CONSUL AS HISTORIAN.*

I.

LORD CROMER has, we think, exhibited the advantages and the disadvantages attending the description and criticism of recent events by men who have taken a conspicuous part in them. "Modern Egypt" has the form and much of the material of history; in the authority of the writer and his access to first sources it compares with such a work as Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." Yet if an unfriendly critic were to describe it as a pamphlet of nearly 1,200 pages, written to accuse or to excuse a number of personages, including the author, some of them dead, some alive, engaged together in a controversy the flames of which still smoulder or are even fiercely alive, the criticism could not be entirely rebutted. The book is more than this. It is an impressive record of *res gestæ*, of a great episode. But it must be remembered that the main truth about the stormy events it discusses and describes rests, like all truth, partly on the surface, partly beneath. The writer, like most men of strong character and instinctive bias of temperament, takes some parts of this truth, and lightly dismisses other parts. He relies on some confidential documents; others he chooses or is obliged to withhold. He dispenses judgments freely, sometimes caustically, on himself, on one great statesman, on many of his contemporaries, on the half-whimsical, half-heroic figure of Gordon, on military, political, and moral issues, in many of which his own reputation and judgment were deeply concerned. He compasses a sphere of public responsibility which he, an ex-agent of the Crown, has very recently quitted. It seems to us that if Lord Cromer were intentionally unfair or deeply prejudiced, this action would give him a signal advantage in the handling of disputable matter. Few of the persons here impeached, or judged, or praised, can answer or fully criticise him. The lips of the survivors are sealed, or partially sealed, for Lord Cromer's book traverses Cabinet secrets, and often half reveals them. The friends of the dead are under similar restrictions. Lord Cromer, we know, is not intentionally unfair; he often writes both with breadth of view and with singular balance of judgment, adducing pros and cons, and frankly admitting his own mistakes. But he has a power of directly pleading and indirectly advancing a cause which, under the special circumstances, gives portions of his book the aspect of a judgment prematurely issued by a tribunal having solid interests in one side of the case. His judgments on himself seem to us mild; his verdicts on others much less restrained.

This much we have to say by way of general criticism. But the merits of Lord Cromer's book are conspicuous. It would have been easy to write the story of the failure of the relief of Gordon, which is the first governing theme of his pen, in a series of malicious might-have-beens. So partisans have written it; so, it is obvious, Lord Cromer does not, and could not, write it. All things considered, his narrative relieves the Government of 1880 of a mass of undeserved odium, which unscrupulous partisanship or unthinking hero-worship cast upon it. On the whole, Lord Cromer's view coincides pretty closely with that of Gladstone and Granville. The latter he judges shrewdly and fairly. Granville was yoked unequally with Gambetta in the policy which culminated in the unhappy Joint Note of 1882. His insight divined the peril of Gambetta's tone and method; but his will shrank from decisive measures, and in the crisis of the Arabi movement, which Lord Cromer assesses quite fairly, he fell feebly into line with the French statesman's anti-Nationalism. A less palpable and far more excusable lack of judgment was his failure definitely to veto the Hicks expedition. Granville then first adumbrated the policy of the abandonment of the Soudan, a decision so warmly approved by Lord Cromer that he insists (Vol. I., p. 392) that the Gladstone Administration "deserves the eternal gratitude of the Egyptian Government for coming down with a heavy hand on all the vacillations of the Cairene adminis-

trators." But the Foreign Minister did not go the length of stopping Hicks's hopeless adventure, though failure seemed inevitable. Interference at that juncture was a very delicate business; Lord Cromer was probably right in thinking that it might have been successfully tried. But in the substance of his survey of Gladstonian policy he discloses no acute or large points of difference. He is loud in praise of the Government's loyalty and strict honour. Their principle of abandoning the Soudan at a time when the shattered State had neither the means nor the men for keeping it he cordially endorses, and with the exception of the error about Hicks he does not consider them responsible for its loss. He does not seriously dispute the Government's conclusion against sending a portion of Sir Gerald Graham's force from Suakin to Berber. More curiously still, he was at one with Gladstone, against whom, we are afraid we must say, his animus is evident, on more than one capital point.† Like Gladstone, he was originally against the recourse to Gordon, and bitterly regretted that he ever changed his mind. Like him, he favoured the employment of Zobeir Pasha—after having first deprecated it. Like him and the whole Government, he suffered from Gordon's irresponsibility and irrational impulsiveness, which he condemns in terms far more scathing than the generous Gladstone ever allowed himself to use.

It is, indeed, at this point that we approach the grave, the unaccountable, defect of the book. It concerns Lord Cromer's treatment of one incident—that of the time of sending the relief expedition to Khartoum. In all that regards Gordon Lord Cromer is to be commiserated; and, indeed, he abundantly commiserates himself. Gordon's unsteadiness of character seems to have infected nearly everybody around him; it acted as a witch's potion in the cauldron of the Egyptian confusion. Lord Cromer was for sending him and against sending him; he changed his mind on Gordon's route to Khartoum, and on the desirability of his staying there. The now obvious truth is that, as Lord Cromer sorrowfully admits, Gordon should never have been sent. Gladstone and Gladstone's two ablest colleagues—Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke—were, we believe, opposed to his "mission" from the first. To send him, with all his gifts and graces, was to despatch a hare-brained man on a hare-brained errand. But he was loveable and a paladin, he had bewitched the sentimental public, which overbore Gladstone's forebodings, and, for a brief period, he captured even the stubborn fancy of Lord Cromer. The disillusion was swift and complete. Gordon overwhelmed his colleague with contradictory telegrams. He threw his instructions, in Lord Cromer's words, "to the winds." Sent on a strictly peaceful mission, in which his personal initiative was to be the sole factor, he changed it into a warlike one, because, said Lord Cromer, he was a "very bellicose soldier," and could not resist a fight. In a few days, he sketched out five separate policies. He was for abandoning the Soudan; he was for evacuating, and not abandoning, it; he was for handing it over to the Turks, to the British, to "petty sultans," and, finally, these loose plans hardened in the wild decision to "smash the Mahdi." He ruined his mission by his want of reserve; he lacked nearly every quality of a Governor and an agent, save his native charm and sweetness, his serene and exalted courage.

These defects Lord Cromer describes with no want of point or elaboration. But when he sums up the moral of a story whose tragic end the chief actor ordained and encompassed, he forgets the considerations he himself has pressed home, and reduces it to a single charge of culpable delay and vacillation in the starting of the relief expedition. He leaves out of account the cumulative effect of Gordon's follies, and especially the stunning and bewildering results of his complete change of plans, a change which in justice, if not in consideration and tenderness for a gallant and attractive but untrustworthy man, absolved the Government of the obligation to send an expedition at all. Lord Cromer, however, abruptly shifting ground, makes the fol-

†The prejudice of Lord Cromer's notes on Mr. Blunt is natural, but regrettable, and a little undignified. Mr. Blunt shows in the "Academy" that Lord Cromer unjustly suggests that he betrayed Sir Edward Malet's confidence, and that this charge rests on the transference of Mr. Blunt's words from one occasion when he was in no relation to Sir Edward, to another period when he was—surely a vital difference.

* "Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. Macmillan. 2 vols. 24s net.

lowing distinct charge of delay, which he subsequently declares to be inexcusable:—

"The most indulgent critic would scarcely extend beyond June 27th (1834) the date at which the Government should have decided on the question of whether a relief expedition should or should not be despatched. On that day the news that Berber had been captured on May 26th by the Dervishes was finally confirmed. Yet it was not till six weeks later that the Government obtained from Parliament the funds necessary to prepare for an expedition." (Vol. I., p. 590.)

It will be observed that two assumptions underlie this statement. The first is that the reasons of delay were political not military; the second that the Government's decision to send was only taken on August 8th, when the vote of credit was asked for. Both are unwarranted. It is obvious on the face of it that the Government must have made up their minds on policy before conveying an announcement to Parliament. It is on record that they did so make up their minds. Gladstone stated it, in defending his policy in the following year, 1885:—

"We never denied that we were under obligation to Gordon. After the debate in the House of Commons on May 12th, we did not fail in one single hair's breath in the absolute fulfilment of that covenant."

In other words, he treated his declaration in that debate as an obligation to send out an expedition. Was that a late decision? On the face of things, it was not. Lord Cromer suggests that Gordon had given full warning of imminent peril on March 8th, 1884. Yet on an earlier page he quotes a message of the General dated April 1st, in which he spoke of the "truly trumpery nature of the revolt, which 500 determined men could put down."

But if the Government decided on the principle of an expedition in the late spring or early summer of 1884—well within Lord Cromer's time-limit—what explains the delay in announcing and starting it? Is it possible that Lord Cromer is ignorant of its governing cause? He cannot be, for (Vol. I., p. 580) he states that a "good deal of difference of opinion existed among the military authorities as to whether it would be desirable to move by Suakin or to adopt the Nile route. Lord Wolseley preferred the latter alternative." Mr. Morley describes the main difficulty in a striking sentence. "The generals in London," he said ("Life of Gladstone," Vol. III., p. 164), "fought the battle of the routes with unabated tenacity for month after month." This, indeed, was the main difficulty. It involved a difference between the War Office and the Admiralty, the latter of which naturally preferred the Berber-Suakin route. But Lord Cromer mis-states the essence of the trouble when he barely records the fact that Lord Wolseley preferred the river way. This was Lord Wolseley's second decision, not his first. The earlier preference was for Berber-Suakin as the shortest and probably the best means of approach to Khartoum. So far did Lord Wolseley's choice go that contracts were made for a military railway from Suakin, and a complete set of contractors' plant was shipped to that port. Then came a slow change of view. Advisers who had Lord Wolseley's confidence expounded the advantages of the river route. It was hoped to overcome the difficulties of the Nile passage by the help of Canadian boatmen. Their services, again, with suitable boats, were only secured after long delays. Here, then, is ample proof of the undoubted fact that the decision of the Cabinet was long prior to the announcement in Parliament, and that the main cause of the long interval between the two events was military, not political, involving as it did the not unnatural hesitations and differences of commanders on a momentous choice. It is astonishing that Lord Cromer should have omitted these considerations from his statement of facts, and that he should have distorted his final judgment on them into a purely political condemnation of a statesman whose personal conduct to him had been beyond reproach.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AN ART OF THE PAST.*

THE *salon* is dead. In England, where it has never flourished, our regrets for its extinction are tempered by philosophy. As a nation distinguished for taciturnity, it is a consolation to reflect that the *salon* was the fine flower

of the *ancien régime*, that the freedom of its mind (and morals) was rooted in the soil of tyranny, and that the million perished in order that the few might shine. Even conversational brilliancy may be bought too dear; the guillotine is a high price for a *bon-mot*. Democracy has broken up the great hereditary treasures, scattered the jewels, and melted down the gold to vulgar but serviceable coin. The *salon* is dead; *vive la république!*

The nine *salons* described by Mr. Hamel have been divided by him into three groups—the semi-official receptions of Madame de Sévigné and La Grande Mademoiselle, the *salons* with a purpose, like the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and those where the interest was purely personal—Ninon de l'Enclos, Mesdames Récamier and de Stael. The career and character of each lady is described, and mention is made of her various distinguished guests; but there is little attempt to revive the atmosphere of each individual circle—an atmosphere that can always be detected in every assembly brought together by personal design. How completely different, for instance, was the tone and temper of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to the receptions of Madame Scarron, how subtly did the attitude of Madame du Deffand's guests change when in the company of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, what a contrast must have existed for Benjamin Constant between the tempests of Madame de Stael's Coppet and the sweet serenity of Madame Récamier's Abbaye-aux-Bois! Although the guests provide the harmonies, it is the hostess herself who strikes the key. The genius of leadership is the Frenchwoman's secret; in no other country can the feminine influence so securely hold its own. Now there are two ways of maintaining an influence—the direct and the indirect. Either, like Madame du Deffand and de Stael one can dominate, or else, like Mdlle. de l'Espinasse and Madame Récamier, one can charm. No one can doubt which method is the most permanently successful. Of all the snares ever laid for the capture of the heart or brain of man, flattery is the subtlest and the surest. Madame de Rambouillet—a lady of infinite fascination—was accused by her admirers of one defect:—

"The kindly demonstrations which she gave of her friendship flattered all those who saw her, so that each believed he had what he expected from her. . . . She was blamed for always seeking to please by her civility those who had no share in her esteem; so that those who believed they had deserved it complained she appeared to give it equally to all, and to enter into the interests of everybody."

Yet one does not gather that this failing drove many of her guests away. Few women understood better than Mdlle. de l'Espinasse the art of letting others shine. "Her guests," wrote Marmontel, "harmonised so well together that they seemed like the strings of an instrument played by a master hand." It was the gentle touch of this "master hand" that kept and held together all that Madame du Deffand, in her anger and jealousy, had tried to destroy; and the Rue de Belle-Chasse, where the banished Julie de l'Espinasse took refuge, became an intellectual centre in every way as brilliant as the famous Convent of St. Joseph where her former benefactress had reigned. In Madame Récamier the art of self-suppression was carried to the pitch of genius. "She attracts and keeps her hold," is the naïve tribute of a masculine admirer, "because she does not speak much." Up to her last day, she was surrounded and adored; her whole life was spent in an atmosphere of love and friendship; yet no one has ever remembered a word she said. Juliette Récamier was not only reserved in speech; her whole nature was veiled in a reticence that has baffled all biographers. Such a character would appear colourless if it were not for the undeniable power she exerted. Perhaps the secret may be explained in the one positive statement that has ever been made about her: "Non," wrote Ste. Beuve, "Madame Récamier n'a jamais aimé." In striking contrast to this delicate sphinx is the character of her first woman friend, the brilliant, emotional, impulsive, convulsive Madame de Stael. The "whirlwind in petticoats" was too great and many-sided a figure to fulfil the somewhat narrow ideal of perfect hostess—or even of perfect woman. A genius rather than a siren, many men disliked her; some, like Heine, were never weary of making game of her; whilst her lover, Constant, confessed that whenever she left Coppet he felt "like a schoolboy whose head-master is away." It is true that her weak points were quite as conspicuous as her strong. Her love of adora-

* "Famous French Salons." By Frank Hamel. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

tion was notorious. "In the absence of cats," wrote a disillusioned female relative, "she would hold a court of rats—she would die if she had not a crowd round her." Even the pantomime of conquest was precious. De Gustine, in a letter to Sophie Gay, describes the first meeting between Madame de Stael and the Duke of Wellington:—

"'Is it true,' she asked, 'that your Lord Chancellor speaks to the King kneeling, in the Session of Parliament?' 'It is true.' 'How is it done?' 'Why, Madame, as I say, he kneels when he speaks.' 'But how?' she continued. 'Would you see?' responded the Duke, and he cast himself at the feet of our Corinne. 'I wish that all the world saw it,' exclaimed Madame de Stael."

Vanity, however, may be forgiven to a woman so magnificently gifted. About her reunions at Coppet there was a richness and vitality that has never been equalled. To Bayle her *salon* was a phenomenon rising even to political importance. "Had it continued," he wrote, "all the Academies of Europe would have paled before it." M. Caro called the chateau "an intellectual Coblenz on the frontier of France . . . whence came forth political doctrines, a programme of ideas, a race of statesmen, a school of thinkers, which have filled with their combats, their triumphs, or their defeats, more than half a century of our history." Even Byron was conquered by the woman "who wrote octaves and talked folios." "She has made Coppet," he wrote, "as agreeable to me as society and talent can make any place on earth."

Those who have read the letters of Madame de Sévigné (that is to say, all genteel and well instructed persons) will have no need to turn to Mr. Hamel's pages for a glimpse into her world. Madame de Maintenon is better known in her less intellectual but more famous days; though as the wife of the crippled playwright Scarron, she met many more interesting people and exercised, in a quiet way, almost as great an influence as she did in her palace-prison existence chained to the heels of the king. The *salon* of the Grande Mademoiselle was held quite as much by divine right as by any peculiar merit on the part of the hostess; yet in spite of want of culture, eccentricity and not a little of the ridiculous in the character of the Princess, she acquired, by sheer force of will and self-confidence, a real position as leader of the social world.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ETHICS.*

EARLY Christian Ethics in the West, from Clement to Ambrose, is certainly an important and, in England, a neglected subject. Dr. Scullard treats it with a careful scholarship and a keen appreciation of Patristic literature. His point of view, however, is not one with which many will agree, for the dogmatic attitude in historical questions has generally given place to the idea of development: yet this latter conception is treated with scant courtesy by Dr. Scullard. It is true that "development" has been misused often—as it was by Newman—for the purposes of controversy. But surely it is strange to-day to hear of the "stationary character of morality" (p. 22), of the "fixity and finality of the abstract principles of morality," or that "philosophers have discovered nothing new. The Christian Church has discovered nothing new" (p. 25). The dogmatic attitude is often allied with an error—for such it is, although so great a name as Harnack's may be used in support of it—the conception that the history of early Christianity from Clement to Ambrose is one of gradual decay, after the purity of Gospel Christianity. It is arbitrary to say that the Church of the third and fourth centuries was doing less valuable work than the itinerant preachers and their extremely vague communities were doing in the first century of our era. "Laudatores temporis acti" tend to use an ideal of their own, not the facts of history, in their description of the Golden Age in early Christianity. "It can hardly be maintained that we have a perfectly Christian ethic in any of the Fathers" (p. 18). But what is a perfectly Christian ethic? Apparently Dr. Scullard implies

that it is possible to regard the writings of the New Testament as more consistent or systematic than those of the early Fathers. He does not think that within the New Testament itself we have documents of the age which extends from Clement to Ambrose (p. 4); but it would be difficult to justify the dating of "II. Peter," for example, before Clement. In fact, it appears that a perfectly Christian ethic is an elaboration of the theologians. The quotations given by Dr. Scullard himself would indicate that early Christian writers were much more concerned with "edification" than with a correct theory of ethics.

There is another point concerning which Dr. Scullard's view is distinctly questionable. With the dogmatic view of history, naturally, hard lines of division appear between schools of thought. Now these lines, however useful for the purposes of learning the rough outlines of history, by no means render fairly the complexity and delicacy of historic sequence. It seems, in the first place, impossible to separate the teaching of early Christian writers on ethics from that of Pagans and Philosophers—especially if the division be made to imply the superiority of the Fathers. Lacordaire's division of all religions into Idolatry, Islam, and Christianity may be "eminently convenient," as Dr. Scullard says (p. 38), but it is so false as to be almost grotesque. Yet upon this division is made to depend a discussion of the metaphysical basis for Ethics, which fills half the book (pp. 37-146). Aristotle, the Epicureans, the Stoics, and Plato are dismissed as *metaphysicians*, to make place for Clement, Lactantius, Irenaeus, and Ambrose. Of course, it is acknowledged that the age of Clement and Ambrose was not a period of great thinking, but apparently it is conceived that superiority can be proved for the Fathers as compared to the greatest of the Greeks. By what criterion this result is obtained may be seen in the commendation of Patristic Ethics as being concerned not with duty and conscience but with law and external authority. The result is clear. In "the first formal thinker" among these Fathers, Lactantius, the idea of a reward is made so prominent that it appears to be his teaching that men should be moral in hopes of what Hegel would call "a tip." Morality is a means for the obtaining of "immortality." It is plain also that the Christian moralists of the age are concerned with charms (p. 125), with an exaggerated asceticism (p. 96), with a crude millenarianism (pp. 155, 172), and that they conceive themselves to belong to a specially favoured caste (p. 152).

Probably if Christian propaganda had depended upon the Patristic system of ethics, we could hardly call conversion progress. But happily, although a man's ethical system may be despicable, his morality may be great and pure. We know that it was Christian morality that influenced men, not Christian Ethics—if ethics be understood to mean the scientific and systematic theory of conduct. Pliny was struck by the fact that Christians "bound themselves by oath to avoid theft and adultery, and never to break their word." Galen was equally impressed by their lives, not by their theories. Cyprian (ad Donatum) and Justin (Apol. II. 12) owed their conversions to observed practices.

Christianity was obviously an inspiration and not a system. In the Latin Fathers from Clement to Ambrose we may not find much inspiration, but of exact thinking we shall find less. It is necessary to allow the thinker rights in the theory of Ethics, just as much as to allow of the religious elements in morality. Religious experience does not necessarily imply a deeper philosophical insight.

PASTORAL AND ADVENTURE.*

MISS TRAVERS'S "Thyrsis and Fausta" is an interesting evidence of the perennial vitality of pastoral, once a synonym for the faded and conventional in literature. The need of withdrawing from the clamour of civilisation, "from deadening toil, from fierce and desperate joy," which was always one of the springs of Pastoral poetry, is as little likely to become extinct as the need, after a shorter or longer interval, of returning to them. But the blithe symbolism of

* "Early Christian Ethics in the West from Clement to Ambrose." By H. H. Scullard, M.A. (Lond. and Camb.), D.D. (Lond.), Professor of Church History, Christian Ethics, and History of Religions in New and Hackney Colleges, London. Williams & Norgate.

* "Thyrsis and Fausta." By Rosalind Travers. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.
"Forty Singing Seamen." By Alfred Noyes. Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.

shepherds, shepherds' songs, and of Pan, the shaggy god of the shepherd's craft, held life by a far flailer tenure. Once transcended by the gracious woodlands of Sicily it lost all vital touch with reality, and depended for continued existence in art upon the rarer and more fortuitous grace of fancy. Hence, when the return to nature took possession of English poetry in the later eighteenth century, the old shepherd symbolism had long been quietly incorporated with the conventions it implicitly repudiated, and was swept away indignantly, with other merely decorative forms of ancient speech, by the prophets of the new faith. Nothing is more curious, however, in the evolution of nineteenth century literature, than the gradual re-discovery of the worth and use of these disused and discredited alphabets of the past. The figures of Greek myth became again eloquent and expressive in the hands of Shelley and Keats, of Tennyson, Arnold, and Morris. But even then the Pastoral world remained irresponsive, as if stricken, as it doubtless was, with a more stubborn mortality than the rest. Caucasus and Olympus stood in radiant sunshine, but the mists still hung low over Arcady. Miss Travers is not the first nor the most illustrious of those who have sought to dispel them, but she is one of the bravest and most enterprising, and one whose work helps us best to see both the perils of the way and its frequent rewards and opportunities. Even she has not ventured to show us an Arcadia very like that we know. There is not much sylvan seclusion left in this rapid and busy play, with its picturesque succession of incidents and adventures, its multiplicity of figures—shepherds and shepherd girls, dryads and fauns and water-nymphs, villagers and magicians—its yawning caverns and engulfed rivers. The unrest of the nineteenth century has found its way, after all, into these legendary haunts of Pan. And from other regions of legend-lore, too, more strongly rooted in our latter-day poetry or in our latter-day faith, there come strains of elfin music, more stirring and confident than his, to fortify the heart of the doubting wood-god. Young Erin, in the person of Mr. W. B. Yeats, takes old Arcady by the hand, or at least the hand is put into his, and virtue passes out of him. We can hardly doubt whose rhythms were stirring when the Dryads under the lowering sky, in breathless quiet, made their chant of the coming storm:

"He is far, yet we can hear
Up the vast, sullen fields of Cloudland, clear,
The tumult and falling hoofs of his shadowy horses beat,
Threatening of dread and disaster, of fire and defeat;
Of ruinous battle, hurled
Crashing down upon the forest world!"

The play is, indeed, dedicated to Mr. Yeats. More significantly still, one of Miss Travers's village elders anticipates a famous visionary formula of the master of all who see visions—William Blake. "Some fairy touch has unsealed your ears and lifted up your gaze, so that you see through and not with your eyne." We do not mention these things by way of disparagement at all. The apparatus may be somewhat too elaborate, the action somewhat lacking in simplicity and strength; but these fairy enterprises and disasters are not to be too nicely scrutinised on this score. The characters are slightly but delicately drawn; and their varieties are imagined with much resourceful play on the motives of love and avarice: Thyrsis, who resigns the devoted passion of the river-nymph Eurhœ to follow the lure of the magician into his gold-fraught cave; Fausta, the innocent shepherd girl who follows for his sake; Clorin, his sister, the frank woodland maid who knows nothing of love, and cannot imagine that anyone should like better to handle gold than to feel the sunshine; and Eurhœ, who sacrifices herself to redeem her old lover, have all some measure not merely of dramatic but of lyric quality. As much cannot be said for the "rich shepherd" Dorastus, who puts to Clorin the advantages of marrying a well-to-do husband with a mechanical regularity which is good neither as poetry nor as realism, but only as puppet-practice. On the whole the most vital moments of this Pastoral are the brief bursts of song, often rare and fascinating in rhythm. Such are, notably, besides the Dryad's song, Hylinoe's Irish lilt, "Wild airs, sad wind, heavy and changeless sky," and the final chorus of the Dryads:

"Wake! Wake! forest and underwood."

where the rhythmic echo of Scott's stirring "Ride, ride, Ettrick and Teviotdale" fills the verse with a tumultuous

joy not altogether its own, strangely expressive of the intoxication of a summer midnight in the woods.

We can speak but briefly of the rest of Miss Travers's volume. The romance of the nineteenth century and its realism have commonly grown very near together, if not from a common root; poetic vision has been nourished on impassioned apprehension of fact, and hope on pity. But few contemporary poets exhibit these apparent opposites in so intimate and vital a fusion as Miss Travers, and she tackles the artistic problems which this complexity of motive involves with fearless audacity, if not with complete success. Like Mrs. Browning, to whose kindred genius she does honour, she hears the "cry of the children," and many other miseries of humanity; but she is not content to tell us of them in pathetic song; she sets us face to face with the squalid horror of London, makes us breathe the reek of the public-house, and listen, as in the powerful dramatic scene "The Fate of Life," to the sodden and vapid talk of a roomful of human wrecks, insisting on the notes of decay and ruin with less power, but with as little remorse as the author of "Creatures that once were men."

The poem which has given its title to Mr. Alfred Noyes's last volume is sufficiently unlike anything in Miss Travers's in every other respect, but presents similar daring and sudden changes of key. The "forty singing seamen in an old black barque" captivate us at once, as they land in the twilight on the magic shore of Prester John; and they tell the tale of his amiable hospitalities in a vein of humour which has something both of the boisterous geniality of "Tam o' Shanter" and of the imaginative grotesquerie of "Childe Roland." The feast is served, quick as light, by unseen fingers; then—

"The skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
'I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!'
CHORUS: And we drank his health with honours, for he done us very proud!"

There is much psychology in the final question: "Could the grog we dreamt we swallowed make us dream of all that followed?" And for our part we must demur to its having been capable of making these honest Wapping mariners "dream" of lines like these, which the poet seems to have inadvertently allowed to wander from his flute:—

"The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever,
With his music in the mountains, and his magic in the sky!
While your hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There's magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."

Mr. Noyes is indeed a true poet of the sea; he was, we believe, born and bred in a West-country harbour-town, where susceptible spirits become early attuned to the peculiar "magic" hinted at in the last line. The romance of Odyssean wandering beyond the sunset, at the beck of the "siren lure of the sea," haunts his imagination; and pieces like "The Golden Hynde" sound like preludes to his own epic venture with Drake. But the magic of distance does not often or characteristically, with him, take the form of the elusive or mysterious. In his love of precise contour, clear and definite colour, and sculpturesque modelling, he is a Parnassian, not a symbolist, of the tribe of Keats, not of Shelley. "The Swimmers' Race" is a brilliant study of sea and shore, of "naked boyish beauty" "mirrored like marble in the smooth wet sand," or breasting the green-arching billows, by turns flashing like sunbeams on a crest, and melting like foam flakes out of sight, until they blend at last with all the glory of all the sea. No attempt is made to aetherialise or spiritualise this simple subject; but its implicit values of colour and movement are elicited and rendered with a delicacy of eye and a strength and sureness of touch which make the whole singularly beautiful. The Keatsian strophe would itself suggest where Mr. Noyes has sought the secret of the mastery of sensuous beauty; and some other songs or odes invite this audacious comparison still more openly, and what is more, without exposing their author to any very real risk of the guilt or the doom of Marsyas. Keats addressed the most perfect of his odes to autumn, the season of mellow fruitfulness, and left it to others to sing the songs of spring. His latter-day disciple, facing the glory of Nature with senses less potent

indeed but more buoyant and elastic, makes an ode to summer, and will not hear of autumn's songs:—

"Tell me no more of Autumn, the slow gold
Of fruitage ripening in a world's decay,
The falling leaves, the moist rich breath
Of woods that swoon and crumble unto death
Over the gorgeous mould.
Give us the flash and scent of keen-edged May,
Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,
Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom."

A stanza or two further, and it is the lover of the "Greek Urn" who is echoed, though again the echo is more like an answer than a refrain.

"Oh, lover, in the hawthorn lane,
Dream not you hold her, or you dream in vain!"

At rare moments the felicitous audacities of Keats have tempted him to expressions more bold than happy, as in

"The wild thyme on the mountain's knees
Unrolls its purple market to the bees."

And his way of following in the path of great poets and executing variations on their songs is not without its snares. The two sonnets, for instance, in which he tries to find speech for "the real Dante" are passionate and beautiful. But "the real Dante" bears a close resemblance, after all, to Mr. Alfred Noyes, and we confess a preference for the "unreal Dante" who disguised himself in the "Vita Nuova."

C. H. HERFORD.

MODERN MOUNTAINEERING.*

THE sport of mountaineering is undergoing a marked and steady alteration. Its votaries are divided into two sharply distinguished and often opposed schools. The earlier school was composed of men of wide culture and great intellectual attainments, men often of the foremost distinction in other fields, who found in mountaineering a congenial relaxation. Such men were John Tyndall and Leslie Stephen. They were great mountaineers, but their highest distinctions were not their climbing triumphs. The other and newer school consists of men who are pre-eminently rock-climbers—"rock-gymnasts," the older school call them, not without some slight suspicion of contempt. They are not men of the wide culture of the great pioneers, and their mountaineering achievements are not infrequently their highest title to fame.

The books left us by men of the elder school have undeniably strange literary charm. Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" is an English classic; so is Leslie Stephen's "Playground of Europe." Both these books have been read and enjoyed by hundreds of persons who have never trodden the summit of a snow-capped peak, and never seen a glacier. The works produced by the newer school lack that literary charm. Mr. Abraham is decidedly an adherent of the later school.

His book is called the "Complete Mountaineer," and belongs to a series, the other volumes of which deal with Rugby football, cricket, motoring, golf, and photography—a somewhat anomalous collection. Why not also croquet and lawn-tennis? But perhaps these volumes are to follow. The older mountaineering would more naturally have been classed with Arctic exploration, big game shooting, and the search for the sources of the Nile. A rapid survey of the contents of Mr. Abraham's book will show how completely the perspective of the modern mountaineer has altered.

This portly, well-printed, and profusely illustrated volume consists of 472 pp., divided as follows: 126 pp. are assigned to "The History and Technicalities of the Sport," 142 to "Climbing at Home," i.e., on the rocks of Cumberland, North Wales, and the Scottish Highlands; and the remainder, 304 pp., to "Mountaineering Abroad." One of the older school, if he had written such a book, would probably have omitted Part II. altogether, and "Abroad" would have a much wider meaning for him, had he lived and written now, than it has for Mr. Abraham. For in that section we find nothing on the mountains of Norway, or the Caucasus, or the Himalayas, or the Andes, or the Rockies, or the New Zealand Alps. Mr. Abraham confines

himself, in his treatment of "Mountaineering Abroad" to the Alps (although portions even of these, e.g., the Bernina range, are entirely omitted) and the Dolomites.

Having written so much on the balance, or want of balance, in the book, let us turn to its undoubtedly great merits within its comparatively circumscribed limits. Mr. Abraham is without question one of the foremost of English rock-climbers, and to be in that class is to be one of the foremost rock-climbers of the world, not only in this age, but in any of the past ages, so far as human history runs. By confining himself within such narrow limits as he has done, Mr. Abraham has the advantage of dealing with climbs, every foot of which—in British rock-climbing, at any rate—he may be said to know intimately. He has accomplished the most astonishing and daring feats on the almost precipitous gullies and rock-faces of our most difficult mountains. It is impossible not to admire the daring, the skill, the strength, the nerve that he has put into his sport. He has carried his life in his hands—or rather in the tips of his fingers and toes—a thousand times, and he revels in the wild joy of danger faced and impossibilities overcome. It is a great sport, this rock-climbing, though in the opinion of even the humblest devotees of the older mountaineering far less great and less sublime than the sport of the giants of the old—i.e., of the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century.

We are by no means sure that Mr. Abraham himself would not admit this. While he is revelling in the steep dangers of his favourite rocks, on Scawfell, or Lliwedd, or the Coolin, he can barely spare a few lines to note the majestic flight and astonished look of a great golden eagle soaring close to the intrepid climber. These long, detailed accounts of gullies and pitches and slabs and cracks become a little wearisome even to those who have climbed a few of the easiest of them. To the general reader they would be profoundly boring. But when we turn to the section dealing with the Alps, the whole book rises to a higher level. We breathe a more aetherial atmosphere; we walk with a more god-like tread. When face to face with the eternal snows, the ceaseless motion of the glacier, the giant forces of nature near their birth-cradle, Mr. Abraham's sense of the beautiful and his apprehension of the sublime increase. On his native rocks he is a master of his craft, without a superior, almost without a rival, among his fellows, always victorious over nature. Amid the Alps he is no longer in the foremost flight, though still very high; he is one not among tens, but among hundreds, perhaps thousands. He bends with a certain awe and reverence before the supreme majesty of the conquered, but still majestic mountain peaks. Even his fine photographs undergo a change. However beautiful as specimens of the photographer's art sections of rock-face, with two or three small human figures executing impossible gymnastics on their perpendicular surfaces may be, they are not, and cannot be, beautiful as pictures. But the Weisshorn or the Matterhorn, viewed from a proper distance, cannot be, even in a photograph, anything but sublime. Two sketches by the author inserted towards the end of the book—one of the view from the top of the Meije and one of the Fünffingerspitze—are so beautiful as to make us regret that a man so gifted should spend his time taking photographs.

In conclusion, we say for rock-climbers this book is a necessity; for mountaineers, so far as the Alps and Dolomites are concerned, it is a most useful book; always a safe and accurate guide so far as it goes. To those who indulge in their sport outside these limits it has not much to offer.

There are a few bad misprints. The worst we have noticed—an obvious *lapsus calami* in so well-informed a climber as Mr. Abraham—is in the sentence on p. 329: "Just as the name of Edward Whymper is inseparably connected with the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn." "Zmutt," of course, should be "Zermatt" or "North-East"; probably Mr. Abraham actually wrote the former word and this is merely a printer's error. The grammar is not always quite above suspicion, and here and there the language is more worthy of the junior reporter turned on to do a football match than of the dignity of an imposing and valuable book. The photographs—for which Mr. Abraham and his brother are deservedly famous—are rather too sensational. Some of these pictures are more apt to make one giddy than the scenes themselves are. Of the rock-climbs perhaps this is not true; but the big mountains

* "The Complete Mountaineer." By G. D. Abraham. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

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A NOVEL OF TEMPERAMENT.*

WHEN we say that a writer has temperament we have defined the most indispensable of the many qualities, knowledge, insight, technical mastery, &c., essential to the artist. Without the last all the rest run to waste, but without "temperament" the artist is little better than a skilled artisan, as we may see on a visit to most of our public art galleries. In "Rachel Chalfont," Miss Sophie Cole shows that she possesses in a marked degree this mysterious quality of temperament, and it is equally patent that the defects of her novel arise from her having forced her imagination to supply deficiencies in experience and knowledge. It is a fault common to beginners, and only time which brings knowledge can correct it. And the reason why so many lights of the romantic school have sunk quickly out of sight is that our generation can find no solid bones and flesh of reality underneath the velvet robe and picturesque habiliments of romance.

As temperament gives the individual feeling that a true work of art transmits to the nerves of the audience, the originality of the appeal made to us is of vital importance. Everything in human life is but the flow and transmutation of the old elements, but the artist who is obviously inspired, at second hand, by the style or outlook of another mind, sins against the primary law which asks of art that it shall conceal its origins. If the temperament is borrowed, then the feeling loses the original purity: we say "a poem in the Tennysonian manner," and we damn it by this definition. If, indeed, a piece of art reproduces too often and too insistently the creator's mannerisms, our nerves grow tired, and cease to transmit to us a shock of pleasure. Thus it is that a Turner or a Swinburne loses his power over us, or we become fatigued by Bernard Shaw's paradoxical brilliancy. We know beforehand what the temperament will give us: we are neither surprised nor interested. And it is for this reason that we are always grateful for the original work of every beginner, because the quality in it is virginal, and the sensation it causes us is fresher than that communicated by the work of abler, more experienced men with whom we are already too familiar. And this is the difficulty of estimating the work of a newcomer: according to our individual bias the scale is weighed down by the value of the freshness of the revelation, or flies up through the obvious imperfection or crudity of the actual performance.

Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" is a classic example of how far temperament may go in supplying deficiencies due to lack of experience. There is a great deal of melodramatic absurdity in the novel, but the force of imagination buoys us up even in Rochester's most Byronic moments. And similarly Miss Sophie Cole's power of feeling is so real as to make us put up with, if not accept, the unreality of her hero, the "great novelist," Stephen Imrie. We perceive that the important thing is the girl's, Rachel Chalfont's, feeling about the man, and that whether the man himself is an idealised figure is of minor importance. For, as in the case of "Jane Eyre," it is the intensity of the heroine's inner life that counts, and of that sweet and bitter delirium of youth when the walls of a dusty school-room, and the repression of an unsympathetic governess, can raise more passionate turmoil in the heart than can all the fruit of belated desire pressed on the dulled palate of middle age. "Rachel Chalfont" is a success at least in calling back to the memory of people, who are fed with a satiety of the things within their reach, those days of youthful fasting when what they craved for seemed to elude the grasp of their hands so eager to pluck and taste. It is not, however, the case that the intensity of Rachel Chalfont's inner life places the other characters of the story in the position of fitting phantoms. Several are drawn with force and insight, and among these we may mention the mother, Mrs.

Chalfont, and the middle-aged woman who is Rachel's rival in the affections of the novelist, Stephen Imrie.

Among the dozen scenes or so of real value in this extremely promising book we may mention the scene of the fruitlessly bitter conversation between Rachel's father and mother, which is overheard by the child at night. In the mind of a sensitive child the relations of the elder people in a household one to another are nearly always a thing for silent wonderment and brooding curiosity, and Miss Cole has caught very cleverly the particular blend of childish awe, indifference, and acceptance in Rachel Chalfont's mind in regard to the secret unhappiness of her mother. Not less delicately done is the curious relationship between Rachel and her elderly cynical "friend," the artist, Mr. Sylvester, whose aim in such "friendships" "was not, as a rule, the seduction of the body, but rather the more subtle desire to enervate and hold captive the mind." In Chapters X. and XI. the author paints with much delicacy the dawning alarm, and later, the agony of shame, in the girl's mind when Sylvester's touch and look has revealed the toils that are closing round her. This feminine purity of a deep nature to which everything else but love undefined is a sacrilege is very well indicated, and Sylvester himself, sensual but not gross, is a clever character study. The first third of "Rachel Chalfont," indeed, is in many ways remarkable, while the second third, where Rachel falls in love with the idealised "great novelist," Stephen Imrie, is immature, and weak in execution. It is curious to note how the insight of many clever women does not serve them to penetrate into masculine character till experience opens their eyes. Stephen Imrie is not a real man at all, though nothing could be more real than the thoughts of the two women about him, the two women who become his slaves, Rachel and her rival, Mrs. Raeburn. Here, again, we have a most subtle sketch of the relations between this cool and hard woman of the world, who is nevertheless craving for the love of the weak man Imrie, who has offered her his "friendship," and the girl Rachel, who, untaught by experience, rates the powers of her love higher than would any woman. The best scene in the book is the one in the nursing home in Porchester Square, where Mrs. Raeburn, after an unsuccessful operation that kills her, confides to her rival the bitter longings of her unappeased passion. There is great depth of feeling here and delicacy of touch, and if the writer who can strike so deeply into the roots of feminine love should succeed in freeing her work from the elements of unreality and melodrama which here and there disfigure it, she should give us something of high merit.

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and gave herself up entirely to religion. But from the moment when she first took part in affairs until her retirement she was one of the most conspicuous and powerful figures in the history of her country. Quarrelling and making up with her brother, the great Condé, intriguing with Turenne, flouting Mazarin and Anne of Austria, making De Retz her tool, or dictating terms to the Court, her career is one of absorbing interest. Her marriage to the Duc de Longueville, when she was twenty-three and her husband forty-seven, and as Sainte-Beuve says, "*veuf d'une princesse de plus de vertu que d'esprit*," was an uncongenial one, and her great passion was her love for La Rochefoucauld. It was this love which awoke her ambition and led her into the cabals of the Fronde. Her rebellious nature betrayed itself even in her retirement from the world, for she threw in her lot with the Port-Royalists, and it was her Jansenism that prevented Bossuet from adding her to that famous gallery whose funeral orations he preached. Her protection was of incalculable value to Port-Royal. She died in 1679, and less than a month afterwards the great abbey was forbidden to receive any more postulants or pupils. Mr. Williams's account of her career is a useful piece of work. For those who wish to get an outline of the history of France under Mazarin and Anne of Austria the book can be heartily recommended.

* * *

THE latest issue in Messrs. Jack's pleasant "Golden Poets" series (2s. 6d. net) is a volume of selections from Browning, prefaced by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Augustine Birrell. In making this selection Mr. Birrell declares that he has been "supremely selfish," consulting no taste but his own. Most readers will probably agree with the choice made, for, excepting some poems still covered by copyrights, the best of Browning is contained in this little volume. Mr. Birrell recalls that thirty years ago he gave battle to those who declared Browning to be unreadable—a group that included such weighty names as Edward Fitzgerald, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold. Time has sifted Browning's poetry in some degree, and though much of his verse is forgotten, Mr. Birrell is right in declaring that a good fraction of it will always be remembered. "You can never get rid of Browning at his best. There he will be, in the thick of life; appearing in books, emerging in conversation, on the lips of lovers, in the sermons of divines, in moments of eager emotion, and in times of sorrow. He is for all moods, save perhaps those of dull depression." A most interesting comparison is drawn between Browning and Cowley. There is in each the same extensive and varied learning, the same prolixity, and the same obscurity arising from close-packed thought. "You can hardly keep Browning out of your head whilst reading what Johnson has to say about Cowley. When, e.g., Johnson bids us remember that to write as Cowley did, it was at least necessary to read and think; that his (Cowley's) strength always appears in his agility; that his volubility is not the fluttering of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind, we cannot but recall Browning; nor can we truthfully deny that it was our poet's fault no less than Cowley's to pursue his thoughts to their last ramifications—thus losing, adds Johnson, 'the grandeur of generality.'" The book contains illustrations in colour by Mr. Edmund Sullivan.

* * *

WE fear that "Sunny Days in Italy" (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net), by Miss Elise Lathrop, must be added to the swollen list of superfluous books on that much bewritten land. The authoress is an American lady, who appears to have spent some little time at Pisa, studying the language, and a good deal less time at each of the many Italian towns she visited. Her preface states that she has endeavoured to see as much of truly Italian life as is possible for the foreigner, but the result does not show that she saw very much more than one expects from the average tourist in a hurry. She entered Italy, orthodox fashion, by Milan, while Verona was her last stopping place. She "did" the Lakes, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice; but her recorded observation of the people in all these places and others does not go much beyond the comparative criticism of their cabmen, beggars, hotels, and would-be guides, on all of which previous books have descanted in full. The

Italian lower classes treat their saints with familiarity, and are badly addicted to the habit of expectoration. Upper class courtship is conducted under difficulties that the Anglo-Saxon does not know. The young women of Pisa are "lacking in style." Such were some of the native characteristics that impressed her. It requires perhaps a Transatlantic courage to describe Or S. Michele, in Florence, as having been "built for business purposes," and Juliet's tomb at Verona as "like a large bath-tub"! She is wrong, by the way, in saying that Or S. Michele was "transformed into a church in the early part of the fourteenth century." It was already a parish church in 1100 A.D. However, Miss Lathrop picked up a few facts about university education at Pisa, and witnessed a general strike in Rome, and the rest of her rather breathless narrative is bright enough and sufficiently well illustrated to please those who have observed Italy in the same fashion as herself.

* * *

WE heartily welcome a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Vincent Smith's "Early History of India" (Clarendon Press, 14s.). The work has already become the recognised text-book for all students of Indian history, and is one of the most remarkable productions of Anglo-Indian scholarship. The difficulties that confront a writer on the subject are quite unusual, for very few civilisations have such scanty contemporary records as the Indian. Of written history the student has hardly anything to depend upon outside the story of Alexander's invasion, a few inscribed columns, and the notes of a Chinese traveller or two. India has no chronicle, and few dates can be fixed, except approximately, until the establishment of the Mohammedan power, at which point Mr. Vincent Smith's history ends. The course of India's development for nearly 2,000 years has mainly to be conjectured from unwritten evidences, and the extreme difficulty of such a process makes Mr. Vincent Smith's success all the more notable.

* * *

PROFESSOR PFLEIDERER is well known as one of the most learned of German theologians, and many readers will welcome the English translation of his course of lectures on the different forms of religious belief contained in "Religion and Historic Faiths" (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net). Professor Pfeleiderer's view is that the earlier religions are steps in the way towards a fuller apprehension of divine truth. He therefore writes of these earlier beliefs with sympathy, pointing out the elements in them that have survived in the gradual process by which religion has rid itself of "the impurities left over from the childhood period of the race." The study of comparative religion, he says, teaches us to understand our own religion better because it helps us to differentiate between the essential and the accidental, the permanent and the temporary. His book forms an admirable introduction to this subject of comparative religion which is daily receiving more and more recognition even from the most orthodox school of theologians.

* * *

"SALT AND SINCERITY," by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys (Wells Gardner & Co., 3s. 6d. net), consists of extracts from that useful periodical, "Books of To-day and To-morrow," dealing with a large variety of subjects. The extracts are short and make pleasant reading, though in many cases Mr. Humphreys leaves off just as he warms to his subject. We wish, for instance, that he had given us some more of his views on "Humour in Women" or on "Lists of Books." He dismisses both these themes in a few sentences, but perhaps he is of opinion that salt and sincerity alike should be administered in small doses.

* * *

To the new edition of Mr. H. Morse Stephens's volume on "Portugal" in the "Story of the Nations" series (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), Major Martin Hume contributes a chapter carrying on the history of the country from 1891 to the present year. The results attending Franco's unfortunate influence over Carlos I. are dealt with, and Major Hume points out the effect which the monetary transactions between the Dictator and the King had in inflaming popular indignation, though he describes the Dictatorship as "a misguided experiment in well-meant despotism." He ends by regretting that Portugal is doomed to enter once again the vicious

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circle of corrupt political parties until her people shall gain enlightenment sufficient to take an intelligent part in the government of their country.

* * *

THE authoress of "Ceylon: The Paradise of Adam," by Caroline Corner (John Lane, 10s. 6d. net), did not spend her seven years on the island entirely behind the doors of the "Grecian Temple set up in the Garden of Eden," which is the modest way she describes her first bungalow. She travelled about, saw things, and noted them with the keenness of a lady journalist, and with eyes that did not shrink from investigating the mysteries even of her own Singhalese-conducted kitchen. We read much of devil dances, and other mystic rites, which she attended with feminine intrepidity, of Dhurzees and Muttas, and the Vedda aboriginal, who never smiles, of opium dens and courts of justice. She went "up country" and picnicked in the jungle, as health or the spirit of adventure demanded. The narrative, which is given pleasantly in the third person, with "Cynthia," a young married lady, as the heroine, includes one or two stories of the "fiction based on fact" type; and the whole is flavoured with a sprinkling of occultism. The authoress excels, perhaps, in her character studies of native servants. She is happily free from the habit of mind, not uncommon to Europeans, that represents the subject people as either too funny or too beastly. The only celebrity she encountered was Arabi Pasha, who was then in exile in Ceylon. The book is feminine in the stress it lays on details that might seem superfluous to a man in search of a country's character, but its human sympathy and vivacity of style carry one easily to the end. There are some good photographs of scenery and native types.

The Week in the City.

THE Stock Markets, on the whole, have been buoyant during the last week under the lead of Americans. A large dealer in the foreign market, where quotations have also been rising, told me that the buying was mainly professional—in advance of the public, who are thought to be just on the point of investing. Possibly in the American Market the improvement may induce heavy liquidation, but I don't think we shall see again the low quotations of the winter. There is, however, an air of distrust about the telegrams from New York, which should inculcate caution. Argentine investments seem to be great favourites just now; the splendid crops have created unusual prosperity, and railway traffics have been swollen. On the other hand, there have been some serious commercial failures in Buenos Ayres, and political conditions are not satisfactory. It is possible, therefore, that investments in that part of South America may not prove remunerative. Trade, I am afraid, is still ebbing all the world over; but it is some satisfaction to note that the worst depression is in the production of luxuries, such as diamonds, pearls, silks, and motor cars. The wool and cotton trades are also on the down grade, both at home and on the Continent. All the towns of Canada and the United States teem with unemployed workmen, and the German cities are suffering from the same complaint.

CHEAPER FOOD.

At the beginning of the year many speculators were still inclined to look for higher prices as spring advanced, calculating that the shortage of the world's wheat crop would be seriously felt before the new harvest commenced. But they were mistaken, and many who backed their opinions were half ruined. Three factors, it has been said, stand out more or less prominently just now in any forecast of the world's wheat prospects. The first of these is the weather, the second a somewhat surprising decrease in consumptive demand, and the third an enlarged estimate of the available wheat exports from Argentina. These three influences have shaken the confidence of those who looked for a general advance in breadstuffs during the spring. "Disappointment at the failure to make gains," writes the

"Wall Street Journal" about the "tired bulls" in the grain market, "has led many to consider the whole statistical position of the trade, as well as to re-examine the underlying conditions." Probably what has most upset calculations has been the extent to which the high price of wheat brings substitutes into play, such as barley, rye, oats, maize, potatoes, beans, &c. Oats have been cheaper this year than in the early part of either 1907 or 1906. Wheat is still considerably above the average of last year or the year before, but it is much about what it was in 1904-5.

AN AMERICAN JUDGMENT AND "THE PAWNBROKER BANKER."

The confusion as to what are the proper functions of a banker has caused much loss in the United States, but it is now being cleared up. One is glad to see that the following observations of Judge Anderson, in passing sentence at Chicago on J. R. Walsh, have been widely quoted in the American Press:—

"The banker was lost in the promoter, the speculator, the railroad man. The evidence clearly establishes this. He owed a duty to the bank, his master. He attempted to serve those other interests, the other masters. To my mind, there has been, in recent times, no clearer demonstration of the statement that a man who is a banker ought to be nothing but a banker, and that until at least those bankers who own and manage national banks understand that when they serve their bank they cannot serve other interests—until that idea prevails cases like this will probably continue to arise."

In commenting on this case, the "Chicago Journal" declares that this kind of banker was responsible for the crisis:—

"Some New York banks were used improperly by Stock Exchange gamblers, who got control of them for that purpose. Their deposits were risked in speculation and lost, with the result that the banks were crippled. They had plenty of securities, such as they were, but no money; and when depositors demanded cash the banks closed."

The business world has not, however, done its full duty, in the opinion of the "Chicago Journal," nor will it be secured from similar crises so long as "the pawnbroker banker" is tolerated in financial institutions. The pawnbroker banker, we are told, is so eager to earn an extra one-half per cent. in dividends that he lends almost every dollar that comes into his possession in the form of deposits, thus violating the provision that banks shall keep a reserve of at least twenty-five per cent. to meet the cheques of customers.

THE WORLD'S COPPER SUPPLY.

Copper is coming to be regarded as an even better barometer than iron of trade and business; certainly it is a better barometer of speculation and speculative enterprise. According to Mr. Harvey Weed, one of the first authorities on the subject, there are at present (in spite of the world-wide distribution of the metal) only about 250 active copper mines, of which 58 are in the United States. The total output is about 100,000 tons per annum. After the United States, which heads the list of producers, come Mexico and Spain. The three greatest consumers of copper are the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. In 1906 the United States produced 55 per cent. of the world's total of 1,576,000,000 pounds of copper. The Anglo-Saxon race not only owns most of the world's gold mines, but owns and consumes most of the world's copper as well. In ten years the increase in the world's supply of copper has been 84 per cent., and the increase in production since 1899 has been due to development in the United States, Mexico, and Canada, though Russia may soon become an important contributor. The mines in the United States are, comparatively speaking, young, and are still in bonanza ore in the upper levels. The copper industry practically began in the United States in 1850, with 650 tons of total production, of which amount 572 tons came from Michigan. Arizona came into prominence in 1880, and Montana in 1883. Mr. Weed, in a recent interview, is reported to have observed—and his remarks may be useful to investors: "In America mining is done in prodigious haste, and according to European standards the mines are often robbed. A great output and a great dividend for a few years, rather than a moderate output and dividend for many years, is the difference between the European and American practice, justified in America by the great opportunities for reinvestment, or perhaps by the view that mining shares are not investments, but ventures."

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